THE TRIVMPHES OF GODS REVENGE

Agayns E

The Cryinge, & Execrable Sinne, of (Wilfull, & premeditated) Murther

Expressed In Thirtye Severall, Tragicall Historyes Digested into Sixe Bookes

w. contayne great variety of Mournefull, & Memorable Accydents Amorous, Morall, & Divine

The whole Worke nowe Compleatlye finished

Written By Iohn Reynolds

LONDON Printed for W. Lee, and are to be sould at the Turks head in Fleetstreet ouer against Fetter lane.

XUM

THE TRIUMPHS OF GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE CRYING AND EXECRABLE SINNE OF (Willfull and Premeditated) *Murther*.

VVith his Miraculous Diſcoveries, and ſevere Puniſhments thereof.

In Thirtie ſeverall Tragicall Hiſtories (Digeſted into Sixe Bookes) committed in divers Countries beyond the Seas, never publiſhed, or Imprinted in any other Language.

Hiſtories which containe great varietie of mournfull and memorable Accidents, Hiſtoricall, Morall, and Divine, very neceſſary to reſtraine and deterre us from this bloodie Sinne, which in theſe our dayes makes ſo ample, and *large a Progreſſion.*

With a Table of all the ſeverall Letters and Challenges, contained in the whole ſixe Bookes.

Written by IOHN REYNOLDS.

PSALME 9. 16.

The Lord is knowen in executing Iudgement, and the wicked is ſnared in the worke of his owne hand.

PROVERBS 14. 27.

The feare of the Lord is a well-ſpring of Life, to avoyd the ſnares of death.

LONDON,
Printed for WILLIAM LEE; and are to bee ſold at his ſhop in Fleetſtreet, at the ſigne of the Turkes Head, over againſt Fetter Lane.
1635.

TO MY SACRED SOVERAIGNE, CHARLES,

KING OF GREAT BRITAINE, FRANCE, and IRELAND, Defender of the Faith, &c.

SIR,

AS Rivers, *though in their passing they fall into many neighbour Currents, yet finally empty themselves into the Sea, so let these my poore Labours (though formerly Dedicated to divers Illustrious Peeres of this your Realme) bee suffered at last to terminate in the* Ocean *of your Princely* Greatnesse *and* Goodnesse, *whereinto all vertuous endeavours (as so many lines in their Centre) desire to be united.*

What private respects might challenge of me towards their Honors, the same towards your Majesty *will claime the publicke Bond of Common Allegiance, whereby I am more eminently, and more universally obliged. I am not so overweening of my weake Endeavours, as to thinke them wor-*

thy of your Majesties *view, much lesse able to adde any thing to your Royall Vertues; Rivers adde nothing to the Maine, yet thither they naturally send the Tribute of their Streames; and if my Loyaltie teach me to doe the like, it will not (I hope) be conceived as done out of an opinion of Merit, but onely out of a desire to discharge the Duty of a Subject to your* Majestie.

And I am the rather imboldned to this Confidence, because I have formerly adventured the like, when to your Princely View, being then the Second Hope of this Kingdome, I (about eleven yeares since) presented a Translation of a Worke of Monsieur de Refuges, *intituled* A Treatise of the Court; *the Gratious and Undeserved Acceptance whereof, if it hath inspired me with farther Courage, to present You (now advanced to a greater State) with a greater Increase of mine owne Labour, your* Majestie *will not (I hope) condemne me of groundlesse Presumption.*

The former three Bookes had the Honour and Happinesse to bee perused by the Iudicious Eye of King IAMES, *your Renowned Father, (of happy Memory) In whose incomparable Iudgement they failed not of Approbation, though Dedicated to Inferiour Names; the more am I now incouraged to Inscribe and Intitle the whole Sixe to your Sacred* Majesty, *as being no lesse Heire of* His *Vertues, then of* His *Crowne and Dignitie.*

And one thing more (arising from the Consideration of the Subject it selfe) made me thinke it a Present not altogether unworthy of your Regall Estate; for the Contents of it being the Execution of Iustice, *upon the unnaturall Sinne of* Murther, *where can it bee more fitly addressed, then to the Great Patron of* Iustice *among us (God's immediate Vicegerent) by whose Sword (as the Minister of Heaven) such*

odious

odious Crimes are to bee chaſtiſed, and Innocent Bloud juſtly expiated with Guilty.

And it may more fitly ſute with your Majeſty, *who as you excell in the carefull Adminiſtration of* Iuſtice *upon all Offenders, ſo eſpecially upon thoſe (moſt hainous of all others) the Violaters of Gods ſacred Image, in the perpetration of wilfull* Murther, *towards whom* Clemencie *even changeth her nature, and becomes* Cruelty *to the* Weal-publicke. *Never had any Land leſſe cauſe to complaine of too much Indulgencie this way, then ours, as may well appeare, both by the rareneſſe of ſuch Occurrences in your Kingdome, and the ſevere vindication of them, whenſoever they happen, or by whom, or howſoever performed.*

Theſe Hiſtories *therefore, which may ſerve as a Looking-glaſſe to all Nations, ſhall to theſe of Yours be a ſpeciall Ornament and Mirrour of their felicity, and ſet forth and publiſh Your Praiſe, in the peaceable and quiet Government of your People, whoſe Climate (ſeldome or never) affords ſuch* Tragedies; *nor will doe, whiles Your Chriſtian reſolution ſhall continue to prevent them in the Spring, and to puniſh the lighter degrees of Bloudineſſe with due retaliation. The great* Author *of* Iuſtice (*who is* Goodneſſe *and* Iuſtice *it ſelfe*) *long preſerve your* Majeſty *to Vs, and the Happineſſe Wee enjoy in your Sacred Perſon, ſo neere reſembling Him whoſe Authority and Image You beare. So prayeth*

Your Majeſties *moſt*
humbly devoted in all
Dutifull Allegiance,

IOHN REYNOLDS.

THE AVTHOR HIS PREFACE TO THE *READER.*

CHRISTIAN Reader, we cannot ſufficiently bewaile the Iniquity of theſe laſt and worſt dayes of the world, in which the crying and ſcarlet ſinne of Murther makes ſo ample, and ſo bloody a progreſſion: for we can now ſcarce turne our eare or eye any where, but wee ſhall be enforced, either to heare with pitty the mournefull effects, or to ſee with griefe the lamentable Tragedies thereof: as if we now ſo much degenerated from our ſelves, or our hearts from our ſoules, to thinke that [a] *Chriſt were no longer our Shepheard:* [b] *or we the ſheepe of his Paſture:* or as if we were become ſuch wretched and execrable Atheiſts, to beleeve [c] *There were no Heaven, to reward the Righteous: or Hell, to puniſh the ungodly.* But if we will divert our hearts from Earth to Heaven, and raiſe and erect our ſoules from Satan to God, we ſhall then not onely ſee what engendereth this Diabolicall paſſion in us: but alſo find the meanes to deteſt and roote it out from amongſt us.

[a] Pſal 23. 1.
[b] Pſal. 100. 3.
[c] Mat. 25. 34. 41

To which end it is requiſite, wee firſt conſider, that our enemies, who oppoſe our tranquillity in this life, and our felicity in that to come, are neither ſo few in number, nor ſo weake in power, that we ſhould thinke our ſelves able to vanquiſh, ere we fight with them: for wee have to encounter with the bewitching World, the alluring Fleſh, and the inticing Devill: not with three ſimple Souldiers or poore Pigmies, but with three valiant and puiſſant Chief-taines, ſubtill to incampe dangerous to aſſaile, and powerfull to fight.

The World, that it may bewitch us to its will, aſſailes us with Wealth, Riches, Dignities, Honours, Prefermen-s, Sumptuous houſes, perfumed Beds, Veſſels of gold and ſilver, Pompous Apparell, Delicious fare, variety of ſweet Muſick, Dancing, Maske: and Stage-playes, delicate Horſes, rich Coaches, and infinite Attendants, with a thouſand other inticements and allurements.

The Fleſh preſents us with Youth, Beauty. *The* [d] *luſt of the eye, and the pride of life:* *with* [e] *inordinate affection and laſcivious deſires*, with a piercing eye, a vermillion cheeke, golden haire, and a ſlender waſte: and although it diſcover us not all theſe perfections of nature in one perſonage: yet, he ſhewes us moſt of them in divers, and then if any thing want to captivate our affections, wee ſhall heare them marry their *Syren* voices, to their owne Lutes and Vialls, or their dancing feete to thoſe of others: or if this will not ſuffice, then Perfuming, Powdering, Crifping, Painting, Amorous kiſſes, Sweet ſmiles, Suggered ſpeeches, Wanton embracings, and Laſcivious dalliance, will undertake to play a World in love. On the other ſide, Strength, Nimbleneſſe, Agility of body, Sloth, Luxurie, Gluttonie, Intemperancie,

[d] 1 Joh. 2. 16.
[e] Col. 3. 5.

Drunkenneſſe, Voluptuouſneſſe and Senſuality will caſt us out ſo faire (I meane ſo treacherous) a lure, as if we ſtoope thereto, we ſhall buy our pleaſure with repentance, and our delight therein, will prove our ruine and deſtruction.

And now, if neither the World, nor the fleſh can intangle, or inſnare our hearts, *Then comes the Devill* [f] *that roaring Lyon, who walkes about, ſeeking whom he may devoure, that mortall enemy, and* [g] *Arch-traytor to our ſoules, that* [h] *Prince of darkeneſſe,* whoſe ſubtilty is the more dangerous, and malice the more fatall, *in that he transformes himſelfe into an* [i] *Angell of light, thereby to make us heires and ſlaves of his obſcure kingdome:* yea, he will proffer us more, then either our tongues can demand, or our hearts deſire: for all the pompe, treaſure and pleaſures of the World, yea, all that is in the World, and [k] the world it ſelfe, hee will proſtrate and give us, if we will conſent to obey him, and promiſe to fall downe and adore him; and for a pledge of his infernall bounty and liberality, hee will puffe us up with Pride, Arrogancie, Ambition, Vaine-glory, Oſtentation, Diſdaine, Covetouſneſſe, Singularitie, Affectation, Confidence, Security; and if all theſe allurements will not prevaile to ſubdue us, hee hath yet reſerved Troopes and Forces, and another ſtring to his Bow: for then exchanging his ſmiles into frownes, and his calmes to ſtormes, hee will give us Penſiveneſſe, Griefe of mind and body, Affliction, Sorrow, Diſcontent, Choler, Envie, Indignation, Deſpaire, Revenge, and the like.

f 1 Pet. 5. 8.
g Revel. 12. 9.
h Ioh. 12. 31. Ephes. 6. 12.
i 2 Cor. 11. 14.
k Luk. 4. 6. 7.

Yea, he will watch us at every turne, and waite on us at every occaſion: for are we bent to revenge, hee will blow the coales to our choler: are wee given to ſorrow and diſcontent; hee will thruſt and hale us on to Deſpaire: are wee inclined to Wantonneſſe, and Laſciviouſneſſe, he will fit us with meanes and opportunity to accompliſh our carnall deſires: or are wee addicted to covetouſneſſe and honours, hee will either cauſe us to breake our hearts, or our necks, to obtaine it: for it is indifferent to him, either how or in what manner we inlarge and fill up the empty roomes of his vaſt and infernall kingdome.

Thus wee ſee how powerfull our three capitall enemies are, yea, what a cloud, nay, what a world of ſubordinate meanes and inſtruments they have, not onely to inſnare, but to deſtroy us. yea, not onely to conquer our hearts, but which is worſe, to make ſhip-wracke of our ſoules? And from hence comes our miſery: yea, from theſe three fatall trees we gather the bitter fruit of our perdition.

But againſt all theſe temptations and dangers, againſt all theſe our profeſſed enemies in generall, and each of them in particular: We may ſwimme in the Ocean of the world without drowning, and pilgrimage upon the face of the earth without terrour or deſtruction, if we will conſider, and in conſidering remember that [l] *God is our Creator,* [m] *Chriſt our Saviour, and the Holy Ghoſt our Sanctifier and Comforter;* that wee are honoured with the reſemblance of God, whoſe ſtampe and character we beare, and inriched with immortall and [o] living ſoules: which ſacred priviledges and divine prerogatives lift us up by many degrees of excellencie [p] above the reſt of all his creatures, whom hee hath made for our ſervice, and [q] we onely to ſerve and glorifie him: That he hath made the world for a thorowfare, and us as Paſſengers: That [r] we have no abiding Citie here, but muſt ſeeke one in the World to come: That the World is ours but for a ſeaſon, and Heaven our patrimony and inheritance for ever: That the pompe and pleaſures thereof are but tranſitory and temporary, and that the vanity thereof paſſeth away as duſt or [s] ſmoake before the wind, whereas thoſe of Heaven are both immortall and eternall: *That* [t] *our fleſh is but like flowers that fade, and graſſe that withereth,* but a maſſe of corruption, a tabernacle of clay, and a coffin of duſt and aſhes: that the beſt

l Gen. 1. 27. Pſal. 115. 6.
m Ioh. 10. 21. 11. 25.
o Gen. 2. 7.
p Gen. 1. 28.
q Iſay. 43. 21.
Heb. 13. 14.
r Pſal. 102 3. Iſay 40. 7.
t Pſal. 39. 5.

of

of its beauty is but [u] vanity and deformity, and the end of its bravery, but rottennesse and putrifaction: If I say, wee spurne at the vanity of the world, contemne the pleasures of the flesh, and scoffe at the temptations of Sathan, using the first, as if we vsed it not, making the second *the Temple of the Holy Ghost*, *and not the members of a harlot*, and that we are so farre from fearing, as we defie the third, [x] *Setting our affections on things that are above, and not on things of the earth*: for if we will be heires of the Church triumphant, wee must bee first souldiers of the Militant, and so following the advice and direction of the Apostle, stand against all these our enemies, [y] *Having the whole spirituall Armour girt about us, as the girdle of Truth, the Brest-plate of Righteousnesse, the Shield of Faith, the Helmet of Salvation, and the Sword of the Spirit*, not to catch at these allurements, or to be caught by them; not to strike sayle, or stoope to these afflictions, or to hang downe our heads, as if wee gave way to them, or were contented that our weakenesse should yeeld to their strength, or our joyes to their afflictions: rather to stand up couragiously, and to expell and resist manfully, considering that wee are not onely heires, but coheires with Iesus Christ, in the participation and felicity of that heavenly *Hierusalem*, whose joyes are infinite, and glory eternall.

u 1 Cor. 6. 13.
x Colos. 3. 2.
y Ephes. 6.

I deny not but afflictions, and temptations may befall us, yea, I acknowledge they are subject and incident to the best and dearest of Gods children, whom hee will try in the fire, to see whether they will prove silver, or drosse: yea, hee will come with his Fan and winnow them, to see whether they are Wheat or Chaffe, Corne of Darnell: But the Children of God should [b] *rejoyce in tribulations*, and [c] *account it exceeding joy, when they are tempted*: yea, they must consider [d] that *God tempteth no man with evill*: but it is our owne concupiscence that drawes and inticeth us to it. In which respect, wee may justly say, it is a folly to hearken to temptation, but a misery and madnesse to follow and embrace it.

b Rom. 5. 3.
c Iames 1. 2.
d Iam. 1. 13, 14.

For why should discontent cast us into despaire, except wee will resemble the foolish Saylor, who abandoneth the Helme in a storme, when he hath most neede to use it? or the simple fish, that leapes from the pan to the fire; Or those ignorant fooles, who, to shelter themselves from the raine, run into the river? For are we tempted? [e] *The Lord will hold us up by his right hand*, yea, [f] *hee will not faile those that seeke him: For he is* [g] *our Rocke and our fortresse, our shield and our refuge*, yea, [h] *although hee hath wounded us, hee will bind up our wounds*. And that wee may yet see a farther benefit, that accrueth to those that are tempted, let us read with joy, and retaine with comfort, that [i] *Blessed is the man that endureth temptation, hee shall receive the Crowne of life, which the Lord hath promised to those that love him*: yea [k] *they that trust in the Lord, shall bee as Mount Sion, which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever*.

e Psal. 73. 23.
f Psal. 9. 10.
g Psal. 18. 2.
h Hos. 6. 1.
i Iames 1. 12.
k Psal. 125. 1.

When therefore (amongst other temptations) choller so farre prevaileth with us, (or rather the Devill with our choller) that wee imagine mischiefe in our hearts, or lift up our hands against our Christian brother; let us then consider what the Apostle tels us from God: [l] *Hee that hateth his brother, walketh in darkenesse, and knoweth not whither he goeth*: yea, [m] *He that loves not his brother, is not of God*. Hath any one therefore offended thee? Why, consider hee is a man, and no Angell, and as subject to infirmities as thy selfe; as also, that he is thy brother by Creation and Adoption, by Nature and by Grace, and that hee beares the same Image and Resemblance of God, as thy selfe doth: in which regard thou art counselled, [n] *Not to let the Sunne goe downe on thy wrath*: [o] *That thou seeke after Peace and follow it*: [p] *That we forbeare and forgive one another, as Christ forgives us, and* [q] *that if we live in Peace, the God of Peace will be with us*.

l 1 Ioh. 2. 11.
m 1 Ioh. 4. 10.
n Ephes. 4. 26.
o 1 Pet. 3. 9.
p Colos. 3. 13.

But

But some there are (yea alas, too too many) who are so [r] hardned in their hearts and sinnes, and so resolute in their wilfulnesse, as in stead of rellishing, they distaste, and in stead of embracing, reject and disdaine this Christian advice and counsell, opening their thoughts and hearts to all vanities, or rather drawing up the Sluces and Flood-hatches to let in all impiety to their soules, they give way to the treacherous baites of the World, to the alluring pleasures of the Flesh, and to the dangerous and fatall temptations of the Devill, and so cruelly imbrue their hands in the innocent blood of their Christian brethren; and although the murthers of [s] *Abel* by *Cain* out of Envie, of [t] *Vriah* by *David* for Adultery, of [u] *Abner* by *Ioab* for Ambition, of [x] *Naboth* by *Iezabel* for Malice, and of [y] *Iehu* his Sonnes by *Athaliah* for Revenge (with their severall punishments which God inflicted on them for these their hainous and horrible crimes) are presidents enough fearefull and bloody, to make any Christian heart dissolve into pittie, and regenerate soule melt into teares: yet sith new examples ingender and produce fresh effects of sorrow and compassion, and as it were, leave and imprint a sensible memory thereof in our hearts and understandings, therefore I thought it a worke as worthy of my labour (as that labour of a Christian) to collect thirty severall Tragicall Historics, which for thy more ease, and perfecter memory, I have digested into sixe severall Bookes; that observing, and seeing herein, as in a Christall mirrour, the variety of the Devils temptations, and the allurements of sinne, wherewith these weake Christians (the Authors and Actors hereof) suffered themselves to bee carried away and seduced: Considering, I say, the foulnesse of their facts in procuring the deaths of their Christian brethren, some through blood, others through poyson, as also Gods miraculous detection and severe punishment thereof, in revenging blood for blood, and death for death; yea, many times repaying it home with interest, and rewarding one death with many, that the consideration of these bloody and mournfull Tragedies, may by their examples, strike astonishment to our thoughts, and amazement to our senses, that the horrour and terrour thereof may hereafter retaine and keepe us within the lists of Charity towards men, and the bonds of filiall and religious obedience towards God, who tels us by his Royall Prophet [z] that *Whosoever makes a pit for others, shall fall into it himselfe: for his mischief will returne upon his own head, and his cruelty fall upon his own pate.* Which we shall see verified in these, who seduced partly by sinne, but chiefly by Sathan, who is the Author thereof, forgot the counsell of the Apostle, [a] *If any one be afflicted, let him pray:* and grived, [b] *to powre forth their hearts before God:* not considering [c] the efficacie thereof, *nor how* Moses *made the bitter waters of* Marah *sweet thereby:* yea they builded not their faiths on God, and his promises, on Christ and his Church, on his Gospell and his Sacrament, but spurned at all these Divine comforts, and spirituall blessings: yea, and trampled that sweet-smelling Sacrifice of prayer under their feete, which is the Antidote and preservative of the soule against sin, and the Bulwarke to expell all the fiery and bloody darts of Sathans temptations: yea, the very ladder whereby both the aspirations and ejaculations of our soules mount unto God, and his benefits and mercies descend unto us: and this, and only this, was both the Prologue to their destruction, and their destruction it selfe: the which I present unto the view, not only of thine eyes, but of thy heart and soule: because it is a Vertue in us to looke on other mens Vices with hatred and detestation, imitating herein the wise and skilfull Pilot, who mournes to see the Rockes, whereon his neighbours have suffered shipwracke: and yet againe rejoyceth, that by the sight thereof he may avoid his owne: which indeed is the true way, both to secure our safety, and to prevent our destruction, as well of the Temporall life

of

[r] Psal. 145. 8.
[s] Gen. 4. 8.
[t] 2 Sam. 11. 17.
[u] 2 Sam. 3. 27.
[x] 1 Kin. 21. 13.
[y] 2 Kin. 21. 1.
[z] Psa. 7. 14, 15
[a] Iam. 5. 13.
[b] Psal. 61. 8.
[c] Exod. 15. 15

of our bodies in this World, as the Spirituall of our soules in that to come.

I must further advertise thee, that I have purposely fetched these Tragicall Histories from forraine parts: because it grieves mee to report and relate those that are too frequently committed in our owne Countrey, in respect the misfortune of the dead may perchance either afflict, or scandalize their living friends; who rather want matter of new consolation, then cause of reviving old sorrowes, or because the iniquity of the times is such, that it is as easie to procure many enemies, as difficult to purchase one true friend: In which respect, I know that divers, both in matters of this, and of other natures, have beene so cautious to disguise and maske their Actors, under the vailes of other names; and somerimes beene inforced to lay their Scenes in strange and unknowne Countries.

For mine owne part, I have illustrated and polished these Histories, yet not framed them according to the modell of mine owne fancies, but of their passions, who have represented and personated them: and therefore if in some places they seeme too amorous, or in others too bloody, I must justly retort the imperfection thereof on them, and not thy selfe on mee: sith I only represent what they have acted, and give that to the publike, which they obscurely perpetrated in private.

My intent, desire, and prayer is, that if thou art strong in Christ, the perusing and reading of these Histories may confirme thy faith, and thy defiance of all sinnes in generall, and of Murther in particular, or if thou art but weake in the rules of Christian fortitude and piety, that hereby it may incourage and arme thee against the allurements of the World and the Flesh; but especially against the snares and inticements of the Devill, which may stirre thee up either to Wrath, Despaire, Revenge, or Murther: that by the contemplation thereof, thou maist resemble the Bee, and not the Spider, and so draw honey from all flowers, but poison from none.

It shall be the felicity of my thoughts, and the glory of my content and labour, if by the sight of these Histories, thou reape any Spirituall comfort or incouragement in this *Christian Warfare* against the World, the Flesh and the Devill, our three professed and fatall enemies: or if thou wilt bee so wilfully negligent of thine owne good, as to ride poast by other mens sinnes and vices, yet with leisure take a curious and exact survey of thine owne, and in seeing them, not onely endeavour, but strive to reforme them.

If this first Booke of my Tragicall Histories worke any good effect in thee, in causing thee to assume and take on a resolution to hate these sinnes in thy selfe, and to detest them in others; then the five other parts which I owe to my promise, and the frontispice to thee, shall not bee kept backe, or with-held thee, but in due time succeed this their elder sister: having purposely enlarged thee this my Preface, because this one shall serve for all sixe bookes, at least, if the rest be so happy to see the world, or I so fortunate, that the World may see them. In the meane time, hoping that thy courtesie and charity will wincke at some defects and imperfections, which may herein have slipt either from my Pen, or the Presse, and whereof the malice of some, or peradventure the ignorance of others may accuse themselves, by condemning me; I recommend these my labours, from their passion, to thy friendship; from their censure, to thy judgement: and us all to the protection of [c] God, *who is our life, and the strength of our dayes.* [d] *To whom be glory for evermore.*

[c] Deut. 30. 20.
[d] Psal. 104. 31

Thy Christian Friend,

IOHN REYNOLDS.

THE AVTHOR HIS READVERTISEMENT to the Iudicious Christian READER.

THat my *Promise owed sixe of these Bookes of* Gods Revenge against Murther *to the World, the Title, and my Epistle* (*to the* Reader) *of the first Booke doth apparantly testifie; It is now some ten yeares since that I published the third thereof, since when, my time and leisure hath still beene so interrupted, and* (*as it were*) *cut asunder by many different intervening Accidents, that I a long time both doubted and feared that the three last Bookes would have absolutely dyed upon the Designe: But I prayse and blesse God* (*Hee hath been so favourable to my desires, and so propitious to my intentions and resolutions*) *that I have cleered that doubt, and secured this feare; for now* (*by His sacred Assistance and Providence*) *I have fully and compleatly finished them, and doe here present all Sixe Bookes to thee in one intire Volume. I am not so vaine, or presumptuous, to thinke that they deserve to be seene and read of the more Iudicious; for my thoughts aspire to nothing unproportionable to my meane abilities. I knew it was a singular great and excellent poynt of wisedome in* Socrates, *who* (*by the* Oracle *of* Apollo) *was doomed the wisest of Men, to confesse and acknowledge to the World,* That hee knew but one thing, which was, that hee knew nothing.

But here, before I proceed farther, I must let the World know, that I understand there are a generation of people, who have beene so strangely ignorant, as to give out that these my Histories *are not* Originalls, *but* Translations, *either from* Italian *or* French; *all which* (*with equall Truth and Modesty*) *I firmely contradict and deny, whether they regard* Matter, Manner, *or* Method, *or* Phrase, Place, *or* Persons; *for contrariwise I found out the grounds of them in my Travells, and* (*at mine owne leisure*) *composed and penned them, according to the rule of my weake Fancie and Capacity, they being so farre from* Translations, *that as I have hitherto refused*

fuſed to imitate any therein, but my ſelfe: ſo had I beene ſo ambitious or vaineglorious to have given way, or conſent to it, ſome Friends of mine in Paris, *had long ſince done the three firſt Bookes into* French, *from my firſt* Originall *thereof: But knowing Humility to be the faireſt Ornament of a Writer, and Modeſty beſt to become Vertuous Mindes, I have hitherto prevented it, and doe ſtill reſolve ſo to doe.*

Now becauſe as Idleneſſe *makes ſome too curious, and* Curioſity *makes others too idle, ſo it hath likewiſe pleaſed ſome (not ſo diſcreet as forward) to condemne and taxe ſome of my* Hiſtories *for being too long, and others for being too ſhort, as if I were bound to obſerve and pleaſe their Fancie, more then the Truth, or mine owne Iudgement, or that in the contriving and penning thereof, I were obliged to delight and content them before my ſelfe. No, no, as long as I know Men are as different in their Opinions and Cenſures, as in their Countenances and Complexions, I ſhall rather connive, and not regard their (worthy to be pitied) Ignorance, and reſolve and content my ſelfe to contemne and paſſe by, rather then to eſteeme or grieve at it. They will firſt I hope reade, before they underſtand, and let mee then requeſt them alſo, that they will firſt underſtand, before they either cenſure, or taxe any part of what they reade, and ſo I doubt not, but they will both ſee, and finde, that (in the penning and publiſhing of theſe* Hiſtories) *if I am not worthy of their* Love, *yet (at leaſt) their unjuſt* Envie *and* Detraction *is every way unworthy of mee; and that although many Bookes of theſe our Times are not particularly approved and liked of for the preſent, yet it is not impoſſible for the future both to reſpect and honour them; and ſo I leave theſe uncharitable* Zoyliſts *to ſleepe ſtanding in the ſimplicity of their Ignorance, if they will not be rectifyed and reformed by warning: And I will now divert my Pen to the wiſe and religious Chriſtian* Readers, *who well know what ſingular good effects it worketh in their Hearts, firſt to reade with Underſtanding, and then to apply with Charity and Prudence, for whoſe ſakes ſoly I have now added theſe my three laſt Bookes of* Gods Revenge againſt the Crying Sinne of wilfull Murther *to the three former; For I ſend them to the publicke good, whereunto all our Endeavours ſhould tend, to the Propagation of* Chriſtian Love *and* Charity *among Men, whereat all our Enterpriſes ſhould ayme, and to the flouriſhing Advancement of Gods Honour and Glory, to which all the thoughts of our Hearts, and Faculties of our Soules ſhould chiefly aſpire and levell.*

And becauſe Scaliger *affirmes,* That nothing ſo ſoone allures or drawes a Reader to peruſe and reade, as a ſtrange Theame and Argument

gument; *Therefore this Path beeing seldome (if ever) troden or beaten by any other, I am so farre from despairing, as I am confident, at least, of thy Acceptance, if not of thy Approbation of these my Labours, and much the sooner, because as thou hast hertofore disburthened my* Stationer *of the three first of these Bookes, so he (in contemplation thereof) hath now drawne the three last of them from mee to the* Presse; *with a more then common and usuall Importunitie; and I shall beare this content to my Grave, and I hope from thence to Heaven, that in penning of them all, I shall leave no pernicious Heire behinde me, to infect Youth with Scurrility, or corrupt their Manners and Inclinations with Incentives to Lewdnesse and Vanitie; which as it is the shame of this our Age, so it ought to bee the care of every good man, to shunne that which so many of our lewd and lascivious Pamphlets doe not. In writing heereof, I have consecrated my Pen rather to Instruction then Eloquence, and to Charity rather then Curiosity, and have made it my chiefest Care, Ambition, and Conscience, to profit thy soule, rather then to please thine Eare, and to savour more of Heaven then Earth; Yea, I will affirme (with equall Truth and Boldnesse) that I have written it with so innocent a Penne, that the purest and most unstayned Virgin shall not need to make her beautifull Cheekes guilty of the least Blush in perusing it all over.*

It is with no small Cost and Labour, that I first procured, then penned these Histories, *and have now polished and prepared them to the* Presse, *as well for the extirpating of that* Execrable Sinne of Murther (*which cryes so loude to Heaven for Vengeance*) *as also to shew thee Gods sacred Iustice, and righteous Iudgements, in the Vindication of the inhumane Authours thereof; to the end, that (by the knowledge and reading of them) thou mayest become more Charitable, and more hate Crueltie, by their wretched and lamentable Examples, having heerein indeavoured (as much as in mee lyes) to make my* Reader *a Spectatour, first of these their foule and bloudie Crimes, and then of their condigne and exemplarie Punishments, which (as a dismall Storme and terrible Tempest from Heaven) fell on them on Earth, when they least dreamt or thought thereof.*

And heere to conclude this my Readvertisement *to thee, I religiously from my Heart intreat thee to respect the Matter, not the Wordes, and the Importance and Consequence, more then the Dressing of these Thirty severall* Tragicall Histories, *whiles I will accompt and esteeme it a farre greater Happinesse for my selfe to learne true Charity, and the*

true Feare of God in writing them, then to presume of my Ability to instruct and teach others by reading them, because I may justly and truely say with Lipsius, *That my Aime and Desire in publishing of them,* Is not that I might bee made greater, but better thereby, and (if it please God) others by mee.

What Spirituall Fortitude, or Benefit, thou reapest by their Knowledge and Contemplation, I exhort thee, in steed of giving mee any Thankes, to reserve and give them wholly to God, Who is the Giver of all Good things, yea, the Father of Mercie, and the God of all Comfort and Consolation, to whose Grace I commit thee, desiring thee to assist mee with thy favourable Opinion, and daily Prayers to His Throne of Grace, as I shall ever bee ready to requite thee with mine.

Thy Christian Friend,

IOHN REYNOLDS.

The PRINTER *to the Courteous* READER.

THe *Author* of theſe Sixe Bookes of *Gods Revenge againſt Murther*, being abſent from the *Preſſe*, and the *Preſſe* running farre ſwifter then my thoughts, it is no marvell if (unwillingly) I have made my ſelfe guilty of ſome Errors therein, both of commiſſion and omiſſion; but as I deſpaire of his excuſe and pardon for the ſame, ſo yet I nevertheleſſe hope of thine, becauſe thou knoweſt that abſolute perfection is not to be found in *Angels*, and therefore much leſſe to be expected or hoped for in men, who for the moſt part are wholly compoſed of Errours. Thoſe therefore which are materiall and capitall (whereof I here preſent thee a few) I pray thee (for thine owne content and ſatisfaction) accordingly to correct and reforme in thy Booke with thy Pen, before thou attempt the reading thereof: And for the Literall ones, if my judgement faile me not, I am confident that thine will eſteeme them to bee every way farre more worthy of thy ſcorne, then of thy care.

Errata.

PAg. 5. *Lin.* 19. *for*, ſhee might, *reade*, how ſhe might. *pag.* 36. *lin.* 2. the beauty *Varina*, *reade*, the beauty of *Varina*. *pag.* 60. *l.* 25. *for* foreleg, *r.* his left foreleg. *pag.* 104. *l.* 49. *for* conſtantly, *r.* conſequently. *pag.* 132. *l.* 8. *f.* I not owe, *r.* I not onely owe. *pag.* 198. *l.* 42. *f.* pleaded. *r.* pleaded there. *p.* 206. *l.* 34. *for*, That if hee for, *r.* that for. *p.* 210. *l.* 42. *f.* hands. *r.* hand. *p.* 259. *l.* 22. *f.* to *Benevente*. *r.* to *Alcaſero*. *pag.* 282. *l.* 28. *f.* Summer of his folly, *r.* Summer of his youth in folly. *p.* 312. *l.* 25. *f.* as griefe. *r.* as diſcontented as griefe. *p.* 356. *l.* 18. *f.* my misfortune. *r.* or my misfortune. *pag.* 397. *lin.* 28. *f.* comes to *Savona*, *reade*, comes to *Savona* no more. *Hiſt.* 24. *for*, the pariſh of S. *Aignaw*, *r.* S. *Aignan*. *In the ſame Hiſtory*, *for*, the City of *Reimes*, *r.* *Rennes*. *Next to Page* 493. *Hiſt.* 24. *are* 45 *Pages omitted*. *Next to the laſt Page of Hiſt.* 25. *which is Pag.* 527. *are* 190 *Pages omitted*, *Which the* Reader *is prayed to remember*. *Pag.* 343. *l.* 26. *f.* *Corſu*, *r.* ſet ſaile for *Corſu*. *pag.* 345. *l.* 15. *f.* and burne, *r.* and ſojourne. *p.* 350. *l.* 10. *f.* what a crime is, *r.* not what a crime is. *pag.* 366. *lin.* 49. *for*, of glad. *r.* as glad. *pag.* 382. *lin.* 50. *for*, faſt, *r.* paſſe. *pag.* 386. *l.* 5. *f.* though not enough, *r.* though not time enough. *p.* 418. *l.* 34. *f.* repundiate, *r.* repudiate.

A TA-

TO THE RIGHT HONOVRABLE GEORGE, Lord Marquis of *Buckingham*, &c.

RIGHT HONOVRABLE,

ABout some two yeares sinee, I (from beyond the Seas) presumed to send your Honour two severall pregnant testimonies, as well of my affection to your service, as of my zeale to your prosperitie; not that I performed those then, or remember them now, in regard of your fortunes, but of your vertues; for I know, that to flatter, is to betray Greatnesse: a vice most ignoble in it selfe, and therefore most improper for your Honours receit, or acceptance, sith your actions still make it apparent to our *Sacred Soveraigne*, and his most *Excellent Majestie* to all the World, that you are truely Honourable, truely Noble: and now to second my two former acknowledgements of zeale and dutie to your Honour, with this third, I (though in a lesse serious, yet more publike manner) presume to make you the Worthy and Noble Patron of the first Booke of my *Tragicall Histories*, (some of the meane observations and collections of my slender Travels,) wherein *The Triumphs of Gods Revenge against the crying and execrable sinne of Murther*, are so eminent and conspicuous, that (except my hopes betray my judgement) they are made obvious to the sight, and consequently profitable to the soule of a Christian; and not to prophane either your Honours eares, or my penne, with the least sparke or shadow of an untruth; my presumption had not beene so ambitious, to have committed these Histories to the Presse, except with a desire, that in some sort they might thereby represse that hellish sinne, 'gainst which they solely contest and fight, and which in these our dayes (with as much pitie as griefe) makes so bloudie and so

lamentable a progreſsion, thereby to ſerve as ſtops and preventions, in our *England*, in imitation of the Cataracts of *Nylus*, which keepe *Egypt* from being ſubmerg'd with her Inundation: nor had I aſpired to ſhelter them under the wings of your Honours Patronage and protection, but that thereby they might finde the ſurer paſſage, in converſing with the different Opinions, and the ſafer, in meeting with the ſelfe-pleaſing Cenſures of the World; and if your *Honour* pleaſe ſelect ſome few houres from your more ſerious and weighty Affaires, and vouchſafe imploy them on the different Accidents theſe Hiſtories report and relate, I (with as much humilitie as confidence) preſume, that you will eſteeme them, if not profitably lent, yet not prodigally, nor viciouſly caſt away, in the peruſall and contemplation thereof. Howſoever, they proceed from his Pen, whoſe Heart not onely admires and honours your Vertues, but rejoyceth in the Reward thereof, your Fortunes; for I live not, if in the ſincerity and candour of my Soule, I wiſh not that your *Honour* may ſtill remaine firme to theſe, and theſe eternally fixed and conſtant to You; and from your *Honour*, ſucceſsively to your *Poſterity*, tranſcendently to your *Name*.

Your Honours

in all Duty and Service,

IOHN REYNOLDS.

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A TA-

A TABLE OF THE CONTENTS

of all the HISTORIES Contained in the whole Sixe BOOKES.

The Contents of the First Booke.

HISTORIE I.

HAutefelia *causeth* La Fresnay *an Apothecary to poyson her Brother* Grand Pre *and his Wife* Mermanda, *and is likewise the cause that her sayd Brother kills* de Malleray *her owne Husband in a Duell.* La Fresnay *condemned to be hanged for a Rape, on the Ladder confesseth his two former Murthers, and sayes that* Hautefelia *seduced and hired him to performe them:* Hautefelia *is likewise apprehended. And so for these cruell Murthers they are both put to severe and cruell Deaths.* pag. 1.

HIST. II.

Pisani *betrayeth* Gasparino *of his Mistrisse* Christeneta. Gasparino *challengeth* Pisani *for this Disgrace, and kills him in the Field; He after continueth his Sute to* Christeneta. *She dissembles her Malice for* Pisani *his Death. She appoynts* Gasparino *to meet her in a Garden; and there causeth* Bianco *and* Brindoli *to murther him. They are all three taken, and executed for the same.* pag. 16.

HIST. III.

Mortaigne, *under promise of Marriage, gets* Iosselina *with child, and after converting his love into hatred, causeth his Lacke[illegible]* Verdure *and* La Palma *to murther both her and her young Sonne. The Iealousie of* [illegible]ella *to her Husband* La Palma *is the cause of the Discovery hereof. They are all three taken and executed for the same.* pag. 31.

HIST.

Hist. IV.

Beatrice-Ioana, *to marry* Alsemero, *causeth* de Flores *to murther* Alonso Piracquo, *who was a suter to her.* Alsemero *marries her, and finding* de Flores *and her in Adultery, kils them both.* Tomaso Piracquo *challengeth* Alsemero *for his Brothers death.* Alsemero *kils him treacherously in the field, and is beheaded for the same, and his body throwne into the Sea: At his execution he confesseth, that his wife and* de Flores *murthered* Alonso Piracquo: *their bodies are taken up out of their graves, then burnt, and their ashes throwne into the ayre.* pag. 45.

Hist. V.

Alibius *murthereth his wife* Merilla: *hee is discovered, first, by* Bernardo, *then by* Emelia *his owne Daughter: so hee is apprehended and hanged for the fact.* pag. 65.

The Contents of the Second Booke.

Hist. VI.

Victoryna *causeth* Sypontus *to stabbe and murther her first Husband* Souranza, *and she her selfe poysoneth* Fassino *her second: so they both being miraculously detected, and convicted of these their cruell murthers, he is beheaded, and she hang'd and burnt for the same.* pag. 87.

Hist. VII.

Catalina *causeth her waiting-maid* Ansilva, *two severall times to attempt to poyson her owne Sister* Berinthia: *wherein fayling, shee afterwards makes an Empericke, termed* Sarmiata, *poyson her said Maid* Ansilva: Catalina *is killed with a Thunder-bolt, and* Sarmiata *hanged for poysoning* Ansilva. Antonio *steales* Berinthia *away by her owne consent: whereupon her brother* Sebastiano *fights with* Antonio, *and kils him in a Duell:* Berinthia, *in revenge hereof, afterwards murthereth her brother* Sebastiano: *shee is adjudged to bee immured 'twixt two walls, and there languisheth and dies.* pag. 105.

Hist. VIII.

Bellvile *treacherously murthereth* Poligny *in the street.* Laurieta, Poligny's *Mistris, betrayeth* Bellvile *to her Chamber, and there in revenge shoots him thorow the body with a Pistoll, when assisted by her Waiting-maid* Lucilla, *they likewise give him many wounds with a Poniard, and so murther him.* Lucilla *flying for this fact, is drowned in a Lake, and* Laurieta *is taken, and hanged, and burnt for the same.* pag. 127

Hist. IX.

Iacomo de Castelnovo, *lustfully falls in love with his daughter in Law* Perina, *his owne sonne* Francisco de Castelnovo's *wife: whom to enjoy, hee causeth* Ierantha *first to poyson his owne Lady* Fidelia, *and then his said sonne* Francisco de Castelnovo; *in revenge whereof,* Perina *treacherously murthereth him in his bed.* Ierantha *ready to dye in travell of child, confesseth her two murthers, for the which she is hanged and burnt.* Perina *hath her right hand cut off, and is condemned to perpetuall imprisonment, where she sorrowfully dies.* pag. 147.

HIST. X.

Bertolini *seekes* Paulina *in marriage, but shee loves* Sturio, *and not himselfe: hee prayes her Brother* Brellati *his deare friend, to sollicit her for him, which he doth, but cannot prevaile: whereupon* Bertolini *lets fall some disgracefull speeches, both against her honour and his reputation: for which* Brellati *challengeth the field of him, where* Bertolini *kills him, and he flies for the same.* Sturio *seekes to marry her, but his Father will not consent thereunto, and conveyes him away secretly: for which two disasters,* Paulina *dies for sorrow.* Sturio *finds out* Bertolini, *and sends him a challenge, and having him at his mercy, gives him his life at his request: he afterwards very treacherously kils* Sturio *with a Petronell in the street from a window: he is taken for this second murther, his two hands cut off, then beheaded, and his body throwne into the River.* pag.167.

The Contents of the third Booke.

HIST. XI.

De Salez *killeth* Vaumartin *in a Duell;* La Hay *causeth* Michaelle *to poyson* La Frange; De Salez *loves* La Hay, *and because his Father* Argentier *will not consent that he marry her, stifleth him in his bed, and then takes her to his wife; shee turnes Strumpet, and cuts his throat; as he is dying, he accuseth her of this bloody fact, and himselfe for murthering his father* Argentier: *so his dead body is hang'd to the gallows, then burnt;* La Hay *confesseth this murther, and likewise that she caused* Michaelle, *to poyson* La Frange: *she hath her right hand cut off, and is then burnt alive;* Michaelle *is broken on the wheele, and his dead body throwne into the River.* pag.187.

HIST. XII.

Albemare *causeth* Pedro *and* Leonardo *to murther* Baretano, *and he after marrieth* Clara, *whom* Baretano *first sought to marry: Hee causeth his man* Valerio *to poyson* Pedro *in prison, and by a letter which* Leonardo *sent him,* Clara *perceives that her husband* Albemare *had hired and caused* Pedro *and* Leonardo *to murther her first love* Baretano: *which letter she reveales to the Iudge; so he is hanged, and likewise* Valerio *and* Leonardo *for these their bloody crimes.* pag.213.

HIST. XIII.

La Vaſſelay *poysoneth her Waiting-maid* Gratiana, *because she is jealous that her husband* De Merlon *is dishoneſt with her; whereupon he lives from her: In revenge whereof, she causeth his man* La Villete *to murther him in a Wood, and then marries him in requitall. The said* La Villete *a yeare after riding thorow the same Wood, his Horse falls with him, and almost kils him; when hee confesseth the murther of his master* De Merſon, *and accuseth his wife* La Vaſſelay *to bee the cause thereof: So for these their bloody crimes, he is hanged, and she burnt alive.* pag.237.

HIST. XIV.

Fidelia *and* Cæleſtina *cause* Carpi *and* Monteleone, *with their two Lackies,* Lorenzo *and* Anſelmo, *to murther their father Captaine* Benevente, *which they performe.* Monteleone *and his Lackie* Anſelmo *are drowned,* Fidelia *hangs her selfe,* Lorenzo *is hanged for a robbery, and on the Gallowes confesseth the murthering of* Benevente; Carpi *hath his right hand, then his head cut off;* Cæleſtina *is beheaded and her body burnt.*

HIST.

HIST. XV.

Maurice *like a bloody villaine, and damnable ſonne, throwes his Mother* Chriſtina *into a Well, and drownes her: the ſame hand and arme of his wherewith he did it, rots away from his body; and being diſcrazed of his wits in priſon, hee there confeſſeth this foule and inhumane murther, for the which he is hanged.* pag. 277.

The Contents of the fourth Booke.

HIST. XVI.

Idiaques *cauſeth his ſonne* Don Ivan *to marry* Marſillia, *and then commits Adultery and Inceſt with her; She makes her Father in Law* Idiaques *to poyſon his old wife* Honoria, *and likewiſe makes her owne Brother* De Perez *to kill her Chamber-maid* Mathurina; Don Ivan *afterwards kils* De Perez, *in a Duell;* Marſillia *hath her braines daſht out by a horſe, and her body is afterwards condemned to be burnt,* Idiaques *is beheaded, his body conſumed to aſhes, and throwne into the ayre.* pag. 303.

HIST. XVII.

Harcourt *ſtealeth away his brother* Vimoryes *wife,* Maſſerina, *and keepes her in Adultery; She hireth* Tivoly *(an Italian Mountebanke) to poyſon* La Precoverte, *who was* Harcourts *wife;* Harcourt *kils his brother* Vimory, *and then marries his widdow* Maſſerina; Tivoly *is hanged for a robbery, and at his execution accuſeth* Maſſerina *for hiring him to poyſon* La Precoverte, *for the which ſhe is likewiſe hanged;* Noel *(who was* Harcourts *man) on his death-bed ſuſpecteth and accuſeth his ſaid Maſter for killing of his brother* Vimory, *whereof* Harcourt *being found guilty, hee is broken alive on a wheele for the ſame.* pag. 325.

HIST. XVIII.

Romeo *(the Laquay of* Borlary) *kils* Radegonda, *the Chamber-maid of the Lady* Felliſanna *in the ſtreet, and is hanged for the ſame;* Borlary *afterwards hireth* Caſtruchio *(an Apothecary) to poyſon her Husband* Seignior Planeze, *for the which* Caſtruchio *is hanged, and his body throwne into the River, and* Borlary *is beheaded, and then burnt.* pag. 339.

HIST. XIX.

Beaumarays, *and his brother* Montaigne, *kill* Champigny, *and* Marin *(his ſecond) in a Duell;* Blancheville *(the widdow of* Champigni) *in revenge thereof hireth* Le Valley *(who was ſervant to* Beaumarays) *to murther his ſaid Maſter with a Piſtoll, the which he doth, for the which* Le Valley *is broken on a wheele, and* Blancheville *hanged for the ſame.* pag. 377.

HIST. XX.

Lorenzo *murthereth his wife* Fermia; *He ſome twenty yeares after (as altogether unknowne) robbeth his (and her) ſonne* Thomaſo, *who likewiſe (not knowing* Lorenzo *to be his father) doth accuſe him for that robbery, for the which he is hanged.* pag. 395

The

The Contents of the fifth Booke.

Historie XXI.

Babtistyna *and* Amarantha *poyson their Eldest Sister* Iaquinta, *after which* Amarantha *causeth her servants*, Bernardo *and* Pierya *to stifle her elder Sister* Babtistyna *in her Bed*, Bernardo *flying away, breakes his necke with a fall off his Horse*, Pierya *is hanged for the same, so likewise is* Amarantha, *and her body after burnt*; Bernardo *being buried, his body is againe taken up, and hanged to the Gallowes by his feete, then burnt and his ashes throwne into the River.* pag.427.

Hist. XXII.

Martino *poysoneth his Brother* Pedro, *and murthereth* Monfredo *in the street; He afterwards growes mad, and in confession reveales both these his murthers to Father* Thomas *his Ghostly Father, who afterwards dying, reveales it by his Letter to* Cecilliana, *who was Widdow to* Monfredo, *and Sister to* Pedro *and* Martino. Martino *hath first his right hand cut off, and then is hanged for the same.* pag.449.

Hist. XXIII.

Alphonso *poysoneth his owne Mother* Sophia, *and after shoots and kils* Cassino (*as hee was walking in his Garden*) *with a short Musket (or Carabyne) from a Window. Hee is beheaded for those two murthers, then burnt, and his ashes throwne into the River.* pag.473.

Hist. XXIV.

Pont Chausey *kils* La Roche *in a Duell.* Quatbrisson *causeth* Moncallier (*an Apothecary*) *to poyson his owne Brother* Valfontaine, Moncallier *after fals, and breaks his necke from a paire of staires.* Quatbrisson *likewise causeth his Fathers Miller to murther, and strangle* Marieta *in her Bed, and to throw her body into his Mill-Pond*; Pierot *the Miller is broken alive on a wheele, and* Quatbrisson *first beheaded, then burnt for the same.* pag.487.

Hist. XXV.

Vasti *first murthereth his Sonne* George, *and next poysoneth his owne Wife* Hester, *and being afterwards almost killed by a mad Bull in the Fields, hee revealeth these his two murthers, for the which he is first hanged, and then burnt.* pag.513.

The Contents of the sixth Booke.

Hist. XXVI.

Imperia *for the love shee beares to young* Morosini, *seduceth and causeth him (with his two Consorts,* Astonicus, *and* Donato) *to stifle to death her old Husband* Palmerius *in his bed*; Morosini *misfortunately letting fall his gloves in* Palmerius *his Chamber that night which hee did it, they are found by* Richardo *the Nephew of* Palmerius, *who*

who knowes them to be Morosinies, *and doth thereupon accuse him and his Aunt* Imperia, *for the murther of his Vncle; So they together with their accessaries* Astonicus *and* Donato, *are all foure of them apprehended and hanged for the same.* pag. 337.

HIST. XXVII.

Father Iustinian *a Priest, and* Adrian *an Inne keeper, poyson* De Laurier, *who was lodged in his house, and then bury him in his Orchard; where a moneth after a Wolfe digges him up, and devours a great part of his body; which Father* Iustinian *and* Adrian *understanding, they fly upon the same, but are afterwards both of them apprehended and hanged for it.* pag. 369.

HIST. XXVIII.

Hippolito *murthereth* Garcia *in the street by night, for the which he is hanged.* Dominica *and her Chamber-maid* Denisa *poysoneth her Husband* Roderigo; Denisa *afterwards strangleth her owne new borne Babe, and throwes it into a Pond, for the which she is hanged; on the ladder she confessed that shee was accessary, with her Lady* Dominica *in the poysoning of her Husband* Roderigo; *for the which* Dominica *is apprehended, and likewise hanged.* pag. 389.

HIST. XXIX.

Sanctifiore *(upon promise of marriage) gets* Vrsina *with child, and then afterwards very ingratefully and treacherously rejecteth her, and marries* Bertranna: Vrsina *being sensible of this her disgrace, disguiseth her selfe in a Friers habit, and with a case of Pistols kils* Sanctifiore *as hee is walking in the fields, for the which shee is hanged.* pag. 409.

HIST. XXX.

De Mota *treacherously kils* Palura *in a Duell with two Pistols: His Lady* Bellinda *with the aid of her Gentleman Vsher* Ferallo, *poysoneth her Husband* De Mora, *and afterwards shee marrieth and murthereth her said Husband* Ferallo *in his bed; so she is burnt alive for this her last murther, and her ashes thrown into the ayre for the first.* pag. 437.

THE

THE TRIVMPHS OF GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE CRYING, AND EXECRABLE sinne of *Murther*.

HISTORIE I.

Hautefelia *causeth* La Fresnay *an Apothecary, to poyson her brother* Grand Pre *and his wife* Mermanda, *and is likewise the cause that her said brother kils* de Malleray *her owne husband in a Duell:* La Fresnay *condemned to bee hanged for a rape, on the ladder confesseth his two former Murthers, and sayes that* Hautefelia *seduced and hired him to performe them:* Hautefelia *is likewise apprehended: and so for the cruell Murthers, they are both put to severe and cruell deaths.*

IF our contemplation dive into elder times, and our curiositie turne over the varietie of ancient and moderne Histories (as well Divine as Humane) wee shall find that Ambition, Revenge, and Murther, have ever prooved fatall crimes to their undertakers: for they are vices which so eclipse our judgements, and darken our understandings, as we shall not only see with griefe, but find with repentance, that they will bring us shame for glory, affliction for content, and misery for felicity: Now as they are powerfull in men, so they are (sometimes) implacable in women, who (with as much vanity as malice) delight in these sinnes: as if that could adde grace to their bodies, that deformes their soules, or lustre and prosperity to their dayes, that makes shipwracke both of their fortunes and lives. It is with griefe and pity (yea not with passion, but compassion) that I instance this in a Gentlewoman, who was borne to honour, and not to shame, had not these three aforesaid vices (like so many infernall furies) laine her glory in the dust, and dragged her body to an untimely and infamous grave. It is a History that hath many sorrowfull dependances, and which produceth variety of disasterous and mournefull accidents: wherein (by the just judgement of God) wee shall see Ambition bitterly scourged, Revenge sharpely rewarded, and Murther severely punished; by whose example, if all that professe Religion, become lesse impious, and more truely religious, wee shall then lead the whole course of our lives in such peacefull and happy tranquility, as (arming our selves with resolution to live and die in the favour of Heaven) wee need not feare either what earth, or hell can doe unto us. The History is thus.

NEere *Auxone*(a ſtrong and ancient Towne upon the frontiers of *Burgundy*,and the free County) dwelt an aged grave Gentleman (nobly deſcended, and of very faire demaynes) named *Monſieur de Grandmont*,who had to his wife a vertuous Lady,termed *Madammoyſelle de Carnye*, the onely daughter of *Monſieur de Buſerat*, a worthy Gentleman of the Citie of *Dole*: this married couple for a long time lived in the greateſt height of content, that either Earth could afford, or their hearts deſire,for as one way they grew opulent in lands and wealth, ſo another way they were indewed with three hopefull Sonnes, *Grand Pre*, *Vileneuſe*, and *Maſſeron*, and with two daughters, *Madamoyſelles de Hautefelia*, and *de Creſſye*: a faire poſterity: they bleſt in their Parents, and their Parents hoping themſelves bleſt in them: ſo as (to the eye of the world) this one family promiſed to make many, (eſpecially ſith the youngeſt of the five had already attained its tenth yeare) but God in his providence ordayned the contrary.

Grand Pre (as the firſt and chiefeſt pillar of the houſe) craves leave of his Father that he might ſerve his apprentiſhip in the warres, under the command of that incomparable Captaine, *Grave Maurice* then Earle of *Naſſaw*, ſince Prince of *Orenge*, *Vileneuſe* delighting in bookes, his Father thought fit to ſend to *Pont-au Mouſſon*, and thinking to retaine *Maſſeron* with him; he for his beauty was begg'd a Page by that valorous Marſhall of *France* who ſo wilfully and unfortunately loſt his head in the *Baſtile* of *Paris*.

As for their two daughters, *Hautefelia* lived with her Parents; and *de Creſſye* they preſented to a great Lady of *Burgundy*, who was long ſince the moſt afflicted and ſorrowfull Wife and Mother to the Barons of *Lux*, Father and Sonne, who were both ſlaine by that generous and brave *Lorayne* Prince,the Knight of *Guyſe*.

But behold the inconſtancie of fortune,or rather the power and pleaſure of heaven, which can ſoone metamorphoſe our mirth into mourning, our joyes into teares, and our hopes into deſpaire: for within the compaſſe of one whole yeare, wee ſhall ſee three of theſe five Children laid in their graves, and of three ſeverall deaths, for *Vileneuſe* was drowned at *Pont-au Mouſſon* as hee bathed himſelfe in the River: *Maſſeron* was killed in a Duell at *Fontaine bleau* by *Roſſat* a *Gaſcon*, being Page to the Duke of *Eſpernon*: and *Hautefelia* dyed at home of a burning Feaver with her Parents: a triple loſſe, which doth not onely afflict their hearts and ſoules, but alſo ſeemes to drowne their eyes with a deluge of mournefull and ſorrowfull teares.

Grandmont and *de Carny* his Wife,being thus made unfortunate and wretched by the death of three of their Children, they reſolve to call home their other two, to bee comforts and props to their old age, but their hopes may deceive them. Firſt, from the Baroneſſe of *Lux* comes *de Creſſye*, who ſucceeding her ſiſter, we muſt now terme by the name (or rather by the title) of *Hautefelia*; who hath a great and bloody part to act upon the Theater of this Hiſtory: and after her very ſhortly comes *Grand Pre* from *Holland*, where (in divers ſervices) hee left many honourable and memorable markes of his proweſſe and valour behind him.

Vpon his arrivall to his Fathers houſe, the flowre of all the nobility and gentry of the Country,come to condole with him, for the death of his brothers and ſiſter, as alſo to congratulate his happy returne (an office and complement which expreſſeth much affection and civility) they find *Grand Pre* a brave compleate Gentleman, not in outward pride,but in inward generoſitie and vertue, not in the vanity of faſhions and apparell, but in the perfections and endowments of his mind and body: he is wholy addicted to the exerciſe of warre, and not to the art of courting of Ladies, his delights are in the campe of *Mars* and *Bellona*, and not in the Palace of *Venus* and *Cupid*, well knowing that the one will breed him honour and glory, the other ſhame and repentance; his paſtimes are not criſping and powdering of his haire,quarrelling his taylor for the faſhion of his clothes,dancing in velvet pumps,and tracing the ſtreet in a neate

neat perfumed Boote with jangling Spurres; yea, hee reſembleth not young ſpruce Courtiers, who thinke no heaven to brave Apparell, nor Paradiſe to that of their Miſtreſſe beauty: for hee onely practiſeth riding of great Horſes, Tilting, running at Ring, diſplaying the Colours, toſſing the Pike, handling the Musket, ordering of Ranke and File, thereby to make himſelfe capable to conduct and embattaile an Army, and to environ, fortifie, or beſiege a City or Caſtle, or the like; yea, hee ſpurnes at the Lute and Viall, and vowes there is no muſicke to the rattling of the Drumme and Trumpet, and to the thundring of the Musket and Canon: but this warlike and martiall humour of his ſhall not laſt long: Wherin wee may obſerve the vanity of our thoughts, the inconſtancy of our delights, and the alteration and mutability of our reſolutions; for now we ſhal ſhortly ſee *Grand Pre* hate that he loved, & love that he hated; yea, we ſhall ſee him ſo plunge and drown himſelfe in the beauty of a faire & ſweet Gentlewoman, as he ſhall leave *Holland* for *Burgundy*, Warre for peace, Armes for Love, and Enemies for a Miſtris: but time muſt worke this alteration and Metamorphoſis.

The old Gentleman his father, ſeeing *Grand Pre's* martiall diſpoſition, feares leſt this ambitious and generous humour of his will induce him to ſeeke warres abroad, ſith he findes none at home; and therefore, deſirous of his company and preſence, in that it will ſweeten his former afflictions, and give life to his future hopes and content, he proffers him the choice of many rich and faire young Gentlewomen for his wife, of the beſt and moſt ancient families in and neare *Auxone*: but *Grand Pre* is deafe to theſe requeſts and motions, & thinkes it a diſparagement and blemiſh to his valour, if hee ſhould any way liſten, or give eare thereto, the which his father perceiving and underſtanding, he bethinkes himſelfe of a further invention, and ſo reſolves at Winter to leave the Countrey, and to reſide in the City of *Dijon*, (famous for the ancient ſeate of the Dukes of *Burgundie*, and for the preſent Court of Parliament) hoping that there, amongſt the multitude of ſweet Ladies & Gentlewomen, wherwith that City is adorned, his ſonne *Grand Pre* might at laſt eſpye ſome Paragon of Nature, whoſe beauty might have power to ſubdue and captivate his affections, and indeed (as the ſequell will ſhew) the event anſwereth his expectation.

For on a Sunday morning in Lent, as *Grand Pre* went to the royall Chappell to heare Father *Iuſtinian* (a Capuchin Fryer) preach, he oppoſite to him eſpies a moſt delicat and beautiful yong Lady, ſlender of body, tall of ſtature, fair of taynt & complexion, having a quick & gracious eye, with pure and delicate haire of a flaxen colour, being infinitely rich in Apparell, yet farre richer in the perfections and excellencies of a true and perfit beauty; in a word, ſhe was ſo amiable and ſo lovely, ſo ſweet, and ſo pleaſing to his eyes, as at her very firſt ſight *Grand Pre* could not refraine from bluſhing, as being raviſhed with the ſweetneſſe of ſo ſweet an object, ſo as his heart panted and beat within him, as being not accuſtomed to encounter with ſuch beauties, or with ſuch ſudden paſſions and alterations.

Now by this time this young gentlewoman (whoſe name we ſhall anon know) could not but perceive with what earneſtneſſe and delight *Grand Pre* beheld her, and ſeeing him to be a proper young Gallant, and richly apparelled and followed, ſhee could not refraine from dying her Lilly cheekes with a Vermillian bluſh, which gave ſuch grace to her beauty, and ſo inflamed our poore *Grand Pre*, as he could no longer reſiſt the influence of ſuch amorous aſſaults; and now it is that his thoughts ſtrike ſayle to affection, and his heart doth homage to beauty, ſo as he revokes his former opinion conceiv'd againſt the power and dignity of Love, which he now holds erronious, and in his heart vowes that there is no ſuch felicity in the world, as to enjoy the Lady of his deſires, whom his eyes and ſoule chiefely honour and adore: But if he be inſnared and impriſoned in the fetters of her beauty, no leſſe is ſhe in thoſe of his perſonage, only ſhe

is more coy and preciſe in the exterior demonſtration thereof: for as hee cannot keepe his eyes from gazing on her; ſo ſhee ſeemes but to looke on him by ſtealth, or if ſhe tranſgreſſe that Decorum, ſhe immediately, in outward apparance, checks her eyes from ranging beyond the liſts of modeſty and diſcretion.

But by this time, to the griefe of our new Lovers, the Sermon is ended, and all prepare to depart, ſo their eyes with much diſcontent and unwillingneſſe, for that time take leave each of other: and here *Grand Pre* making a turne or two in the Church, is doubly tormented and perplexed, firſt with griefe, that he is deprived of his Miſtris ſight, and then with ſorrow, that hee neither knowes her, nor her name: But as Love refines our wits, and gives an edge to our intentions, ſo he ſhewes her to his Page, and ſends him to make ſecret enquiry what ſhee is. His Page ſpeedily returnes, and informes him, that ſhe is *Madamoyſelle Mermanda*, eldeſt daughter to *Mounſieur de Creſſonville*, one of the chiefeſt Preſidents of tthe Court of Parliament. *Grand Pre* extreamely rejoyceth to know what ſhe was, and farre the more, in reſpect hee ſees it no diſparagement either to himſelfe or his houſe to marry her: and therefore omitting all other deſignes and reſolutions (and bidding farewell to the Warres) he reſolves to ſeeke her in marriage; to which end, the next day, hee of ſet purpoſe, with a Gentleman or two of his intimate and familiar friends, inſinuates himſelfe into her Fathers houſe, who being abſent, whiles they entertaine the Mother, hee (under colour of other conference) courts the Daughter: yea, now his affection to her is by many degrees redoubled, becauſe he ſees the excellency of her minde is anſwerable to that of her perſon, and now ſhee comming likewiſe to know him, is as it were wrapt up in the contemplation of a thouſand ſweete contents, which ſo worke on her affection, (or rather on her heart) as if he thinkes himſelfe happy in ſeeking ſuch a Miſtreſſe, ſhe eſteemes her ſelfe bleſt in finding ſuch a ſervant.

Grand Pre findes his firſt entertainment from *Mermanda* to bee reſpective and pleaſing: and ſo authorized by her curteſy and advice, he taking time at advantage, goes to the old Preſident her father, and bewrayes him his affection to his daughter, and the deſire he hath to obtaine her for his wife: ſo having begunne his ſuit, he leaves his father *Grandmont* to finiſh it, and continually frequents the companion of his beautifull Miſtreſſe *Mermanda*.

Her father *Creſſonville* diſlikes not this match, but deemes it both agreeable and honourable; onely hee knowes that *Grandmont* hath likewiſe one only daughter, and himſelfe one onely ſonne: ſo he infinitely deſires to make this a double match, thereby to contract a more firme and ſtricter league betwixt their two houſes; this is propoſed and debated, as well betweene the young folkes, as the old Parents, and at laſt it takes effect, ſo as purpoſely omitting, firſt the conference, then the letters ſent from *Grand Pre* to *Mermanda*, and from *Mermanda* to *Grand Pre*; from *De Malleray* (*Creſſonvilles* ſonne) to *Hautefelia*, and from *Hautefelia* to *De Malleray*; becauſe the inſerting thereof would make this briefe Hiſtory ſwell into an ample volume. Theſe Marriages, to the joy of the parents, and the ſweet content of their ſonnes and daughters, are pompouſly ſolemnized in *Dijon*, with all variety of feaſting, dauncing, and masking, anſwerable to their degrees and dignities. But theſe Marriages ſhall not prove ſo fortunate as is hoped, and expected, neither was *Hymenaus* invited thereunto, or if he were, he refuſed to come; and therfore *Lucina* will likewiſe ſave her labor, becauſe ſhe knowes that neither of theſe two young married Gentlewomen ſhall live to make uſe of her aſſiſtance.

And here before I proceed farther, I wiſh the event of this Hiſtory would give the lye to this enſuing poſition, that there is no pride nor malice to that of a woman; but I have more reaſon to feare then hope to believe the contrary: for no ſooner have our two young couples reaped the fruites of Marriage, and the felicity of their deſires, but

wee

wee shall see the Sunne-shine of their joy overtaken with a dismall storme of griefe, sorrow and misfortune; whereby wee may obserue and learne, that there is no perfect nor permanent felicity under the Sunne, but that all things in this world, yea, the World it selfe is subject to revolution and change. The manner is this:

Hautefelia envies her sister in Law *Mermanda's* advancement, and contemnes her own; she likes not to give the hand to her, whom she knowes is by descent her inferiour, and to speake truth, preferres a Scarlet Cloake before a Blacke, and a Sword-man before a Pen-man; these ambitious conceits of hers, proceeding from hell, wil breed bad bloud, and produce mournefull effects; yea, peradventure strangle her, who imbraceth and practiseth them.

Mermanda is of a gracious and mild nature, *Hautefelia* of an imperious and revengefull: never any married couple live more contented, nor past more pleasant dayes, then did *Grand Pre* and his faire *Mermanda* for the space of one whole yeare; wherein she bore her selfe so loving & courteous towards him, & he so kind and pleasant to her, as their sweet carriage, and honourable, and vertuous behaviour, was of all the world (*Hautefelia* only excepted) highly praysed and applauded. But *Hautefelia* envying *Mermanda's* prosperity and glory, because she could neither parallel the one, nor equall the other, & seeing with no other eyes then those of ambition and envy, bethinks her selfe she might act her disgrace, and eclipse the splendor of her vertues and glory. When remembring that the Baron of *Betanford* (dwelling not farre from *Auxone*) sometimes visited her brother *Grand Pre*, as also that he very lately had done her two unkind offices; the one, by buying a Iewell from her, which shee was in price with, of a Gold-smith at *Dijon* Faire; and the other, for retayning a little fine white *Frizland* dog, which his Page had stolne from her: she thinks to give two strokes with one stone, and at one time to be revenged both of the Baron and of her sister in Law *Mermanda*.

Iudge, Christian Reader, what simple reasons and triviall motives this inconsiderate Gentlewoman hath for her malice, but she is resolute therein, and as she hath layd the foundation, so she will perfect the edifice of her malice & revenge: which to effect, she sends a servant of hers purposely nere *Auxone*, to her brother *Grand Pre*, and writes him a letter to this effect: She intreats him to come ride over to her, for she hath a secret of importance to reveale him, which shee holds not fit to commit to penne, and withall adviseth him to frame some excuse towards her husband for his suddaine comming.

Grand Pre arrives at *Dijon*, and is welcomed of his Brother and Sister, but he discovers her to bee more sorrowfull then accustomed; he is ignorant what these clouds of her discontent import, or from whence they arise: but he shall know too soone, and his curiosity shall pay deare to understand it. Supper ended, they fetch a walke in the garden, and so he is conducted to his Chamber, where his brother in Law *De Malleray* giving him the good night, his sister *Hautefelia* with teares in her eyes informes him, that she knowes for certaine, the Baron of *Betanford* is too familiar with his wife *Mermanda*, yea, beyond the bounds of honesty, the which she must needs reveale him, because his honor is hers, which, as she is bound by nature, she wil cherish & preserve as her own life.

Grand Pre amazed at this strange & unlooked for newes, is like one lunatick, or rather stark mad, he stamps with his foot, throws away his hat, now casting himself on the bed, then on the floore; yea, & had not his sister prevented him, he had killed himselfe with his own sword: these are the wretched passions of jealousy, which transport our selves beyond our selves, & our reasons beyond the limits of reason: & now this vild & malicious sister of his (more out of policie then charity) useth many prayers & perswasions, brings him again to himself, and they conclude to keep it secret from all the world, but withal *Grand Pre* vows to be sharply revengd both of his wife, & the Baron of *Betanford*.

Hautefelia having thus broached her inveterat & implacable malice (laughing hereat

like a Gipſie) betakes her ſelfe to her reſt, leaving her brother not to ſleepe, but to drive out the night in watchfulneſſe and jealouſy: who the next morne (ſooner then his accuſtomed houre) riſeth, takes his leave of his Brother and Siſter, and ſo very penſive and ſorrowfull rides home.

Mermanda findes her husband ſad, and enquires the cauſe thereof: ſhee prayes him, that if any griefe or misfortune have befalne him, ſhee may participate and beare the one halfe thereof, as ſhe doth of his joy and proſperity: and as ſhe was wont to doe, proffereth to kiſſe him; but hee ſlights her, and with much unkindneſſe and diſdaine puts her off; whereat ſhee is amazed, as not acquainted with ſuch diſcourteſy. After Supper (jealouſy being his chiefeſt diſh; and griefe, hers) hee makes three or foure ſolitary turnes in the Court, and then ſends his Page for his wife, who betwixt comfort and griefe, hope and diſpaire, preſently comes to him: He demands of her whether ſhe will walke with him; ſhee anſwereth, that his pleaſure ſhall ever bee hers: and that ſhee will moſt joyfully and willingly wayt on him where hee pleaſeth: hee brings her to a ſolitary Grove, and there having choller in his lookes, and fire in his tongue, hee chargeth her of diſhoneſty with the Baron of *Betanford*.

Poore *Mermanda*, as it were pierced to the heart with the thunderbolt of this newes, falls to the ground in a fainting ſwoone: yea, *Grand Pre* her husband hath much adoe to recover her, when, comming againe to her ſelfe, ſhe with many volleyes of ſighes, and rivolets of teares, purgeth her ſelfe of that imputation and ſcandall; ſhee blames his credulity and jealouſy, tearmes her accuſers devills and witches, invokes heaven and earth to beare witneſſe of her innocency; and withall cleares the Baron of *Betanford*, vowing and proteſting by her part and hope of heaven, that he never attempted nor opened his mouth to make her the leaſt ſhaddow of ſo unchaſt a motion.

Grand Pre, weighing her wordes, and ſeeing her bitter and ſorrowfull teares, believes his Wife, and ſo frees both her ſelfe and the Baron, prayes her to pardon him, and vowes that hee will love her dearer then before, and for ever forget and bury the memory thereof in perpetuall oblivion and forgetfulneſſe.

But his wife *Mermanda*, notwithſtanding this ſubmiſſion and reconciliation of her husband, is ſtill vexed in minde, as finding it eaſy to admit griefe, but difficult to expell it: ſhe knowes not what to doe, nor of whom to take advice how ſhee ſhould beare her ſelfe in this ſtraight and perplexity; for well ſhe knowes, that if the Baron of *Betanford* ſhould come to viſit her husband, as formerly he was accuſtomed to doe, it would revive and confirme his jealouſy, although they were both as innocent as innocencie it ſelfe. Now ſhe reſolves to write the Baron a Letter to refraine her houſe: but then ſhe thinkes it too much indiſcretion and preſumption to attempt it, or that the letter might be intercepted, or her husband have newes thereof; but againe fearing his comming, and encouraged through her innocencie, ſhe reſolves to write unto him: which ſhee doth to this effect.

IT is not with bluſhes, but teares, that I preſume to write unto you; for indeede it grieves mee ſo publiſh my Husbands folly, which by duety I know I am bound to conceale: neither had I attempted it, but that griefe and neceſsity throwes me on this exigent: for ſo it is, that my unſpotted chaſtity is not capable to defend him from jealouſy, which makes mee as much triumph in mine owne loyalty, as I grieve at his ingratitude: and not content to wrong me, his folly, or rather his frenſie hath reflection on you, whom he takes to be both the object and cauſe thereof: but as your innocencie can juſtly warrant and defend mine honour, and your honour my innocencie from the leaſt ſhaddow of that crime: ſo that we may both endeavour, rather to quench then inflame this his irregular paſſion: I moſt humbly beſeech you to refraine our houſe, and neither to viſite mee, nor bee familiar with him, and ſo peradventure, time may weare away from his thoughts

thoughts, that which at preſent, truth and reaſon cannot: your reluctent Vertues and true generoſity aſſure mee of this curteſy, the which I will repay with thankes, and requite with prayers, that your dayes may bee as infinite as your perfections, and your fame as glorious as your merits.

MERMANDA.

The Baron receives this letter, prayſeth *Mermanda's* diſcretion, and laughes at *Grand Pre's* folly, extolleth her innocencie, and condemnes his jealouſy: hee will bee carefull to preſerve a Ladies honour, eſpecially one ſo truely chaſt and honourable as *Mermanda:* hee before had a purpoſe to ſee *Paris*, ſo now this occaſion doth both crowne and confirme his reſolution; hee makes ready his preparatives and baggage, and ſo takes Coach for that great City, which abounds with the greateſt part of the Nobility of the whole Kingdome; but before his departure, he returnes *Mermanda* this Anſwer.

YOur vertues and my conſcience, make us as unworthy of your husbands jealouſy, as hee of ſo chaſt a wife as Mermanda, *and ſo true a friend as* Betanford: *but as your affection to him hath ſtill ſhined in your loyalty, ſo it muſt now in your patience; ſith hee in this baſe paſſion of his ſeeking his own ſhame, will at laſt aſſuredly find out your glory. Had his folly revealed me ſo much as your diſcreet Letter, I would have exchanged my pen to a ſword, and with the hazard of my life, and loſſe of my deareſt blood, made known as well to him as to the whole World, the truth, both of your chaſtity and honor, and of mine honor and innocencie: in the meantime I will both imbrace and obey your requeſt, and will mannage it with ſuch obſervance to your Husband, ſuch reſpect to your vertues, and ſuch regard to mine owne reputation, as I hope he ſhall reſt ſatisfyed of your chaſtity towards himſelfe, and of mine to you; otherwiſe I prize Ladies of your perfections at ſo high a rate, and ſet Cavaliers of his humour and inclination at ſo low an eſteeme, that I well know how to anſwer his choller with contempt, and to requite your diſcretion both with admiration and prayſe.*

BETANFORD.

Mermanda very joyfully receives this Letter: but hers to the Baron produceth effects, contrary to her hopes; for *Grand Pre* underſtanding of the Baron of *Betanfords* ſuddaine departure for *Paris* (as jealouſy is full of eyes) hee feares a plot betwixt him and his wife, and ſo confirmes his former ſuſpicion of her diſloyalty: he therefore converts his love into hatred towards her, and now (to ſhew the fruits and effects of his jealouſy) refuſeth her his bed, then which, to a chaſt and vertuous wife, nothing can be more diſtaſtfull.

At this ingratefull diſcourteſy, poore *Mermanda* teares her haire, ſigheth, weepeth, mourneth, and lamenteth in ſuch pittifull ſort, that it ſeemes nothing in the world is capable to comfort her, but ſhe conceales her griefe as ſecretly as ſhe may, onely her pale cheekes and diſcontented lookes, as the outward heralds of her inward affection, doe ſilently diſcover and bewray it.

Her husbands father and mother, *Grandmont* and *de Carnye*, all this while know nothing of this diſcontent betweene *Grand Pre* and *Mermanda*; but their malicious and wretched daughter *Hautefelia* (whoſe malice never ſleepes) hath ſpyes in every corner of her fathers houſe, who advertiſe her thereof: whereat ſhe infinitely triumpheth and rejoyceth. But this joy of hers ſhall be but as breath on ſteele, or as ſmoake before the winde.

Grand Pre

Grand Pre this meane time boyles with inveterate rage, and his jealouſy carries him to ſuch extreames, as he vowes to be revenged, firſt of *Betanford*, then of his wife, to which effect he pretends buſines to *Chaalons* (as what will malice leave unpretended?) and taking a choice Horſe, a Page and two Lackeyes with him, he paſſeth a contrary way, and comes firſt to *Troy*, then to *Brie-count Robert* (a dayes journey from *Paris*) where being very private in his Inne, he writes a Challenge, and taking aſide his Page, delivers it him, and commands him, at breake of day to poaſt with all expedition for *Paris*; where being arrived, to go to the Crown of *France* in S. *Honories* ſtreet, & ſecretly to deliver it to the Baron of *Betanford*, to take his anſwer, & to return the ſame night.

The Page to obey his Maſters command, ſeemes rather to flie, then poaſt; he fitly findes out the Baron, and very fairely delivers him the Letter, who breaking up the ſeale, therein findes theſe words:

GRAND PRE, to *the Baron of* BETANFORD.

YOu neede no other witneſſe then your ſelfe to informe you in how high a nature you have wronged mee, and herein your falſe glory hath made my true ſhame ſo apparant, as I had rather dye then live to digeſt it: for not to diſſemble you my malice, as you have done mee your friendſhip, I can ſooner forget all other offences, then pardon this: therefore finde it not ſtrange that I requeſt you to meete mee, on thurſday morning next, at five or ſixe, either with your ſword, or Rapier on Horſe-backe, or a foot at Carency, *halfe a league from* Brie-count Robert, *where the Bearer hereof ſhall expect you, to conduct you ſafely to a faire Medow, where without ſeconds I will attend you. It is impoſſible for me to receive any other ſatisfaction; for to write you the truth, nothing but your life, or mine, is capable to decide this difference.* GRAND PRE.

At the reading hereof, the Baron is ſo farre from the leaſt ſhew or apprehenſion of feare, as hee is pleaſant and jocund; yea, he cauſeth *Grand Pre's* Page to dine with him, and after dinner, takes him aſide, and ſpeakes to him thus: *Tell thy Maſter, that I will not faile to meete him on Horſe-backe without a ſecond, at the houre and place appointed.* The next morne he diſpeeds away a choyce horſe, which his Lackey leades, and about ten of the clocke, onely with his Chirurgion and Page, takes Coach, and comes that night to *Carency*, where he lodgeth.

The next morne being Thurſeday (the day appointed to fight) *Grand Pre*, pretending to goe to the Church, ſends away his Page to *Carency*, to awayt and attend the Baron, and ſo onely with his Chirurgion hies himſelfe to the field; which he firſt entred, and immediately (before hee had fully made foure turnes) in comes *Betanford*, whom *Grand Pre's* Page had met at *Carency*, and now conducted thither, having onely his Chirurgion with him, and having left his Coach, Page, and Lackey a furlong off, with command not to ſtirre, till they heard from him.

The Chirurgions (in ſtead of two Gentlemen for their Seconds) diſpoſe themſelves according to the order and ceremonies of Duels) to ſearch the Combatants for Coats of Male, or the like: but they might have eaſed themſelves of this labour and curioſity; for both the Gentlemen were too honorable, to have their valours tainted with this baſe poynt of cowardize, or treachery; yea, in meere contempt thereof, they both of purpoſe had left their Dublets behind them. And now beginnes a Combate, as memorable as bloudy, yea, performed with ſuch valour, dexterity, and reſolution, that as theſe times infinitely admire it, ſo ſucceeding ages will very difficultly believe it.

They come into the Field with a ſoft trot, and each having his Enemy in front, and being neere ſixe ſcore paces diſtant, they give ſpurres to their horſes, and part like two flaſhes of lightning. At their firſt meeting, *Grand Pre* runnes *Betanford* thorow the left ſhoulder, and *Betanford* onely wounds *Grand Pre* in the right cheeke, cloſe under the eye; and beeing excellent Horſe men, they turne ſhort, and ſo againe

againe, fall to it with bravery and courage: in which encounter *Betanford* receives a wide wound upon the brawne of his right arme, and *Grand Pre* another thorow his left ſide, which undoubtedly had proved mortall, and ſo ended the Combate with his life, had not his ſword glanced on a ribbe, and ſo ranne outwards; and now they both retire to take breath, reſolving to advance with more fury: they part againe, *Betanford* runnes *Grand Pre* thorow the necke, and hee *Betanford* thorow the ſmall of the arme, where meeting with the ſinewes and arteries, it cauſeth the ſword to fall out of his hand, whereat hee is extreamely perplexed and amazed.

Here perchance ſome baſe fellow (who had never beene trained up in the Schoole of Honour, and therefore not deſerved the title of a Gentleman) would have wrought upon the misfortune of this accident, and deſired no better advantage to diſpatch his Adverſary: But *Grand Pre*, whoſe generoſity in this I commend, as much as I deteſt his jealouſy, doth highly diſdaine to ſtaine his honour and courage with this infamy, and ſo puts *Betanford* out of his apprehenſion and feare with theſe words; Baron, be couragious and cheerfull, for I will rather dye, then diſgrace my ſelfe ſo much, to fight with an unarmed man, and ſo commands his Chirurgion to deliver him his ſword againe. *Betanford* is thankfull to him for this courteſy, and vowes he will never forget it.

Now although their wounds doe rather ingraine then imbroder their ſhirts with blood, yet their youth is ſo vigorous, their courage ſo inflamed, and their hearts ſo reſolute and magnanimous, as they neither can, nor will yet reſt ſatisfyed: in a word, they mannage their horſes bravely, and act wonders with their ſwords; for by this time they having runne foure ſeverall Careres: *Betanford* hath received ſeven wounds, and given *Grand Pre* ten: but the loſſe of all this bloud, (which now iſſued from their bodies rather by ſpowts then drops) is not capable to coole their courages: and ſo although with duſt, ſweat, blould, and wounds, they rather looke like Furies then men, yet they will not refraine fighting.

And now their Chirurgians grieving and pittying to ſee them, as it were drowned in their bloud, and well knowing that they had performed more then they thought poſſible for men, they both agree, and ſo running with their hats in their hands, humbly pray them to deſiſt and reſt ſatisfyed, by ſhewing them that their ſwords and courages had already acted wonder beyond beliefe, and that it was pitty their praents, Prince, and Country ſhould be deprived of ſuch reſolute and valorous Cavaliers, then whom, the world (upon ſo unfortunate an accident) hath ſeldome ſeen braver: but they ſpeake to the winde, and receive no other thankes, but this checke from them both, that they are baſe fellowes, and know not what belongs to their function and duety; and ſo rating and commanding them away, they once more divide themſelves, and with freſh reſolution and courage, againe ſet ſpurres to their horſes; but this encounter proves more happy to *Betanford*, and more dangerous to *Grand Pre*: for as hee makes a thruſt to *Betanford*, which miſt and paſt under his right arme, without doing any other harme then piercing and cutting thorow his ſhirt, *Betanford* (with all the courage and dexterity he had) runne *Grand Pre* thorow the belly into the reynes, with which unfortunate wound, as alſo with a falſe pace, his horſe then mad, he fell from the Saddle to the ground ſpeechleſſe, ſprawling and ſtruggling, as if hee were upon the point to take his laſt farewell of the world: but he was not ſo happy, for he ſhall be cured of his wounds, and hereafter dye of a more mournefull and lamentable end.

Betanford, ſeeing *Grand Pre* fall, doubted that his wounds were mortall, and ſo alights: whereat his Chirurgion with a loud voyce, cryed out. *Diſpatch him, Diſpatch him*: but he calls him villaine for his labour, when remembring the former courteſy hee had received of *Grand Pre*, in regiving him his ſword, hee like a true noble Gentleman vowes now to requite it, and ſo throwing it and his Hatte away, hee

with

with out-ſpred armes ran to imbrace & aſſiſt him; yea, he preferres *Grand Pre's* life before his owne, and with all poſſible ſpeed commands his Chirurgion to bring and haſt thither his Coach, and to his beſt power doth aſſiſt *Betanford*, in ſetting him up, in ordering and binding up his wounds; his Coach being come, hee cauſeth him to bee layd in ſoftly, and ſo hee in one Boote, and the two Chirurgions in the other, their Pages and Lackeyes attending them, they drive away to the very next country houſe, where they huſh themſelves up privately, and here *Betanford* reſembling himſelfe, conjureth both the Chirurgions to uſe their beſt art and chiefeſt skill upon *Grand Pre*, and before hee would have his owne wounds looked unto, hee cauſeth his to bee opened, they doe it, and both concurre in opinion, that his laſt wound is mortall; he ſees them dreſſe him, and vowes hee will not forſake him in this extremity, but will bee more carefull of him then of himſelfe. Reciprocall and ſingular demonſtrations of courteſy and honour in theſe two Caveliers, which will make their memories famous to poſterity.

Betanford, ſeeing *Grand Pre* committed to ſleep, cauſeth his owne wounds to be ſpeedily ſearched and dreſſed, which are not found dangerous, and then takes order in the houſe, that *Grand Pre* bee furniſhed with all things neceſſary, as Chamber, curious attendance, and the like; yea, he ordereth matters ſo, that all things might be done with great ſecrecie and ſilence, nor permitting any of his owne, or *Grand Pre's* ſervants to bee ſeene forth the houſe, to the end that the newes of theſe their accidents might not bee bruted or vented.

About noone, *Grand Pre's* ſpeech by little and little comes to him, and likewiſe his memorie, when *Betanford* abſenting all from his Chamber, with his Hat in his hand came to his bed ſide, and having courteouſly ſaluted and comforted him, prayes and conjures him, as hee is a Gentleman of Honour, to tell him why and wherefore hee fought with him. Ah Baron (quoth *Grand Pre*) firſt ſweare to mee on thine honour, thou wilt deliver me the truth of a queſtion I will demand of thee, and then I wil ſhew thee. By my honour and fidelitie, replies *Betanford*, and as I hope for heaven, I will. Then Baron (quoth hee) diddeſt thou never wrong me and mine honour, in being too familiar with my wife *Mermanda?* The Baron with many ſolemne proteſtations and religious oathes, cleares both himſelfe and *Mermanda*, and vowes, that his heart never thought it much leſſe his tongue ever attempted it. Whereat *Grand Pre* very humbly intreats him to excuſe and pardon him, ſith he underſtood and beleeved the contrary, which was the onely cauſe of his diſcontent and challenge: adding withall, that hee will, till death, eſteeme him as his moſt honourable friend, and, as long as he liues, will affect and loue his wife dearer than ever he had before. It is as great a happineſſe to repaire and reforme errours, as a miſery to commit them.

The Baron of *Betanford* ſtayes very ſecretly ten dayes with *Grand Pre* at the Countrey houſe, when ſeeing his wounds hopefully cured and recovered, they reſolve to depart. *Grand Pre* kindly thankes *Betanford* for his life, and all other courteſies hee hath received of him, and hee as courteouſly doth the like to *Grand Pre*, for giving him his ſword wherewith he preſerved his owne, and ſo like honourable and intimate friends, they take leave each of other, the Baron taking horſe for *Paris*, and freely lending *Grand Pre* his Coach to returne to *Auxone*. Thus wee ſee courteſie alwayes returneth with intereſt.

Grand Pre at his comming home, kiſſeth & fawneth on his wife *Mermanda*, acquaints her with the occaſion and event of the combat, condemneth his owne folly, and extolleth her chaſtitie, prayes her to forgive him againe this once for all, and vowes, that there lives not a braver Noble man in the world then the Baron of *Betanford:* and to ſpeake truth, ſhe deſerves this ſubmiſſion and reconciliation, and he that praiſe.

At

At the knowledge hereof, I know not whether *Mermanda* (like a gracious and curteous wife) doe more grieve at her husbands wounds, then rejoyce at his recovery and life: and now he repenting and detesting his former errour, renewes his love, affection, and friendship to her, the which hee confirmeth and uniteth with a perpetuall and indissoluble Gordion knot: nevertheless the variety of her afflictions, and the excesse of her griefe and discontent, breeds her much weakenesse and sickenesse, which withereth the Roses and Lillies of her beauty.

But come wee from *Mermanda's* heavenly Vertues to *Hautefelia's* devillish Vices, which cannot be paralleld or compared, except by *Antithesis*: for as *Mermanda* reposeth her selfe under the shaddow of her owne innocencie, and lives in perfect love and charity with the whole world, so her wretched Sister in law *Hautefelia*, seeing her hopes and purposes prevented, will not sleepe in her malice, but sets her wits and revenge upon the Tenter-hookes, to finde out another expedient, to be rid of *Mermanda*, who (in her wicked conceit) shee thought was enemy to her content, and an eye-sore to her ambition and greatnesse.

We no sooner fly from God, but the devil followes us; & it proves alwaies a miserable folly to be wise in wickednes and sin: *Hautefelia* is resolute in her rage, and cannot or rather will not see heaven for hell, she bethinks her selfe of another invention to send *Mermanda* into another world, and so strikes a bargaine with *La Fresnay* an Apothecary for two hundred crowns to poyson her, who like a limbe of the devil doth undertake and promise it, the which (Ah griefe to thinke thereon) he in lesse then two months performeth; and so this vertuous and harmles young Gentlewoman is most unnaturally and treacherously bereaved of her life, and brought to a mournfull and lamentable end: Which inhumane murther, we shall see, God in his due time will miraculously detect, and severely revenge and punish.

Her Husband *Grand Pre* exceedingly bewayles her death, as also all her parents and friends; yea, so infinite were her Vertues, and so sweet her behaviour and carriage, as all that knew *Mermanda* lamented her decease, yet no way suspecting or knowing the violent and extraordinary cause thereof.

Now, whiles others mourne, *Hautefelia* exceedingly triumphs and rejoyces hereat: but this bloudy victory shal cost her deare. In the meane time, *Mermanda's* single death can neither quench her revenge, nor satisfy her ambition; for as shee liked not the Sister, so she (as before we have partly understood) never loved the Brother, her owne husband *de Malleray*, whom she observed, very bitterly wept and grieved at his sister *Mermanda's* death; she therefore, resolute to adde sinne to sinne, resolves to cast the apple of discord betwixt *Grand Pre* her brother, and *de Malleray* her husband, knowing that if the first were slaine, shee were sole heire to her father, if the second, shee would have a noble Husband; a policie, whose invention is as diabolicall, as the execution thereof dangerous.

To which effect she informes her husband, that her Brother *Grand Pre* had killed his Wife *Mermanda* with his jealousy, that hee held her to bee the Baron of *Betanford's* strumpet, with whom for the same cause he had fought at *Brie-count Robert*, and which was more, it was shrewdly suspected he had poysoned her, the which she once thought for ever to have concealed, but that she knew her husband was, and ought to be nearer to her then her brother. Good God, how far will the malice of this wretched woman extend, or to what a monstrous height will it grow?

De Malleray grieved to the heart for this heart-killing newes, because hee ever loved his Sister as dearely as his owne life, without considering and weighing whether his wifes words were drosse or gold, believes her; and so resolves very secretly to acquaint the President his father herewith, thereby thinking and presuming that hee would by order of Law call *Grand Pre* in question for the fact.

But

But old *Creſſonville* (having as well his head in his eyes, as his eyes in his head:) ſeeing that this ſuſpition and accuſation had no firme grounds, that it was an intricate buſineſſe to finde out, that it would breed a ſcandall to his family, and eſpecially to his deceaſed daughters reputation, ſith it is the nature of calumnie to ayme at the moſt vertuous perſons, as *Cantharides* doe at the faireſt flowers; that it would rake up the duſt of her tombe, and withall breed him an infinite number of potent and powerfull enemies: Therefore grounding his judgement upon theſe reaſons, and his reſolutions upon this his judgement, he holds it beſt to ſmother it in ſilence, and ſo to brooke his daughters death as patiently as he may.

De Malleray ſeeing his father ſo cold in this buſineſſe, began to bee all in fire himſelfe, vowing that hee would maintaine the honour, and revenge the death of his onely Sister *Mermanda*; and his wife *Hauteſelia*, with her impetuous and implacable malice, blowes the coales, and ſets an edge to this his reſolution: when that very inſtant underſtanding his brother *Grand Pre* was that Evening arrived at *Dijon*, he (conſulting with Nature, but not with Grace) by a Gentleman of his familiar acquaintance, ſends him this Challenge.

DE MALLERAY to GRAND PRE.

I Should degenerate both from my honour and blood, if I were not ſenſible of thoſe wrongs and diſgraces you haue offered your Wife and my Siſter; they are of that nature, that I know not whether her innocencie deſerue more pitie, or your jealouſie contempt and revenge: her death and your conſcience make me as juſtly challenge you, as you haue unjuſtly done the Baron of Betanford: *Therefore to morrow at five of the clocke after dinner, at the foot of* Talon fort, *in the meadow ranked with Wallnut trees, bring either a ſingle Rapier, or Rapier and Ponyard, and I will meet you without Seconds; the equitie of my cauſe, and the unjuſtice of yours, make mee confident in this hope, that as you loſt your blood neere* Brie-count Robert, *you ſhall now leaue your life in the ſight of* Dijon; *Iudge how earneſtly I deſire to trie the temper of your heart and ſword, ſith already I not onely count houres, but minutes.*

DE MALLERAY.

Grand Pre, though newly recovered of his late wounds, accepts this Challenge, but not without extreame wonder to ſee *De Malleray* ſo paſſionate and reſolute; he makes choice of ſingle Rapier, and ſo they meet, where, without any other ceremony they throw off their dublets, and giue them to their Chirurgions, whom they command to ſtay without the next hedge, and not ſtirre from thence, till the death of the one proclaime the other victor.

The Sunne (that great and glorious lampe of heaven) ſwiftly poaſts away from our Horizon to the *Aptipodes*, of purpoſe not to ſee, or bee acceſſary to this bloody Tragedie, when our Champions unſheath their ſwords, and diſpoſe themſelves to fight both with judgement and reſolution; *De Malleray* comes up fairely, proffers the firſt thruſt, and gives *Grand Pre* a wound in his left thigh, and in exchange receives another from him in the necke, which he aymed fully at the breſt, but that hee bore it up with his Rapier. *Grand Pre* at firſt gives backe, but ſeeing *de Malleray* inſult and preſſe on him, he reſolutely advanceth, and runnes him thorow the ſide: but the wound was ſo favourable, as though it cauſed much bloud, yet it brought no danger. They make a ſtand and take breath, and ſo they very reſolutely to it againe: *de Malleray* having hitherto the worſt, doth now reſolve to manage his buſines with leſſe violence and more judgement; when *Grand Pre* driving home to him, hee wardes bravely, and taking time at advantage, thruſts him in the left ſhoulder with a wide and deepe wound, but himſelfe is hurt in the left arme with a wound, which ranne from his wreſt to his elbow.

By

By this time their shirts are deepely besprinkled and gored with their bloud: but this will not appease their courages, they will try againe; for they never thinke enough as long as they can stand, and this encounter proves as fortunate for *Grand Pre*, as fatall for *De Malleray*: for he receives a deepe wound under his left pap, which carries his life and soule from this world to another; so as without speaking one word, he falls dead to the ground.

Grand Pre seeing *De Malleray* dead, gives thankes to God for his victory, and so mounts on horse-backe, and with his Chirurgion poasts towards *Dole*, a Parliament City of the free County; belonging now to the Arch Duke *Albertus*, leaving *De Malleray's* Chirurgion, not to cure, but to bury his Master, or at least to convey his dead body to *Dijon*, for President *Cressonville* his father to performe that office,

Who is no sooner advertised of his sonnes death, but with teares hee gives the Parliament to understand thereof, and craves justice for the Murther. The Parliament decrees a power to apprehend *Grand Pre*; but hee is not desirous to lose his head on a Scaffold: for by this time hee hath recovered *Dole*, where having stayed some three moneths his parents and friends (by the favour of that generous and true noble Gallant, *Mounsieur le Grand*, his Majesties Lieutenant of that Province of *Burgundy*) procured and sent him his pardon.

But in this meane time come wee to his sister *Hautefilia* (the disgrace of her sexe, and the fire-brand of Hell) who no sooner understood the death of her husband, and the flight of her brother, shee having hardly the patience to see him layd in his grave, and resolving rather to breake her necke with malice, then her heart with sorrow, being sure of her Dowry, packes up her Iewells, Plate, and chiefest Baggage, and so leaves *Dijon*, and goes home to her father neere *Auxone*, where during the age of her father and mother, and the absence of her brother, she most imperiously swayes and commands all.

But this her authority lasteth not long: for now home comes *Grand Pre* from *Dole*, at whose returne she findes matters altered, and her greatnesse and power diminished, and to her grief sees that she cannot so absolutely domineere as before; and which was farre worse, her brother in his absence at *Dole*, having smelt and understood her malice and inveterate hatred, both to *Mermanda*, the Baron of *Betanford*, *De Malleray* her husband, and likewise to himselfe (though nothing suspecting or dreaming of her poysoning humour) he is so farre from acknowledging or respecting her for his sister, as he will neither indure her company or sight; which she making no shew to perceive, but like a Fury of hell, as she is, dissembling her malice and revenge, she is still constant, and persevers in her humour of bloud and Murther, and hath againe recourse to her execrable Apothecary *La Fresnay*, and to the devill her Doctor likewise, to make away her brother *Grand Pre* with poyson, as hee had already *Mermanda* his Wife, and gives him three hundred crownes to effect it. This damnable Apothecary, loving money well, and (as it seemes) the Devill better, doth ingage himselfe speedily to performe it, and, wretched villaine as he is, within two moneths he accomplisheth and finisheth it; and so as *Mermanda* ranne equall fortune with him in life, hee doth the like with her in death; for one deadly Drugge, one bloody Sister, and one devillish Apothecary gives a miserable and lamentable end to them both.

And now his blood thirsty sister *Hautefilia* (the author of these cruell Murthers and Tragœdies) thinking her selfe freed of all her enemies, and of all those who stood in the way of her advancement and preferment, shee (neither thinking either of her conscience or soule, of heaven or hell) domineeres farre more then before; yea, builds castles in the ayre, and flatters her selfe with this false ambition, that she must now be a Dutchesse, or at least a Countesse: But she reckons without God.

We have ſeene, nay we have here glutted our eyes with ſeverall Murthers, whereof wee have beheld this wretched Gentlewoman *Hautefelia* to be the horrible and cruell author, and this execrable *La Freſnay* to be the bloody actor: theſe crimes of theirs, and the ſmoake of theſe their impious and diſpleaſing ſacrifices, have pierced the clouds, and aſcended the preſence of God, to ſue and draw downe vengeance and confuſion on their heads: for although Murther be for a time concealed, yet the finger of God will in due time detect and diſcover it; for he will make inquiſition for blood, and will ſeverely and ſharpely revenge the death of his children.

But Gods providence and juſtice in the diſcovery thereof, is as different as miraculous: for ſometimes hee protracts and deferres it of purpoſe, either to mollifie or to harden our hearts, as ſeemes beſt to his inſcrutable will, and divine pleaſure; or as may chiefly ſerve and tend to his glory: yea, ſomtimes he makes the Murtherer himſelfe as well an inſtrument to diſcover, as hee hath beene an actor to commit murther: yea, and many times he puniſheth one ſinne by and in another, and when the Murtherer ſits moſt ſecure, and thinks leaſt of it, then he heapes coales of fire on his head, and ſuddenly cuts him off with the revenging ſword of his fierce wrath and indignation.

And now that great and ſoveraigne Iudge of the World, who rides on the Winds in triumph, and hath Heaven for his Throne, and Earth for his foot-ſtoole, will no longer permit *Hautefelia* and *La Freſnay* to goe unpuniſhed for theſe their execrable Murthers: for the innocent and dead bodies of *Mermanda* and her husband *Grand Pre* out of their Graves cry to him for revenge, which, like an impetuous ſtorme, or a terrible Thunder clap, doth in this manner ſuddenly befall and overtake them.

Some ſixe weekes after *Grand Pre's* funeralls were ſolemnized, whereat his Siſter *Hautefelia* (the better to cloke her villany) wept bitterly, and was obſerved to bee the chiefeſt Mourner; this helliſh Apothecary *La Freſnay*, having gotten his money ſo eaſily, thought to ſpend it as prodigally; and ſo on a time, being in his cups at a Taverne at *Dijon*, and his braines ſwilling and ſwimming with ſtrong Wine (as Drunkenneſſe is the Bawd and Vſher to other ſinnes) he ſtealing from the reſt of his company, committed a Rape upon one *Margaret Pivot*, a girle of twelve yeares old, being the Vintners daughter of the Taverne wherein he ſate tippling.

This young girle, with millions of teares throwes her ſelfe to the feet of her Parents, and accuſeth *La Freſnay* for the fact, who doe the like to thoſe famous Senators of the Court of Parliament: ſo hee is apprehended; and being examined, with many vehement and bitter aſſeverations denyeth it: he is adjudged to the Racke, and at the ſecond torment confeſſeth it, and ſo he is condemned to be hanged.

Two *Capuchin* Fryers prepare him for his end: they exhort him not to charge & burthen his ſoule with concealing any other crimes, adding, that if he reveale and repent them in earth, God will remit them in heaven: theſe exhortations of theirs produce good effects; for though he have formerly lived like a devill, he will now dye like a Chriſtian: and ſo with many teares revealeth, that at the inſtigation of *Hautefelia*, and for the lucre of five hundred crownes (which at two ſeveral times ſhe gave him) he had poyſoned *Mermanda* and her husband *Grand Pre*.

All the world is amazed, and the Parliament acquainted herewith, they alter their firſt Sentence, and ſo for his triple villanies condemne *La Freſnay* to bee broken alive upon the Wheele, and there to languiſh and dye without being ſtrangled: which in *Dijon* is accordingly executed to the full ſatisfaction of Iuſtice.

A Provoſt likewiſe is forthwith diſpatched from *Dijon* to *Grandmonts* houſe, to apprehend his daughter *Hautefelia*, and God would have it that ſhee was ignorant of *La Freſnay's* apprehenſion, and more, of his death. The Provoſt findes her dancing in her fathers

fathers garden, in company of many Gentlemen and Ladies: he sets hands on her, and so exchangeth her mirth into mourning, and her songs into teares: she is brought to *Dijon*, and examined by a President, and two Counsellors of the Parliament. She impudently and boldly denyes both Murders; saith *La Fresnay* is her mortall and professed enemy, and therefore not to bee believed. But the devill, who hath so long bewitched and deluded her, either will not, or rather now cannot save her with this poore evasion: shee is adjudged to the Racke, and at the first torment confesseth it.

The Criminall Iudges of this great and illustrious Parliament, in detestation of these her execrable and bloudy crimes of Murther, pronounce sentence on her: so, after shee had repented her sinnes, and prepared her selfe to dye, her Paps are seared, and torne off with red hot Pincers, then shee is hanged, her body burnt, and her ashes throwne into the ayre.

Now to gather some profit by reading this History, or indeed, rather by the memory of the History it selfe, let us observe, nay let us imprint in our hearts and soules how busy the Devill was by ambition, covetousnesse, malice and revenge, to seduce and perswade *Hautefelia* and *La Fresnay* to commit these Murthers; and also how just God was in the detection and punishment thereof, that the feare of the one may terrifie us from imbracing and attempting the other: to the end, that as they lived in sinne, and dyed in shame; so wee may live in righteousnes, and dye in peace, thereby to live in eternall felicity and glory.

GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE CRYING AND EXECRABLE sinne of *Murther*.

HISTORIE II.

Pisani *betrayeth* Gasparino *of his Mistresse* Christeneta. Gasparino *challengeth* Pisani *for this disgrace, and kills him in the field: hee after continueth his suite to* Christeneta; *shee dissembles her malice for* Pisani *his death: shee appoynts* Gasparino *to meete her in a Garden, and there causeth* Bianco *and* Brindoli *to murther him: they are all three taken and executed for the same.*

WHere Affection hath Reason for guide, and Vertue for object, it is approved of Earth, and applauded of Heaven: but where it exceeds the bounds of Charity, and the lists of Religion, Men pitty it, Angels lament it, and God himselfe contemnes it: for if we are crossed in our love, why should discontent make us desperate? or to what end should we flie Reason to follow Rage, except we desire to ride poast to Hell, and to end our dayes on a shamefull and infamous Scaffold here on earth? It is an excellent felicity to grow from Vertue to Vertue, and a fatall misery to runne from Vice to Vice: Love and Charity are alwayes the true marks of a Christian, and Malice and Revenge, those of an Infidell, or rather of a Devill: but to imbrue our hands in innocent bloud, and to seeke the death of others, is to deprive our selves of our owne life, as the sequell of this History will declare, which I relate with pitty and compassion, sith I see the Stage whereon these Tragedies are acted and represented, not only sprinkled, but goared with great variety and effusion of bloud.

In *Pavia* (the second City of the Dutchy of *Millan*) the very last yeare that *Count Fuentes* (under the King of *Spaine*) was Viceroy of that State, *Signior Thomaso Viturі*, a noble Gentleman of that City, had one onely child, a daughter of the age of fifteene yeares, named *Dona Christeneta*, who was exceeding faire and beautifull, and indued with many excellent qualities & perfections, requisite in a Gentlewoman of her ranke: she was sought in marriage by many Gallants of the City: but a Cavalier of *Cremona* must beare her away, or at least her affection: The History is thus.

Signiour Emanuel Gasparino, a noble young Gentleman of *Cremona*, hearing of *Viturі* his wealth, and of his daughter *Christeneta's* Beauty and Vertues (the Adamants and Load-stones to drawe mens affections) resolveth with himselfe to seeke her for

for his wife: he acquaints none herewith, but an intimate deare friend of his, a young Gentleman of the ſame City, named *Signior Ludovicus Piſani*, by deſcent a *Venetian*, whom hee prayes to aſſiſt and accompany him to *Pavia*, in ſeeking and courting the faire *Chriſteneta* his Miſtreſſe. *Piſani* tearmes himſelfe much honoured and obliged to *Gaſparino*, and very willingly grants his requeſt; and ſo they prepare for their journy.

They come to *Pavia*: *Vituri* bids *Gaſparino* welcome, and entertaines him reſpectfully and courteouſly, as alſo *Piſani*; he thankes *Gaſparino* for the honour he doth him in ſeeking his daughter, and like a carefull father takes time to conſult hereon: but for *Chriſteneta*, ſhe looks not ſo pleaſing nor pleaſantly on him as he expecteth; he is deeply in love both with her beauty and other perfections, but he finds her cold in her diſcourſe and anſwers, and very melancholly and penſive: he courts her often (and after the *Italian* faſhion, with variety of Muſicke, Ditties, and ayres) but ſtill he findes her averſe, and contrary to his deſires, as if her thoughts were otherwiſe fixed. *Gaſparino* knowes not how to winne her affection, nor how to beare himſelfe herein; he conſults with *Piſani*, and prayes him to conferre with *Chriſteneta*, and to ſound her affection: But it proves often dangerous, ſtill indiſcretion, to truſt a friend in this caſe.

Piſani promiſeth to performe the office of a friend, and to conferre effectually with *Chriſteneta*; he ſeekes opportunity and place, and findes both; he ſets out to her *Gaſparino's* merits, and paints foorth his praiſes, and in a word, leaves nothing untouched, which hee thinkes may any way advance his friends content and affection: but hee findes *Chriſteneta's* minde perplexed and troubled; for ſhee often changeth colours, now red, then pale, and then pale, now red againe: yet hee obſerves that her eyes are ſtill ſtedfaſtly fixed on him: hee prayes her that ſhe will returne a pleaſing anſwer for him to carry to his friend, and her lover *Gaſparino*.

Chriſteneta would willingly ſpeake, but cannot, for her heart and paps beat and pant, and her ſighes very confuſedly interrupt her words; but at laſt, dying her Lilly cheekes with a Vermillian bluſh, ſhee tells him that ſhe is not ignorant of *Gaſparino's* merits, who deſerves farre her better, but that ſhee cannot conſent to love him, in reſpect ſhe hath fixed, but not ingaged her affection on another. *Piſani* ſtill extolleth his friend *Gaſparino* to the skie, and for all honourable parts preferres him before any Gentleman of *Lombardy*; and withall, with much induſtry and inſinuation, endeavours to requeſt and draw *Chriſteneta* to name him her ſervant, which ſhe once thought to have done, had not Modeſty (the ſweeteſt and moſt precious ornament of a Virgin) for that time with-held her, when after two or three deepe ſighes (the outward Heralds of her inward paſſions) ſhe told him thus,

Piſani, it is a deare and neare friend of yours, who is the firſt that I have, and the laſt that I will affect; but I will not at preſent name him, onely if you pleaſe to meet me ſecretly to morrow, at eight of the clocke in the morne, in the Nunnes garden at Saint *Clare*, I will there informe you who it is: but in the meane time, and ever, forbeare to ſollicite me any more for *Gaſparino*, ſith he ſhall not be my ſervant, nor will I be his Miſtreſſe: and ſo for that time they part, and he confidently promiſeth to meet her.

Gaſparino demands *Piſani* how hee findes his Miſtreſſe *Chriſteneta*: Hee anſweres faithfully according as ſhee told him; but conceales their appoynted meeting in the Nunnes garden: and now becauſe hee ſeeth it labour loſt to reſearch *Chriſteneta*, hee will not be obſtinate in his ſuit, but will give a law to his paſſions and affections, rather then they ſhall preſcribe any to him, and ſo reſolves to take leave of her, becauſe as well by her ſelfe, as by her father and mother, and now chiefely by *Piſani*, he ſees ſhee is otherwiſe bent and affected, to which end he leaves *Pavia*, and returnes to *Cremona*. Leave we therfore *Gaſparino* to his thoughts, and come we to thoſe of *Piſani* and *Chriſteneta*, to ſee what their garden conference will bring forth.

Piſani cannot imagine what friend of his it ſhould be that *Chriſteneta* loveth, but ſhe knowes enough for them both; and it may be, too much for her ſelfe: ſhe knowes it at leaſt an immodeſt, if not a bold part for her to court *Piſani*, who ought rather to court her: but ſhe thinkes it both wiſedome and duety to give way to that which ſhe cannot avoyd and prevent, and ſo preferres the zeale of her affection before the reſpect of her modeſty: but that which makes her ſo reſolute in the execution of this her amorous attempt is, to ſee that *Gaſparino* hath found *Piſani* to ſollicite for him to her, and ſhee can finde none but her ſelfe to ſollicite for her ſelfe to *Piſani*: therfore bold in this her reſolution, ſhe beares ſo deep and ſo deare an affection to *Piſani*, that ſhe thinkes every moment an houre, and every houre an age, before ſhe ſee *Piſani*, that one perſon of the World, whom ſhe loves more deare then all the world. Thus wiſhing night day, her houſe the Nunnery, and her chamber the garden: ſhee with much impatient patiency awayts the houre of eight, which ſhee knowes will bring her her joy or her torment, her felicity or her miſery, her life or her death.

The Clocke ſtrikes eight: *Chriſteneta* takes her Prayer-booke, and her Wayting-mayd, and ſo trips away to the Nunnery; but ſhe doth now diſpenſe with her devotion, to give content to her eyes, or rather to her heart, in ſeeing and injoying the deſired company of *Piſani*, whom ſhe eſteemes the life of her content, and the content of her life, and ſo forſakes the Church, to goe to the Garden: *Piſani*, who never failed of his houre and promiſe to men, doth now diſdaine to miſſe thereof to a Lady: for *Chriſteneta* hath ſcarce made three paces in the walkes of the Garden, but ere the fourth be finiſhed, ſhee ſees *Piſani* enter, ſhee bluſhes at his ſight, and hee growes pale at her bluſhes: he findes her in a bower of Sycamors, Cypreſſes, and Vines, decked within with Roſes, Lillies, and Gilly-flowers, hee gives her the good-morrow and the ſalute, the which, with a modeſt and ſweet courteſy, ſhe receives and returnes; he tells her he is come to performe his promiſe, and if it pleaſe her, to receive hers: ſhee would faine anſwer him, but her cheekes give bluſhes, where her tongue ſhould words; but at laſt, darting a ſweet looke on him (which was the Embaſſadour and Herald of her heart) ſhe diſcovereth her ſelfe to him thus:

The perſon (*Piſani*) on whom I have fixed and ſettled my affection, doth exceedingly reſemble you, is of your owne blood, and of your neereſt and deareſt acquaintance. *Piſani* preſſeth her to know his name; when after many glances, ſighes, and bluſhes, ſhee tells him, his name is *Piſani*, and himſelfe the man, prayes him to pardon her boldneſſe, and to give an honourable interpretation and conſtruction to her affection, adding withall, that when ſhe firſt ſaw him, ſhee loved him; and now prayes him to be perſwaded, that *Chriſteneta* may be a ſollicitor for her ſelfe to *Piſani*, and not *Piſani* to *Chriſteneta* for *Gaſparino*; yea, ſhe confirmes her words with many ſighes, and againe her ſighs with many teares, which trickle downe her beautifull cheekes, like pearled drops of deaw upon bluſhing damaske Roſes.

Piſani wonders at this unexpected newes, and knowes not how to beare himſelfe in a buſineſſe of this nature; hee ſees that her beauty deſerves love, and her deſcent and vertues reſpect: but withall, he is not ſo diſhonourable to betray his friend; he wonders at her affection, and is not ignorant that ſhe deſerves a more noble husband then himſelfe, but ſeeing her languiſh for an anſwer, he returnes her thus: *Although I acknowledge my ſelfe infinitely bound to you for that affection of yours, wherewith you pleaſe to honour mee, yet as honour is to be preferred before affection, ſo* Chriſteneta *muſt excuſe* Piſani, *ſith hee cannot bee a ſervant to her, but he muſt bee a traytor to* Gaſparino; *and that reſpect excepted, in requitall of your favour, I will eſteeme my ſelfe happy if I may loſe my life for your ſervice.*

Yet hee is not ſo unkinde, but gives her a kiſſe or two at farewell which as much delights

delights *Christeneta*, as his refusall doth afflict her: so they part. The rest, time must bring forth.

Now although *Gasparino* have left *Pavia*, yet he cannot forsake his affection to *Christeneta*, but cherisheth her memory, and in heart adoreth her Idæa; yea he loves her deepely and dearely, and indeed her perfections and beauty deserve love: but such is *Christeneta's* affection to *Pisani*, as she can take no truce of her thoughts: but despight of discretion and modesty (which perswade and counsell her to the contrary) she within ten dayes after purposely sends a confident Messenger to him, to *Cremona* with this Letter:

Christeneta to Pisani.

Finde it not strange, that I second my last speech with this my first Letter, and thinke, that, were not my affection intire and constant, I should not thus attempt to reveale it you in lines, which blush not, as my cheekes doe, when I write them. I should offer too palpable violence and injury to the truth, if I tell you not that it is impossible for Christeneta *to love any but* Pisani, *whom I no sooner saw, but deepely admir'd and dearely affected. Now sith my zeale to you is begunne in vertue, and shall be continued in honour, it makes me flatter my selfe with hope, that you will not enforce me to despaire: for if I am not so happy to be yours, I must bee so unfortunate never to bee mine owne. Iudge what your absence is to me, sith your presence is my chiefest felicity: which makes me both desire and wish, that either you were in* Pavia, *or I in* Cremona. *I can prefixe and give bounds to my Letter, though not to my affection. Hate not her who loves you dearely, otherwise, whatsoever you thinke, I know, your unkindnesse to mee will bee meere cruelty.*

Christeneta.

Pisani receiveth this Letter: he wonders at her affection, and now consults betwixt *Christeneta's* love to him, and his respect to *Gasparino*: hee at first holds it incivility not to answer her Letter, and yet is very unwilling, in doing her right, to wrong his friend: but at last perusing her Letter, againe hee findes it so kinde, as hee deemes it not only ingratitude, but a degree of inhumanity for him not to returne her an answer: and therefore taking Pen and Paper, he writes to her thus.

Pisani to Christeneta.

You discover mee as much affection as I should treachery to my friend, either to accept or requite it; and were it not for that consideration, which must tend as well to mine owne honour, as to your content, I would not sticke to say, that Pisani *loves* Christeneta, *because shee deserves to be beloved; onely give mee leave to informe you, that as you are too faire to be refused, so I am too honest to betray my friend, especially such a one who is as confident of my fidelity, as I assured of his. Could time reconcile these difficulties with my reputation, my heart would instantly command my pen to signify you, that I desire to give you hope, and to take away your despaire; and withall, that* Pavia *is more pleasing to mee then* Cremona, *sith* Christeneta *lives in it, and* Pisani *in her. I was never heretofore cruell to any, neither doe I resolve to bee unkind to you: for how can I, sith I as truely vow to honour you, as you professe to love me? Live you in this assurance, and I will dye in the same.*

Pisani.

Time

Time with a ſwift foot vaniſheth and paſſeth away; but *Chriſteneta's* affection to *Piſani* cannot: ſhe in his Letter perceives a glimmering light of hope breake forth thorow the obſcure clouds of her deſpaire; but feare doth as ſoone eclipſe and ſtrangle, as propagate and produce it; onely, deſpight all apprehenſion and oppoſition, her thoughts doe ſtill gaze and looke on *Piſani*, as the Needle of the compaſſe doth to the North; ſo as ſhe can reſt in no true tranquillity of minde, before ſhe writes to him againe; the which, ſome fifteene dayes after, ſhe doth to this effect.

Christeneta to Pisani.

I May paſſe the bounds of diſcretion, but will not exceede thoſe of honour. I have ever learn'd to retaine this Maxime, that affection which receives end had never beginning. If then I live, I muſt breath the ayre of your love, as well as this of my life, ſith it is the prime and ſole cauſe thereof, as the Sunne is of the light. Your Letter I finde ſo full of doubts and ambiguities, as I know not wherefore to hope, or why not to deſpaire: could you dive as deepely into my heart, as I have into your merits, if nature doe not, pitty would informe you, that you ought to preferre the love of a Lady before the reſpect of a Gentleman, eſpecially ſith he may carry his heart from you, and I deſire to bring and preſent mine to you: and how can your abſence either rejoyce or comfort mee, ſith your preſence will not? Thinke what you pleaſe, either of me, or of your ſelfe; onely give me leave to tell you, that I finde doubt a ſtep, and degree to deſpaire, as deſpaire is to death: I write rather with teares then Inke. If you will not live my Saint, I muſt dye your Martyr.

Christeneta.

At the receipt of this ſecond Letter (which was ſo ſweetly pleaſing, and pleaſingly ſweet to his thoughts) he found the Bulwarkes and defences of his reſpect to *Gaſparino* razed and beaten downe, and a faire breach made and layd open for *Chriſteneta* to enter and take poſſeſſion of the Caſtle of his heart; ſo now at one inſtant hee performes two ſeverall attempts: for the farther hee flies from his friend *Gaſparino*, the neerer hee approacheth to his Miſtreſſe *Chriſteneta*; and therefore now wholly imparadiſing his thoughts in the garden of her pure beauty, and taking the chiefeſt light of his content and felicity from the relucent luſtre of her eyes, he thinkes it high time, no longer to beare out his Flag of defiance, but to ſtrike ſayle, and doe homage to the ſoveraigne of his thoughts, the which he doth in this Letter, that he purpoſely ſends her in anſwer of hers by his Page.

Pisani to Christeneta.

YOur vertue and beauty is enough powerfull to prevaile with mee: but your affection, which addes grace to either, and either to it, makes me forget my reſpect to Gaſparino, *to remember my love to* Chriſteneta: *but that which gives life to this my reſolution, is, that it is impoſſible for him to hate me as much as you love me; and in this hope I both rejoyce and triumph, that you ſhall not be my Martyr, but my Miſtreſſe, and I will be both your Saint and your ſervant: for as you deſire to live in my favour, ſo my chiefeſt ambition and zeale is to dye in your affection: that which heaven makes me affirme, earth ſhall not inforce me denye. I will ſhortly follow, and ſecond this my Letter; till when, you can never ſo much lament my abſence, as I deſire your preſence. Let this be your true conſolation, ſith it is my ſole delight and chiefeſt felicity.*

Pisani.

If

If *Piſani* his firſt Letter overthrew *Chriſteneta's* deſpaire, this his ſecond revives and confirmes her hopes; ſo that whereas heretofore ſhe condemned her preſumption in writing to *Piſani*, ſhe now not only applauds her reſolution therein, but alſo bleſſeth the houre that ſhe attempted it; yea, ſhe buildeth ſuch caſtles of delight and content in her heart, and her heart in her ſoule, to thinke that ſhee ſhould be his Wife, and hee her Husband, that ſhee anticipateth the houres, and blames the dayes for not preſenting her with the ſight and preſence of her ſweet *Piſani*, whom, above all earthly contents, ſhe chiefely deſireth.

Now if *Chriſteneta* were thus perplexed with the abſence of her *Piſani*, no leſſe is hee with that of his *Chriſteneta*: for remembring the freſhneſſe of her youth, and the ſweetneſſe of her beauty, hee in conceipt hateth *Cremona*, which before hee loved, and now loveth *Pavia*, which before hee hated: it is as great a griefe to him to bee with his other affaires without her, as it would rejoyce him to bee with her without them: yea, ſhe runnes ſo deepely in his thoughts, and they on her beauty, as (if it were not immodeſty) hee either wiſheth himſelfe impaled in her armes, or ſhee incloyſtered in his. And now to performe as much as his Letter hath promiſed, hee, without thinking or reſpecting of his old friend *Gaſparino*, prepares all things ready to goe ſee his new Miſtreſſe *Chriſteneta*.

Hee comes to *Pavia*, accompanied with three or foure of his neereſt and deareſt friends, viſiteth *Chriſteneta*, whom hee ſaluteth and courteth with all kinde of honourable and amorous complements: Shee is joyfull, yea, raviſhed with his arrivall: he doth aſſure her of his perpetuall affection, and reciprocally himſelfe of hers; yea, ſhe ſo infinitely delights in his preſence, and he ſo extreamely in hers, that ſhee now freely gives her ſelfe to *Piſani*, and he in exchange, as abſolutely takes himſelfe from *Gaſparino*, to give himſelfe to *Chriſteneta*: ſo as ſhe rejoycing in her purchaſe, and he triumphing in his victory, they attend the time, wherein heaven and earth hath ordayned of two bodies to make them one.

But it is not enough for *Piſani* to be poſſeſſed of *Chriſteneta's* favour: for he muſt likewiſe obtaine that of her parents, before either hee can enjoy his wiſhes, or ſhe her deſires, and ſo he goes honourably and ſecretly to worke with them: but he findes them not ſo tractable as *Chriſteneta* hoped, or himſelfe deſired: for old *Vituri* her father preferring wealth before honour, and riches before vertues, diſlikes this motion, alledging that *Piſani's* father dyed exceedingly in debt, that his chiefeſt Lands were ingaged and morgaged, that hee had many great Legacies to pay to his ſiſters, but which was worſt of all, that *Piſani* himſelfe loved the Court better then the Country, and that in his expences and apparell hee was extreamely prodigall, and frugall in neither: which conſiderations ſo ſwayed the judgement and opinion of *Vituri*, that knowing he might every day provide and procure a better match for his daughter, hee gives *Piſani* to underſtand, that as yet hee hath no intent to marry his daughter, alledging her few yeares, and the like triviall reaſons and excuſes, whereby *Piſani* might plainely perceive, that hee had no intent to give him his daughter.

This refuſall of *Vituri* doth wonderfully grieve *Piſani*, and afflict *Chriſteneta*, ſo as they ſee their hopes nipt in their bloſſomes, and their deſires not in the way to reap ſuch effects as they expected. *Piſani* diſtruſting his owne power, ſets his parents and chiefeſt friends to draw *Vituri* to hearken unto reaſon: but his age cannot be deceived in that, which his judgement, and not his paſſion, ſuggeſteth him: they have diverſe conferences, but every day, in ſtead of bringing hopes, produceth more difficulties and deſpayre; and now that *Piſani* may ſee that his ſute and reſearch is diſpleaſing to *Vituri*, he lookes not on him with ſo courteous an eye as accuſtomed: and which is worſe, *Chriſteneta* is forbidden his company, and he her fathers houſe.

This

This goes to the hearts of our two lovers, but they brook it as patiently as they may, and hope that time will give end to these their discontents and afflictions. In the meane whiles, as fire suppressed doth often flame forth with more violence, so, sith they cannot personally visite one the other, they entertaine their affections by their Letters, who are so many in number, as I hold it fit rather to suppresse then divulge them. Thus whiles *Pisani* comforts himselfe, that there are no roses without prickles, and that hopes long expected are best welcome, but chiefely relying upon the affection and constancie of his Mistresse: hee will not staine his valour with this poynt of cowardize, to be put off with the first repulse of *Viturі*, but resolveth to continue as constant in his affection, as he doth in his refusall; and so after he had stayed a month or two in *Cremona*, he bethinkes himselfe of an invention, whereby it is not impossible for him to obtaine his Mistresse of her father.

Pisani being inriched with the treasure of *Christeneta's* favour and affection, writes to her, that if shee can obtaine her Mothers consent, she peradventure may easily procure that of her husband; who hearkening and relishing this advice with much zeale, puts it a foote; and as in few dayes she gained her Mother, so a moneth was not fully past, before shee had likewise drawne her husband to approve and consent to this Match: So now our Lovers are againe revived and comforted; for the rubs being taken away, the difficulties removed, and the parents of both sides fully satisfyed, all things now seeme in so faire a forwardnesse and preparation, as if our two Lovers were shortly to injoy each other in marriage, or to injoy the fruits of mariage, which so earnestly and infinitely both affected and desired.

To which end, that their nuptials might bee solemnized with the greater pompe and glory, they provide themselves of variety of rich and sumptuous Apparell, the day is appoynted, and all the Nobility of *Pavia* and *Cremona* (as well their kinsfolkes as others) are invited to the Wedding: but their Parents shall come short of their designes, and these our two Lovers of their hopes: for this Mariage being not begunne in heaven, shall never be finished nor consummated in earth.

Wee have here so much spoken of *Pisani*, that it seemes wee have quite forgotten *Gasparino*, as if hee had no farther part to act in this History; but hee is not so fortunate: for this proceeding of *Pisani* to *Christeneta* is not so secretly managed, but hee hath newes thereof, who knowing there can bee no greater treason, after that of a subject to his Soveraigne, then for a friend to betray his friend, hee grieves, and is extreamely incensed at *Pisani*, to see he hath betrayed him of his Mistresse; the which he takes so bitterly and passionately, that hee vowes he will make him repent it. Iealousy and Revenge are alwayes bad Counsellers, and therefore can never prove good Iudges: But such is his love to *Christeneta*, and so deepely is her beauty imprinted and ingraven in his heart, as shutting his judgement to Charity, and opening it to Revenge, he is resolved, at what price soever, to call *Pisani* to a strict account for this affront and disgrace, and is resolved rather to dy, then live to see himself thus abused, by one whom God and nature hath made his inferior. Were we as apt to doe good as evill, we should bee Angels, not men; but resembling our selves (or rather hearkening too much to the Prince of darkenesse) we flye reason to follow rage, and many times procure our owne destruction, in seeking that of others.

Gasparino having thus his eyes and senses ore-clouded and vayled with the mist of revenge, is transported with such bloudy passions and resolutions, as hee is sometimes resolved to pistoll *Pisani*, either in the streete, or in his bed, and other times to hire two or three Ruffians to murther him the next time hee rides into the Countrey: but at last casting his eyes from hell to heaven, and from Satan to God, hee trampleth those execrable resolutions under his feete, and banisheth them from his heart and thoughts

thoughts, esteeming them as unworthy of him, as he were of the world, if he should commit them: and so for that time enters in a resolution with himselfe, no more to thinke on *Christeneta*, and lesse to bee revenged of *Pisani*, for betraying her from him.

Had *Gasparino* continued in this peaceable and Christian-like minde, hee had not exposed himselfe to so many dangers and misfortunes, nor given himselfe as a prey to feede the malice and revenge of his bloody enemies: but now understanding that all *Cremona* and *Pavia* prattled and laughed at his disgrace, in seeing him thus baffled and abused by *Pisani*, hee thinkes that not onely himselfe, but his honour is disparaged, and wronged herein, and that he shall be extreamely condemned of cowardize, if in a Duell he call not *Pisani* to right him, and give him satisfaction: yea, the onely consideration of this poynt of honour (which many times is bought and sold at so deare a price, as the perill and losse both of body and soule) did so violently perswade and prevaile with him, that as revenge admits of no opposition, nor hearkens to any advice, so enquiring for *Pisani*, and understanding him to be in *Pavia*, he the more incouraged and inflamed hereat, taking with him a resolute and confident Gentleman, and one onely Lackey, sets spurres to his Horse, and so hyes thither, resolving with himselfe to gaine his Honour in the same City, where hee had received his disgrace.

Being arrived at *Pavia*, he is assured that *Pisani* is in the City, and inquiring more curiously after him, hee understands, that, that very instant hee is with his Mistresse *Christeneta*, which so galled his thoughts, and inflamed his heart, as hee was once resolved that very instant to send him a Challenge, and the sooner, because *Christeneta* might be an eye-witnesse of the delivery thereof: but to speake truth, Passion could not finde a better oportunity, nor Iudgement a worse, for him to draw his malicious contemplation into bloudy and impious action; and therefore respecting *Christeneta*, although shee had refused to respect him, and fearing if shee had the least notice or inkling thereof, she loved her *Pisani* so dearely, as she would hinder and prevent him from running into so imminent a danger, hee all that day husht himselfe up privately in his Inne, deferring the sending thereof till the morning, when delivering it to his cosin *Sebastiano* (the Gentleman that came with him from *Cremona*) hee prayes him instantly to finde out *Pisani*, and to deliver it to him as secretly and as fairely as hee could.

Sebastiano being no novice in these occasions and accidents, repaires to *Pisani* his Lodging, and findes him as he was issuing forth his Chamber, whom hee salutes, and delivers *Gasparino's* Challenge fast sealed. *Pisani* with a constant carriage, and firme countenance, receives it, and breaking off the Seales, steps aside and reades these Lines:

Gasparino to Pisani.

YOu have given the first breach to our friendship: for sith you have treacherously bereaved mee of my Mistresse, you must now both in honour and justice, either take my life, or yield mee yours in requitall: If you consider your owne ingratitude, you cannot taxe, much lesse condemne this my resolution: the Place, the West end of the Parke; the Houre, foure or five after Dinner; the manner, on foot, with Seconds; the Weapon, if you please, two single Rapiers; whereof bring you one and I the other, and I will bee content to take the refusall, to give you the choyce. If your courage answer your infidelity, you will not refuse to meet mee.

Gasparino.

Pisani,

Piſani having received and perufed this Challenge (like an Italianated Gallant, preferring his honour before his life) very cheerefully, without any motion or ſhow of alteration, either in his ſpeeches or countenance, turnes to *Sebaſtiano*, and ſpeakes to him thus; Sir, I pray tell *Gaſparino* from me, that my ſelfe and Second will with ſingle Rapiers meet him and his, at the houre and place appoynted.

Sebaſtiano returnes: and *Piſani* having accepted the Challenge, beares it ſo ſecretly, as *Chriſteneta* (the other halfe of his heart) underſtands not hereof: he findes out his deare and intimate friend *Sfondrato*, a valiant young Gentleman, iſſued of a very noble Family of *Millan*, who accompanyed him from *Cremona*, to whom hee relates the whole effect of this buſineſſe, ſhewing him *Gaſparino's* Challenge, and requeſting him to honour him ſo much as to ſecond him in this quarrell. *Sfondrato* very cheerefully and freely offereth, and ingageth himſelfe; and ſo about noone *Sebaſtiano* and himſelfe, like honourable friendly enemies, meet to provide and match the Rapiers: but beare it ſo ſecretly and diſcreetly, as none whatſoever could once perceive their intents, or gather their reſolutions. The houre approaching, they all take horſe, and that day *Piſani*, becauſe hee would bee no way prevented and hindred, doth purpoſely refraine to viſit his Miſtreſſe *Chriſteneta*. They poaſt to the Parke as to a Wedding, being the place of *Rendez-vous* of their meeting (ſo famous for the defeat of the French, and taking Priſoner of their King *Francis* the Second, by the Forces of the Emperour *Charles* the Fifth.)

Gaſparino and *Sebaſtiano* are firſt in the Field: but *Piſani* and *Sfondrato* are not long after: ſo they all tye up their Horſes to the hedge, pull off their Spurres, and cut away the timber-heeles of their Bootes, that they might not trip, but ſtand firme in their play: But ere they beginne, the Seconds ſearch the Principalls, and they the Seconds; ſo they throw off their Dublets, and appeare all in their ſhirts, not as if they feared death, but rather as if they were reſolved to make death feare them.

By this time *Gaſparino* and *Piſani* draw: they make their approaches, and at the firſt incounter *Piſani* is hurt in the out-ſide of the left arme, and *Gaſparino* in the right flanke, the bloud whereof appeared not, but fell into his hoſe: they againe ſeparate themſelves, and now trye their fortunes afreſh; here *Piſani* receives two wounds, the one glancing on his ribs, the other in the brawne of his right arme, and *Gaſparino* one deepe one in his left ſhoulder; but theſe ſlight hurts they onely eſteeme as ſcarres, not as wounds, and therefore ſeeing their ſhirts but ſprinkled, not dyed with their bloods, they courageouſly come on againe; but this bout proves favourable to them both; for *Gaſparino* wards *Piſani's* thruſt from him, and onely runnes *Piſani* thorow the hoſe, without doing him any other harme: and ſo they cloſe, which *Piſani* doth purpoſely to exchange ground, thereby to have the Sunne in his backe, which was before in his eyes, and now they conclude to take breath.

Their Seconds withdraw not from their ſtations, neither can they yet imagine to whoſe ſide fortune will incline, they being well-neare as equall in wounds as courage; and now *Piſani* and *Gaſparino* dreſſing their Rapiers, and wiping off the blood from them, beginne againe to make tryall on whom Victory is reſolved to ſmile: but they alter the manner of the fight; for now *Gaſparino* fights with judgement, and not with fury, and *Piſani* with fury, and not with judgement, whereas heretofore they both did the contrary. They traverſe their grounds; *Piſani* is ſo violent, as hee hath almoſt put himſelfe out of breath; but *Gaſparino* is ſo wary and cautelous, as hee contents himſelfe to breake his thruſts, and reſolves not to make any but to the purpoſe, and upon manifeſt advantage; the iſſue anſwereth his hopes and expectation: for at the very next incounter, as *Piſani* runnes *Gaſparino* in the necke, hee runnes *Piſani*

ſani thorow the body, a little below the left pap: and his ſword meeting with *Cava Vena* (which leads directly to the heart) makes a perpetuall divorce betwixt his body and his ſoule, and ſo hee falls ſtarke dead to the ground. *Gaſparino* knowing him diſpatched, ſheathes up his rapier. But *Sfondrato* and his Chirurgion runne to his aſſiſtance, but the affection of the one, and the art of the other were in vaine: for *Piſani* his life had forſaken his body, and his ſoule was already fled from this world to another.

Whiles *Sfondrato* and the Chirurgion were ſtretching out the dead body of *Piſani*, and covering it up with their cloakes; *Sebaſtiano* runnes to *Gaſparino*, and congratulates with him for his victory, extolling his valour to the skie: But *Gaſparino* tells him, that theſe prayſes appertaine not to him, but to a higher providence, and withall prayes him to bee carefull, and to mannage his life both with courage and diſcretion; and for himſelfe, finding his wounds, no way deſperate nor dangerous, hee is reſolved not to ſuffer his Chirurgion to bind them up, till hee ſee the iſſue of the Combate betwixt his faithfull friend *Sebaſtiano* and *Sfondrato*.

By this time *Sfondrato* thinkes it high time to beginne: and being no way daunted with the misfortune and death of his friend *Piſani*, but rather encouraged and reſolved to ſell it dearely on the life of *Sebaſtiano*; hee drawes, and with his Rapier in his hand comes towards him. *Sebaſtiano* meetes him halfe way with a very freſh and cheerefull countenance, and ſo they approach one to the other: at their firſt incounter, *Sebaſtiano* gives *Sfrondrato* a large and wide wound on his right ſide, but receives another from him thorow the left arme, a little above the elbow; but that of *Sfondrato* powred forth more bloud; and to be briefe, they both give and take divers wounds, and performe the parts of valorous Gentlemen.

But in the end, God, who would not give all the victory to one ſide, but will make both parties loſers, to ſhew that he is diſpleaſed with theſe their bloudy actions, and uncharitable reſolutions, which though Honour ſeeme to excuſe, yet religion cannot; after they had three ſeverall times taken breath, *Sebaſtiano* advancing a faire thruſt to *Sfondrato's* breſt, which onely pierced his ſhirt, and ravelled his skinne: *Sfondrato* requited him with a mournefull intereſt, for hee ranne him thorow at the ſmall of the belly, and ſo nayled him to the ground, bearing away his life on the point of his Rapier.

Thus our foure Combatants, being now reduced to the number of two, *Sfondrato* expected that *Gaſparino* would have exchanged a thruſt or two with him: the which certainely hee had performed: But *Gaſparino* finding that the loſſe of ſo much bloud made him then weak, and that it was now more then time for him to have his wounds bound up, they having taken order for the decent tranſporting of their dead friends, that night to *Pavia*: they, without ſpeaking word one to the other, committ themſelves to their Chirurgions, and ſo their wounds being bound up, they take them with them, and, to ſave themſelves from the danger of the Law, they take horſe, and poaſt away, *Gaſparino* to *Parma*, and *Sfondrato* to *Florence*, from whence they reſolve not to ſtirre, before their friends have procured and ſent them their pardons.

Leave we them there: and to follow the ſtreame of this Hiſtory, come we to *Cremona* and *Pavia*, which rings with the newes of the iſſues of theſe lamentable and tragicall combates; *Piſani* and *Sebaſtiano* are infinitely bewailed of their parents, and lamented of their friends, yea of their very enemies themſelves, and generally of all the world, who either knew them, or heard of their untimely and unfortunate ends.

But all theſe teares are nothing, in compariſon of thoſe which our faire *Chriſteneta* ſheds for the death of her ſweet *Piſani*: For her griefes are ſo infinitely bitter, as ſhee teares her haire, diſfigureth her face, weepes, mournes, howles, and cries ſo extremely,

that ſorrow her ſelfe would grieve to ſee her ſorrow; yea, ſhe forſakes and abandoneth all company, throwes off all her rich and glittering garments, and takes on mournfull and ſad apparell: ſo as all the perſwaſions of the world are not capable to give her the leaſt ſhaddow of conſolation: for as ſhee affirmes, ſhee neither will, nor can be comforted; onely amidſt her teares, if ſhee admit, or permit any paſſion to take place in her heart or thoughts, it is choller and revenge againſt *Gaſparino*, who had bereaved her of her onely joy, of her deare and ſweet *Piſani*, whom ſhe loved a thouſand times more deare and tenderly then her ſelfe, and of him ſhe vowes to be reveng'd in the higheſt degree: Whereby wee may here in *Chriſteneta* ſee the old phraſe made good, and verifyed; That there is no affection nor hatred to that of a Woman: for where they love, they love dearely; and where they hate, hate deadly: But leave we her to her ſorrowes, and come we againe to *Gaſparino*, who in ſhort time, having obtained his pardon, returnes from *Parma* to *Cremona*, where hee is joyfully received of his parents and friends.

He is no ſooner arrived, but the remembrance of *Chriſteneta's* beauty doth flouriſh and revive in his heart; for although ſhe had loved another, yet he could affect none but her ſelfe: when letting paſſe ſome ſixe or eight moneths, and hoping that time (which is ſubject to nothing, and all things to it) might wipe off her teares, and blow away her ſighes for the death of *Piſani*; hee reſolves to renew his old ſute to her, to which end he viſits her firſt by friends, next by letters, and then in perſon. *Chriſteneta* (like a counterfeit Fury) diſſembles her love to *Piſani*, and her hatred to him, and withall triumpheth and takes a pride to ſee how diſcreetly and cloſely ſhe beares her malice: But our wiſedome in ſinne proves meere folly in the eyes of God, which though ſhe will not now acknowledge, yet ſhe ſhall hereafter bee inforced to doe it with repentance, and peradventure when it is too late. So being reſolute in her inveterate indignation, her malice doth ſo out-brave her charity, and her revenge her religion, as ſhee cannot finde any reſt in her thoughts, or tranquillity in her minde, before ſhe ſee the death of *Gaſparino* make amends and ſatisfaction for that of *Piſani*.

Gaſparino having the eyes of his judgement hood-winked, and not foreſeeing how dangereus it is to repoſe and relye on the favour of an incenſed enemy (as our judgements are never cleareſt when we approach our ruine) is very importunate with *Chriſteneta*, that he may meet and conferre privately with her, which indeed is the onely opportunity that in heart ſhe hath ſo long deſired: and now it is that ſhe conſpires his ruine, and plots his deſtruction, wherein (perchance) ſeeking his death, ſhe may procure her owne.

Diſſembling Wretch as ſhe is, ſhe ſeemes to be vanquiſhed with his importunity; and therefore to ſhew her ſelfe courteous and kinde to him, ſhe appoynts him to meet her in the Nunnes Garden at ſixe of the clocke in the morning. But what courteſy, what kindneſſe is this, to have honey in the tongue, and poyſon in the heart? For ſhe preſently agrees with two wretched Ruffians, *Bianco* and *Brindoli*, for twice fifty Duckets to murther him. See here the implacable and damnable malice of this young Gentlewoman, who forgetting her ſoule and her God, becomes the Author of ſo execrable and lamentable a Murther.

Gaſparino, drowning his ſences and underſtanding in the contemplation of the content he ſhould receive in injoying his Miſtreſſe *Chriſteneta's* company, thinkes the night long ere the day appeare, and although the evening were faire and cleare, yet in the morne, *Aurora* had no ſooner lept from the watry bed of *Neptune*, but the Skies were over-caſt and vayled with obſcure clouds, which impriſon the Sunne and his golden beames, purpoſely not to behold ſo bloudy a Tragedie, as was then to bee acted.

Chriſteneta

Chriſteneta (who could not ſleepe for revenge) is ſtirring in the morne betimes, and ſo is *Bianco* and *Brindoli*. They all meet in the Nunnes Garden, ſhe walking in the Alleyes, and they hiding themſelves out of ſight: At laſt the Clocke ſtrikes ſixe, and immediately in comes *Gaſparino*, with his Hat in his hand, and his Rapier by his ſide; he courts and ſalutes *Chriſteneta* with many amorous ſpeeches, and ſweet Complements; ſhee prepares to receive him: but in ſtead of curteous entertainment, gives him a bloudy welcome, : Her words (or rather her watch-word) are theſe: *Gaſparino* (quoth ſhee) *this Garden is the place where I had my firſt conference with* Piſani, *and where I purpoſe to have my laſt with you*: At which words, *Bianco* and *Brindoli* ruſh forth of a Bowre, and with many wounds kill him dead at their feet; but hee had firſt the leiſure to draw, and for a while very valiantly defended himſelfe, giving each of them ſeverall wounds. *Chriſteneta* ſeeing *Gaſparino* felld to the ground, fearing that he was not fully dead, and to prevent his crying, ſhe runnes to him, thruſts her Handkercher into his mouth, and to ſhew her ſelfe more like a Tygre then a Woman, and a Devill then a Chriſtian, ſhe with a ſmall Ponyard, or Stilleto, ſtabs him many times thorow the body, and ſpurning him with her feet, utters this revengefull and bloudy ſpeech: *This I ſacrifice to the memory of my deare Love Piſani.* And ſo *Bianco* and *Brindoli* take this murdered body of *Gaſparino*, and tying a great ſtone to it, threw it into the Well of the Garden; and the better to conceale this damnable act, they flye by a Poſterne doore: and *Chriſteneta* thinking to cover and ſhrowd her ſinne, under the cloake of Piety and devotion, forſakes the Garden; and ſo, unſeene of any earthly eye, betakes her ſelfe to the Nunnes Church, where ſhe falls an her knees; but with ſo prophane a devotion, as ſhee did no way repent, but rather triumph at this Murther: But this her hypocriſy ſhall coſt her deare.

Wee have here ſeene this horrible and cruell Murther committed and acted, and the Murtherers themſelves by this time all fled, and gotten to their homes: Yea, *Chriſteneta* gloryeth in her revenge, and *Bianco* and *Brindoli* in their money; ſo as they now thinke themſelves free, and paſt all danger: but they ſhall be deceived in their hopes; for Divine providence hath decreed otherwiſe. And here we come to the detection and puniſhment of this Murther; wherein Gods mercy and juſtice, his providence and his glory, doe moſt miraculouſly ſhine and appeare.

The Nunnes being in their Cells at their Oraiſons, heare the ſlynking of ſwords, and ſo they advertiſe their Abbeſſe or Governeſſe thereof, who gives the Alarum in the houſe. They deſcend to the Garden, to ſee what this rumour might be: they finde the Poſterne open, and the Alleyes very much ſprinkled and gored with blood; they ſuſpect Murther, but neither finde nor ſee any, either living or dead: they ſend to acquaint the Prefect and Provoſt of the City herewith, who repayre to the Garden, and (as before) finde much bloud, but ſee nobody: they make ſtrict inquiry and ſearch in the Ditches, hedges, thickets, and vaults of the Garden, but finde nothing, only they forget to ſearch the Well: Then, to finde what thoſe Fighters were, they thinke of a Policie, as worthy of them, as they of their office, they give a ſecret charge to all the chirurgions of the city to reveale them, if any having new wounds, came that night, or the next morning to them, to be cured; whereupon *Rhanutio*, one of the chiefeſt Chirurgions, informes them, that he, about an houre ſince, had dreſſed *Bianco* and *Brindoli* (two ſouldiers of the city) of nine ſeverall wounds, which they newly received. The Prefect and Provoſt advertiſed hereof, cauſe them to bee brought before them, whom they found both together, where (no doubt) they had conſulted. They enquire who wounded them: They anſwer, they had a Quarrell betwixt themſelves, and ſo they fought it out. Being demanded againe, where, and when they fought, they looked each on other, and knowing that *Chriſteneta* was ſafe at home, and *Gaſparino* cloſe in the well, they

inſtantly replyed, It was in the Nunnes Garden at *Saint Clayre*, and at ſixe of the clock in the morning, which agreeing to the Nunnes relation, gave end to this buſineſſe, for that time eſpecially. But thongh they delude and blinde the eyes of men, yet they cannot, nor ſhall not thoſe of God: And now, although theſe murtherers have thus eſcaped, yet they prepare to forſake and leave *Pavia*, for feare to be afterwards diſcovered. But they ſhall be prevented in their ſubtleties, for the hand of God will ſpeedily arreſt them.

Now wee muſt obſerve, that *Gaſparino* being found wanting two whole nights from his Lodging, and his Lackey gathering no newes of him at *Vituri's* houſe, where hee uſually frequented to viſite and court his Miſtreſſe *Chriſteneta*, he informes the Hoſt of the houſe hereof; and he like an honeſt man, doubting the worſt (after the cuſtome of *Italy*) acquainted the Prefect and Provoſt thereof, who, like judicious and wiſe Magiſtrates, examined *Gaſparino's* Lackey when he laſt ſaw his Maſter, and where. The Lackey anſweres, Hee parted from his Chamber yeſterday morning betwixt five and ſixe, with his Prayer-booke in his hand, as if hee were going to Church, but commanded him not to follow him; and ſince (hee ſaith) hee ſaw him not. And now, by the providence of God, the Lackeyes relation gives a little glimpſe and glimmering light to the diſcovery of this Murther: for the Magiſtrates ſee, that the houre of *Gaſparino's* departure from his Chamber, and that of *Bianco* and *Brindoli's* fighting doe agree, as alſo his Booke and the Nunnes Church beare ſome ſhew of coherence and probability.

Whereupon they (guided as it were by the very immediat finger of God) reſolve and determine to apprehend, and forthwith to impriſon both *Bianco* and *Brindoli*, who the very next day had thought to have ſlipt downe the River to *Ferara*, and ſo to *Venice*.

They are examined concerning *Gaſparino*: they vow he is a Gentleman they have neither knowne nor ſeene. The Magiſtrates hold it fit they ſhould be put to the Rack; which is as ſpeedily performed: but theſe ſtoute Villaines firmely and conſtantly maintaine their firſt ſpeech; and although they make ſute to be freed and releaſed, yet the Prefect holds it neceſſary to continue them in priſon; and withall, to make a more narrow and exacter ſearch in the Nunnes Garden.

Chriſteneta, being at the firſt advertiſed that *Bianco* and *Brindoli* were dead, is thereat aſtoniſhed and amazed, and ſo reſolves to flye, but being advertiſed they had already ſuffered torment, and revealed nothing, ſhe againe reſolves to ſtay, which indeed ſhe doth: but it is the Iuſtice and mercy of God that keepes this bloudy bird within her neſt.

The Prefect and Provoſt (as being inſpired from heaven) continue conſtant in their reſolutions, to make a ſecond ſearch in the Garden for Murther; which they doe, and very curiouſly, leaving no place unſearched: at laſt it pleaſed the Lord to put into the Provoſts minde to ſearch the Well, which the day before they had omitted. Hee acquaints the Prefect herewith, who with much alacrity approves hereof, and ſo cauſing it to be ſearched, they at laſt in their hookes bring up ſome pieces of wrought blacke Taffeta: which by the Lackey was affirmed, and knowne to be the ſame his Maſter *Gaſparino*, wore the laſt time he ſaw him: whereat they were more eagerly encouraged to ſearch againe moſt exactly: which they doe, and at laſt bring up the dead body of *Gaſparino*, when ſtripping off his cloths, they find his body pierced with thirteene ſeverall wonuds: at the mournefull ſight whereof, the whole aſſembly, but eſpecially his Lackey, cannot refraine from teares, and yet all glorify God for finding of his body, as alſo for the diſcovery of the Murtherers, who now they confidently believe are *Bianco* and *Brindoli*.

But

But see the farther mercies of God: for *Bianco* and *Brindoli* are but the hands which executed this Murther, and not the head which plotted it: therefore the Magistrates being sure of them, doe now resolve to hye to Prison, and to give them double torment, thereby to discover out of what Quiver the first arrow of this Murther came. But behold the mercy and justice of God! they are eased of this labour, and the name of the malefactour brought them by a most miraculous and unheard of accident: for when the Magistrates and whole company had often visited *Gasparino's* naked body, and seene nothing but wounds, a little boy standing by (of some ten yeares of age) espyed a linnen cloth in his mouth, which hee shewed the company, which the Prefect causing to be pulled out, found it to be a Cambricke Handkercher, and withall, a name in red silke Letters in one corner, which was the very true name of *Christeneta*.

See, see the goodnesse, O let us stand amazed and wonder at the mercies of God, to see what meanes and instruments hee ordayneth for the discovery of Murthers.

The Prefect and Provost send away speedily to apprehend her: shee is taken in the midst of her pleasures and pastimes, yea, from the arme of her Mother, and feete of her Father, to whom shee fled for safety, but in vaine; for shee is instantly committed close Prisoner, from whence wee shall not see her come foorth, till she come to her condigne punishment, on a shamefull Scaffold, for this her horrible offence of Murther.

And now the Prefect and Provost goe themselves to the prison, where *Bianco* and *Brindoli* are: they accuse them peremptorily for the Murther of *Gasparino*, whose body, they informe them, they have taken up out of the Well: but they againe denye it. They give them double torment, and conjure them to reveale this their Murther; but they are so strong of courage, or rather the devill is so strong in them, as they denye all, and neither accuse themselves, nor any other.

The Prefect and Provost, although they saw all circumstances concurre, that undoubtedly *Christeneta* had a deepe hand in this Murther, yet they examine her fairely, and promise her much favour, and their best friendship and assistance, if shee will reveale it: but she, as her two confederates, denyes all. They adjudge her to the Racke, whereunto she very patiently permits her selfe to bee fastened; but her dainty body and delicate limbes cannot indure the cruelty of this torment: and so shee confesseth all, that in revenge of *Pisani's* death, shee had caused *Bianco* and *Brindoli* to murther him in the Nunnes garden, as we have formerly understood.

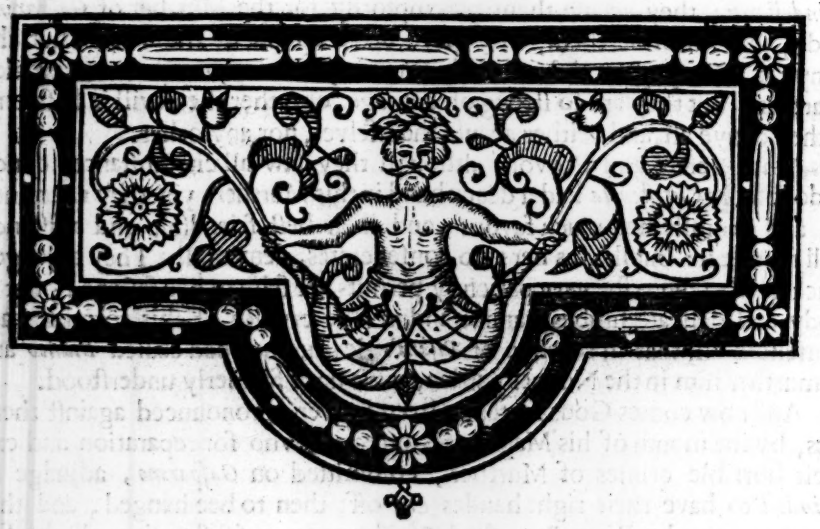
And now comes Gods sentence from heaven, pronounced against these Murtherers, by the mouth of his Magistrates on earth, who for reparation and expiation of their horrible crimes of Murther, committed on *Gasparino*, adjudge *Bianco* and *Brindoli* to have their right handes cut off, then to bee hanged, and their bodies throwne into the River *Po*: And *Christeneta* (notwithstanding all the sollicitation which her father and friends made for her) to be first hanged, then burned, and her ashes throwne into the ayre: Which to the full satisfaction of Iustice, before an infinite number of Spectators (who assisted at their mournefull ends) was accordingly executed, who yet could not refraine from teares, but as much approved and applauded *Christeneta's* affection to *Pisani*, as they detested and abhorred her inhumane and bloody revenge to *Gasparino*.

Bianco and *Brindoli*, as they lived unrighteously, so they dyed desperately, and could not be drawn to repent themselves of this their bloudy fact: But as I have understood,

Chriſteneta was extreamely ſorrowfull for her ſinnes, but eſpecially for this murther, whereof at her laſt breath ſhee infinitely and exceedingly repented her ſelfe: yea, I have beene informed, that ſhee delivered a godly and religious ſpeech upon the Ladder, but I was not ſo fortunate to recover it.

May all true Chriſtians reade this Hiſtory with profit, and profit in reading it, that ſo God may receive the glory: and their ſoules the eternall comfort and conſolation.

Amen.



GODS

GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE CRYING AND EXECRABLE sinne of *Murther*.

HISTORIE III.

Mortaigne *under premise of marriage gets* Iosselina *with child, and after, converting his love into hatred, causeth his Lackey* La Verdure, *and* La Palma *to murther both her and her young sonne: the jealousy of* Isabella *to her husband* La Palma *is the cause of the discovery hereof: they are all three taken and executed for the same.*

IT is a just reward for the vanity of our thoughts, and a true recompence for the errours of our youth, that wee buy pleasure with repentance, and the sweetnesse of sinne with the bitternesse of affliction: but if wee violate the Lawes of Christianity, and abandon our selves to lust and fornication, then we shall see with shame, that men will not pitty us, and finde with griefe, that God will punish us. It is an excellent vertue in Maydens, not to listen to the lewd temptations of men; and in men, not to hearken to the sugered charmes of the devil: for commonly that folly gives the one shame, and this madnesse brings the other destruction: but if we first forget our selves, and then our God, by adding and heaping sinne upon sinne, as first, to perpetrate fornication, and after Murther, then assuredly our estate is so miserably wretched, and so wretchedly miserable, as we have no hope left for better fortunes, nor place for worse. And becaus Example is both pleasing to our memory, and profitable to our judgement, this mournefull ensuing History shall make good, and confirme it to us: therefore let us shut the doore of our thoughts against the power of sinne, and that of our hearts against the malice of Hell: and wee shall not onely make our fortunes immoveable in this World, but our felicity eternall in that to come.

In the South-east part of *France*, within a dayes journey of the famous City of *Lyons*, at the foote of the Mountaine of *Tarara*, upon the border and bosome of that sweet River *Lignon*, so famoused by the Minion of honour, and the darling of the Muses, the Marquesse of *Vrse*, in his beautifull and divine *Astrea*: neere *Durency* (a certaine small Village) there dwelt a poore Country Farmer, named *Andrew Mollard*, who of late burying his Wife, had one only child left him by her, being a very faire young girle, about the age of twelve yeares old, named *Iosselina*, whom hee hoped should prove the staffe and prop of his age, and resolved when she grew up in yeares,

and

and came to womans estate, to marry her to some of his neighbours sonnes, and at his death, to give her all that litle which either his parents, or his owne labor and industry had left or procured him.

Two or three yeares sliding away, in which time *Mollard* increasing in wealth, and his Daughter in yeares, shee was, and was justly reported to bee the faireſt Nymph of those parts, and by all the rusticke Swaynes tearmed, the faire *Iosselina*, esteeming themselves happy, if they might see her, much more, if they might injoy her presence.

Now within a little League of *Mollards* house, dwelt an ancient and wealthy Gentleman, named *Mounsieur de Coucie*, who had many children: but among the rest, his eldest sonne, tearmed *Mounsieur de Mortaigne*, was a very hopefull and brave Gentleman, who was first a Page to that generous Nobleman *Mounsieur de la Guiche*, sometimes Governour of *Lyons*, and since his death a chiefe Gentleman to *Mounsieur de Saint Ierrant*, now a Marshall of *France*.

This *Mortaigne* having lived some yeares in *Paris* with his Lord the Marshall, where hee followed all honourable exercises, as Riding, Fencing, Dancing, and the like (whereby hee purchased himselfe the honourable title of a most perfect and accomplished Gentleman) was at last desirous to see his father, partly, because he understood he was weake and sickely; but especially to bee at the Nuptialls of a sister of his, tearmed *Madamoyselle de la Hay*, who was then to be married to a Gentleman of *Avergne*, tearmed *Mounsieur de Cassalis*.

This Marriage being solemnized, *Mortaigne* having conducted his sister into *Avergne*, and now seeing his father strong and lusty, hee beginnes to dislike the Countrey, and to wish himselfe againe in *Paris*, where the rattling of Coaches, and the infinity of faire Ladies did better delight and please him: hee craves leave of his father and mother to returne, which (because hee is the chiefest stay and comfort of their age) they unwillingly grant him, and so he prepares for his returne to *Paris*. But an unlooked for accident shall stop his journey for the present, and another, but farre more fatall, seconding and succeeding that, shall stop and hinder him from ever seeing it.

For the night before hee was to depart, the morning *de Coucye* his father is most dangerously taken with a burning Feaver, and so neither he nor his mother will permit him to depart. Living thus in the Countrey, and few Gentlemen dwelling neere his fathers house, hee gives himselfe to Hunting and Hawking, Pastimes and exercises, which though before he loved not, yet now he exceedingly delights in: Now amongst other times, hee one day hunting in his fathers Woods (hollowing for his Dog which hee had lost in a Thicket) by chance sprung a Pheasant, who flying to the next Woods, hee sends for his Hawke, with an intent to flye at him; and so being not so happy as againe to set sight of him, hee ranged so farre, and withall so fast, that he was very thirsty, but saw no house neere him, that hee might call for wine; till at last he happened on that of *Andrew Mollard*, of whom we have formerly made mention. *Mortaigne*, seeing a man walking in the next Vineyard, demanded if he were the man of the house, and prayed him to afford him a draught of Wine, alledging that he was very thirsty; *Mollard* knowing this young Gentleman by the Modell of his face, presumed to demand him if he were not one of *Mounsieur de Coucye's* sonnes: Hee answered yes, and that his name was *Mortaigne*. *Mollard* presently calling to minde that he was his fathers heire, very courteously (in his fashion) prayes him to enter his house, and so being set downe, hee sends his daughter *Iosselina* for wine, which she fetched, and they both drinke: where honest *Mollard* thinking his house blessed with so great (and as he thought, so good) a Gentleman, very cheerefully

fully proffers him peares, Grapes, Walnuts, and such homely dainties as his poore cottage could affoord. But wee shall see *Mortaigne* requite this courtesie of *Mollard*, with an extreame ingratitude.

Mortaigne, whose eye was seldome on *Mollard*, and never from his daughter, admires to see so sweet a beauty in so obscure a place: he cannot refraine from blushing, to behold the delicacy of her pure complexion: for though she were poore in cloathes, yet hee saw her rich in beauty, which made not onely his eyes, but his heart conclude, that shee was wonderfull faire; sith it is ever the signe of a true and perfect beauty, where the face graceth the apparrell, and not the apparrell the face. And now comparing *Iosselina's* taynt to that of the gallant Ladies of *Paris*, he finds that the truth of nature exceeds the falshood of their Art: for thorow the Alablaster of her Front, Necke and Pappes, hee might perceive the azure of her veines, which like the windings of *Meanders* streames, swiftly range, and sweetly presents it selfe to his eye. And for her eies, or rather the Diamonds and Stars of her face, their splendor was so cleare, and their influence so piercing, as they not onely captivate his thoughts with love, but wound his heart with affection and admiration. But if *Mortaigne* gaze on the freshnesse and sweetnesse of *Iosselina's* beauty, no lesse doth she on the propernesse and perfection of his youth, onely his eyes tilt at hers with more liberty, and hers on him with modesty, respect and secrecy: which *Mortaigne* well espying, hee vowes to obtaine her favour, or to lose his life in research thereof: but the end of such lascivious resolutions seldome prosper.

But see how all things favour *Mortaignes* affection, or rather his lust to *Iosselina!* for *Mollard* tells him, hee holds a small tenement neere adjoyning of his father, who hath now put him in sute of Law for two herriots, and therefore beseecheth him for his good word, and favour to his father in his behalfe. *Mortaigne* glad of this occasion to serve for a pretext and cloake for him, to have accesse to his house and daughter, promiseth him to deale effectually with his father for him, and the next time he passeth that way, to acquaint him what hee hath done therein: and so stealing a kisse or two from *Iosselina*, as her father went into the Court, and withall swearing to her, that hee loved her dearely, and would come often to see her; hee thanking *Mollard* for his good cheere, for that time departed.

But the further hee goes from *Mollards* house, the neerer his heart approcheth his daughter *Iosselina*. So his thoughts being stedfastly and continually fixed on her, hee beginnes to distaste his fathers house, yea, forsakes all company, and many times pretending to walke in the Parke and Woods, he steales away privately to see his new Mistresse. Hee visits her often, but especially when her father is at market, and gives her Gloves, Lawne, and silke girdles, yea hee never comes to her, but brings her some gift and present, thinking thereby the sooner to obtaine his desire: but as yet hee is still deceived: for although shee bee humble and simple, yet she is chast, and will not hearken to his allurements and inticements. Had *Iosselina* continued constant in this resolution, her life would have proved more happy, and her death lesse mournfull.

Mortaigne perceiving *Iosselina's* coynesse and obstinacy, is thereat no way the lesse, but rather far the more insnared and inflamed with her beauty; and now perceiving, that all his Visits, Gifts, Speeches and prayers work no desired effect, he hath recourse to that old fallacy and subtill invention, wherby so many silly maids are abused and deceived; hee vowes, that if shee will permit him to enjoy his desire, hee will marry her notwithstanding that their birth and quallitie were so unequall and different: and this, and onely this battery and allurement, was that which vanquished *Iosselina's Chastitie*, who, poore girle, caught with this snare, in hope to be a Gentlewoman, shooke hands with her mayden-head, which shee should have prized and esteemed farre more precious

cious then her life: but ſhee ſhall pay deare for this her folly; for ſhee ſhall live *Mortaigne's* ſtrumpet and never dye his wife.

Mortaigne hath now his deſire of *Ioſſelina*; and for the fruit of this their unchaſt pleaſure, in ſhort time her belly ſwells: *Mollard* her father diſcovers the Pad in the ſtraw: hee grieves hereat, teares his white hayres, and vowes, his daughters infamy will ſhorten his dayes: he torments her with reprochings and threatnings, ſo as ſhee can find no reſt, or tranquility in his houſe: ſhee advertiſeth *Mortaigne* hereof, and requeſts his aſſiſtance, in this her affliction: *Mortaigne* by night ſteales her away, and ſends her ten leagues off from *Durency*, placing her in a poore Kinſmans houſe of his, where ſhee is delivered of a young Sonne: But ſhee ſhall ſhortly ſee (with repentance) what it is to have a child e're a husband. In the meane time ſhee feedes her ſelfe with hope, that *Mortaigne* will ſhortly marry her, but hee reſolves nothing leſſe: for the Gallants of theſe times (who build their triumphs upon the ſhipwracke and ruines of maidens honour) will promiſe any thing, ere they enjoy their deſire, but performe nothing, when they have obtained it, but rather ſpurne at thoſe pleaſures, as at Noſegaies which they delight in the morne, and throw away ere night.

Calintha, (*Mortaigne's* Mother) all this while knowes nothing of theſe occurrences betwixt her ſonne and *Ioſſelina*, and deſires to ſee him married, that ſhee might have the felicity to ſee her ſelfe a Grandmother: to which end, ſhe reſolves to ſeeke a wife for him; and makes a motion to *Monſieur de Vaſſy*, the *Seneſhall* of *la Paliſſe*, to match her ſonne with *Madamoyſelle la Varina* his onely daughter. *De Vaſſy* diſlikes not this motion: the young folkes ſee and love: ſo as in all humane ſence and outward appearance, it ſeemes a ſhort time will finiſh and conclude this match: But it was otherwiſe determined in heaven.

This newes doth amaze and terrifie *Ioſſelina:* but as misfortune ſeldome comes alone, ſhee likewiſe that very inſtant underſtands that *Mollard* her father (for very griefe of her foule fact) is dead, and hath diſ-inherited her, leaving her nothing but the memory of her ſhame, for her portion and dowry, and onely repentance to comfort her: And this indeed is the forerunner of her future miſery: Wherefore now if ever, it is for her to looke to her ſelfe and well fare, to which end ſhee reſolves to write *Mortaigne* a Letter, to put him in minde of his promiſe, and to take compaſſion of her poverty, being already reduced to this miſery, that ſhee hath not wherewithall to maintaine her ſelfe and child: her ſaid Letter (word for word) I thought good to inſert here, becauſe the ſubſtance and peruſall thereof deſerves both pitty and compaſſion.

Iosselina to Mortaigne.

You have bereaved me of mine honour, the which (had I had as much grace as vanity) I ſhould have eſteemed farre dearer and precious then my life. Your promiſe to make me your wife, was the onely lure, which drew mee to conſent to that errour and folly, at the remembrance whereof I grieve with ſhame, and ſhame with repentance, eſpecially ſith I ſee you are ſo farre from performing it, as you hate mee, in ſtead of loving mee: let the ſweetneſſe of my youth, and the freſhneſſe of my beauty (which with many oathes you proteſted you both admired and adored) judge whether I have deſerved this diſcourteſie of you: but it is a juſt puniſhment for my ſinne and now I finde too late, though formerly would not beleeve, that the fruits of pleaſure are bitter reſembling thoſe Pills that ſeeme ſweet to the Pallat, but prove poyſon to the ſtomacke: and may all maidens beware by my example. If you will not advance my fortunes, yet ſeeke not to make ſhipwracke of my life, as you have done of my chaſtitie: you know, my father is dead, and with him all the meanes which in this World I can either hope or expect, as well for the maine-

maintenance of my selfe, as of your sonne, except from your selfe, the which with millions of sighs and teares, I beg and beseech you afford us, and if not love to me, at least for pitty to him: if you will not grant mee the honour to be a piece of your selfe, yet in nature, you cannot deny but your little son is not onely your picture, but your image: therefore if you will not affect mee for his sake, at least doe him for mine, and thinke, that as it will be an extreame ingratitude in you, not to give her maintenance, who hath given you a sonne, so it will be extreame cruelty, not to allow that poore babe wherewithall to live: sith hee hath received both his being and life of you: but I hope you will proove more naturall to him, and more charitable to my selfe: otherwise rest assured, that such disrespect and unkindnesse will never goe long, either unpitied of men, or unpunished of God.

IOSSELINA.

Iosselina having penned this Letter to *Mortaigne*, shee desirous to draw hope and assistance from all parts, thinkes it fit likewise to write another to *Calintha* his Mother, to the same effect: the which shee doth, and sends it by a confident messenger, with expresse charge to deliver them severally: the tenour thereof is thus:

IOSSELINA to CALINTHA.

I Know not in what tearmes either to relate you my misfortune, or reveale you my misery: especially sith mine owne folly and undiscretion gave life to the first, as your sonne Mortaigne's *ingratitude doth to the second, had I beene as wise as now sorrowfull, or as chast, as now repentant, or which is more, had I not then loved him, as much as hee now hates mee, I need not blush as I doe, to write you, that his promise to make mee his wife, hath made me the unfortunate mother of a young sonne whereof hee is the unkind father: I may well tearme my selfe unfortunate, sith I no sooner lost mine honour, but my father, who, for his displeasure of my shame and folly, gave all his meanes from me, which before, right and nature had promised mee: and I may justly terme your sonne* Mortaigne *unkind, sith hee not onely refuseth to marry mee, but also to allow maintenance, either for my selfe, or his child. It is therefore to you, wanting and despairing of all other meanes friends and hopes, that with many blushes and teares, I presume to acquaint you with the poverty of my fortune, and the richnesse of my misery, the which I humbly request you both to pitie and relieve: at least if you will not, that your sonne may, who is the cause thereof: my love to him hath not deserved your hatred to me: and therefore in excusing my folly, or rather if you please, my youth, I hope you will be so charitable to the poore babe my son, that I shall not want for his sake, nor he for his fathers: or if yot will frowne, and not smile on mee, but rather triumph to see me languish and faint under the burthen of my poverty, yet vouchsafe to excuse his innosency, though you condemne mine errour: and so, if I must dye miserably, at least let mee carry this one content to my grave, that I may bee sure hee shall live happy. Nature cannot deny this Charity, and Grace will not excuse that cruelty.*

IOSSELINA.

Whiles *Iosselina* flatters her selfe with hope,, that these Letters will procure her her desire and comfort, *Mortaigne* and *Calintha* his mother receive them. As for *Mortaigne* hee like a base Gentleman (whose curtesy was now turned into inhumanity) as much triumpheth in his owne sinne, as rejoyceth in *Iosselina's* foolish ambition and poverty. It is a felicity to him to thinke, that hee hath abused her youth, and betrayed her chastity: and therefore hee now respecteth her so little, or rather dis-respecteth her so much, as her shame is his glory; her misery, his happinesse; and her affliction, his content;

content; yea hee no more thinks of her, but with diſdaine and envy: for the beauty *Varina* hath quite defaced and blotted out that of *Ioſſelina*, neither doth this cruelty of *Mortaigne* end in her, but it beginnes in the pretty babe his ſonne: for he ſo farre degenerateth from the lawes and principles of Nature, as hee not onely hates the Mother for the childes ſake, but the child for his mothers ſake: yea, hee is ſo farre from giving either of them maintenance, or both content, as hee ſcornes the Mother, and will no way either owne or relieve the child: and ſo burning his Letter, and forgetting the contents thereof, hee very ingratefully and cruelly reſolves to anſwer it with ſilence, and this is the beſt comfort which *Ioſſelina* and the poore young babe her ſonne receive from *Mortaigne*. But I feare the worſt is to come.

If *Ioſſelina* and her babe receive ſuch diſ-reſpect, and inhumanity from *Mortaigne*, it is to bee feared and doubted, that they will meet with little better from his Mother *Calintha*, who no ſooner received and read her letter, but full of wrath and indignation, ſhee in diſdaine throwes it away from her: yea, her diſcontent and malice is ſo inflamed againſt *Ioſſelina* and her child, as fearing it may prove a blurre and blocke to *Mortaigne's* marriage with *Varina*: ſhee not onely refuſeth to relieve them, but is ſo cruell and inhumane, as ſhee wiſheth them both in another World, as unworthy to live in this; but her choller is too paſſionate, and her paſſions too unaturall and cruell: for if ſhee would not relieve *Ioſſelina* whom her ſonne *Mortaigne* had abuſed, yet in pitty, yea in nature, ſhee ſhould have taken order for the maintenance of the child whom her ſonne had begotten: for if the Mother had deſerved her hatred, yet this poore babe was innocent thereof, and rather merited her compaſſion then her envy: or at leaſt, if there had beene any ſparke of humanity, grace, or good nature in her, if ſhee would not have beene ſeene courteous and harbarous to them her ſelfe; yet ſhee might diſpence with her ſonne, and winke if hee had performed it. But nothing leſſe; for her malice is ſo great, and her rage ſo outragious and unreaſonable, as ſhee refuſeth it her ſelfe, and commands him to the contrary: ſo as being once reſolute, not to caſt away ſo much time to returne *Ioſſelina* an anſwer, ſhee at laſt in a humour, wherein diſdaine triumphed over pitty, and inhumanity over charity, calls for pen and paper, and returnes her this bitter and cruell anſwer.

Calintha to Iosselina.

Having beene ſo graceleſſe to abuſe my ſonne, I wonder how thou dareſt be ſo impudent, as to offend mee with thy Letter, the which I had once thought rather to have burnt then read: but I finde it not ſtrange, that being defective of thy body, thou art ſo of thy iudgement to thinke, that ſith thine owne father gave all from thee, that I, who am a meere ſtranger to thee (as I wiſh thou hadſt beene to my ſonne) ſhould afford or give thee any thing; neither doth this reſolution of mine proceed from contempt, but charity; for as thou art a woman, I pitty thee, but as a ſtrumpet, hold it no pity to relieve thee. Now then, deſpairing of any hope for thy ſelfe, thou pleadeſt for thy brat; but ſith he is the object of thy ſhame, as thou art that of my ſonne, and withall the cauſe, why ſhould I looke on the child with compaſſion, ſith I neither can, nor will ſee the mother but with diſdaine and envy? Thou complaineſt of thy misfortune and miſery, without conſidering that the Starres and Horoſcope of thy baſe birth never pointed thee out for ſo high an eſtate, as of a clownes daughter, to become a Gentlemans wife: but thou muſt adde ambition to thy diſhoneſty, as if one of theſe two Vices were not enough powerfull to make thee miſerable. Thou doeſt likewiſe taxe my ſonne of unkindneſſe towards thee, without conſidering that his love to thee, hath beene cruelty to himſelfe: for as thou art like to buy his familiarity with teares, ſo, for ought I know, may hee thine with repentance: if thou expect any comfort, thou muſt hope for no other then this, that as my ſonne diſdaines to marry thee, ſo doe I, that either my ſelfe or

he relieve thee: looke then on thy ſelfe with ſhame, on thy child with repentance, whiles my ſonne and I will remember yee both with contempt, but neither with pitty.

CALINTHA.

Poore *Ioſſelina* having received and peruſed *Calintha's* Letter, and ſeeing withall *Mortaigne* ſo inhumane, as hee diſdaines to write to her, for meere griefe, and ſorrow, ſhee, with her Babe at her breſt, falls to the ground in a ſwoone, and had not the noyſe thereof advertiſed thoſe in the next roome to come to her aſſiſtance, ſhee had then and there ended her miſery with her life, and not afterwards lived to ſee and indure ſo many ſharpe afflictions, and lamentable wants and misfortunes.

Alas, Alas! ſhe hath now no power to ſpeake, but to weepe: yea, if her teares are not words, I am ſure her words are ſighes; for being abandoned of *Mortaigne*, and hated of his mother, ſhe is ſo pierced to the heart with the conſideration of that cruelty, and the remembrance of this diſdaine, as ſhee teares her hayre, repents her ſelfe of her former folly, and curſeth the houre that *Mortaigne* firſt ſaw her fathers houſe, or ſhee him: but this is but one part of her ſorrowes and afflictions. Lo, here comes another, that is capable to turne her diſcontent into deſpaire, her deſpaire into rage, and her rage into madneſſe.

For by this time *Calintha* underſtanding by her ſonne, where *Ioſſelina* reſided and ſojourned, ſhe ſo ordered the matter, as when *Ioſſelina* leaſt thought thereof, ſhee and her Babe in a darke and cold night is moſt inhumanely turned out of the houſe where ſhe was; yea, with ſo great barbariſme and cruelty, as ſhee was not ſuffered to reſt, either in the Hay-loft, Barne, or Stable, or any other place within doore; but inforced to lye in the open field, where the bare ground was her bed, a Mole-hill her Pillow, the cold ayre her Coverlet, and the Firmament her Curtaines and Canopie. And now it is, and never before, that her eyes guſh foorth whole Rivers of teares, and her heart and breſt ſends foorth many volleyes of deepe-fetched ſighes; yea, having no other Tapers but the Starres of heaven to light her, ſhee lookes on her poore Babe for comfort, whoſe ſight, God knowes, doth but redouble her ſorrowes and afflictions, becauſe it lyes crying at her breſt for want of Milke, which (poore woman) ſhee had not to give it; when, being in this miſerable caſe, and accompanyed with none but with the Beaſts of the Field, and the Birds of the aire, who yet were farre happyer then her ſelfe, becauſe they were gone to their reſt, and ſhee could receive none, ſhe after many bitter ſighes, groanes, and teares, uttered theſe ſpeeches to her ſelfe.

Alas, alas, poore *Ioſſelina!* It is thy folly, and not thy fortune, that hath brought thee to this miſery: for hadſt thou had grace to uſe, and not to abuſe thy beauty, thou mightſt have ſeene thy ſelfe as happy, as now thou art wretched and miſerable: but ſee what a double loſſe thou receiveſt for thy ſingle pleaſure, for the loſſe of thy chaſtity to *Mortaigne*, was that of thy father to thee: and now being deprived of both, what wilt thou doe, or whither canſt thou flye for comfort? But alas, this is not all the miſery; for as thy loſſe is double, ſo is thy griefe: for now thou muſt as well ſorrow for thy child, as for thy ſelfe; yea *Ioſſelina*, forget to grieve for thy ſelfe, and remember to doe it for thy Babe, ſith thou haſt brought it into the world, and haſt not wherewith to maintaine it. And then not able to proceed farther, ſhe takes it up and kiſſes it, and raines teares on it's cheekes, though ſhe cannot ſtreame milk in its mouth, when againe recovering her ſpeech, ſhe continues thus:

Ay me, *Ioſſelina*, thou art both the Author and the cauſe of thine owne miſery, and

therefore thou muſt not blame heaven, but thanke thy ſelfe for it: for thy afflictions are ſo great, as whereſoever thou turneſt thy thoughts or eyes, thou findeſt nothing but griefe, nothing but ſorrow: for if thou think on *Mortaigne*, he lookes on thee with diſdaine, if on his mother *Calintha*, ſhe with envie; yea, thou canſt not behold the world without ſhame, thy poore infant without ſorrow, nor thy ſelfe without repentance: nay, conſider further with thy ſelfe, what thou haſt gotten by caſting (or rather by caſting away) thy affection on *Mortaigne*: he found thee a Mayd, and hath left thee a ſtrumpet; thou haſt a child, and yet no husband: then thou wert ſo happy as to have a father, and now thy ſonne is ſo miſerable, as he can finde none: yea, then thou wert a friend to many, but now thou findeſt not one that will bee ſo to thee: and which is worſe, thou haſt not wherewithall to be ſo to thy ſelfe. Alas, alas, thou haſt no houſe to goe to, no friend to truſt to, no meat for thy ſelfe, nor milke for thy child: therefore poore *Ioſſelina* (quoth ſhe) how happy ſhould we both be, if thou wert buryed, and he unborne.

She would have finiſhed her ſpeech, but that teares interrupted her words, and ſighs cut her teares in pieces.

By this time her Babe falls aſleepe, but her griefes are ſo great, and her ſorrowes ſo infinite, as ſhee cannot cloſe her eyes, nor yet bee ſo much beholding either to *Morpheus* or *Death* to doe it for her; which perceiving, as alſo that the Moone was inveloped in a cloud, and that the Starres beginne to denye her the comfort and luſtre of their ſight, ſhee fearing to bee overtaken with raine, and perceiving a thicke Wood a pretty way off from her, ſhe takes her Babe, and as faſt as her weake and wearyed legs could performe (bitterly weeping and ſighing) hies thither for ſhelter; but heaven prooves more kinde to her then earth: for loe, both the Moone and Starres aſſiſt and comfort her in this her ſorrowfull journey. Being come to the Wood (which indeed was farther off then ſhe thought) ſhe beganne to bee weary, and there making a bed of leaves (which at that ſeaſon of the yeare fell abundantly from the Trees) ſhee thereon for awhiles reſted her ſelfe, but ſleepe ſhee could not: and now if any thing in the world afforded her comfort, it was to ſee that her infant ſlept prettily, though not ſoundly: but here if her eyes craved reſt, ſo her ſtomacke craved meat: for it was now mid-night, and ſhe had eaten nothing ſince noone: ſo pulling off her upper coate, ſhee wraps and covers her child as hot as ſhee could, who being faſt aſleepe, and laying it on the bed of leaves, ſhee goes from tree to hedge, and gathers Blacke-berries, Slowes, and wilde Cheſſnuts, wherewith inſtead of better Viands, ſhe ſatisfyed her hunger, and now ſhe ſees her ſelfe on the top of a Hill, at whoſe foote ſhee perceived a River, and a great ſtony Bridge over it, the which ſhee knew, as alſo that there was a little Village neere about a mile beyond it, which indeede in the midſt of her miſeries afforded her ſome comfort. So backe ſhe hies to her childe, which ſhe findes out by its crying, it wanting not onely his nipple but his Nurſe, and ſo with many kiſſes takes it up in her armes, and hyes towards the bridge, and from thence to the Village, which ſhe now remembers is termed *Villepont*, where ſhee arrives at five of the clocke in the morning, and lodged her ſelfe in a very poore Inne, being extremely glad, and infinitely joyfull that ſhe had recovered ſo good a harbour.

But money ſhe hath none to pay her expences, and to lye in Innes upon credit, is to be ill attended, and worſe look'd on: ſo ſhe is inforced, yea, faine to ſell away her Quaives, her bands, and her upper coate, to diſcharge her preſent occaſions. Poore *Ioſſelina*, how happy hadſt thou beene, if thou hadſt had as much wit and chaſtity, as beauty, or rather more chaſtity, and leſſe beauty! But it is now too late to remedy it, though never to repent it.

Ioſſelina knowing *Villepont* to be but ſeven leagues from *Durency* (the Pariſh where ſhe was borne) is irreſolute whether to ſtay here, or to goe thither. Want of meanes perſwades her to the firſt: but knowing that *Mortaigne's* love was turned to hatred, and that it was dangerous for her to bee neere his incenſed mother, ſhee reſolves to ſtay in *Villepont*, and to write to her kinsfolkes and friends to aſſiſt her in this her miſery and neceſſity. In the meane time ſhee is inforced to content her ſelfe with a poore little out-chamber, where there is neither chimney nor window, but onely a ſmall loope whereinto the Sunne ſcarce ever entred, and yet ſhee is extreamely well contented and glad hereof.

But wealth findes many friends, and poverty none: and yet, ſith diverſity of fortunes is the true touchſtone of friendſhip, wee may therefore more properly and truly terme thoſe our friends, who aſſiſt us in our neceſſity, and not who ſeeme to pleaſure us in our proſperity: for thoſe are reall friends, but theſe verball: thoſe will performe more then they promiſe, and theſe promiſe much, and performe nothing.

But *Ioſſelina* is ſo wretched and unfortunate, as ſhee findes neither the one nor the other to aſſiſt her in this her miſery: yea ſo farre ſhee is to receive either meanes or promiſes, as nothing is ſent her, nor none will ſee her; ſo as miſerable neceſſity inforceth her to report and divulge the misfortune of her fortune, and to complain to all the world of *Mortaigne's* treachery, and of his Mother *Calintha's* cruelty; yea ſhe threatens to ſend him his ſonne, ſith he will not afford her wherewith to maintaine it.

This is not ſo ſecretly carryed in *Villepont*, but *De Vaſſye* and *Varina* his daughter have newes hereof in *La Paliſſe*, which occaſioneth her to grow cold in her affection, and he in his reſpect to *Mortaigne*, ſo as all things decline, and there is little hope or appearance, that this match ſhall goe forward. *Mortaigne* is two cleere-ſighted, to be blind herein, yea he preſently knowes, from what point of the Compaſſe this wind commeth, and is fully poſſeſſed, that *Ioſſelina* is the cauſe of theſe alterations and ſtormes: hee is exceedingly inraged and inflamed hereat, and gives ſuch way to his paſſion and choller, as theſe obſtacles muſt be removed, and he vowes to deſtroy both *Ioſſelina and her ſonne*. A bloudy reſolution, not beſeeming either a Chriſtian, or a Gentleman: for was it not enough for him to rob *Ioſſelina* of her honour, and to put a rape on her chaſtity and vertue, but hee muſt likewiſe bereave her of her life, and ſo adde Murther to his luſt? Alas, what a baſe Gentleman is this? yea, how farre degenerates he from true Gentility, to bee ſo cruell to her that hath beene ſo kind to him? But the Devill ſuggeſteth to his thoughts, and they to his heart, that *Varina* is faire, and that there is no way nor hope left to obtaine her, before *Ioſſelina* and her brat bee diſpatched. Now if grace could not perſwade him from being ſo cruell to *Ioſſelina*: (yet mee thinkes) nature ſhould have with-held him from being ſo inhumane to his owne ſonne: but his faith is ſo weake towards God, and the devill is ſo ſtrong with him, that he cannot bee removed or withdrawne from his bloudy reſolution, onely hee altereth the manner thereof: for whereas hee reſolved firſt to deſtroy the Mother, then the child, now he will firſt diſpatch the child, then the Mother. O Heavens, why ſhould earth produce ſo bloudy and prodigious a monſter!

Now the better to diſſemble his malice, he thinkes to reclaime and pacifie *Ioſſelina*, and ſo gives order that ſhee and her child be lodged in a better Inne in the ſame village of *Villepont*, and ſignifies her that he hath gotten a Nurſe, and hath provided maintenance for his ſonne, and that ſhortly he will ſend his Lackey for him, but withall, that ſhee muſt keepe this very ſecret, becauſe hee will not have his mother *Calintha* acquainted therwith. *Ioſſelina* rejoyceth, and ſeemes to be revived at this pleaſing newes: yea, ſhee beginnes to forget her former miſery, and flatters her ſelfe with this hope,

that fortune will againe ſmile on her. So within three dayes, *Mortaigne* ſends his Lackey, *La Verdure* to her for the babe: the which with many kiſſes and teares ſhee delivereth him, hoping that *Mortaigne* his father would bee carefull of his maintenance, and not ſo much as once dreaming, or conceiving that he had any intent to murther it. But ſhe ſhall find the contrary; for henceforth ſhe ſhall never ſee her babe, nor her babe her.

La Verdure (the Lackey) following his Maſters command, is not foure Leagues from *Villepont*, before, like a damnable miſcreant, hee ſtrangles it, and wrapping it in a Linnen cloth (which hee had purpoſely brought with him) throwes it into the River *Lignon*; but hee ſhall pay deare for Murthering of this ſweete and innocent babe.

But it is not enough: for *Mortaigne's* divelliſh malice and revenge will not be quenched or ſatisfied, till he ſee the Mother follow the fortune of the ſonne: to which end he agrees with her Oaſt *La Palma*, and his aforeſaid Lackey *La Verdure*, to ſtifle her in her bed. The which, for two hundred frankes they performe, and bury her in his garden, ſhee being ſoundly ſleeping, and poore ſoule, not ſo much as once dreaming of this her mournefull and lamentable end. What Tigers or monſters of nature are theſe; to commit ſo damnable a Murther, as if there were no God in heaven to detect them, nor earth nor hell to puniſh them?

But we ſhall ſee the contrary: yea, we ſhall ſee both the Murther, and the Murtherers revealed and diſcovered by an extraordinary meanes; wherin Gods providence and glory will moſt miraculouſly reſplend and ſhine.

As ſoone as *La Verdure* and *La Palma* had Murthered our harmeleſſe *Ioſſelina*, they both poaſt away to *Durency*, aſwell to acquaint *Mortaigne* herewith, as alſo to receive their money (whereof the one halfe was payed them, and the other due.) This newes is ſo pleaſing to him, as he cheerefully layes downe his promiſe: and ſo they both frollike it in the village, *La Verdure* making no haſt home to his Maſter *Mortaigne*, not *La Palma* to his old wife *Iſabella*.

In the meane time (a month being paſt away) *Mortaigne*, hoping the way cleare, and all the rubs removed, that hindred him from obtaining his faire miſtres *Varina*; he procures his father *De Coucye*, and other of his friends to ride to *La Paliſſe*: hoping to finiſh the match betwixt *La Varina* and himſelfe: But hee and they are inforced to ſee themſelves deceived of their hopes. For *De Vaſſy* and his daughter having heard that *Ioſſelina* and her ſonne were conveyed away, and could no more be heard of, they (ſuſpecting, and fearing that which indeed was falne out) in plaine tearmes, give *Mortaigne* the refuſall, who galled to the heart herewith, doth now hang downe his head, and ſee his former bloudy errours and crimes; but it is two late, for the Lord hath bent his bow, and his Arrow is ready to Revenge them.

La Palma underſtanding of *Mortaigne's* arrivall from *La Paliſſe*, thinkes it high time for him to leave *Durency*, and to returne home to *Villepont* to his wife *Iſabella*; who being an old woman, and hee a young man; was not onely impatient, but jealous of his long ſtay (which was well neere five weekes) and the rather for that hee departed, as ſhee thought, in company of *Ioſſelina*: who becauſe ſhee was young and faire, ſhee vehemently ſuſpected, hee had ſince entertained and ſtayed with But this jealouſie of hers, God makes his inſtrument to diſcover this execrable Murther.

For *La Palma* comming home, his wife *Iſabella* (as we have heard) being incenſed with anger, and inflamed with jealouſie, gives him this bitter entertainement and welcome: *La Palma* (quoth ſhee) *you were very unkind, ſo ſoone to forſake your Whore* Ioſſelina. *La Palma* being pierced to the quicke with this bitter ſpeech of his wife, like a lewd

a lewde fellow, gave her firſt the lye, and then termed her whore in ſpeaking it. She hath fire in her lookes, and hee thunder in his ſpeeches. So after many bitter and ſcandalous injuries banded one to the other, ſhee addes rage to her words, and hee a boxe on the eare to his choller, wherewith he fell'd her as dead to the ground; yea, the ſervants, and all that beheld it, crye out amaine, as if her ſoule had already taken her laſt farewell of her body. At this tumult the neighbours aſſemble, and deeming *Iſabella* dead, they lay hands on *La Palma* her husband, and carry him before the Procurer, *Fiſcall* of *La Paliſſe*, who was then in their Village of *Villepont*, who without further examination commits him to priſon, and ſo goes in perſon to viſit *Iſabella*, who by this time is a little recovered, but not freed from the danger of death: She relates him all that had paſt betwixt her husband and her ſelfe: as alſo of his departure with *Ioſſelina*, and of his long ſtay in *Durency*; adding withall, that he hath heretofore many times beaten her, and now ſhe hopes, that this blow will not goe unpuniſhed: yea, her rage, or rather Gods providence carries her ſo farre, as ſhe conſtantly averres to the Magiſtrate, that if *Ioſſelina* be not her husbands ſtrumpet, ſhee conſtantly beleeves hee is her Murtherer: and to conclude, ſaith, that her ſervant-mayd *Iaqueta* can ſay more.

Iaqueta examined, ſaith, that the night before her Maſters departure for *Durency*, hee was at mid-night in *Ioſſelina's* Chamber, together with one *La Verdure* a Lackey, and that ſince *Ioſſelina* was neither ſeene nor heard of; and being farther demanded if ſhe knew whoſe Lackey *La Verdure* was, ſhee anſwered, he was *Mounſieur Mortaignes* Lackey, who was ſonne to *Mounſieur de Coucy*. The Procurer *Fiſcall*, conſidering their ſeverall depoſitions, doth ſhrewdly ſuſpect there is more in the winde then is yet diſcovered: he leaves *Iſabella*, and goes to her husband in priſon, and after hee had ſharpely checked him for beating his wife, he inquires and chargeth him with theſe two poynts; Firſt, why hee and *La Verdure* were in *Ioſſelina's* Chamber at mid-night? and ſecondly, what was become of her, ſith ſince that time ſhee hath neither beene ſeene nor heard of.

La Palma is terrifyed and amazed with theſe demands (and farre the more, becauſe he leaſt expected them) the which apparently appeared in the alteration of his colour and complexion, which commonly bewrayes an inward perturbation of the mind and heart. He anſwereth not punctually to thoſe poynts demanded of him: but runnes on with many bitter invectives againſt the rage and jealouſy of his wife: and then being by the Procurer bid anſwer to thoſe two poynts hee formerly demanded of him: hee, after many frivolous and extravagant ſpeeches, denyes that either hee or *La Verdure* were in *Ioſſelina's* Chamber, and that hee neither ſaw her departure, nor knew what was become of her, and withall prayes the Procurer *Foſçall* to free and releaſe him of his impriſonment: but he ſhall not eſcape at ſo cheape a rate.

For the Procurer, being very familiar with *Mounſieur de Vaſſye* his Colleague and fellow-Iudge of *La Paliſſe*, remembred that hee had formerly heard him ſpeake of this *Mounſieur Mortaigne*, who lately ſought his daughter *La Varina* in marriage; as alſo of his entertaining and rejecting this *Ioſſelina*, a Farmers daughter of *Durency*, by whom he had a baſe ſonne: and now conſidering that at ſuch an unſeaſonable houre his Lackey *La Verdure* ſhould be in her Chamber in *La Palma's* houſe, and *La Palma* himſelfe in his company, and ſhee never ſince ſeene or heard of, hee thinkes there is ſome fire hid and covered in theſe embers, and that there is ſome deeper myſtery in this buſineſſe, which as yet was not revealed.

Wherefore, like a wiſe Magiſtrate, he holds it fit, the ſame night to ſend *La Palma* privately to *La Paliſſe*, as alſo his wife *Iſabella* and *Iaqueta* for witneſſes, and rides

thither himselfe, to sit upon his processe, with whom the Lievtennant of that jurisdiction joyned; but for *Monnsieur de Vassye* the Seneschall, hee (for the regard hee bore to *Mortaigne*, because hee vehemently suspected he had a deepe and chiefe hand in this businesse) would not bee present, but purposely absented himselfe at a house of his in the Countrey: the next morne *La Palma* is examined, as also the two witnesses, and *Iaqueta* is confronted with him, who stands firme to her former disposition: But hee flatly denyes all. The Procurer and the Lievtennant adjudge him to the Racke. Hee indureth the first torment, but at the second confesseth that he and *La Verdure* had stifled, and murthered *Iosselina* in her bed, in his owne house, and had buried her in his Garden, and that they were set a worke and hyred to doe it by *Monsieur Mortaigne*, who gave them two hundred Frankes to effect it.

Loe here by the mercy and providence of God, *La Palma's* malice to his wife *Isabella*, and her jealousy to him, hath discovered and brought to light this cruell and bloudy Murther, which was so secretly contrived and so cunningly and devillishly acted upon the body of *Iosselina*: But hers being discovered, let us likewise see how that of her harmelesse and innocent Babe is likewise brought to light. The two Iudges themselves ride all night to *Villepont*, they search the Garden, and find the dead body of *Iosselina*, having no other Winding-sheet but her owne smocke. They send away the Provost to apprehend *Mortaigne* and his Lackey for this Murther, who meets *La Verdure* by the way, and seizes *Mortaigne* in his bed.

They are severally brought to *La Paliſſe*, and first *La Verdure* is confronted with *La Palma*, who denyes all: but they present his feet to the fire, and then he confesseth not onely the Murther of *Iosselina*, but likewise that of her infant sonne, whom hee first strangled, and then threw into the River *Lignon*: and this, said he, he did at the request of his Master *Mortaigne*, of whom for his part and labour, he received one hundred Frankes.

Wee have here found two of these Murtherers: and now what resteth there, but that the third, who is the Authour, and as it were the capitall great wheele of these bloody Tragedies, bee produced and brought to this Arraignement? The Procurer and Lievtennant repaire againe to the Prison, and charge *Mortaigne* with these two bloody Murthers: hee knowes it is in vaine to denye it, sith hee is sure his two execrable agents have already revealed it: therefore he ashamed at the remembrance of his cruell and unnatural crimes, doth with many teares very sorrowfully and penitently confesse all.

It is a happinesse for him to repent these Murthers; but it had beene a farre greater, if hee had never contrived and committed them: yea, the Iudges are amazed to heare the cruelty hereof, and the people to know it, and both send their prayses and thankefulnesse to God, that hee hath thus detected and brought them to light on earth.

And now comes the Catastrophe of their owne Tragedies, wherein every one of these Malefactors receives condigne punishment for their severall offences.

La Palma is condemned to bee hanged and burnt: *La Verdure* to bee broken on the Wheele, and his body to bee throwne into the River *Lignon*: and *Mortaigne*, though the last in ranke, yet the first in offence, to be broken on the Wheele, his body burnt, and his ashes throwne into the aire: which Sentence, in the sight of a great multitude of Spectators, was on a Market day accordingly executed and performed in *La Paliſſe*.

And this was the bloody end of *Mortaigne*, and his two hellish instruments, for murthering innocent *Iosselina*, and her silly and tender infant: May all Maydens learne by her example to preserve their chastities: and men, by *La Verdures* and *La Palma's*,

not

not to be drawne to shed innocent blood for the lucre of wealth and money; and by *Mortaignes*, to bee lesse lascivious, inhumane, and bloody: thereby to prevent so execrable a life, and so infamous a death.

One thing I may not omit: *La Palma* on the Ladder extreamely cursed the malice of his wife *Isabella*, who (he said) was the author of his death: and no lesse did *La Verdure* on the Wheele by his Master *Mortaigne*; but both of them were so desperately irreligious, as neither of them considered that it was their former sinnes, and the malice of the Devill, to whom they gave too much eare, that was the cause thereof.

And for *Mortaigne*, after he had informed the world, that hee extreamely grieved, that his Iudges had not given him the death of a Gentleman, which was to haue beene beheaded, he with many teares bewayled his infinite ingratitude, cruelty, and unnaturalnesse, both towards *Iosselina*, as also his and her young sonne: yet he prayed the world in generall to pray that God would forgive it him; and likewise requested the Executioner to dispatch him quickely out of this life; because hee confessed hee was unworthy to live longer.

Now let us glorifie our Creatour and Redeemer, who continually makes a strict inquisition for blood, and a curious and miraculous inquiry for Murther: yea, let us both feare him with love, and love him with feare, sith hee is as impartiall in his justice, as in distributing his mercies.

GODS

GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE CRYING AND EXE-crable ſinne of *Murther*.

HISTORIE IV.

Beatrice-Ioana, *to marry* Alſemero *cauſeth* de Flores *to murther* Alonſo Piracquo, *who was a ſutter to her.* Alſemero *marries her, and finding* de Flores *and her in adultery, kills them both.* Tomaſo Piracquo *Challengeth* Alſemero *for his Brothers death.* Alſemero *kills him treacherouſly in the field, and is beheaded for the ſame, and his body throwne into the Sea: At his execution hee confeſſeth, that his wife and* de Flores *Murthered* Alonſo Piracquo: *their bodies are taken up out of their graves, then burnt, and their aſhes throwne into the ayre.*

SIth in the day of Iudgement we ſhall anſwer at Gods great Tribunall, for every lewd thought our hearts conceive, and idle words our tongues utter, how then ſhall we dare appeare (much leſſe thinke to ſcape) when we defile our bodies with the pollution of adultery, and taint our ſoules with the innocent bloud of our Chriſtian brethren? when, I ſay, with beaſtly luſt and adultery, we unſanctifie our ſanctified bodies, who are the receptacles and Temples of the holy Ghoſt, and with high and preſumptuous hands, ſtabbe at the Majeſty of God, by Murthering of man, who is his Image? This is not the Ladder to ſcale heaven, but the ſhorteſt way to ride poaſt to hell: for how can we give our ſelves to God, when in the heat of luſt and fume of Revenge, we ſell our hearts to the Devill? But did we ever love God for his Mercy, or feare him for his Iuſtice, we would then not onely hate theſe ſinnes in our ſelves, but deteſt them in others: for theſe are crying and capitall offences, ſeene in heaven, and by the Sword of his Magiſtrates brought forth and puniſhed here on earth. A lamentable and mournefull example whereof, I here produce to your view, but not to your imitation: may wee all read it to the reformation of our lives, to the comfort of our ſoules, and to the eternall glory of the moſt Sacred and Iudividuall Trinity.

IN *Valentia* (an ancient and famous City of *Spaine*) there dweſt one *Don Pedro de Alſemero*, a Noble young Cavallier, whoſe father (*Don Ivan Alſemero*) being ſlaine by the Hollanders in the Sea fight at *Gibralter*, hee reſolved to addict himſelfe to Navall

vall and ſea actions, thereby to make himſelfe capeable to revenge his fathers death: a brave reſolution, worthy the affection of a ſonne, and the Generoſity of a Gentleman!

To which end hee makes two voyages to the Weſt-Indies, from whence he returnes flouriſhing and rich, which ſo ſpread the ſayles of his Ambition, and hoyſted his fame from top to top gallant, that his courage growing with his yeares, he thought no attempt dangerous enough, if honourable, nor no honour enough glorious, except atchieved and purchaſed by danger. In the actions of *Alarache* and *Mamora*, he ſhewed many noble prooſes and teſtimonies of his valour and proweſſe, the which he confirmed and made good by the receit of eleven ſeverall wounds, which as markes and Trophees of Honour made him famous in *Caſtile*. Boyling thus in the heate of his youthfull bloud, and contemplating often on the death of his father, he reſolves to goe to *Validolyd*, and to imply ſome Grando either to the King or to the Duke of *Lerma*, his great favorite, to procure him a Captaines place, and a company under the Arch-Duke *Albertus*, who at that time made bloudy warres againſt the Netherlanders, thereby to draw them to obedience: But as hee beganne this ſute, a generall truce of both ſides laid aſide Armes, which (by the mediation of *England* and *France*) was ſhortly followed by a peace, as a Mother by the daughter: Which was concluded at the *Hage* by his Excellency of *Naſſaw* and *Marquis Spinola*, being chiefe Commiſſioners of either party. *Alſemero* ſeeing his hopes fruſtrated, that the keyes of peace had now ſhut up the Temple of Warre, and that Muskets, Pikes, and corſlets, that were wont to grace the fields, where now ruſting by the walls, he is irreſolute what courſe to take, reſembling thoſe fiſhes who delight to live in cataracts and troubled waters, but die in thoſe that are ſtill and quiet: For hee ſpurnes at the pleaſures of the Court, and refuſeth to haunt and frequent the companies of Ladies: And ſo not affecting, but rather diſdaining the pompe, bravery and vanity of Courtiers, hee withdrawes himſelfe from *Validolyd* to *Valentia*, with a noble and generous intent to ſeeke warres abroad, ſith hee could find none at home, where being arived, although hee were often invited into the companies of the moſt noble and honorable Ladies both of the City and Country: Yet his thoughts ranne ſtill on the warres, in which Heroike and illuſtrious profeſſion, he conceived his chiefeſt delight and felicity: and ſo taking order for his lands and affaires, he reſolves to ſee *Malta* that inexpugnable Rampier of *Mars*, the glory of Chriſtendome, and the terrour of Turky, to ſee if hee could gaine any place of command and honour either in that Iland, or in their Gallies; or if not, he would from thence into *Tranſilvania*, *Hungary*, and *Germany*, to inrich his judgement and experience, by remarking the ſtrength of their Caſtles and Cities, their orders and diſcipline in warre, the Potency of their Princes, the nature of their Lawes and cuſtomes, and all other matters worthy the obſervation both of a Travellour and a Souldier: and ſo building many caſtles in the ayre, he comes to *Alicant*, hoping to find paſſage there for *Naples*, and from thence to ſhip himſelfe upon the *Neapolitan* Gallies for *Malta*.

There is nothing ſo vaine as our thoughts, nor ſo uncertaine as our hopes: for commonly they deceive us, or rather wee our ſelves in relying on them, not that God is any way unjuſt: (for to thinke ſo, were impiety) but that our hopes take falſe objects, and have no true foundation, and to imagine the contrary, were folly: the which *Alſemero* finds true: for here the winde doth oppoſe him, his thoughts fight and vanquiſh themſelves, yea the providence of God doth croſſe him in his intended purpoſes, and gives way to that hee leaſt intendeth.

For comming one morning to our Ladies Church at *Maſſe*, and being on his knees in his devotion, he eſpies a young Gentlewoman likewiſe on hers next to him. who being

being young, tender and faire, hee thorow her thinne vaile discovered all the perfections of a delicate and sweet beauty, shee espies him feasting on the dainties of her pure and fresh cheekes; and tilting with the invisible lances of his eyes, to hers, he is instantly ravished and vanquished with the pleasing object of this Angelicall countenance, and now hee can no more resist either the power or passion of love.

This Gentlewoman (whose name as yet wee know not) is young and faire, and cannot refraine from blushing, and admiring to see him admire and blush at her. *Alsemero* dies in conceit with impatiency, that hee cannot enjoy the happinesse and meanes to speake with her, but hee sees it in vaine to attempt it, because shee is ingaged in the company of many Ladies, and hee of many Cavaliers: But Masse being ended, hee enquires of a good fellow Priest, who walked by, what shee was and whether she frequented that Church, and at what houre. The Priest informes him, that shee is *Don Diego de Vermandero's* daughter: hee beeing Captaine of the Castle of that Citie, that her name was *Dona Beatrice-Ioana*, and that shee is every morning in that Church and Place, and neere about the same houre.

Alsemero hath the sweetnesse of her beauty so deepely ingraven in his thoughts, and imprinted in his heart, that hee vowes *Beatrice-Ioana* is his Mistresse, and hee her servant: yea, here his warlike resolutions have end, and strike sayle. And now hee leaves *Bellona* to adore *Venus*, and forsakes *Mars*, to follow *Cupid*: yea, so fervent is his flame, and so violent is his passion, as hee can neither give nor take truce of his thoughts, till hee bee againe made happy with her sight, and blessed with her presence.

The next morne (as Lovers love not much rest) *Alsemero* is stirring very timely, and hoping to find his Mistresse: no other Church will please him but our Ladies, nor place, but where hee first and last saw her: but shee is more zealous then himselfe; For shee is first in the Church, and on her knees to her devotion, whom *Alsemero* gladly espying, hee kneeles next to her: and having hardly the patience to let passe one poore quarter of an houre (hee resolving as yet to conceale his name) like a fond Lover, whose greatest glory is in complements and Courting his Mistresse, hee boards her thus:

Faire Lady, it seemes, that these two mornings my devotions have beene more powerfull and acceptable then heeretofore; sith I have had the felicitie to bee placed next so faire and so sweet a Nymph as your selfe, whose excellent beauty hath so sodainely captivated mine eyes, and so secretly ravished my heart, that hee which heretofore rejected, cannot now resist the power of love; and therefore having ended my devotion I beseech you excuse mee, if I begin to pray you to take pitie of mee: sith my flame is so fervent, and my affection is so passionate, as either I must live yours, or not dye mine owne.

Beatrice-Ioana could not refraine from blushing under her vaile, to see an unknowne Cavalier board her in these tearmes in the Church: and as shee gave attentive eare to his speech, so shee could not for a while refraine from glancing her eye upon the spruceneſse of his person, and the sumptuousnesse of his apparell: but at last, accusing her owne silence, because shee would give him no cause to condemne it, shee with a modest grace, and a gracefull modesty, returnes him this answer:

Sir, as your devotions can neither bee pleasing to God, nor profitable to your soule, if in this place you account it a felicity to enjoy the sight of so meane a Gentlewoman as my selfe, so I cannot repute it to affection but flattery, that this poore beauty of mine (which you unjustly paint forth in rich prayses) should have power either to captivate the eyes, or which is more, to ravish the heart of so noble a Cavalier as your selfe. Such victories are reserved for those Ladies, who are as much your equall, as I

your

your inferiour: and therefore directing your zeale to them, if they find your affection such as you professe to mee, no doubt but regarding your many vertues and merits, they will in honour grant you that favour which I in modesty am constrained to deny you.

Alsemero (though a novice in the art of Love) was not so ignorant and cowardly to bee put off with her first repulse and refusall, but rather seeing that the perfections of her minde corresponded with those of her beauty, hee resolves now to make triall of his wit and tongue, as heretofore hee had done of his courage and sword: and so joynes with her thus:

It is a pretty Ambition in you, sweet Lady, to disparage your beauty, that thereby it may seeme the fairer; as the Sunne, who appeares brighter by reason of the nights obscurity: and all things are best, and more perfectly discerned by their contraries: but I cannot commend, and therefore nor excuse your policy, or rather your disrespect, to slight and poast me over from your selfe, whom I love, to those Ladies I neither know nor desire, which in effect is to give mee a cloud for *Iuno*. No, no, it is onely to you and to no other that I present and dedicate my service: and therefore it will be an ingratitude as unworthy my receiving, as your giving, that I should be the object of your discourtesie: sith you are that of my affection.

To these speeches of *Alsemero*, *Beatrice Ioana* returnes this reply:

It is not for poore Gentlewomen of my ranke and complexion, either to bee ambitious, or politike, except it bee to keepe themselves from the snares of such Caviliers as your selfe, who (for the most part) under colour of affection, ayme to erect the trophees of your desires upon the tombs of our dishonours: onely I so much hate ingratitude, as you being to mee a stranger, charity and common courtesie commands me to thanke you for the proffer of your service: the which I can no other way either deserve or require, except in my devotions and prayers to God, for your glory and prosperity on earth.

As shee had ended this her speech, the Priest ends his Masse, when *Alsemero* arising, advanced to lift her up from kneeling, and so with his hat in his hand, (sequestring her from the crowd of people, who now began to depart the Church) he speaks to her to this effect:

Faire Ladie, as I know you to bee the Ladie *Beatrice-Ioana*, daughter to the noble Knight *Don Diego de Vermandero*, Captaine of the Castle of this Citie: so I being a stranger to you, I admire that you offer so voluntary an injurie to your judgement and my intents, as to pervert my affection and speeches to a contrary sense: but my innocencie hath this consolation, that my heart is pledge for my tongue, and my deeds shall make my wordes reall. In the meane time, sith you will give mee no place in your heart, I beseech you lend me one in your Coach, and be at least so courteous, as to honour me, in accepting my company to conduct you home to your fathers Castle.

Beatrice-Ioana, calling to minde the freenesse of her speeches, and the sharpnesse of his answer, not blushing for joy, but now looking pale for sorrow, repents her selfe of her errour, the which shee salves up the best she could in this Reply:

Noble Sir, when I am acquainted as well with your heart as with your speeches, I shall then not onely repent, but recant mine errour, in judging your selfe by others; in the meane time, if I haue any way wronged your merits and vertues, to give you some part of satisfaction, if you please to grace mee with your company to the Castle, (although it be not the custome of *Alicant*) I doe most kindly and thankfully accept thereof: when *Alsemero* giving her many thankes, and kissing his hand, hee takes her by the arme, and so conducts her from the Church to her Coach.

It is both a griefe and a scandall to any true Christians heart, that the Church ordained

ordained for thankes-giving and prayer unto God, should bee made a Stewes, or at least, a place for men to meet and court Ladies: but in all parts of the Christian world, where the Romane religion reigneth, this sinfull custome is frequently practised, especially in *Italy* and *Spaine*, where, for the most part, men love their Curtizans better then their God: and it were a happinesse for *France*, if her popish Churches were freed of this abomination, and her people of this impiety. But againe to our History.

Wee will purposely omit the conference which *Alsemero* and *Beatrice-Ioana* had in the Coach, and allow them by this time arrived to the Castle: where first her selfe, then the Captaine her father, thanke him for his honour and courtesie: in requitall whereof, hee shewed him the rarities and strength of his Castle, and after some speeches and complements betweene them, hee was so happy as to kisse *Beatrice-Ioana*, but had not the felicity to entertaine her: and so he departs, his Lackey attending him with his Gennet to the counter-scarfe. So home hee rides to his lodging; where, whiles the winde holds contrary, wee will a little leave him to his thoughts, and they to resolve in what sort hee might contrive his sute for the obtayning of his new and faire Mistresse *Beatrice Ioana*, and likewise her selfe, to muse upon the speeches and extraordinarie courtesie, which this unknowne Cavallier afforded her; and begin to speake of *Don Alonso Piracquo*, a rich Cavallier of the Citie, who unknowne to *Alsemero*, was his rivall and competitor, in likewise seeking and courting *Beatrice-Ioana* for his Mistresse and wife.

This *Piracquo* being rich both in lands and money, and descended of one of the chiefest and noblest Families of *Alicant*, by Profession a Courtier, and indeed (to give him his due) a Cavallier indued with many brave qualities and perfections, was so highly beloved, respected and esteemed in that Citie, as the very fayrest and noblest young Ladies were, with much respect and affection, proffered him in marriage by their parents: but there was none either so precious or pleasing to his eye, as was our *Beatrice Ioana*, whom hee observed for beauty to excell others, and for Majestie and grace to surpasse her selfe, and indeed hee could not refraine from loving her, nor bee perswaded or drawne to affect any other: so as hee setled his resolution either to have her to his wife, or not to bee the husband of any. Yea, hee is so earnest in his sute, as scarce any one day passeth, but hee is at the Castle.

Vermandero thinkes himselfe much honoured of him, in seeking his daughter, yea, hee receives him lovingly, and entertaines him courteously; as knowing it greatly for her preferment, and advancement: and so gives *Piracquo* many testimonies of his favour, and many hopes that hee shall prevaile and obtaine his Mistresse. But *Beatrice-Ioana* stands not so affected to him, rather shee receives him coldly; and when hee begins his sute to her, shee turnes the deafe eare, and never answereth him, but in generall tearmes: onely not peremptorily to disobey her parents, shee seemes to bee pleased with his company, and yet secretly in her heart wisheth him farther from her.

But *Piracquo* flattering himselfe in his hope, and as much doating on *Beatrice-Ioana's* beauty, as hee relyes on her fathers constant affection to him, hee is so farre from giving over his sute to her, as hee continueth it with more earnestnesse and importunity, and vowes that hee will forsake his life ere his Mistresse: but sometimes wee speake true, when wee thinke wee jest: yet hee findes her one and the same: for although shee were not yet acquainted with *Alsemero*, yet shee made it the thirteenth Article of her Creed, that the supreame power had ordained her another husband, and not *Piracquo*: yea, at that very instant the remembrance of *Alsemero* quite defaced that of *Piracquo*, so that shee wholly refus'd her heart to the last, of purpose to reserve and give it to the first: as the sequell will shew.

Now by this time *Vermandero* had notice, and was ſecretly informed of *Alſemero's* affection to his daughter, and withall, that ſhee liked him farre better then *Piracquo:* which newes was indeed very diſtaſtefull and diſpleaſing to him, becauſe hee perfectly knew that *Piracquo's* meanes farre exceed that of *Alſemero.* Whereupon conſidering that hee had given his conſent, and in a manner ingaged his promiſe to *Piracquo:* hee, to prevent the hopes, and to fruſtrate the attempts of *Alſemero,* leaves his Caſtle to the command of *Don Hugo de Valmarino* his ſon, and taking his daughter *Beatrice-Ioana* with him, hee in his Coach very ſodainely and ſecretly goes to *Briamata:* a faire houſe of his, tenne leagues from *Alicant:* where hee meanes to ſojourne, untill hee had concluded and ſolemnized the match betwixt them: But hee ſhall never bee ſo happy, as to ſee it effected.

At the newes of *Beatrice-Ioana's* departure, *Alſemero* is extreamely perplexed and ſorrowfull, knowing not whether it proceed from her ſelfe, her father, or both; yea, this his griefe is augmented, when hee thinkes on the ſuddenneſſe thereof, which hee feares may bee performed for his reſpect and conſideration: the ſmall acquaintance and familiarity hee hath had with her, makes that hee cannot condemne her of unkindneſſe: yet ſith hee was not thought worthy to have notice of her departure, hee againe hath no reaſon to hope, much leſſe to aſſure himſelfe of her affection towards him: hee knowes not how to reſolve theſe doubts, nor what to thinke or doe in a matter of this nature and importance: for thus hee reaſoneth with himſelfe; if hee ride to *Briamata,* he may perchance offend the father; if he ſtay at *Alicant,* diſpleaſe the daughter: and although he be rather willing to run the hazzard of his envy, then of her affection, yet hee holds it ſafer to bee authoriſed by her pleaſure, and to ſteere his courſe by the compaſſe of her commands: Hee therefore bethinkes himſelfe of a meanes to avoyd theſe extreames, and ſo findes out a Channell to paſſe free betwixt that *Sylla* and this *Carybdis;* which is, to viſit her by letters: hee ſees more reaſon to embrace, then to reject this invention, and ſo providing himſelfe of a confident meſſenger, his heart commands his pen to ſignifie her theſe few lines:

Alsemero to Beatrice-Ioana.

As long as you were in Alicant, *I deemed it a heaven upon earth, and being bound for* Malta, *a thouſand times bleſſed that contrary winde which kept mee from embarking and ſayling from you: yea, ſo ſweetly did I affect, and ſo dearely honour your beauty, as I entered into a reſolution with my ſelfe, to end my voyage ere I beganne it, and to beginne another, which I feare will end mee. If you demand, or deſire to know what this ſecond voyage is, know, faire Miſtreſſe, that my thoughts are ſo honourable, and my affection ſo religious, that it is the ſeeking of your favour, and the obtayning of your ſelfe to my wife, whereon not onely my fortunes, but my life depends. But how ſhall I hope for this honour, or flatter my ſelfe with the obtaining of ſo great a felicity, when I ſee you have not onely left mee, but which is worſe, as I underſtand, the City for my ſake? Faire* Beatrice-Ioana, *if your cruelty will make me thus miſerable, I have no other conſolation left me to ſweeten the bitterneſſe of my griefe and misfortune, but a confident hope, that death will as ſpeedily deprive mee of my dayes, as you have of my joyes.*

Alsemero.

I know not whether it more grieved *Beatrice-Ioana* to leave *Alicant,* without taking her leave of *Alſemero,* then ſhee doth now rejoyce to receive this his Letter: for as that plunged her thoughts in the hell of diſcontent, ſo this raiſeth them to the heaven of joy: and as then ſhee had cauſe to doubt of his affection, ſo now ſhe hath not onely

not onely reason to flatter, but to assure her selfe thereof: and therefore, though shee will not seeme at first to grant him his desire, yet shee is resolved to returne him an answere, that may give as well life to his hopes, as praise to her modestie. Her Letter is thus:

Beatrice-Ioana to Alsemero.

As I have many reasons to bee incredulous, and not one to induce mee to beleeve, that so poore a beautie of mine, should have power to stop so brave a Cavallier (as your selfe) from ending so honourable a Voyage as your first, or to perswade you to one so simple as your second; so I cannot but admire, that you in your Letter seeke mee for your Wife, when in your heart, I presume, you least desire it: and whereas you alledge your life and fortunes depend on my favour; I thinke you write it purposely, either to make tryall of your owne wit, or of my indiscretion, by endeavoring to see whether I will beleeve that which exceeds all beliefe; now as it true, that I have left Alicant, *so it is as true, that I left it not any way to afflict you, but rather to obey my father: for this I pray beleeve, that although I cannot be kinde, yet I will never bee cruell to you: Live therefore your owne friend, and I will never dye your enemy.*

Beatrice-Ioana.

This Letter of *Beatrice-Ioana*, gives *Alsemero* much dispaire, and little hope: yet though hee have reason to condemne her unkindnesse, hee cannot but approve her modestie and discretion, which doth as much comfort as that afflict him: so his thoughts are irresolute, and withall so variable, as hee knowes not whether hee should advance his hand, or withdraw his penne againe, to write to his Mistresse. But at last, knowing that the excellencie of her Beautie, and the dignitie of her Vertues deserve a second Letter: he hoping it may obtaine and effect that which his first could not, calls for paper, and thereon traceth these few lines:

Alsemero to Beatrice-Ioana.

You have as much reason to assure your selfe of my affection, as I to doubt of yours: and if Words and Letters, Teares and Vowes, are not capable to make you beleeve the sinceritie of my zeale, and the honour of my affection: what resteth, but that I wish you could dive as deeply into my heart, as my heart hath into your beautie, to the end you might bee both Witnesse and Iudge, if under heaven I desire any thing so much on earth, as to bee crowned with the felicitie to see Beatrice-Ioana *my wife, and* Alsemero *her husband? But why should I strive to perswade that, which you resolve not to beleeve, or flatter my selfe with any hope, sith I see I must bee so unfortunate to despaire? I will therefore hencefoorth cease to write, but never to love: and sith it is impossible for mee to live, I will prepare my selfe to die, that the World may know, I have lost a most faire Mistresse in you, and you a most faithfull and constant Servant in mee.*

Alsemero.

Beatrice-Ioana seeing *Alsemero's* constant affection, holds it now rather discretion, then immodestie to accept both his service and selfe; yea, her heart so delights in the greeableneesse of his person, and triumphs in the contemplation of his vertues, that shee either wisheth her selfe in *Alicant* with him, or hee in *Briamata* with her: but considering her affection to *Alsemero* by her Fathers hatred, and her hatred to *Piracquo*, by his affection; shee thinkes it high time to informe *Alsemero* with what im-

patiencie they both indeavour to obtaine her favour and conſent, hoping that his diſcretion will interpoſe and finde meanes to ſtop the progreſſe of theſe their importunities, and to withdraw her fathers inclination from *Piracquo*, to beſtow it on himſelfe: but all this while ſhe thinkes her ſilence is an injury to *Alſemero*, and therefore no longer to bee uncourteous to him, who is ſo kinde to her, ſhee very ſecretly conveyes him this Letter:

BEATRICE-IOANA to ALSEMERO.

AS it is not for Earth to reſiſt Heaven, nor for our wills to contradict Gods providence, ſo I cannot denye, but now acknowledge, that if ever I affected any man, it is your ſelfe: for your Letters, proteſtations, and vowes, but chiefely your merits, and the hope, or rather the aſſurance of your fidelity, hath wonne my heart, from my ſelfe to give it you: but there are ſome important conſiderations, and reaſons, that inforce mee to crave your ſecrecie herein, and to requeſt you, aſſoone as conveniently you may, to come privately hither to me: for I ſhall never give content to my thoughts, nor ſatisfaction to my minde, till I am made joyfull with your ſight, and happy with your preſence. In the meane time mannage this affection of mine with care and diſcretion, and whiles you reſolve to make Alicant *your* Malta, *I will expect and attend your comming with much longing and impatiencie. To* Briamata.

BEATRICE-IOANA.

It is for no others but for Lovers to judge how welcome this Letter was to *Alſemero*, who a thouſand times kiſſed it, and as often bleſt the hand that wrote it: he had, as wee have formerly underſtood, beene twice in the Indies; but now, in his conceipt, hee hath found a farre richer treaſure in *Spaine*, I meane his *Beatrice-Ioana*, whom hee eſteemes the joy of his life, and the life of his joy: but ſhe will not prove ſo. He is ſo inamoured of her beauty, and ſo deſirous to have the felicity of her preſence, as the Winde comming good, the Ship ſets ſayle for *Malta*, and hee (to give a colour for his ſtay) feignes himſelfe ſicke, fetcheth backe his Trunkes, and remaineth in *Alicant*: and ſo burning with deſire to ſee his ſweetly deare and dearely ſweet Miſtreſſe, he diſpatched away his confident Meſſenger to *Briamata* in the morning, to advertiſe her that hee will not faile to be with her that night at eleven of the clocke.

Beatrice-Ioana is raviſhed with the joy of this newes, and ſo provides for his comming. *Alſemero* takes the benefit of the night, and ſhe gives him the advantage of a Poſterne doore, which anſwers to a Garden, where *Diaphanta* her Wayting-gentlewoman attends his arrivall. He comes: ſhee conducts him ſecretly thorow a private Gallery into *Beatrice-Ioana's* Chamber; where (richly apparelled) ſhee very courteouſly and reſpectfully receives him. At the beginning of their meeting they want no kiſſes; which they ſecond with complements, and many loving conferences, wherein ſhe relates him *Piracquo's* importunate ſute to her, and her fathers earneſtneſſe, yea, in a manner, his conſtraint, to ſee the March concluded betwixt them; hee being for that purpoſe there, in her fathers houſe: Againe, after ſhe hath alleadged and ſhowne him the intireneſſe of her affection to himſelfe, with whom ſhe is reſolved to live and dye, ſhee lets fall ſome darke and ambiguous ſpeeches, tending to this effect, that before *Piracquo* be in another world, there is no hope for *Alſemero* to injoy her for his wife in this. Lo here the firſt plot and deſigne of a lamentable and execrable murther: which we ſhall ſhortly ſee acted and committed.

There needes but halfe a word to a ſharpe and quicke underſtanding. *Alſemero* knowes it is the violence of her affection to him, that leades her to this diſreſpect and hatred to *Piracquo*, and becauſe her content is his, yea, rather it is for his ſake, that

that shee will forsake *Piracquo*, to live and die with him; Passion and affection blinding his judgement, and beautie triumphing and giving a law to his Conscience: hee freely proffereth himselfe to his Mistris, vowing, that hee will shortly send him a Challenge, and fight with him; yea, had hee a thousand lives, as hee hath but one, hee is ready, if shee please, to expose and sacrifice them all at her command and service. *Beatrice-Ioana* thankes him kindly for his affection and zeale, the which shee saith shee holds redoubled by the freenesse of his proffer: but being loath that hee should hazard his owne life, in seeking that of another, shee conjures him by all the love hee beares her, neither directly nor indirectly to intermeddle with *Piracquo:* but that he repose and build upon her affection and constancie: not doubting, but shee will so prevaile with her father, that hee shall shortly change his opinion, and no more perswade her to affect *Piracquo*, whom shee resolutely affirmes, neither life nor death shall enforce her to marry. And to conclude, although shee affirme, his presence is dearer to her then her life; yet the better and sooner to compasse their desires, shee prayes him to leave *Alicant*, and for a while to returne to *Valentia*, not doubting but time may worke that, which perchance haste, or importunitie may never. Thus passing over their kisses, and the rest of their amorous conference, hee assured of her love, and shee of his affection, hee returnes for *Alicant*, packes up his baggage, which hee sends before, and within lesse then foure dayes, takes his journey for *Valentia:* where wee will leave him a while, to relate other accidents and occurrences: which (like Rivers into the Ocean) fall within the compasse of this Historie.

This meeting, and part of *Alsemero's* and *Beatrice-Ioana's* conference at her fathers house of *Briamata*, was not so secretly carried and concealed, but some curious or treacherous person neere him, or her, over-heare and reveale it: which makes her father *Vermandero* fume and bite the lip; but hee conceales it from *Piracquo:* and they still continue their intelligence and familiaritie: *Vermandero* telling him plainely, that a little more time shall worke and finish his desire; and that sith his request cannot prevaile with his daughter, his commands shall. But hee shall misse of his ayme.

There is not so great distance from *Briamata* to *Alicant*, but some of the noblest of the citie are advertised thereof: and one among the rest, in great zeale and affection to *Piracquo*, secretly acquaints *Don Thomaso Piracquo* his younger brother therewith, being then in the citie of *Alicant:* who hearing of this newes, whereof he imagined his brother was ignorant, loath that he should any longer persever in his present errour, and to prevent his future disgrace, he like a faithfull and honest brother, takes occasion from *Alicant* to write him this ensuing letter to *Briamata:*

Thomaso to Alonso Piracquo.

Being more jealous of your prosperitie, then of mine owne; and knowing it many times falls out, that Lovers lose the cleerenesse and soliditie of their judgement, in gazing and contemplating on the Roses and Lillies of their Mistresses beauties: I desirous to prevent your disgrace, thought my selfe bound to signifie you, that I here understand by the report of those, whose speeches beare their perswasions with them, that your suite to Beatrice-Ioana *is in vaine, and shee unworthie of your affection, because shee hath already contracted her selfe to* Alsemero *your Rivall: I am as sorry to bee the Herald of this newes, as glad and confident, that as shee hath matched your inferiour, so you are reserved for her better: Wherefore Sir, recall your thoughts, tempt not impossibilities, but consider that the shortest errours are best; and though you love her well, yet thinke that at your pleasure you may finde varietie of Beauties,*

whereunto hers deserves not the honour to doe homage. I could give no truce to my thoughts, till I had advertised you heereof, and I hope either the name of a brother, or your owne generositie, will easily procure pardon for my presumption.

THOMASO PIRACQVO.

Piracquo, notwithstanding this his Brothers Letter of counsell and advice, is so farre from retyring in his sute, as hee rather advanceth with more violence and zeale: and as many mens judgements are dazled and obscured a little before their danger and misfortune, when indeed they have most need to have them sound and cleare: so hee is not capable to bee disswaded from re-searching his Mistresse, but rather resembleth those Saylors, who are resolute to endure a storme, in hope of faire weather: but he had found more security and lesse danger, if he had imbraced and followed the counsell that his brother gave him. For *Beatrice-Ioana* seeing she could not obtaine her desire in marying *Alsemero*, e're *Piracquo* were removed, doth now confirme that which formerly shee had resolved on, to make him away, in what manner, or at what rate soever. And now, after shee had ruminated, and runne over many bloodie designes: the devill, who never flies from those that follow him, proffers her an invention as execrable as damnable. There is a gallant young Gentleman, of the Garison of the Castle, who followes her father, that to her knowledge doth deeply honour, and dearely affect her: yea, shee knowes, that at her request he will not sticke to murther *Piracquo*: his name is *Signiour Antonio de Flores*: shee is resolute in her rage, and approves him to be a fit instrument to execute her will.

Now, as soone as *Vermandero* understands of *Alsemero's* departure to *Valentia*, hee with his daughter and *Piracquo* returnes from *Briamata* to *Alicant*: where, within three dayes of their arrivall, *Beatrice-Ioana*, boyling still in her revenge to *Piracquo*, which neither the ayre of the Countrey nor Citie could quench or wipe off, shee sends for *de Flores*, and with many flattering smiles, and sugred speeches, acquaints him with her purpose and desire, making him many promises of kindnesse and courtesies, if he will performe it.

De Flores having a long time loved *Beatrice-Ioana*, is exceeding glad of this newes, yea, feeding his hopes with the ayre of her promises, he is so caught and intangled in the snares of her beautie, that hee freely promiseth to dispatch *Piracquo*; and so they first consult, and then agree upon the manner how, which forth-with wee shall see performed: to which end, *de Flores* insinuates himselfe fairely into *Piracquo's* company and familiaritie as hee comes to the castle; where watching his hellish opportunitie, he one day hearing *Piracquo* commend the thicknesse and strength of the Walles, told him that the strength of that Castle consisted not in the Walles, but in the *Casemates* that were stored with good Ordnance to scoure the ditches. *Piracquo* very courteously prayes *de Flores* to be a meanes that he may goe downe and see the *Casemates*. *De Flores* like a bloudy Faukner, seeing *Piracquo* already come to his lure, tells him it is now dinner time, and the bell upon ringing: but if he please, hee himselfe will after dinner accompany him, and shew him all the strength and rarities of the Castle. Hee thankes *de Flores* for this courtesie, and accepts heereof, with promise to goe. So hee hies in to dinner, and *de Flores* pretending some businesse, walkes in the Court.

Whiles *Piracquo* is at dinner with *Vermandero*, *de Flores* is providing him of a bloody banquet in the East *Casmate*, where, of purpose hee goes, and hides a naked sword and ponyard behinde the doore. Now dinner being ended, *Piracquo* finds out *de Flores*, and summons him of his promise: who tells him he is ready to wayt on him: so away they goe from the Walles to the Ravellins, Sconces and Bulwarkes, and from

from thence by a Posterne to the Ditches: and so in againe to the *Casemates*, whereof they have already viewed three, and are now going to the last, which is the Theater, whereon wee shall presently see acted a mournefull and bloudy Tragedy. At the descent hereof *De Flores* puts off his Rapier, and leaves it behinde him, treacherously informing *Piracquo* that the descent is narrow and craggy. See here the policie and villany of this devillish and treacherous miscreant.

Piracquo, not doubting nor dreaming of any treason, followes his example, and so casts off his Rapier: *De Flores* leades the way, and hee followes him; but, alas poore Gentleman, hee shall never returne with his life: they enter the Vault of the *Casemate*; *De Flores* opens the doore, and throwes it backe, thereby to hide his sword and Poniard. Hee stoopes and lookes thorow a Port-hole, and tells him, that that Peece doth thorowly scowre the Ditch. *Piracquo* stoopes likewise downe to view it, when (O griefe to thinke thereon!) *De Flores* steps for his Weapons, and with his Poniard stabs him thorow the backe, and swiftly redoubling blow upon blow, kills him dead at his feete, and without going farther, buries him there, right under the ruines of an old wall, whereof that *Casemate* was built. Loe here the first part of this mournefull and bloudy Tragedie.

De Flores (like a graceless villaine) having dispatched this sorrowfull businesse, speedily acquaints *Beatrice-Ioana* herewith, who (miserable wretch) doth hereat infinitely rejoyce, and thankes him with many kisses; and the better to conceale this their vild and bloudy Murther, as also to cast a mist before peoples conceits and judgements, she bids him, by some secret meanes, to cause reports to be spread: first, that *Piracquo* was seene gone foorth the Castle gate; then, that in the City he was seene take boate, and went (as it was thought) to take the ayre of the sea. But this wit of theirs shall prove folly: for though men as yet see not this Murther, yet God in his due time will both detect and punish it.

By this time *Piracquo* is found wanting, both in the City and Castle; so these aforesaid reports runne for currant, all tongues prattle hereof; *Vermandero* knowes not what to say, nor *Piracquo's* brother and friends what to doe herein: they every houre and minute expect newes of him, but their hopes bring them no comfort; and amongst the rest, our devillish *Beatrice-Ioana* seemes exceedingly to grieve and mourne hereat. *Don Thomaso Piracquo* with the rest of his friends, search every corner of the City, and send scouts, both by land and sea, to have newes of him. *Vermandero* the Captaine of the Castle doth the like, and vowes, that next his owne sonne, he loved *Piracquo* before any man of the world: yea, not onely his friends, but generally all those who knew him, exceedingly weepe and bewaile the absence and losse of this Cavalier: for they thinke sure he is drowned in the sea.

Now in the middest of this sorrow, and of these teares, *Beatrice-Ioana* doth secretly advertise her Lover *Alsemero* hereof, but in such palliating tearmes, that thereby she may delude and carry away his judgement from imagining that shee had the least shaddow or finger herein: and withall prayes him to make no longer stay in *Valentia*, but to come away to her to *Alicant*. *Alsemero* wonders at this newes, and to please his faire Mistresse, believes part thereof, but will never believe all; but hee is so inflamed with her beauty, as her remembrance wipes away that of *Piracquo*; when letting passe a little time, hee makes his preparations for *Alicant*: but first hee sends the chiefest of his parents to *Vermandero*, to demand his daughter *Beatrice-Ioana* in marriage for him, and then comes himselfe in person, and in discreete and honourable manner courts her Parents privately, and makes shew to seeke her publikely.

In fine, after many conferences, meetings, and complements, as *Alsemero* hath hereto-

heretofore wonne the affection of *Beatrice-Ioana*, ſo now at laſt hee obtaines likewiſe the favour and conſent of *Vermandero* her father. And here our two Lovers, to their exceeding great content, and infinite joy, are united, and by the bond of marriage, of two perſons made one, their Nuptialls being ſolemnized in the Caſtle of *Alicant* with much Pompe, State, and Bravery.

Having heretofore heard the conference that paſt betwixt *Alſemero* and *Beatrice-Ioana* in the Church; having likewiſe ſeene the amorous Letters that paſt betwixt them, from *Alicant* to *Briamata*, and from *Briamata* to *Alicant*; and now conſidering the pompe and glory of their Nuptialls, who would imagine that any averſe accident could alter the ſweetneſſe and tranquillity of their affections, or that the Sunne-ſhine of their joyes ſhould ſo ſoone be eclipſed, and overtaken with a ſtorme? But God is as juſt as ſecret in his decrees.

For this marryed couple had ſcarce lived three moneths in the pleaſures of Wedlocke (which if vertuouſly obſerved is the ſweeteſt earthly joy) but *Alſemero*, like a fond husband, becomes jealous of his wife; ſo as hee curbes and reſtraines her of her liberty, and would hardly permit her to conferre or converſe with, yea, farre leſſe, to ſee any man: but this is not the way to teach a woman chaſtity: for if faire words, good example, and ſweete admonitions cannot prevaile, threatnings and impriſoning in a Chamber will never; yea, the experience thereof is daily ſeene, both in *England*, *France*, and *Germany*, where generally the Women uſe (but not abuſe) their liberty and freedome, granted them by their husbands, with much civility, affection, and reſpect.

Beatrice-Ioana bites the lip at this her husbands diſcourteſy: ſhee vowes ſhe is as much deceived in his love, as hee in his jealouſie, and that ſhee is as unworthy of his ſuſpicion, as hee of her affection; hee watcheth her every where, and ſets Spyes over her in every corner: yea, his jealouſy is become ſo violent, as hee deemes her unchaſt with many, yet knowes not with whom: but this tree of Iealouſie never brings forth good fruite. Shee complaines hereof to her father, and prayes him to be a meanes to appeaſe and calme this tempeſt, which threatens the Ship-wracke, not onely of her content, but (it may be) of her life. *Vermandero* beares himſelfe diſcreetly herein; but he may as ſoone place another Sunne in the Firmament, as roote out this fearefull frenzie out of *Alſemero's* head: for this his paternall admonition is ſo farre from drawing him to hearken to reaſon, as it produceth contrary effects; for now *Alſemero*, to prevent his ſhame, and ſecure his feare, ſuddenly provides a Coach, and ſo carries home his wife from *Alicant* to *Valentia*. This ſudden departure grieves *Vermandero*, and galles *Beatrice-Ioana* to the heart, who now lookes no longer on her husband with affection, but with diſdaine and envie. Many dayes are not paſt, but her father reſolves to ſend to *Valentia*, to know how matters ſtand betwixt his daughter and her husband: hee makes choyce of *De Flores* to ride thither, and ſends Letters to them both.

De Flores is extreamely joyfull of this occaſion, to ſee his old Miſtreſſe *Beatrice-Ioana*, whom hee loves dearer then his life: hee comes to *Valentia*, and finding *Alſemero* abroad, and ſhe at home, delivers her her fathers Letter, and ſalutes and kiſſeth her, with many amorous imbracings and dalliances (which modeſty holds unworthy of relation) ſhe acquaints him with her husbands ingratitude; he rather rejoyces then grieves hereat, and now revives his old ſute, and redoubleth his new kiſſes: ſhee conſidering what hee hath done for her ſervice, and joyning therewith her husbands jealouſie, not onely ingageth her ſelfe to him for the time preſent, but for the future, and bids him viſite her often. But they both ſhall pay deare for this familiarity and pleaſure.

Alſemero

Alsemero comes home, receives his fathers Letter, sets a pleasing face on his discontented heart, and bids him welcome: And so the next day writes backe to his father *Vermandero*, and dispatcheth *De Flores*; who for that time takes his leave of them both, and returnes for *Alicant*.

He is no sooner departed, but *Alsemero* is by one of his Spies, a Wayting gentlewoman of his Wifes, whom hee had corrupted with money, advertised that there past many amorous kisses, and dalliances betweene her Mistresse and *De Flores*: yea, she reveales all that ever shee saw or heard: for shee past not to bee false to her Lady, so she were true to her Lord and Master. And indeede this Wayting-gentlewoman was that *Diaphanta*, of whom wee have formerly made mention, for conducting of *Alsemero* to her Ladies chamber at *Briamata*. *Alsemero* is all fire at this newes, he consults not with judgement, but with passion; and so rather like a devill then a man, flies to his Wife's chamber, wherein furiously rushing, hee with his sword drawne in his hand, to her great terrour and amazement, delivers her these words.

Minion (quoth hee) upon thy life tell me what familiarity there hath now past betwixt *De Flores* and thy selfe: whereat shee, fetching many sighes, and shedding many teares, answers him, that by her part of heaven, her thoughts, speeches, and actions have no way exceeded the bounds of honour and chastity towards him; and that *De Flores* never attempted any courtesy, but such as a brother may shew to his owne naturall sister. Then, quoth hee, whence proceedes this your familiarity? Whereat she growes pale, and withall silent. Which her husband espying, Dispatch, quoth hee, and tell me the truth, or else this sword of mine shall instantly finde a passage to thy heart. When loe, the providence of God so ordayned it, that shee is reduced to this exigent and extreamity, as shee must be a witnesse against her selfe, and in seeking to conceale her whoredome, must discover her Murther; the which she doth in these words:

Know *Alsemero*, that sith thou wilt inforce mee to shew thee the true cause of my chast familiarity with *De Flores*, that I am much bound to him, and thy selfe more: for he it was, that at my request, dispatched *Piracquo*, without the which (as thou well knowest) I could never have enjoyed thee for my husband, nor thou me for thy wife: And so she reveales him the whole circumstance of that cruell Murther, as wee have formerly understood; the which she conjures and prayes him to conceale, sith no lesse then *De Flores* and her owne life depended thereon, and that shee will dye a thousand deaths, before consent to defile his bed, or to violate her oath and promise given him in marriage.

Alsemero both wondering and grieving at this lamentable newes, sayes little, but thinkes the more; and although hee had reason and apparance to believe, that shee who commits Murther, will not sticke to commit Adultery, yet upon his Wife's solemne oathes and protestations, hee forgets what is past; onely hee strictly chargeth her, no more to see, or admit *De Flores* into her company; or if the contrary, hee vowes hee will so sharpely bee revenged of her, as hee will make her an example to all posterity.

But *Beatrice-Ioana*, notwithstanding her husbands speeches, continueth her intelligence with *De Flores*; yea, her husband no sooner rides abroad, but he is at *Valentia* with her; and they are become so impudent, as what they did before secretly, they now in a manner doe publikely, or at least, with Chamber-doores open. *Diaphanta* knowing this to be a great scandall, as well to her Masters honour, as house, againe informes him thereof; who vowes to take a most sharpe revenge of this their infamy and indignity, as indeed he doth: for hee bethinkes himselfe (thereby to effect it) of an invention, as worthy of his jealousie, as of their first crime of Murther,

and

and of their ſecond of Adultery: hee injoyneth *Diaphanta* to lay wayt for the very houre that *De Flores* arrives from *Alicant* to *Valentia*, which ſhee doth; when inſtantly pretending to his Wife a journey in the Country, hee very ſecretly and ſilently having his Rapier and Ponyard, and a caſe of Piſtols ready charged in his pocket (ſeeming to take Horſe) huſheth himſelfe up privately in his Studie, which was next adjoyning, and within his Bed-chamber.

Beatrice-Ioana, thinking her husband two or three Leagues off, ſends away for *De Flores*, who comes inſtantly to her: they fall to their kiſſes and imbracings, ſhee rejoycing extreamely for his arrivall, and hee for her husband *Alſemero's* departure: ſhe relates him the cruelty and indignitie her husband hath ſhewed and offered her, the which *De Flores* underſtands with much contempt and choller, as alſo with many threats. *Alſemero* heares all, but doth neither ſpeake, cough, neeze, nor ſpit. So from words they fall to their beaſtly pleaſures, when *Alſemero* no longer able to containe himſelfe, much leſſe to be acceſſary to this his ſhame, and their villany, throwes off the Doore, and violently ruſheth forth; when finding them on his Bed, in the middeſt of their adultery, he firſt diſchargeth his Piſtols on them, and then with his Sword and Ponyard runnes them thorow, and ſtabs them with ſo many deepe and wide wounds, that they have not ſo much power or time to ſpeake a word, but there lye weltring and wallowing in their bloud, whiles their ſoules flie to another world, to relate what horrible and beaſtly crimes their bodies have committed in this. Thus by the providence of God, in the ſecond Tragedie of our Hiſtorie, wee ſee our two Murtherers murthered, and *Piracquo's* innocent bloud revenged in the guiltineſſe of theirs.

Alſemero, having finiſhed this bloudie buſineſſe, leaves his Piſtols on the Table, as alſo his Sword and Ponyard all bloudy as they were; and without covering or removing the breathleſſe bodies of theſe two wretched miſcreants, he ſhuts his Chamber doore, and is ſo farre from flying for the fact, as hee takes his Coach, and goes directly to the Criminall Iudge himſelfe, and reveales what he had done; but conceales the Murther of *Piracquo*. The Iudge is aſtoniſhed and amazed at the report of this mournefull and pittifull accident: hee takes *Alſemero* with him, returnes to his houſe, and findes thoſe two dead bodies freſh ſmoaking and reeking in their bloud: the newes hereof is ſpread in all the City. The whole people of *Valentia* flocke thither to bee eye-witneſſes of theſe two murthered perſons; where ſome behold them with pitie, others with joy, but all with aſtoniſhment and admiration, and no leſſe doe thoſe of *Alicant*, where this newes is ſpeedily poaſted; but all their griefes are nothing to thoſe of *Don Diego de Vermandero's* (*Beatrice-Ioana's* father) who infinitely and extreamely grieves, partly for the death, but ſpecially for the crime of his daughter.

The Iudge preſently commits *Alſemero* priſoner in another of his owne Chambers, and ſo examining *Diaphanta* upon her oath, concerning the familiaritie betwixt *De Flores* and *Beatrice-Ioana*: ſhee affirmes conſtantly, that now and many times before, ſhee ſaw them commit adultery: and that ſhee it was that firſt advertiſed *Alſemero* her Maſter heereof. Whereupon, after a ſecond examination of *Alſemero*, they, upon mature deliberation, acquite him of this fact: ſo hee is freed, and the dead bodies caried away and buried.

But although this earthly Iudge have acquitted *Alſemero* of this fact, yet the Iudge of Iudges, the great God of Heaven, who ſeeth not onely our heart, but our thoughts, not onely our actions, but our intents, hath this and ſomething elſe to lay to his charge: for hee (in his ſacred providence, and divine Iuſtice) doth both remember and obſerve, firſt how ready and willing *Alſemero* was to ingage himſelfe to *Beatrice-*

Ioana

Ioana to kill *Piracquo*: then, though he consented not to his Murther, yet how he concealed it, and brought it not to publike arraignement and punishment, whereby the dead body of *Piracquo* might receive a more honourable and Christianlike Sepulchre: and if these crimes of his be not capable to deserve revenge and chastisement, Loe, hee is entring into a new, wilfull, and premeditated Murther, and doth so dishonourably and treacheroubly performe it, as we shall shortly see him lose his life upon an infamous Scaffold, where hee shall finde no heart to pitty him, nor eye to bewaile him.

If we would be so ignorant, wee cannot be so malicious to forget that loving and courteous Letter, which *Don Thomaso Piracquo* wrote his Brother *Alonso Piracquo* from *Alicant* to *Briamata*, to with-draw himselfe from his suite to *Beatrice-Ioana*; and although his affection and jealousie to prevent his Brothers disgrace, was then the chiefe occasion of that his Letter, yet sith he was since disastrously and misfortunately bereaved of him, of that deare and sweet Brother of his, whom he ever held and esteemed farre dearer then his life, his thoughts, like so many lines, concurre in this Centre, from whence hee cannot bee otherwise conceited or drawne, but that *Beatrice-Ioana* and *Alsemero* had a hand, and were at least accessaries, if not authours of his losse: upon the foundation of which beliefe hee rayseth this resolution, that hee is not worthy to bee a Gentleman, nor of the degree and title of a Brother, if hee crave not satisfaction for that irreparable losse which hee sustayneth in that of his Brother; and the sooner is hee drawne thereunto, because hee believes, that as *Alsemero* was ordayned of old to chastize *Beatrice-Ioana*, so hee was by the same Power reserved to bee revenged of *Alsemero*. Whereupon, although it bee not the custome of *Spaine* to fight Duels (as desiring rather the death of their enemies then of their friends) he resolves to fight with him; and to that end, understanding *Alsemero* to be then in *Alicant*, sends him this Challenge:

Thomaso Piracquo to Alsemero.

IT is with too much assurance, that I feare Beatrice-Ioana's *vanity, and your rashnesse, hath bereaved mee of a Brother, whom I ever esteemed and prized farre dearer then my selfe: I were unworthy to converse with the World, much lesse to beare the honour and degree of a Gentleman, if I should not seeke satisfaction for his death, with the hazard of mine owne life: for if a Friend be bound to performe the like courtesie and duety to his Friend, how much more a Brother to his Brother? Your Sword hath chastized* Beatrice-Ioana's *errour, and I must see whether mine be reserved to correct yours. As you are your selfe, meet mee at the foot of* Glisseran hill *to morrow at five in the morning without Seconds, and it shall be at your choyce, either to use your Sword on Horse-backe, or your Rapier on foot.*

Thomaso Piracquo.

Alsemero accepts this Challenge, and promiseth that hee and his Rapier will not faile to meete him; yet as hee one way wondereth at *Piracquo's* valour and resolution, so another way he considereth the great losse hee hath received in that of his Brother, and the juttnesse of his quarrell against him; who although hee were not accessary to his Murther, yet he is, in concealing the cruelty thereof: and indeed this villany makes him lose his accustomed courage, and thinke of a most base cowardize, and treacherous stratagem: But this dishonourable resolution and designe of his shall receive an infamous recompence, and a reward and punishment as bitter as just.

They

They meet at the houre and place appointed: *Piracquo* is first in the Field, and *Alsemero* stayes not long after; but hee hath two small Pistols charged in his pockets, which in killing his enemy shall ruine himselfe. They draw, and as they approach, *Alsemero* throwes away his Rapier, and with his hat in his hand prayes *Piracquo* to heare him in his just defence, and that hee is ready to joyne with him to revenge his Brothers Murtherers. *Piracquo* being as courteous as couragious, and as honourable as valiant, likewise throwes away his Rapier, and with his Hat in his hand comes to meet him: but it is a folly to unarme our selves in our enemies presence; for it is better and fitter that hee stand to our courtesie, then we to his: when *Piracquo* fearing nothing lesse then Treason, *Alsemero* drawes out his Pistols, and dischargeth them, the first thorow his head, and the second thorow his brest; of which two wounds he speaking onely thus, *O Villaine, O Traytour!* falls downe dead at his feet. Loe here the third bloudy part of this History.

It is a lamentable part for any one to commit Murther: but for a Gentleman to destroy another in this base and cruell manner, this exceedes all baseneese and cruelty it selfe: yea, it makes him as unworthy of his honour, as worthy of a Halter.

The newes of this bloudy fact rattles in the streets of *Alicant*, as Thunder in the Firmament: *Piracquo's* Chirurgion being an eye-witnesse hereof, reports the death of his Master, and the treachery of *Alsemero*: all *Alicant* is amazed hereat, they extoll *Thomaso Piracquo's* valor, and his singular affection to his dead Brother, and both detest & curse the treachery and memory of *Alsemero*. The criminall Iudges are advertized hereof, who speedily send poast after him: but hee is mounted on a swift Genner, and like *Bellerophon* on his winged *Pegasus*, doth rather flie then gallop: but his hast is in vaine, for the justice of the Lord wil both stop his Horse, and arrest him. He is not recovered halfe way from *Alicant* towards *Valentia*, but his Horse stumbles and breakes his fore-leg, and *Alsemero* his right arme; hee is amazed, perplexed, and inraged hereat, and knowes not what to doe, or whither to flie for safety: for hee sees no bush nor hedge to hide him, nor lane to save him; and now he repents himselfe of his fact, but it is too late: his Horse fayling him, he trusteth to his legs, and so throwing off his cloake, runnes as speedily as hee may: but the foulenesse of his fact doth still so affright him, and terrifie his conscience, as hee is afrayd of his owne shaddow, lookes still backe, imagining that every stone he sees is a Sergeant come to arrest him; yea, his thoughts, like so many Bloud-hounds, pursue and follow him, sweating exceedingly, partly through his labour, but especially through the affliction and perturbation of his mind; yea, every poynt of a minute hee both expecteth and feares his apprehension.

Neither is his feare or expectation vaine; for loe, hee at last perceives foure come galloping after him as fast as their Horses can drive. So they finding first his poore Horse, and now espying his miserable selfe, hee sees hee is invironed of all sides, and thinkes the earth hath brought forth *Cadmean* men to apprehend him; yet remembring himselfe a Gentleman, and withall a Souldier, hee resolves rather to sell his life dearely in that place, then to be made a Spectacle upon an infamous Scaffold: but this courage and resolution shall neither prevaile, or rescue him.

Hee to this effect drawes his Rapier, the which the foure Sergeants will him to yield, and render up to the Kings lawes and justice: but hee is resolute to defend himselfe: They threaten him with their Pistols; but their sight doe as little amaze him, as their report and bullets. So they alight from their Horses, and environ him with their Swords, and having hurt two of them, and performed the part of a desperate Gladiator, the third joyning with him, they breake his Rapier within a foote of the Hilt, whereat hee yields himselfe. *Alsemero* thus taken, is the same night brought backe to *Alicant*, in whose Gates and Streets a wonderfull concourse of people assemble

assemble to see him passe, who as much pitty his person, as execrate and condemne his fact.

The Senate is assembled, and *Alsemero* brought to appeare, who considering the hainousnesse of his treacherous and bloudy fact; which the Devill had caused him to commit, hee stayes for no witnesses, but accuseth himselfe of this Murther, the which from point to point hee confesseth; and so they adjudge him to lose his head: but this is too honourable a death for a Gentleman who hath so treacherously and basely dishonoured and blemished his Gentility. As hee is on the Scaffold, preparing himselfe to dye, and seeing no farther hope of life, but the image of death before his eyes, knowing it no time now, either to dissemble with God, or to feare the Law, hee, to the amazement of all the world, tells the people, that although he killed *Don Thomaso Piracquo*, yet hee had no hand in the Murther of his brother *Don Alonso*, whom (hee sayd) *De Flores*, at the instigation of his wicked and wretched wife *Beatrice-Ioana*, had murthered and buryed in the East *Casemate* of the Castle; and withall affirmed, that if hee were guilty in any thing concerning that Murther, it was onely in concealing it, which hee had done till then, and whereof (hee sayd) he now most heartily repented himselfe, as being unwilling any longer to charge his soule with it, sith hee was ready to leave this world, and to goe to another, and so besought them all to pray unto God to forgive him, whose sacred Majesty, hee confessed, hee had highly and infinitely offended; and wished them all to beware, and flie the temptations of the Devill, and to become better Christians by his example.

The Iudges advertised hereof, cause his head to be strucken off for murthering of *Don Thomaso Piracquo*; and his body to be throwne into the Sea, for concealing that of *Don Alonso*; which was accordingly executed: and from the place of Execution they immediately goe to the Castle, and so to the East *Casemate*, where causing the stones to be removed, they find the mournfull murthered body of *Don Alonso Piracquo*, which they give to his kinsfolkes to receive a more honourable Buriall, according to his ranke and degree: and from thence they returne to the Churches, where the Bodies of *De Flores* and *Beatrice-Ioana* were interred (after they were brought backe from *Valentia*) the which, for their horrible Murther, they at the common place of Execution cause to bee burned, and their ashes to be throwne into the ayre, as unworthy to have any resting place on earth, which they had so cruelly stayned and polluted with innocent bloud.

Loe here the just punishment of God against these devillish and bloudy Murtherers! at the sight of whose executions, all that infinite number of people that were Spectatours, universally laud and prayse the Majesty of God, for purging the earth of such unnaturall and bloudy Monsters.

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XUM

GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE CRYING AND EXE-crable ſinne of *Murther*.

HISTORIE V.

Alibius *murthereth his Wife* Merilla: *hee is diſcovered, firſt by* Bernardo, *then by* Emilia *his owne daughter: ſo he is apprehended and hanged for the Fact.*

HOw farre are they from having peace with God, and all his creatures, when they lay violent hands on their owne wives: yea, when they murther them in their beds, in ſtead of repoſing their ſecrets and affections in their boſomes! Theſe are helliſh reſolutions, and infernall ſtratagems, that nature neither allowes, nor grace approves. For beſides the Vnion betwixt God and his Church, there is none ſo abſolute and perfect on earth, as is that of Man and Wife: for as this world hath made them two perſons, ſo God hath conjoyned and made them one; and therefore what madneſſe, nay what cruelty is it to be ſo cruell to thoſe, who (if not our ſelves) are at leaſt our ſecond ſelves? Charity (the daughter of heaven) teacheth us to love all the world, but eſpecially thoſe who are our kinsfolkes or friends. Religion (the mother of Charity) ſteps a degree farther, and injoyneth us to love thoſe who hate us; yea, theſe likewiſe are not onely the rules of nature, but the precepts of grace: therefore to kill thoſe who love us, and to depriue thoſe of life, who (did occaſion preſent) are ready to ſacrifice theirs for the preſervation of ours, it muſt needs proceed rather from a monſter then a man, or rather from a devill then a monſter: but ſuch devills and ſuch monſters are but too rife and common in theſe our ſinfull times. And amongſt others, I here produce one for example, who for that cruell and inhumane fact of his, by the juſtice of God, was juſtly rewarded with a halter. And may all thoſe, who perpetrate the like crime, partitipate of the ſame, or of a worſe puniſhment.

IN the Pariſh of *Spreare*, ſome fifteene miles diſtant from the beautifull and noble City of *Breſcia* (in the Territories of the *Venetians*) there dwelt a poore countrey man, termed *Alibius*, who could vaunt of no other wealth left him by his deceaſed parents, but that hee was a man of a comely ſtature and proportion, and withall, that they were of an honeſt fame and reputation: ſo if his vertues had anſwered theirs, his poverty had never proved ſo pernicious and fatall an enemy to him, as to ruine

his fortunes with his life, and his life with his fortunes: or had the vices of his ſoule not contaminated or ſtayned the perfections of his body, my pen had ſlept in ſilence, and his Hiſtory layne raked up in the duſt of his grave: but ſith his actions have exceeded the bounds both of nature and grace, yea, ſith hee hath learned of the Devill to imbath his hands in poyſon, and to imbrue them in innocent bloud, I (incouraged by the connivencie and ſilence of others) not out of any want of charity to the memory of dead *Alibius*, but in deteſtation of his bloudy reſolution and actions, and chiefely and eſpecially to the comfort and inſtruction of the living, who may abhorre his crime by the ſight of his puniſhment: I have adventured and reſolved to give this a place among the reſt of my tragicall Hiſtories, that *Italie*, as well as *Breſcia*, and *Spreate* (and peradventure the whole Chriſtian world with *Italie*) may underſtand thereof.

This *Alibius*, as ſoone as he had attained the age of five and twenty yeares, marryed an honeſt Mayden, termed *Merilla*, being a Farmers daughter of the ſame Pariſh of *Spreare*, with whom he had but ſmall meanes, and ſhee (to ſpeake truth) but little wit, and leſſe beauty; yet ſhe was neither ſo poore, but that ſhe deſerved a good huſband, nor ſo hard favoured, but ſhee might content an honeſt one. And indeede, had *Alibius* his care and induſtry anſwered *Merilla's* providence and frugality, or his luſtfull eye not ſtrayed either beyond his vow given her in marriage, or her indifferent beauty, this Match might have proved as fortunate, as it hath ſince ſucceeded miſerable and ruinous.

For *Alibius*, whoſe thoughts flew a pitch above his birth, ranke, and meanes, had not lived many yeares in wedlocke, till his prodigality and vanity had waſted and diſſipated the greateſt part of that ſmall eſtate hee had; ſo as neceſſity looking now on him, becauſe formerly he diſdayned to looke on it, knowing better how to play, then worke, or rather not how to worke, but play; and ſeeing that his preſent meanes could not maintayne him, nor his future hopes promiſe it, he as a true truant, and a perfect prodigall, diſdayning to want when hee hath it, and when he hath it not, ſets up this lewd and unthrifty reſolution with himſelfe, to ſet all at fixe and ſeven. But this prodigall humour of his doth as much grieve his Wife, as delight him: for now ſhee ſees that her ſpinning at home could neither ſerve nor ſatisfie his expences abroad, and that all her care and labour was by farre too little to maintayne his vanity; which ſhee (poore good woman) perceiving, yea, more then ſo, contrary to her hopes, now feeling, ſhee with faire wordes, and ſecret and ſweete perſwaſions endeavoureth to reclaime him from it; but this courſe of hers workes a contrary effect: for if before hee played the prodigall in her abſence, now hee playes the Tyrant in her preſence: for hee not onely rejoyceth, and ſtops his eares againſt her counſell, but rates and reviles her with vilde and contemptuous ſpeeches, ſuch as indeed are infinitely unfit either for a husband to give, or a wife ro receive. And this, as I have beene informed, was the firſt diſtaſt betwixt *Alibius* and *Merilla*.

But wee need not goe farre for a Second: There is no peſtilent Infection, nor infectious Peſtilence to that of haunting and frequenting bad company; for it is a rocke, wherein many have ſuffered Shipwracke; it is a Fountaine that ſends foorth many poyſoned ſtreames to thoſe that taſt or drinke thereof; yea, it is a Tree, whoſe fruit is by ſo much the more bitter to the ſtomacke, as it ſeemes pleaſing to the palate, like Pilles of poyſon candy'd in Sugar: and as that which moſt delights, moſt confounds the ſenſe; ſo uſe breeding an habite, and habite a ſecond nature, vicious company, whom wee take to bee our deareſt friends, doe in fine prove our moſt dangerous enemies, and ſo much the more dangerous, ſith when wee would forſake them, wee cannot;

not; which our *Alibius* will at last finde true in himselfe: yea, wee shall see him inforced to acknowledge it, as having bought and purchased it with a woefull and lamentable experience: for now hee beginnes to love Swearing, Whoredome, and Drunkennesse, that before hee hated; and to hate the Gospel of Christ, and the Professours thereof, that before hee loved. A most wretched exchange, where we take from our soules, to give to our senses, and a woefull bargaine, where wee sell God, to buy the Devill.

Poore *Merilla* grieving to see that she could not unsee these his ungodly courses, as also that it not onely consumed the small remaynder of his meanes, but likewise lost his friends, and darkened and eclipsed his reputation, thinkes it not onely a part of her duety, but of her affection to him, to request some vertuous friend, or godly neighbour of theirs to deale with him herein, thereby to endeavour to perswade him from these his irregular and prophane courses: But as those who are sicke, are so deprived of their taste, as they cannot discerne betweene sweet and bitter; So *Alibius*, sicke of the Lethargie of these his enormous and dissolute Vices, was so farre from rellishing this wholesome counsell, as he not onely rejected it, but scoffed and reviled the partie who gave it him: and it being not so secretly (or peradventure not so wisely) mannaged, but hee comming to understand it proceeded from his wife *Merilla*, hee tooke it so passionately and outragiously, to see his follies revealed by her, who was bound to conceale them, as most uncivilly and inhumanely checking her, hee in the heat of his displeasure and revenge, some moneths forsakes her company, and many her bed; whereat, such was her tender affection to him, and his disrespect to her, as I know not whether she more grieved, or he rejoyced.

The motives of his third distast to his Wife, were grounded upon her barrennesse and sterility; as if it were in her power to give him a Child, when Gods pleasure and providence was to give none to her, without considering that the barrennesse and fruitfulnesse of a woman comes all from the Lord, or without remembring that some Children are borne for a curse, as others for a blessing to their parents: or as if his earthly vanity could teach Gods secret Divinity, what were fittest for him, and yet these reasons cannot prevaile against his unreasonable selfe; and therefore this, amongst the rest of his distastes, hee, or rather the Devill for him, throwes in against his Wife: *That if hee had a Child, hee should bee a good husband, and not before*: as if hee desired and sought some pretext and colour, though never so unjust and ungodly, to cover his vices and prodigality; or in the eyes of the World to bolster out and apologize his jarring and squaring with his Wife: yea, his impudencie was growne to the height of this impiety, that hee often affirmed, his Wife was the cause of his poverty; for if she would give him no Child, God would give him no prosperity.

Now, as all women by nature generally desire Children; so it is a great affliction (I will not say a curse) to them, if they have none. But these unjust speeches of *Alibius*, doe justly and infinitely afflict his Wife *Merilla*, who (that no farther discord might trouble the harmony of their wedlocke) sends her teares to earth, and her prayers to heaven, that her Blessed Saviour would bee pleased to blesse her with a Child; when God, seeing his prophane hypocrisy, which he will revenge, and understanding her religious zeale, which hee will reward, out of the inestimable treasure of his Mercie and providence, grants her her request, and him his desire: so as in short time she sees her selfe the mother, and him the father of a young daughter, termed *Emelia*.

The fourth reason of his distast of his Wife, was, that seeing time runne on in his swift cariere, and his prodigality still remayning, as also that his maske of his Wife's

ſterilitie was taken away; hee that was heeretofore ſo deſirous of a child, now thinks this one to bee one too many, becauſe (ſaith hee) hee can no way endure the crying and trouble thereof. But is there any thing ſo unnaturall or ridiculous as this? Now, if hee murmure at this his child, during her infancie, hee will much more ſtorme at her, when ſhee comes up to riper yeares: and obſerving that her mother doth ſubtract from his prodigality, to adde to her maintenance, this doth againe extreamely vexe and afflict him: ſo that his child, whom hee pretended ſhould bee the cauſe of his joy and proſperity, is now that of his griefe; and as hee thinks, of his farther poverty and miſery: the which, poore *Merilla* his wife, to her unſpeakeable and ineffable griefe, palpably perceiveth, aſwell in his uncharitable and malicious ſpeeches, banded to her for her daughter *Emelia's* ſake, as to *Emelia* for her ſake: But what know wee, whether God hath purpoſely ſent this daughter, to revenge the injuries and wrongs that her father intendeth to her Mother?

His fift, and (as yet) his laſt diſtaſte againſt his wife, proceeds from his obſerving that her beauty is withered and decayed; not that heretofore he knew her faire: but that ſhee is not ſo faire now, as when hee firſt married her: as if time and age had not power to wither the bloſſomes of our youth, as the Sunne hath to daver the freſheſt Roſes and Lillies. But as all his former diſtaſtes towards his wife, bewray his inclination to prodigality and prophaneneſſe: ſo this laſt of his doth manifeſtly diſcover his addiction to luſt, and his affection to Whoredome: for it is impoſſible for our wives to ſeeme foule in our eyes, except there bee ſome other ſeemes fayrer: as blackneſſe ſeemes blacker when it is compared and paralelled with whiteneſſe: and this indeed is the Vulture and Viper that ſtickes ſo cloſe to his breſt, and ſo neere to his heart, yea, this is his darling and boſome ſinne that will ſtrangle him, when it makes greateſt ſhew to kiſſe and imbrace him.

Alibius, powerfully ſollicited by theſe five ſeverall diſtaſtes conceived againſt his wife *Merilla*, who poore woman rides at an Anchor in the tranquillity of her innocency, whiles hee (in the heate and height of his youth) floated in the Ocean of his voluptuouſneſſe and ſenſualitie, but eſpecially provoked by his owne poverty and penury; who now beganne to appeare to him in a leane and miſerable ſhape: hee leaves his wife and family, and betakes himſelfe to the ſervice of Gentlemen, thinking thereby to ſtoppe the current of his prodigality, and to finde out the invention and meanes, futurely to get that which formerly hee had expended: which reſolution of his had beene indeed commendable, if the integrity of his heart had beene anſwerable to the ſweetneſſe of his tongue: but wee ſhall ſee the contrary, and finde by his example, that Snakes alwaies lurke under the fayreſt and greeneſt leaves.

During which time, hee ſerves ſome Gentlemen of worth and quality, but one of eſpeciall accompt and reputation; not diſtant above three ſmall miles from the City of *Breſcia*, who being an excellent Houſe-keeper, and a good member of the common-weale, there *Alibius* (had hee had as much Grace as Vanity, or as much Religion as impiety) might have forgotten his old vices, and have learned new Vertues: but if hee delighted to become excellent in any thing, it was firſt to bee a perfect Carver and Wayter, then to bee decent in his apparell; and laſt of all, to bee ſmooth in his ſpeeches, and affable and pleaſing in his complements, without any regard at all, either to reforme the vanity of his thoughts, or to controule his diſolute and dangerous actions.

Having thus paſt away many yeares abroad in ſervice, and very ſeldome or never either ſeene *Spreare*, or viſited his *Merilla* and *Emelia*: hee at laſt ſeeing of the one ſide, that age beganne to Snow on his head; and that the greateſt wealth of a Serving-man

ving-man, was, to have onely a new Livery, and a full belly, to have many verball, but no reall friends, reſolved to leave his ſervice, as alſo his wife and daughter in *Spreare*: and ſo to travell to *Venice*, hoping there in ſome honeſt place, and imployment, to ſerve the Seigniorie, or at leaſt ſome one of the *Magnifico's* or *Clariſſimo's*: but then conſidering the charge of the journey, the weakeneſſe of his purſe, and the uncertainty of his advancement and preferment, hee reſolves for a time to ſojourne in *Breſcia*; and to watch if any occaſion or accident preſented, whereby hee might repaire and raiſe his fortunes.

Hee had not long lived in this City (which for antiquity, beauty, ſituation, wealth and fidelity (after *Venice* it ſelfe) gives not the hand to any of her ſiſter Cities of that ſtate:) but his eyes (as the luſtfull ſentynells of his heart) eſpie ſo many beauties, as he began to loath his owne wife *Merilla*, and to wiſh her in another world, that hee might have another wife in this. Loe, here the divell beginnes with him anew to perſwade him to hate his wife.

Abiding thus in *Breſcia*, it fell out that hee, who bore the ſilver rod in token of honour, and Iuſtice (or rather of honour to Iuſtice) before the podeſtate or chiefe Magiſtrate of this City dyed: and to this Office *Alibius* (becauſe hee knew himſelfe a grave and perſonall man) aſpired: and what through the reſpect of his gravitie, through his ſmooth tongue, and fayre ſpeeches: but eſpecially by making many friends to the Podeſtate and Senators, he at laſt obtained it: a place indeed, more honourable then profitable, and yet worth at leaſt one hundred Zechines, *per annum*, beſides his diet. This preferment makes *Alibius* looke aloft, and ſo hee ſcornes his poore wife *Merilla*, as if there were no paritie and ſimpathie betwixt her rags and his robes: yea, hee would not ſee *Spreare*, nor ſuffer her to ſee *Breſcia*, and the devill was ſo buſie with him, or hee with the devill, that in hope of a richer and fayrer wife, hee reſolves to poyſon her according as hee heretofore had many times thought and premeditated: and that which egged and threw him on, with more violence and precipitation, was a proud conceit of himſelfe, and of his much dignity and preferment. But as povertie many times befalls us for our good, ſo ſometimes, wealth and proſperity bring us misfortune and miſery.

Not long after, another accident falls out, which doth likewiſe much rejoyce him: An honeſt Cittizen of *Breſcia*, of his owne name, though no way his kinſman, dies, (and as ſince it hath beene ſhrewdly imagined, not without vehement ſuſpicion of poyſon) leaving a rich widdowe, named *Philatea*: and for the familiarity and good conceit he had of our *Alibius*, as alſo induced thereunto through his hypocritall ſhew of honeſty and piety, makes him ſole overſeer of his will: ſo neatly and ſmoothly did our *Alibius* worke and inſinuate himſelfe into his favour: But the maske of this his hypocriſie ſhall bee ſoone puld off.

Alibius ſeeing *Philatea* young, rich and faire, hee lookes on her more often then on her husbands teſtament: and ſo wiſhing his wife *Merilla* in his adopted kinſmans grave, and himſelfe in *Philatea's* bed, hee bends his purpoſes and intents that way, as ſo many lines that runne to their Center: yea, ſo ſtrongly hath the devill poſſeſſed him with theſe helliſh deſignes and bloody reſolutions, as his love to *Philatea*, defacing his reſpect to *Merilla*, hee ſees her a blocke in his way, and a ſtop to his preferment, and ſo concludes that ſhee muſt hee remooved and diſpatched: to which effect, to draw his ſinfull contemplation into bloudy action, hee rides over to *Spreare* to her; and under colour of tender love and affection, hee in Milke, Wine, and roſted Apples, gives her poyſon; when ſeeing it would not worke his deſired effect, hee after takes an occaſion, purpoſely to quarrell with her, and ſo very lamentably (in preſence of their daughter *Emelia*) reviles and beates her, and returnes to *Breſcia*, ſtill hoping that the

poyſon

poyſon yet might operate, and diſperſe it ſelfe in her veines, and that ſhortly hee ſhould hoare newes of her death. Loe here *Alibius* his firſt attempt in ſeeking to murther his Wife.

In this meane time hee layes cloſe ſiedge to *Philatea's* Chaſtity, who not ſo honeſt as faire, is ſoone drawne to ſinne, and proſtitutes her ſelfe to his beaſtly pleaſure, and having no regard to her reputation, conſcience, or ſoule, conſents to this bitter-ſweet ſinne of Adultery; the which laſcivious familiarity is ſo long continued betwixt them, till at laſt *Philatea's* ſtraight Bodies become too ſmall, and her Apron too ſhort for her; when ſeeing it high time to provide for her fame, ſhee acquaints *Alibius* herewith, and askes his advice, whether ſhee ſhall marry with one of her ſervants: *Alibius* meaning to keepe the Farme for himſelfe, whereof hee had already taken poſſeſſion, bids her not to take care for a husband, but to bee of good comfort, and that farre within her time, hee would provide a place for her to lay downe her great belly; yea, ſo ſecret, as her owne heart could either wiſh or deſire.

But if our miſerable *Alibius* were before reſolved to murther his poore harmeleſſe Wife *Merilla*, this newes, and theſe ſpeeches of *Philatea*, ſets him all on fire; and ſo (having conſulted with the Devill) hee vowes ſhe ſhall not live: to which end, he provides himſelfe of ſtronger poyſon, and in a darke night (when as he flatters himſelfe with hope, that the Heavens were ſo unjuſt and inhumane to conſpire with him in the Murther of his Wife) he takes horſe in the Eaſt Suburbe of *Breſcia*, and ſo rides toward *Spreare*.

But ſee the juſtice, and withall the providence and mercie of our indulgent God! who vouchſafed, and yet reſolved to reſtraine and divert him from this his bloudy enterpriſe, by an accident as ſtrange as true: for a mile out of *Breſcia*, as *Alibius* rides by the common place of execution, his Horſe ſtumbles, and falls under him right againſt it, with which fall his ſhoulder is out of joynt. Oh what a caveat was this for *Alibius*, if hee had had the leaſt ſparke of grace to have made good uſe hereof! But the Devill had bewitched his underſtanding and judgement: for hee could ſee by no other eyes, but by thoſe of revenge and bloud.

Arriving at his houſe at *Spreare*, hee, contrary to his hopes, findes his daughter *Emelia* with her mother (who by this time was marryed likewiſe to a poore Countrey man of *Spreare*) whoſe ſight and preſence was, for that time, a ſtop to the execution of her fathers poyſoning deſigne on her mother; for hee feared that ſhe had formerly diſcovered and ſuſpected this his purpoſe and reſolution, as indeed ſhee had: wherefore hee forbore to adminiſter it, onely becauſe hee would not loſe all his labour, hee againe quarrells with his Wife, and after hee had reviled her with many ſcandalous and contumelious ſpeeches, hee in the preſence of his (mournefull) daughter, doth exceedingly beate her; who (weeping to ſee her mother weepe) infinitely grieved to be an eye-witneſſe of this inhumane and barbarous cruelty of her father: And ſo for that time *Alibius* againe permitted his Wife to live: But this will prove no pardon, but onely a ſhort reprivall for her.

Returning againe to *Breſcia*, it is not long before *Philatea* doth againe importune him to provide for the concealing and ſalving of her ſhame, alleadging that her time drew on, and that it was more then time to provide her a husband. *Alibius*, at theſe her ſecond aſſummons, beginnes to looke about, and reſolves at what rate, or in what manner ſoever, now to ſend his Wife into another world; yet (as I thinke, or ever underſtood) conceales his purpoſe from *Philatea*. Miſerable wretch! had he not participated more of the nature of a Tyger, then a man, or of a Devill then a Tyger, hee would never have layd violent hands on his owne Wife, whom earth and heaven

heaven had made flesh of his flesh, and of two bodies one; yea, or had hee had so much grace to have considered, that the silver wand he bore before the *Podestate*, was for the scourging and punishing of sinne: Me thinks it should have made him more charitable, and not so bloudy to attempt it. But what will not lust enterprise, and Revenge execute, if wee neither feare God with our heartes, nor love him with our soules?

Preseverance in Grace and vertue is excellent, but in sinne lamentable. *Alibius* hath had yeares and time enough to wipe away his cruelty towards his wife: but the longer hee lives, the deeper roote it takes in him, yea, hee will neither give the flower of his youth, nor the branne of his age to God, but that to pleasure, this to Revenge and Murther, and both to the devill: for now hee is resolute to finish this mournefull and bloudy Tragedy, that hee hath so long desired, and so often attempted: and now indeed the fatall time approacheth, wherein innocent *Merilla*, by the Murtherous hand of her husband, must be sent out of this World to see a better.

Alibius having waited on the *Podestate* to supper, takes horse, a little before the gates of the City were shut; and having his former poyson in his pocket, away hee rides to *Spreare*: but to act his villany with the greater secrecy, he masketh and disguiseth himselfe: approaching his house, he in the next Meddow ties up his horse to a tree, and so knockes at doore. Poore *Merilla* his wife was in bed and a sleepe with (a little Girle) her Grandchild, named *Pomerea*, the daughter of her daughter *Emelia*, whom, without a Candle, shee sends downe to open the doore, assuring her selfe (as indeed it proved too true for her) that it was her husband *Alibius*. *Pomerea* opening the doore, lets one in, but whom shee knows not: and then for feare retires to the kitchin, which shee shuts fast on her. So *Alibius* mounts to his wives Chamber, and after some words gives her a potion (some say of milke) bitterly sugred with poyson, and forceth it downe her: who poore soule is amazed hereat, and with her weake strength cryes out for helpe, but in vaine. Hee being divellishly resolved now to make sure worke, takes a billet out of the Chimney, and so dispatcheth and kils her in her bed (without giving her any time to commend her soule unto God) and so very hastily rusheth forth the doore.

Pomerea, fearing that which was happened, lights a candle, and ascends up the Chamber, where shee sees the lamentable spectacle of her Murthered Grand-Mother, hot, reeking and smoaking in her bed: whereat shee is amazed, and makes most wofull cries and mournefull lamentations: when wringing her hands, and bitterly sighing and weeping, shee knowes not what to doe, or what not to doe in this her bitter and wretched perplexity, in which meane time *Alibius* going for his horse, findes onely the halter: for his horse is grazing in the Meddow: hee diligently seekes him, but cannot a long time set sight of him; which indeed doth much astonish and amaze him: but at last hee findes him, and so gallops away to *Brescia*: where the better to delude the World, and to cast a mist before their eyes, hee is againe dy fixe of the Clocke in the morning waiting upon the *Podestate*, and conducting him to the *Domo*, or Cathedrall Church of that City. But this policy of his shall not prevent his detection and punishment.

In this meane time, *Pomerea* runnes to the neerest neighbours, and divulgeth the Murther of her Grandmother. Many of the neighbours flock thither, to see this bloudy and woefull spectacle: the *Corrigadors* of *Spreare* are acquainted herewith: they send for Chirurgions, who visit the dead body, and report shee is both poisoned and beaten to death: they examine poore *Pomerea*, who relates what shee sees and knowes: they send every where to search for the Murtherer. By this time the newes hereof comes

comes to *Breſcia*. *Alibius* (like a counterfet miſcreant) is all in teares, yea, hee ſheweth ſuch living affection to the memory of his dead wife, as hee ſends every where to find out the Murtherer. But God will not have him eſcape, for in due time wee ſhall ſee him brought forth and appeare to the world in his colours.

Alibius, notwithſtanding his teares in his eyes, having ſtill a hell in his conſcience, is afrayd, leaſt *Emelia* his daughter (meaſuring the ſubſequent by the antecedent) hold him to bee her mothers Murtherer; and becauſe the *Corrigadors* of *Spreare* (ſuſpecting her) have taken ſureties for her apparance: he, the better to inſinuate with her, uſeth her with more then wonted courteſie and affabillity, imagining, that if her mouth were ſtopped, he needed not feare any others tongue: But this politike ſleight of his ſhall not prevaile.

Now by little and little, Time, (the conſumer of all things) beginnes to were away the crying rumor of this Murther: and ſo *Alibius* thinking himſelfe ſecure, e're three moneths be fully expired, forgetting *Merilla*, takes *Philatea* to his ſecond wife: which being knowne in *Breſcia*, many curious heads of that City (though not upon any ſubſtantiall ground, but onely out of preſumptive circumſtances) vehemently ſuſpect that *Alibius* had a deepe hand in the Murther of his late wife *Merilla*: but they dare not ſpeake it alowd, becauſe hee was well beloved both of the *Podeſtate* himſelfe (for that yeere being) and generally of all the Senators.

But as Murther pierceth the Cloudes, and cryes for revenge from Heaven, ſo wee ſhall ſee this of *Alibius*, miraculouſly diſcovered, and e're long, ſeverely puniſhed: for when hee thought the ſtorme paſt, and ſaw the Skies cleere, when, I ſay, hee imagined that all rumours and tongues were huſhed up in ſilence, and that hee thought on nothing elſe, but to paſſe his time ſweetly and voluptuouſly with his new and faire wife *Philatea*, then, when all other meanes and inſtruments wanted, to bring this his obſcure and bloudy fact to light: Lo, by the Divine providence of God, we ſhall ſee *Alibius* himſelfe be the cauſe, and inſtrument of his owne diſcovery.

For after hee had married *Philatea* (which I take to bee the firſt light of ſuſpecting him of his wife *Merilla's* Murther) (if my information bee true, as I confidently beleeve it is) this is the ſecond: *Alibius* under the pretext of other buſineſſe, ſends for one *Bernardo*, of the pariſh of *Spreare*, to come to him to *Breſcia*. Now, for our better light and information herein, as alſo for the more orderly contriving of this Hiſtory, we muſt underſtand, that this *Bernardo* was an old aſſociate and diſſolute companion of *Alibius*: whom (as it is well knowne by thoſe who knew them) hee had many times uſed and made his ſtickler and agent in many of his former lewde courſes and enterpriſes: not that I any way thinke hee had any hand in the preſent Murther of *Merilla*: for then (I know) ſuch is the Candour and Wiſedome of the *Corrigadors* of *Spreare*, and ſuch is the cleere judgement and zeale of the Senators of *Breſcia* to juſtice, that hee had never eſcaped, but had beene apprehended and brought to his tryall.

Wee muſt farther underſtand, that this *Bernardo* was likewiſe a companion of *Emelia's* husband: yea, ſcarce any one day paſt, but they were knowne and ſeene together in tippling houſes, and other ſuch lewd and vicious places, whereas drinke was ſtill a moſt treacherous and unſecret Secretary.

It may bee that what *Merilla* told her husband privately, hee diſcovered it publikely to *Bernardo*: who comming (as wee have formerly heard) to *Breſcia*, after his conference with *Alibius*, hee fell to his old vaine of tippling and carowſing, and there without the North gate of *Breſcia* (which lookes towards *Bergamo*) having more money then wit, and more wine then money, in the middeſt of his cups, told hee was a Contadyne, or Countreyman of *Spreare*: that hee knew *Alibius* as great as now hee bore himſelfe, and that hee Murthered his poore wife in the Countrey, to have this

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fine one in the City. Which ſpeeches of his hee reiterated and repeated often: yea, ſo often, as they fell not to the ground, but ſome of his lewd companions tooke notice thereof; and one amongſt the reſt, being inwardly acquainted with *Alibius*, went and ſecretly advertiſed him hereof: who (under-hand) ſends away for *Bernardo* where hee was, and wrought ſo with him, as ſince that time he was never ſeene in *Breſcia*. But this report of his remained behind him.

A ſecond light which *Alibius* gave to the diſcovery of this his Murther, was, that thinking the way cleere, and all ſuſpicion vaniſhed, he converted his affection into contempt, and his courteſie to diſreſpect and unkindneſſe towards his daughter *Emelia*, by taking away the greateſt part of that ſmall meanes hee gave her towards her maintenance: which uncharitable and unnaturall part of his, threw this poore woman into ſo bitter a perplexitie, as knowing in her conſcience that her father was her Mothers Murtherer, ſhee exceedingly apprehended and feared, leſt hee would attempt to diſpatch her likewiſe: the which ſhee farre the more doubted, becauſe her father had bayled her, but not as yet freed her from her appearance before the *Corrigadors* of *Spreare*. But here, as ſimple as ſhee was, ſhee enters into many conſiderations with her ſelfe; that to accuſe her father, would be as great a diſobedience in her, as it was a cruelty in him to Murther her mother. She is a long time irreſolute, either to advance or retire in this her purpoſe and enterpriſe: and here ſhee conſults betwixt nature and grace, betwixt the Lawes of Earth and heaven, what ſhee ſhould doe, or how ſhe ſhould beare her ſelfe in a matter of ſo unnaturall a nature. It grieves her to bee the meanes of her fathers death, of whom ſhee had received her being: and yet ſhee ſorroweth not to reveale the murtherer of her mother, of whom ſhee enjoyed her life. But though ſenſe and nature cannot, yet Reaſon and Religion will reconcile, and cleere theſe doubts: yea, evaporate thoſe miſts, and diſperſe theſe clouds from our eyes, and makes us ſee cleere, that Earth may not conceale Murther, ſith God receives glory both in the detection and puniſhment thereof

Some will ſay, this daughter did ill to accuſe her father. But who will not affirme that he did farre worſe, to Murther her mother? Neither was it a delight, but a torment to her, to effect it: for ſhee enters into this reſolution with teares, and perſevereth therein with ſighes and lamentations: but if ſhee were at firſt reſolute herein, this reſolution of hers is exceedingly confirmed, when ſhee ſees her father ſo ſuddainely married, and her mother in law ready to lay downe her great belly, eſpecially when ſhee heares the reports of his ſuſpicion bruted in *Breſcia*. So now ſhee can no longer containe her ſelfe, but goes to the next Corrigador, and reveales him, that her father *Alibius* was the Murtherer of her mother *Merilla*.

The Corrigador being a wiſe and grave Gentleman, wondering at this lamentable newes, retaines *Emelia* in his houſe, and writes away to the Podeſtate of *Breſcia* hereof: who receives this news on a Saturday at night. The Sunday morning he acquaints the Prefect and chiefeſt Senators therof: who repayre to his houſe. The probabilities and circumſtances are ſtrong againſt *Alibius*. So they all conclude to impriſon him: he is at the doore, ruffling in his garded gown and velvet cap, with his ſilver wand in his hand (as if hee were fitter to checke others then to be controuled himſelfe:) wayting to conduct the Podeſtate to the *Domo*. *Alibius* little dreames how neere hee is to danger, or danger to him: hee is by an Isbiere or Serjeant called in to ſpeake with the Podeſtate: and although his conſcience inwardly torment him, yet hee puts a good (or at leaſt a brazen) countenance on all, and ſo very cheerefully comes before him: at his firſt arrivall, his velvet cap and ſilver wand (thoſe dignified markes of honour and juſtice) are taken from him, and conſequently his office: (becauſe theſe are rewards onely proper to vertue, and not to vice) hee is examined by thoſe worthy Magiſtrates,

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who beare gravity in their lookes, wiſedome in their ſpeeches, and juſtice in their actions. *Alibius* hath many ſmooth words, for the defence of his crime, which with the ayd and varniſh of his gracefull geſture, hee ſtrives to extenuate and palliate, but in vaine: for hee hath to doe with thoſe Magiſtrates, who cannot bee deluded, or carried away, either with the ſugar of a lye, or the charme of an evaſion. So they commit him cloſe priſoner, where hee hath both time and leaſure to thinke on the foulenesſe of his fact, and the unnaturalneſſe and barbariſme of his cruelty.

The Munday following, the Corrigadors of *Spreare* ſend *Emelia* to *Breſcia*, where, the next day the Podeſtate, Prefect and Senators examine her: they firſt exhort her to conſider, that ſhee ſpeakes before God: and although *Alibius* bee her earthly father, yet he is her heavenly: they conjure and ſweare her to ſpeake the truth, and no more: and becauſe they ſee her a ſimple illiterated woman, they informe her what the vertue and nature of an oath is. When *Emelia* falling on her knees, wringing her hands, and ſtedfaſtly looking up towards heaven, ſhe (bitterly weeping & ſighing) for a pretty while, had not the power to utter a word: The Prefect with milde exhortations and ſpeeches encourageth her to ſpeake, when with many teares and inrerrupted ſighes, ſhe at laſt proffereth theſe words, My father hath often beaten my Mother, and even layne her for dead: and at other times, hee hath given her poyſon, and hee it is and no other that hath now Murthered her. One of the Senators, (ſome ſay it was the Podeſtate, who as much favoured *Alibius*, as hated his crime:) bade *Emelia* looke to her conſcience, and her conſcience to God, and withall to conſider, that as *Merilla* was her Mother, ſo *Alibius* was her Father. Whereat ſhee bitterly weeping, againe ſaid, that what ſhe had already ſpoken was true, as ſhee hoped to injoy any part of heaven. So they binding her to give evidence at the great Court of the Province, which ſome foure moneths after was to be held in the Caſtle of their Citie, they diſmiſſe her.

In which meane time *Alibius* is viſited in priſon by divers of his acquaintance: yea, ſome of the chiefeſt Senators themſelves afford him that honour and charity, they deale with him about his crime: but in vaine, for hee takes heaven and earth to witneſſe, that hee is innocent, yea, hee ſeemes to bee ſo religious and conſcionable in his ſpeeches, as hee drew many of inferiour ranke and underſtanding to beleeve, that his accuſation was not true, and his impriſonment unjuſt and falſe. But God will ſhortly unmaske his hypocriſie, and to his ſhame and confuſion, lay open and diſcover to the whole World, his unnaturall and bloudy cruelty.

And now the time is come, that the Duke and Seigniory of *Venice* are uſed to depute and ſend forth Criminall Iudges, to deſcend and paſſe thorow the provinces of their territories and dominions: to ſit upon all capitall malefactors, and to puniſh them according to their deſerts. A cuſtome indeed held famous, not onely in the Chriſtian, but in the whole univerſall world: and whereby the *Venetian* Sate doth undoubtedly receive both glory, vigour, and life, ſith it not onely preſerveth their peace, and propagateth their tranquillity; but alſo rooteth out and exterminateth all thoſe that (by their lewd and diſſolute actions) ſeeke to impugne and infringe it.

Thus theſe high and Honourable Iudges (being in number two for every diviſion) having diſpatcht their buſineſſe (or rather that of the Seigniories) in *Padua*, *Vincenſa*, *Verona* and *Bergamo*, are now arrived in *Breſcia*, in the Caſtle whereof, (which is both beautifull and conſpicuous to the eye) they keepe their *Forum* and Tribunall. And becauſe this Citie is exempted from the Province, as being particularly indowed with a peculiar juriſdiction, and honoured with many honourable priviledges and prerogatives: therefore (*Merilla* being Murthered in the Province) *Alibius* is fetched out of his firſt priſon, and by one of the chiefeſt and graveſt Senators deputed for that purpoſe

purpose by the Podestate, and Senate, conducted and conveyed to the Castle, there to bee arraigned by those two great Iudges: and although this aforesaid Senator was so wise and religious, as hee seemed to have the art of perswasion in his speeches: yet by the way, using his best oratory and charity to draw *Alibius* from denyall, to confession, and from that to contrition and repentance, his heart was still so perverse and obdurate, as hee notwithstanding persevered in his willfull obstinacy, and peremptorily continued and stood upon the points of his innocency, and justification. So strong was the Divell yet with him:

But whiles an infinite number of spectators gaze on *Alibius* as hee is in the Castle: and hee cheerefully and carelesly conversed with some of his acquaintance, as if the innocency of his conscience were such, as his heart felt no griefe nor preturbation: Lo, he is called to his arraignement, whereunto that World of people, who were then in the Castle, flocke and concurre.

His thoughts are so vaine, and his vanity so ambitious, as hee comes to the barre in a blacke beaten Satin sute, with a faire Gowne, and a spruce set Ruffe, having both the haire of his head and his long gray beard neately kombed and cut, yea, with so pleasant a look, and so confident a demeanour, as if he were to receive, not the sentence of his guiltinesse and death, but that of his innocency and inlargement. These honourable Iudges cause his Inditement to bee read, wherein his poysoning and Murthering of his wife, is branched and depainted out in all its circumstances, whereat his courage and confidence is yet (notwithstanding) so great, as by his lookes hee seemes no way moved, much lesse astonished or afflicted: the witnesses are produced: first, his owne daughter *Emelia*, who with teares in her eyes stands firme to her former disposition, that hee had often beaten her Mother almost to death, and now had killed and poysoned her; agreeing in every point with her disposition given to the Podestate and Prefect of *Brescia*: which to refell, her father *Alibius*, with many plausible and sugred speeches, tells his Iudges, that his daughter is incensed or lunatike; or else that shee purposely seekes his life, to enjoy that small meanes hee hath after his death, and so runnes on in a most extravagant and impertinent apologie for himselfe, with many invective and scandalous speeches against her, and concludes, that hee was never owner of any poyson.

His Iudges, out of their honourable inclination, and zeale to sacred justice, permit him to speake without interruption: when having ended, they beginne to shew him the foulenesse of his fact: yea, like heavenly Orators, they paint him out the devillish nature & monstrous crime of Murther: the which they say he redoubleth by denying it, not withstanding that they have evidence as cleere as the Sun to convince him thereof: and so they call for two Apothecaries boyes, who severally affirme, they sold him Rattes-bane at two severall times.

But the divell is still so strong with *Alibius*, as though his conscience doth hereat afflict and torment him: yet, there is no change nor signe thereof, either seene in his countenance, or discerned in his speeches, but still hee persevers in his obstinacy; and in a bravery pretends to wipe off the Apothecaries boyes evidence with this poore evasion, that hee bought and used it onely to poyson Rattes: And so againe with many smooth words, humble crouches, and hypocriticall complements, hee useth the prime of his subtilty and invention to make it appeare to his Iudges, that he had no way imbrued his hands in the bloud of his wife: But this will not availe him, for hee is before Lynce-eyed Iudges, whose integrity and wisedome can pierce thorow the foggy mists of excuses, and the obscure Clouds of his far-fetched shifts, and cunningly-compacted evasions.

And now to close and winde up this History, after the Iury impannelled had amply

ply heard, aſwell the witneſſes againſt *Alibius*, as his defence for himſelfe: and that all the world could teſtifie that his Iudges gave him a faire triall, they return and report him guilty of Murthering his wife *Merilla*; whereat hee is put off the barre, and ſo for that time ſent backe to his priſon: and yet the heate of his obſtinacy being hereat no way cooled, the edge of his denyall any way rebated, nor the obdurateneſſe of his heart, the leaſt thing mollified: hee, by the way as hee paſſeth, beating his breſt, and ſometimes out-ſpreading his armes, ſaith, it is not his crime, but the malice of his Devilliſh daughter that hath caſt him away: yea, although many of his compaſſionate and Chriſtian friends doe now now againe in priſon worke and perſwade him to confeſſion, by aleadging him, that God is as mercifull to the repentant, as ſevere to the impenitent and obſtinate, yet, all this will not prevaile.

The ſecond morne after his conviction, hee is brought againe from his priſon, to the Caſtle, and ſo to the barre, to receive his Iudgement, where one of the two moſt honourable Iudges ſhew him:

That it is his hearkning to the Devill, and his forſaking of God, that hath brought him to this miſery; paints and points him out his diſſolute life, his frequenting of bad company, his prodigality and adultery: but above all, his masked hypocriſie, which hee ſaith, in thinking to deceive God, hath now deceived himſelfe: yea, in heavenly and religious ſpeeches, informes him how mercifull and indulgent God is to repentant ſinners: that hee muſt now caſt off his thoughts from earth, and aſcend and mount them to heaven, and no longer to think of his body, but of his ſoule; and ſo after a learned and Chriſtian-like ſpeech, as well for the inſtruction of the living as the conſolation of *Alibius*, who was now to prepare himſelfe to dye: hee pronounceth, that for his execrable Murther committed on his owne wife *Merilla*, hee ſhould hang till hee were dead: and ſo beſought the Lord to bee mercifull to his ſoule.

And now is *Alibius* againe returned to his priſon, but ſtill remaineth obſtinate and perverſe, affirming to all the World, that as hee hath lived, ſo hee will dye innocently: But God will not ſuffer him to dye, without confeſſing and repenting this his bloudy and unnaturall Murther.

Theſe his grave and religious Iudges, out of an honourable and Chriſtian charity, ſend him Divines, to prepare his body to the death of this world, and his ſoule to the life of that to come: they deale moſt effectually, powerfully and religiouſly with him in priſon: and although they found, that the devill had ſtrongly inſnared and charmed him, yea, and as it were, hardned his heart to his perdition: yet God, out of his infinit and ineffable mercies, addeth both power and grace to their ſpeeches, and exhortations, ſo as his eyes being opened, and his heart pierced and mollified: they at laſt ſo prevaile with him, that being terrified with Gods juſtice, and incouraged and comforted with his mercies: he with teares, ſighs and groanes confeſſeth this murther of his wife, and not onely bitterly repents it, but alſo doth thank theſe Godly Divines, for their charity, care, and zeale for the preſervation and ſaving of his ſoule, and doth upon his knees beſeech them to pray unto the Lord to forgive him.

Wee have ſeene *Alibius* Murther his wife *Merilla*: wee have ſeene his apprehenſion, impriſonment, triall, conviction, and condemnation, for this his execrable and bloudy fact: wherein wee may obſerve how the juſtice of God ſtill triumpheth o're the temptation and malice of the Devill, and how Murther, though never ſo ſecretly acted, and concealed, will at laſt be detected and puniſhed. What reſteth there now, but that after wee have hereby made good uſe of this example, wee ſee *Alibius* fetched from his priſon, and conveyed to the place of execution: (whereat (as wee have heard) hee formerly ſtumbled in jeſt, but muſt now in earneſt) where, although it were timely in the morn, (as having the favour to dye alone, and at leaſt three houres before the other

other condemned malefactors) an infinite number of the Citizens of *Breſcia*, (of all rankes and of both ſexes) aſſembled to ſee *Alibius* take his laſt farewell of this World.

At his aſcending up the ladder, his faire gray beard and comely preſence drew pitty from the hearts, and teares from the eyes of the greateſt part of the ſpectators, to ſee that the Devill had ſo ſtrongly inchanted and ſeduced him to lay violent hands on his wife, and to ſee ſo grave and ſo proper an aged man thus misfortunately and untimely caſt away.

His ſpeech at his end was briefe and ſhort; onely hee freely confeſt his crime, and with infinite ſighes and teares beſought the world to pray for his ſoule: hee lamented the Vanity of his youth, and the diſſoluteneſſe of his age: told them, that his neglect of prayer to God, and his too much confidence in the devill, had brought him to this ſhamefull end; and therefore beſought them againe and againe to beware by his example: and ſo having ſolemnely freed his ſecond wife *Philatea* from being any way acquainted or acceſſary with the murther of his firſt wife *Merilla:* he recommending his ſoule into the hands of his Redeemer, dyed as penitently as hee had lived diſſolutely and prophanely.

And thus was the life and death of *Alibius*: the which I was the more willingly induced to publiſh, partly, becauſe I was an eye-witneſſe, both of his arraignement and death, (as I returned from my travells,) but more eſpecially, in hope that his example and Hiſtorie may prove to bee as great a conſolation to the Godly, as a terrour to the unrighteous.

To God bee all Glory and prayſe.

FINIS.

THE TRIUMPHS OF GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE CRYING AND Execrable Sinne of Murder.

Expreſſed

In thirty ſeuerall Tragicall Hiſtories, (digeſted into ſix Books) which containe great varietie of mournfull and memorable Accidents, Amourous, Morall, and Divine.

Booke II.

Written by IOHN REYNOLDS.

LONDON,
Printed by *Aug. Mathewes* for WILLIAM LEE, and are to be ſold at his ſhop in Fleetſtreet, at the ſigne of the Turks Head, neere the Mitre Taverne.
1634.

THE

TRIUMPHS

OF

GOD'S REVENGE

AGAINST

MURDER.

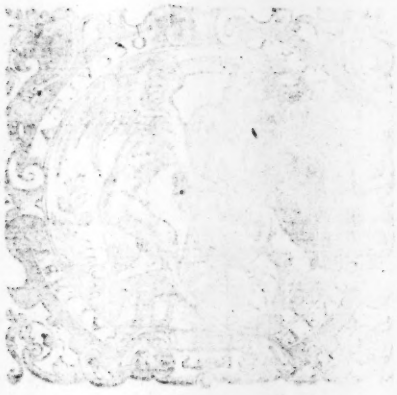
In thirty several Tragicall Histories,

Containing

Divers strange and memorable Accidents,

Both Publike and Private.

Booke II.



LONDON,

Printed by Iohn Norton for WILLIAM LEE,

and are to be sold at his Shop in Fleetstreet, at the signe of

the Tuns Head, neere the Mitre Tavern.

1634.

TO THE RIGHT HONOVRABLE AND TRVLIE NOBLE, *RICHARD* Lord *Buckhurſt*, Earle of *Dorſet*, and Lord Lievtennant of his Majeſties Countie of *Suſſex*.

RIGHT HONOVRABLE,

Vt of a reſolution, whether more bold or zealous, I know not, I have adventured this ſecond Booke of my Tragicall Hiſtories *to the World, under your Honours Patronage and protection: Neither needs I goe farre to yeeld either your Honour, or the World, a reaſon of this my* Preſumption *and* Ambition, *ſith your Vertues innobling your Bloud, as much as your* Nobility *illuſtrates your Vertues, was the firſt motive which drew me hereunto: for whiles many others indeavour to bee great, your Honour (reſembling your ſelfe) not onely indeavours, but ſtrives to bee good; as well knowing that* Goodneſſe *is the glory and eſſence, yea the life, and as I may ſay, the ſoule of* Greatneſſe; *and that betwixt* Greatneſſe *and* Goodneſſe *there is this difference and diſparitie; that, makes us famous, this, immortall; that, beloved of men, this, of* God; *that, accompanyeth us only to our Graves, and this, to* Heaven. *My ſecond prevayling Motive in this my* Dedication

proceeded

proceeded from the respect of my particular duety, (as my first was solely derived from the consideration of your owne generall and generous Vertues) for having the honour to retaine to your Noble *Brother, Sir* Edward Sackvile *Knight, to whom, for many singular respects, and (immerited) favours (whiles I am my selfe) I owe not onely my service, but my selfe; I therein hold me obliged and bound to proffer and impart this part of my Labours to your Honour, as the first publike testimony of my zeale and service, eternally devoted and consecrated to the* Illustrious *Name and Family of the* Sackeviles; *whereof* Gods *Divine providence hath made your Honour chiefe Heire and Pillar. The drift and scope of these Histories are to informe the World how* Gods Revenge still fights and triumphs against the crying and execrable sinne of (wilfull and premeditated) Murther, *which in these our (impure and profane) times, is so fatally and frequently coincident to unregenerate* Christians; *which Scarlet and bloody Crime is infallibly met with, and rewarded by* Gods *sharpe and severe punishments; having purposely published and divulged them to my deare Countrey of* England, *that they may serve (though not by the way of comparison, yet of application) as the sight of* Iulius Cæsars *bloudy Robe (shewed by* Marcus Antonius *to the* Romanes *in* Campo Martio, *when hee there pronounced his funerall* Oration) *thereby to make his Murther and Murtherers in the greater horrour and execration with the people. The* Histories *of themselves are as different, as their effects and accidents: their Scenes being wilfully and sinfully laid in diuers parts of* Christendome *beyond the seas, and the Tragedies vnfortunately perpetrated and personated by those, who more adhering to impiety, then* Grace, *and to Satan, then* God, *made shipwracke, if not of their soules with their bodies, I am sure of their liues with their fortunes, and of their fortunes with their lives. They themselves (or rather their sinnes) first brought the Materials, I, onely the collection, illustration,*

ſtration, and polliſhing of theſe their deplorable Hiſtories, *which are penned in ſo low a ſphære of ſpeech, and ſo inelegant a phraſe, as they can no way merit the* Honour *of your peruſall, much leſſe of your iudgement, and leaſt of all, of your Noble protection and Patronage.*

Howſoever, my hopes (led and marſhalled by the premiſes) doe as it were flatter mee, that your perfections will winke at my imperfections, and your curioſity at my ignorance and preſumption, in daigning permit this my rude Pamphlet, to ſalute and pilgrimage the World, under the authenticall paſſe-port of your Honours favour; who of her ſelfe is compoſed of ſo poore metall (or rather droſſe) as without the pure gold of your Honourable Name, it would runne a hazard, not to paſſe currant with the curious wits, and cenſures of this our (too curious and too cenſorious) age; whereof could I reſt aſſured, I ſhould then not onely rejoyce, but triumph in this my happineſſe, as ſo richly exceeding the proportion of my poore Labours and merits, that I could not aſpire to a greater honour, nor deſire a ſweeter felicity: And ſo recommending this my imperfect Pamphlet to your favour, my unworthy ſelfe to your pardon, and your Honour, *your* Noble Counteſſe, *and the ſweet young* Lady *your* Daughter, *to* Gods *beſt favours and mercies, I will aſſume the confidence and conſtancie to remaine*

Your Honours *in all humility and ſervice.*

IOHN REYNOLDS.

Your Honours in all bu-
sinesse and Service.

IOHN REYNOLDS.

THE GROVNDS, AND CONTENTS OF theſe HISTORIES.

HISTORIE VI.

Victorina *cauſeth* Sypontus *to ſtabbe and murther her firſt Husband* Souranza, *and ſhee her ſelfe poyſoneth* Faſſino *her ſecond: ſo they both being miraculouſly detected and convicted of theſe their cruell Murthers, hee is beheaded, and ſhee hang'd and burnt for the ſame.*

HISTORIE VII.

Catalina *cauſeth her Wayting Mayd* Auſilva *two ſeverall times attempt to poyſon her owne Siſter* Berinthia; *wherein fayling, ſhee afterwards makes an Empericke, termed* Sarmiata, *poyſon her ſaid Mayd* Anſilva: Catalina *is killed with a Thunder bolt, and* Sarmiata *hang'd for poyſoning* Anſilva. Antonio *ſteales* Berinthia *away by her owne conſent; whereupon her Brother* Sebaſtiano *fights with* Antonio, *and kills him in a Duell:* Berinthia *in revenge hereof, afterwards murthereth her Brother* Sebaſtiano; *ſhe is adjudged to be immured betwixt two Walls, and there languiſheth and dyes.*

HISTORIE VIII.

Belluile *treacherouſly murthereth* Poligny *in the ſtreet.* Laurieta, Poligny's *Miſtris, betrayeth* Belluile *to her Chamber, and there in revenge ſhoots him thorow the body with a Piſtoll, when aſsiſted by her Wayting-Mayd* Lucilla, *they likewiſe give him many wounds with a Ponyard, and ſo murther him.* Lucilla *flying for this fact, is drowned in a Lake, and* Laurieta *is taken and hang'd and burnt for the ſame.*

HISTORIE IX.

Iacomo de Caſtelnovo *luſtfully falls in love with his daughter in law* Perina, *his owne ſonne* Franciſco de Caſtelnovo's *Wife; whom to injoy, he cauſeth* Ierantha *firſt to poyſon his owne Lady* Fidelia, *and then his ſaid ſonne* Franciſco de Caſtelnovo: *in revenge whereof,* Perina *treacherouſly murtherth him in his bed.* Ierantha, *ready to dye in travell of child, confeſſeth her two Murthers; for the which ſhe is hang'd and burnt.* Perina *hath her right hand cut off, and is condemned to perpetuall impriſonment, where ſhe ſorrowfully dyes.*

HISTO-

Historie X.

Bertolini *ſeekes* Paulina *in marriage, but ſhe loves* Sturio, *and not himſelfe: hee prayes her Brother* Brellati, *his deare friend, to ſollicite her for him, which he doth, but cannot prevaile; whereupon* Bertolini *lets fall ſome diſgracefull ſpeeches, both againſt her honour, and his reputation: for which* Brellati *challengeth the Field of him, where* Bertolini *kills him, and hee flies for the ſame.* Sturio *ſeekes to marry her, but his father will not conſent thereunto, and conveyes him away ſecretly: for which two diſaſters,* Paulina *dyes for ſorrow.* Sturio *findes out* Bertolini, *and ſends him a Challenge, and having him at his mercie, gives him his life at his requeſt: hee afterwards very treacherouſly kills* Sturio *with a Petronel in the Street from a Window: he is taken for this ſecond Murther, his two hands cut off, then beheaded, and his body throwne into the River.*

THE

THE TRIVMPHS OF GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE CRYING, AND EXECRABLE sinne of *Murther*.

Historie VI.

Victorina *causeth* Sypontus *to stabbe and murther her first Husband* Souranza, *and shee her selfe poysoneth* Fassino *her second: so they both being miraculously detected and convicted of these their cruell Murthers, hee is beheaded, and shee hang'd and burnt for the same.*

WHere Lust takes up our desires, and Revenge and Murther seizeth on our resolutions, it is the true way to make us wretched in this life, and our soules miserable in that to come: for if Chastity and Charity (the two precious Vertues and ornaments of a Christian) steere not our actions on Earth, how shall (nay, how can) we hope to arrive to the harbour of Heaven? or if wee abandon these celestiall Vertues, to follow and imbrace those infernall Vices, what doe wee but take our selves from felicity to misery, and consequently give our selves from God to Satan? But did wee seriously (and not trivially) consider that there is a Heaven to reward the Righteous, and a hell to punish the ungodly, wee would neither defile our hearts, nor pollute our soules with the thought, much lesse with the action of such beastly and inhumane crimes: but in this sinnefull age of ours, the number is but too great of lascivious and impious Christians, who delight in the affection and practice thereof: among whom I here represent the History of an execrable Gentlewoman, and her wretched and unfortunate Lover, who were both borne to honour, and not to infamy: had they had as much grace to secure their lives, as vanity and impiety to ruine them. The History is bloudy, and therefore mournefull: but if we detest their crimes, we need not feare their punishments: for God is as gracious and propitious to protect the innocent, as just and severe to chastise the guilty.

IN *Italy*, the beauty of *Europe*, and in the City of *Venice* (the glory of *Italy*, the Nymph of the Sea, and the pearle and diamond of the world) in the latter yeares of the raigne of noble *Leonardo Donato*, who, as Duke, sate to the helme of that potent and powerfull Estate) so famous for banishing the Iesuits, and for opposing himself against the intrusion and fulminations of Pope *Paulus Quintus*, in the just defence and maintenance of the prerogatives and priviledges of the *Seignory*) There was at that time a gentleman

tleman, a younger brother, yet of well neere fifty yeares old, of the noble Fa mily of the *Beraldi*, named *Signior Iacomo Beraldi*, who dwelt above the *Rialto* Bridge (that famous Maſter-piece of Architecture) upon the *Canalla Grando*, who in the *Aprill* of his youth tooke to Wife the *Dona Lucia*, daughter to *Seignior Lorenzo Burſſo*, a Gentleman of *Padua*, by whom hee had ſeven Children, foure Sonnes, and three Daughters; ſo as his Wife and he eſteeming themſelves happy in their Iſſue, paſt away their time in much content and felicity: but God (for ſome ſecret and ſacred reaſons to his Divine Majeſty beſt knowne) converting his ſmiles into frownes, within the ſpace of ſeven yeares, takes away ſixe of their Children, ſo as their eldeſt daughter onely remained living, being a young Gentlewoman of ſome eighteene yeares old; named *Dona Victoryna*.

This young Gentlewoman, being noble, rich, and faire (three powerfull and attractive Adamants to draw the affections of many Cavaliers) according to her deſert, had divers Gallants who ſought her in Marriage: but ſhe was of nature proud, chollericke, diſdainfull, and malicious; Vices enow to ruine both a beauty and a fortune: but of all her ſutors and ſervants, he whom ſhe beſt loved and affected, was one *Seignior Sypontus*, a Gentleman of the City, who was more noble then rich, and yet more deboſht and vicious then noble; but otherwiſe a very proper young Gallant: but the perfections of the body are nothing to bee compared to the excellent qualities and indowments of the minde, for thoſe are but the varniſhes and ſhaddowes of a meete men, but theſe the perfections and excellencies of a wiſe man, and therein noble; ſith indeed wiſedome is one of the trueſt degrees, and moſt eſſentiall parts of Nobility. Now if *Victoryna* love *Sypontus*, with no leſſe reciprocall flame and zeale doth *Sypontus* affect *Victoryna*: for as his eyes behold the delicacie of her perſonage, and the ſweetneſſe of her beauty; ſo his heart loves either, and adores both: yea, ſo deep an impreſſion hath ſhe ingraven in his thoughts and contemplations, that he is never merry till he ſee her, nor pleaſed till he injoy the felicity of her company; which *Victorina* rejoyceth to ſee, and obſerves with infinite content and delectation. *Sypontus* thus intangled in the ſnares of *Victorina's* beauty, and ſhe likewiſe in thoſe of his perfections, he reſolves to court her, and ſeeke her in Marriage, which he performes with much affection, zeale, and conſtancie, leaving no induſtry, care, curioſity, or coſt unattempted, to inrich and crowne his deſires with the precious and ineſtimable treaſures of her love. I ſhould make this ſhort diſcourſe ſwell into an ample Hiſtory, to particularize, or punctually relate the Letters, Sonnets, Preſents, Meetings, Dancings, Muſicke, and Banquets, which paſt twixt theſe two Lovers, and wherewith *Sypontus* entertained his deare Miſtreſſe *Victoryna*: I will therfore purpoſely omit it, and cover my ſelfe with this excuſe, which may ſatisfy my Reader, to conſider that *Sypontus* (as before) was an *Italian*, whoſe cuſtome and nature rather exceede, then come ſhort, in all amorous ceremonies and complements: And therefore againe to reſume my Hiſtory, I muſt briefely declare, that after the protraction and receſſe of a yeares time *Victoryna* conſenteth to *Sypontus*, to bee his Wife, ſo farre forth as hee can obtaine thoſe of her father and mother: a fit and vertuous anſwer of a daughter, wherein I know not whether ſhe bewray more modeſty and diſcretion in her ſelfe, or reſpect and obedience to her parents.

Sypontus infinitely pleaſed with this ſweet newes and delightfull melody, is as it were raviſhed and rapt up into heaven with joy, when flattering himſelfe with this poore hope, that as *Victoryna* was curteous, ſo he ſhould finde her parents kinde to him; hee, with much reſpect and honour, repaires to *Beraldi* and *Lucia*, and in faire and diſcreet termes acquaints them with his long affection to their daughter *Victoryna*; whom (with as much earneſtneſſe as humility) hee prayes to beſtow her on him for his wife: but this old Couple are as much diſpleaſed at *Sypontus* his motion, as their Daughter

Victoryna

Victoryna rejoyceth thereat, and so they returne him their denyall in stead of their consent; only in generall termes they thanke him for his love and honour, and certifie him that they have otherwise disposed of their daughter. *Sypontus* bites the lip, and *Victorina* hangs her head at this their bitter and distastfull answer: but hee is too generous and amorous to bee put off with this first repulse. Whereupn he imployes his Parents and kinsfolkes (whereof some were of the chiefest ranke of *Senatours* and *Magnifico's*) to draw *Beraldi* and *Lucia* to consent to this Match; but in vaine: for they are deafe to those requests, and resolute in their denyall, grounding their refusall upon *Sypontus* his poverty: for they see he is become poore; because in the last trans-marine Warres, the *Turkes* tooke from his father and himselfe most of his Lands and Possessions neere *Scutari* in *Dalmatia*: and therefore they resolve to provide a richer husband for their Daughter. The iniquity of our times are as strange as lamentable: for in matters of Marriage, parents, without due regard either to the natures or affections of their children, still preferre gold before grace, and many times Riches before Vertue and Nobility, which concurre and meet in one personage: but diverse of these Marriages, in the end, finde either shame, misery, or repentance, and sometimes all.

Sypontus stormes as much as *Victoryna* grieves at his refusall: but to frustrate that, and provide for this, *Beraldi* deales with *Seignior Iovan Baptista Souranza* to marry his daughter *Victorina*, who is a Gentleman of a good house, but farre richer then *Sypontus*; but withall farre different in age: for *Sypontus* is but twenty eight yeares old, and *Souranza* neere threescore. So as gold playing the chiefest part in this contract, *Souranza* is sure of *Victoryna* for his wife, ere he know her, or hardly hath seene her. *Beraldi* advertizeth his daughter of his will and pleasure herein: so *Souranza* sees her with affection and joy, and she him with disdaine and griefe: and thus this old Lover the first time entertaines his young Mistresse with kisses, and she him with teares. He is no sooner departed, but *Victorina* very sorrowfully and pensively throwes her selfe to her Parents feet, and with showres of teares very earnestly and passionately beseeches them, that they will not inforce her to marry *Souranza*, whom (she affirmes) she cannot love, much lesse obey, prayes them to consider what a misery, nay, what a hell it will be to her thoughts and selfe, to have him in her bed, and *Sypontus* in her heart. When she could no further proceed, because her sighes cut her wordes in pieces, and so griefe daunting her heart, and her feare to *Souranza*, and affection to *Sypontus*, casting a milke-white Vayle over her Vermillian cheekes, she sinkes to the earth in a faynting cold swoone: when her hard-hearted and cruell parents (more with astonishment then commiseration and pitty) step to her assistance, and againe bring her to her sences: who not forgetting where her speeches ended, she remembers to beginne and continue them thus: O my deare Parents, name not *Souranza* for my husband, but if you will needes give me one, then by all that bloud of yours, which streameth in all the veines of my body, of two let me injoy one, either *Sypontus*, or my Grave; he the beginner of my joyes, or this the ender of all my miseries and sorrowes; neither is it disobedience in mee, but feare of cruelty in your eyes, that throwes me on the exigent of this request and resolution: whereon I pray, consider by the bonds of nature, and not by the rules of avarice and inhumanity. But her father and mother (without any respect to her youth and teares, or regard to her affection and prayers) love *Souranza's* wealth so well, as as they will hate *Sypontus* his poverty, and in it himselfe: and therefore checking *Victoryna* for her folly, and taxing her of indiscretion, their command and authority gives a law to her obedience and desires: And to conclude, they are so bitter, and withall, so cruell to her, that within few dayes they violently inforce her to marry *Souranza*. But this inforced Match will produce repentance and misery of all sides.

As it is a duty in children to honor and obey their parents, so it is no lesse in parents

carefully to regard, and tenderly to affect their children: but in Matches that are concluded with wealth without affection, there Parents ought proceede with judgement, not with paſſion, with perſwaſion, not with force: for can there bee any hell upon earth comparable to that of a diſcontented bed, or is it not a griefe to Parents, through their cruelty, to ſee their children live in deſpaire in ſtead of hope, in affliction in ſtead of joy; and to dye miſerably, whereas they might have lived pleaſantly and proſperouſly? Tis true that young folkes affections are not ſtill well grounded, but for want of advice and counſell many times meet with miſery for felicity: yet ſith Marriage is a Contract, not for a day, but for ever, not for an houre, but for the tearme and leaſe of our lives; therefore Parents, in matching their children, ſhould be rather charitable then greedy for the world, and rather compaſſionate then ridged: but enough of this, and againe to our *Hiſtory*.

Wee have ſeene *Victorina*, with an unwilling willingneſſe, inforc'd to marry *Souranza*: wee ſhall not goe farre, before we ſee what ſharpe calamities and bitter afflictions and miſeries this March produceth: *The argument and cauſe briefely is thus*; Victorina *lyes with her husband* Souranza, *but cannot love him*: from whence (as ſo many lines from their centre) ſpring forth many mournfull and diſaſtrous accidents: the litle ring of Matrimony incloſeth many great and waighty conſiderations, and among others this is not one of the leaſt: diſparity in yeares makes no true harmony in affections; for there is no affinity twixt *January* and *May*, and it is a matter, though not impoſſible, yet difficult for youth and age to ſympathize: *Soranza's* beſt performance of the rites and dueties of Marriage, is but deſire; yea, his age cannot ſufficiently eſtimate, much leſſe reward the daynties of *Victorina's* youth; for he is more ſuperſtitious then amorous, as delighting rather to kiſſe an Image in the Church, then his wife in his bed, and not to betray the truth. I muſt crave leave of modeſty, to averre that ſhe findes little difference twixt a Mayd and a Wife, ſo as her luſt out-braving her chaſtity, and ſenſuality trampling her vertues and honour under foote, whereas her affection ſhould looke from *Sypontus* to *Souranza*, both ſhe and it contrariwiſe looke from *Souranza* to *Sypontus*. Diſſembling pleaſures, which ſtrangle when they ſeeme to imbrace and kiſſe us, bitter Pills candide in Sugar, Cordialls to the ſence, but Corroſives to the ſoule! Yea, *Victorina* in forgetting her modeſty, will not remember her vow in Marriage; for had ſhe beene as vertuous as young, or as chaſt as faire, it had not onely beene her vertue, but her duety, to have ſmothered the defects, and concealed the imperfections and impotencie of her old husband: Chaſtity would have perſwaded her to this, but incontinencie and luſt draw her to a contrary reſolution.

Sypontus likewiſe ſtormes and grieves at this unwiſhed and unequall Match of old *Souranza* with his young and faire *Victorina*; yea, he hates him ſo much, and loves her ſo tenderly and dearely, as hee would, but cannot prevent it: for (as before) they are marryed; and hee in ſtead of the *Laurell* is inforced to weare the *Willow*: but his griefe findes this comfort, and her diſcontent this conſolation, that ſith *Victoryna* is not his Wife, ſhe is his Miſtreſſe; and ſith *Sypontus* is not her Husband, hee is her Servant, or (to uſe the *Venetian* phraſe) ſhee is his *Courtizana*, and hee her *Enamorata*: but ſuch leagues and contracts of vicious affections ſeldome make happy ends; for as they beginne in luſt, ſo commonly they terminate in infamy and miſery. *Sypontus* often familiarizeth with *Victoryna*, yea, their familiarity is ſuch, as I in modeſty will not report, ſith in chaſtity I cannot, and although they beare their affections and pleaſures ſecret, yet cuſtome breeding a habit, and that a ſecond nature, *Souranza* is now no ſooner abroad, but *Sypontus* is at home, ſo as in effect *Souranza* is but the ſhaddow, and *Sypontus* the ſubſtance of *Victoryna's* husband: but theſe laſcivious Lovers ſhall pay deare for their affections; *Sypontus* for entertaining and keeping another mans Wife, and *Victoryna* for

for breaking her vow in wedlocke to her husband, in defiling his bed, and contaminating her body with the foule ſinne of Adultery.

It had bin good & ſafe for them, if they had not begun theſe their beaſtly pleaſures, but to give no end to them, muſt needs prove dangerous & ruinous: to commit this ſin of Adultery is odious, but to perſevere therein, is moſt abominable before God: the reaſon hereof is as true as pregnant; for if the reward of a ſingle ſin be death, the redoubling thereof muſt needs be double damnation: but as it is the nature of Adultery to be accompanied and waited on by other ſins, ſo *Victoryna* is not only content to love *Sypontus*, but ſhe makes a farther progreſſion in impiety, and will needes hate her husband *Souranza*; who poore honeſt Gentleman, ſicke with the Gout, and a Cough of the Lungs, is now diſtaſtfull, and which is worſe, odious to her: ſo that ſhee which ſhould be a cordiall to his age, his age is now a corroſive to her youth, and ſhe ſo farre forgets both her ſelfe and her duety, as ſhe rather contemnes then loves him, and as he rejoyceth in her ſight, ſo ſhe delights in nothing ſo much as in his abſence, and *Sypontus* preſence: ſhee makes her diſcontents and malice to her husband knowne to *Sypontus*, who doth pitty, but will not remedie them: all her ſpeeches tend to wiſh her ſelfe in another world, or her husband not in this. *Sypontus* is not ignorant whereat ſhe aymes; but although he enjoy the wife, yet he cannot finde in his heart, but is too conſciencious to murther the husband: had hee remained in the conſtancie of this reſolution, he had been happy, and not ſo miſerable and unfortunate to end his dayes with ſhame and infamy. But now behold, an unexpected accident drawes and throwes him on headlong to perpetrate this execrable Murther, for (as the *Gentrie* and *Nobility* of *Venice* are for the moſt part Merchants) ſo *Sypontus* receiveth ſudden and ſorrowfull newes of two great loſſes befalne him, in the *Levant* Seas, in two ſeverall ſhips, the one comming from *Alleppo*, taken by the *Turkiſh* Pyrates of *Rhodes*, the other from *Alexandria*, taken, as is ſuppoſed, by one of the *Duke* of *Oſſunas Neopolitan* Gallies, ſcowring the *Ilands* of the *Archipelagus*, in which two Veſſels he loſt at leaſt ſeventy thouſand *Zeckynes*, it being the two third parts of his whole eſtate: and now to maintaine his greatneſſe, and beare up his port and reputation, knowing *Souranza* to be infinitly rich, and his wife *Victorina* yong, amorous, and faire, he agrees with the devill, and ſo reſolves to murther him, and then to marry her; which he knowes ſhe above any earthly matter chiefely deſires. Lo here the foundation and project of a Murther, as lamentable as execrable! Neceſſi y in baſe ſpirits may be a powerfull, but in thoſe more vertuous and noble, it ſhould never bee a pernicious and prodigious counſelour: for there is as much generoſity and fortitude in ſupporting poverty with patience, as there is covetouſneſſe in being ambitious to purchace wealth with infamy.

At the next enterview and meeting of *Sypontus* and *Victorina*, ſhe like a bad woman, a wicked wife, and a wreched creature, redoubleth him her complaints and diſcontents againſt her husband; and becauſe *Sypontus* knowes it wiſedome to ſtrike whiles the Iron is hot, as alſo that Time muſt be taken by the forelocke, he like a wretched Politician layes hold of this occaſion and opportunity, and ſo conſenteth to the Murther of her husband, when from this bloudy reſolution, they paſſe to the manner how to effect it: they conſult on this lamentable buſineſſe. *Victorina* (induſtrious in her malice) propoſeth to poyſon him, and ſo to bury him in her little garden: but *Sypontus* diſlikes this project, and profers her to murther him in his *Gondola*, as he comes from *Lucifizina*: whereon they agree. So ſome ten dayes after, *Victorina* advertiſeth him, that her husband is to goe to his houſe of pleaſure in the Countrey, neere *Padua*, on the banke of the River *Brenta*, where hee is onely to ſtay three dayes. *Sypontus* imbraceth this occaſion, and continually wantonizing with his wife in his abſence, promiſeth her to meet her husband at his returne, and then to diſpatch him; which newes with a longing de-

fire this miserable Curtezan *Victorina* attends him with as much impatience as impudencie. *Sypontus* in the meane time (in favour of twice ten *Zeckynes*) is prepared of two wicked *Gondoliers* or Watermen, who deepely vow and sweare to conceale this Murther. So the precise day of *Souranza's* departure from his Countrey house being come, *Sypontus*, not to faile of his promise to *Victorina*, in the execution of his bloody and damnable attempt, takes his *Gondola*, and hovers in the direct passage betwixt *Lucifizina* and *Venice*, for *Souranza* his arrivall, who, poore harmelesse Gentleman, loved his young wife so tenderly and dearely, as hee thought this short time long that hee had wanted from her: but hee hath seene his last of her, and *allasse*, *alasse*, hee shall see an end of himselfe: for about five of the clocke in the evening (it being Summer time) his usuall houre of returne, hee takes *Gondola* at *Lucifizina*, for *Venice*, and neere midway twixt both, *Sypontus* espies him, and the sooner, because it being hot weather, and no wind stirring, *Souranza* had caused his courtaines to bee withdrawne. *Sypontus* (inflamed with boyling malice and Revenge) with all possible celerity makes towards his *Gondola*, the which disguised and masked hee enters, and there with his Ponyard very divellishly stabs him three severall times at the heart, when falling downe to his feet, hee most barbarously cut of his beard, and nose (that hee might not bee knowne) and so throwes him into the Sea; as also his Waterman after him, that they might tell no tales: when having finished these execrable Murthers, hee with his *Gondola*, with all possible speed hyes first to *Murano*, and so lands by the *Patriarchy*, from thence by the *Arsenall*, and so to his owne house behind Saint *Servi's* Church, thereby to cast a fayrer varnish on this villany, by landing and comming into the Citie another way, when being arrived at his house, hee that night by a confident servant of his, sends *Victoryna* this Letter.

SYPONTVS to VICTORYNA.

FAire and deare Victoryna, *I have begun, and ended a businesse, which infinitly imports thy good, and my content: the party hath drunke his fill of White and Claret, and is now gone to his eternall rest: so a little time, I hope, will wipe off thy old teares, and confirme thy new joyes: bee but as affectionate, as I secret, and as secret, as till death I will bee affectionate, and thou needst neither feare my fortunes, nor doubt thine owne: judge what I would doe to injoy thee and for thy sake, sith I have already undertaken and acted a businesse of this nature: we must for a time refraine each others company, that wee may the sooner meet, and imbrace, with more content, and lesse danger.*

SYPONTVS.

Victoryna infinitly rejoyceth at this newes, and the better to cloke her malice, under the vaile of secrecie, shee laments and complaines to her father of her husbands long absence. *Souranza's* Parents are by *Beraldi* acquainted herewith, they begin to finde the time of his stay very long, and now resolve to send his nephew, *Seignior Andrea Souranza* up the river *Brenta*, to know the cause thereof: hee passeth and repasseth the Sluce of *Lucifizina*, and brings word that hee departed thence for *Venice*, in a *Gondola*, foure dayes since: *Victoryna* his wife grieves, and weepes at his absence, so doe his owne Parents and friends, who enquire of all sides, but finde comfort or newes from none what is become of him. And here, Reader, before thy curiosity carry thee further, I conjure thee to stand astonished and wonder, at the inscrutable and wonderfull judgement of God, in the detection of this Murther. For Fishermen some eight dayes casting out their nets betwixt the *Ilands* of *La Lazareto* and Saint *George Majore*, bring up this dead body of Murthered *Souranza*, being well apparelled: but chiefly for

for their owne discharge, they bring the dead corps to *Venice*, and land him at Saint *Markes* stayres; where they extend and expose his body to bee knowne of passengers: now behold further *Gods* miraculous providence, in the discovery and finding out hereof: for amongst the numberlesse number of spectators and walkers, who dayly and almost hourely frequent and adorne that famous Burse and incomparable Palace, it happened that *Andrea Souranza* cast his eye on this dead and sea-withered body: on whom hee lookes with as much stedfastnesse as curiosity, as if *Nature* had made his living body a part of that dead; or as if his hot bloud had some sympathy and affinity with that of the dead personage, which long since the coldnesse of the Sea had congealed and frozen: but at last espying a red spot in his necke (under his right eare) that hee brought into the world with him, and which all the influence and vertue of the water of the Sea had not power to deface and wash away: as also observing a wart over his left eye-lid, which *Nature* had given his birth, and his youth his age: hee passionately cryes out before the world, that it is the body of his Vncle, *Seignior Iovan Baptista Souranza*: so it is visited by his Parents and friends, and knowne to bee the same: so they carry him to an adjoyning house, and there devesting it naked, finde that hee hath three severall wounds in his body, either of a Sword or Ponyard, which gives matter of talke, and administreth cause of admiration in all the City: so they bury him honourably according to his ranke and degree, and all knowing him to bee Murthered, infinitly bewaile his untimely, and lament his mournefull death: but especially his wife *Victoryna*, who having formerly plaid the strumpet, then the Murtheresse, now takes on the maske, and assumes the representation of an Hypocrite; outwardly seeming to dye for sorrow, when God, and her foule ulcerated conscience knowes, that inwardly her heart leapes for joy, thus to bee depriv'd and freed of her old husband. Yea, and the more to bleare the eyes, and eclipse the judgement of the world, for casting the least shadow of suspicion on her for this unnaturall Murther: shee and her whole family take on blacke and mourning Attire, and for her selfe in two moneths after, never goes forth her house, except to the Church where her husband was buryed: where her Hppocrisie is so infinitely feigned, and dissembling, that she is often observed to bedew and wash his Tombe with her teares: but these *Crocadile* teares of hers, and these her false and treacherous sorrowes shall not availe her: for although *Gods* divine and sacred *Majestie* bee mercifull in his justice, yet hee is so just in his mercies, as neither the politique secrecie of *Sypontus*, nor the Hypocriticall sorrowes of *Victoryna*, for this cruell Murther, shall goe either unmasked or unpunished: but in their due appointed time, they shall be brought forth in their colours, and made publique examples, as well of infamy, as destruction for the same: the manner is thus:

The deceased *Signiour Iovan Souranza* hath a younger brother, named *Signiour Hieronymo Souranza*: who having carefully and curiously observed, that his sister in law *Victoryna*, never perfectly nor dearely loved his brother her husband, and that shee was neither so familiar, nor dutifull to him, as it behoov'd her, during the tearme of her marriage: which partly hee attributed to the disparity of their yeares, in respect of the frozennesse of his age, and the heat and freshnesse of her youth. He began vehemently to suspect her of this Murther, which hee often revolv'd and ruminated in his minde, as if the suggestion and perswasion thereof, not onely bore probability but truth with it: to which end, as the affection of a true friend (much more of a brother) should passe beyond the Grave, and not remaine intomb'd, and buried in the dust thereof, hee is resolv'd to put his best wits and invention upon the tenter-hookes, to discover and reveale the same: to which end, hee breakes with *Victorina's Gentlewoman*, who wayted on her in her Chamber, and who indeed was his owne Neece *Felitia*,

licia, to know what *Gentlewomen* chiefly frequented her *Lady*. *Felicia* informes her Vnkle, that *Signor Sypontus* is many nights with her, that there is much affection and familiarity betweene them, and that he sends her many Letters. Her Vncle glad of this glimmering light, which hee hopes will produce a greater and perfecter, conjures her to intercept some of his Letters, for the more effectuall discovery of his brother, and her Vnkles death. So *Felicia* promiseth her best care and fidelity herein, and shortly effecteth it: for in few dayes after, being sent by her Lady *Victoryna* to a Casket of hers, to fetch her a new paire of *Romish* Gloves, shee opening an Ivory Box, therein findes a Letter; which shee reads, and seeing it signed by *Sypontus*, shee thinks it no sinne to be false to her Lady, and true to her Vnkle, and so very secretly and safely sends it him; which indeede was the very Letter wee have formerly seene and read: and now is his jealousie and suspicion confirm'd. So vowing and Sacrifizing Revenge to his dead and Murthered brother, away hee goes to three chiefe Iudges of the forty, who sit on criminall causes, and very passionately accuseth *Sypontus* and *Victoryna* for the Murther, committed on the person of his Brother *Signiour Iovan Baptista Souranza*, at Sea: whereupon they are both committed prisoners, but sequestred in severall Chambers. *Sypontus* is first examined, then *Victoryna*: they both very constantly deny the Murther, and with many sugred words, and subtill evasions, intimate and insinuate, their innocencies therein: so the next day the Iudges produce *Sypontus* his owne Letter; the sight whereof extreamely afflicteth and vexeth him: but hee is constant in his denyall, and resolute in that constancy, and so takes on a brazen face, and with many asseverations and imprecations, againe and againe denies it, averring it is not his hand, but a meere imposture and invention of his enemies, who have counterfaited it, purposely to procure his ruine and destruction: yet inwardly to himselfe he feareth all is discovered, and that there is no meanes left him to escape death, whose Image and forme hee now too apparantly and fatally sees before his eyes. So hee is sent backe to his prison, and his Iudges in the *interim* consult on his fact; where hee is no sooner arrived, but bolting his Chamber privately to himselfe, hee considering that either *Victoryna*, or some for her, had betrayed him by his owne Letter, hee in the bitter fury of choller and passion, throwes away his Hat, now crosseth his armes, and then beates his brest, and stamping with his feet, at last very low to himselfe bandeth forth these speeches:

And is it possible, that I must now lose my life through *Victoryna* her folly and treachery, into whose hands I repos'd both my secrets and it? Have I done what I have done for her her sake, and is this the requitall she gives me? And sith there is no other witnesse, must mine owne Letter bee produced in justice against mee? What will I not doe? what have I not done for her sake? Woe is me, that I should live to be rewarded with this monstrous and inhumane ingratitude; when for sorrow and indignation, not able to containe himselfe, hee takes Pen and Paper, and writes *Victoryna* this ensuing Letter.

SIPONTVS to VICTORYNA.

IS it possible that thy affection to me hath been all this while feigned, and that thou, whom I trusted with all my secrets, art now become the onely woman of the world to betray mee? I have hazarded my life for thy sake, and must I now be so unfortunate and wretched, to lose it through thy treacherie? When I bore matters with such care and secresie, that no witnesse whatsoever could bee produced against mee, must mine owne Letter, which was safely delivered thee, be brought forth to convict mee of my crime, and so to incurre death, which otherwise I had avoyded? Is this thy reward of my love? Is this thy recompence of my affection? O Victoryna, Victoryna!

ryna! *Such is my tender esteeme of thy sweet youth and beauty, that had I injoyed a thousand lives, I would have reputed my selfe happy, to have lost them all for thy sake and service: and having but one, wilt thou bee so cruell to deprive mee thereof? But that my loyalty and my affection may shine in thy malice; take this for thy comfort, that as I have ever liv'd, so I will now dye thy true Servant and faithfull Lover.*

SYPONTVS.

But obserue here the errour of *Sypontus* his judgement: for whiles hee imputes it to *Victoryna's* treachery, that this his Letter will occasion his death; hee is so irreligious and impious, as hee lookes not up to heaven, to consider that the detection thereof proceeds from Gods immediate finger and providence. No: No. For the divell yet holds his thoughts so fast captivated and intangled in the snares of *Victoryna's* beauty, as hee hath not yet the grace to looke from his crime, to his repentance; nor consequently from Earth to Heaven: but like a prophane *Libertine* and unregenerate person, being within a small point of time neere his end, hee yet thinkes not of his soule, nor of God, but onely dallies away the remainder of his houres, in the miserable contemplation of his fond affection and beastly sensuality.

By this time *Victoryna* hath receiv'd his Letter; at the newes and reading whereof, such is the passion of her frenzy, which shee (though unjustly) tearmes love: that shee is all in teares, sighes, and lamentable exclamations: she knowes it impossible for any other of the world to bee the reuealer of *Sypontus* his Letter, but onely her Mayd *Felicia*, whom in her uncharitable Revenge, shee curseth to the pit of hell: but that which addes a greater torment to her torments, and a more sensible degree of affliction to her miserable sorrowes, is, to see that her *Sypontus* (whom by many degrees she loves far dearer then her life) finisterly suspecteth her fidelity towards him: yea so farre, as hee not onely calls her affection but her treachery in question: and this indeed seemes to drowne her in her teares. But yet notwithstanding so fervent is her love towards him, as the feare of his death drawes her to a resolution of her owne: so if *Sypontus* dye, shee vowes shee will bee her owne accuser, and so not live, but dye with him. Strange effects of love, or rather of folly, sith love being irregular, and taking false objects, (in its true character) is not love, but folly: to which end, calling for inke and paper, she bitterly weeping, indites and sends him these few lines, in answer of his.

VICTORYNA to SYPONTVS.

I Were the most wretched and ingratefullest Lady of the world; yea a Lady who should not then deserve either to see or live in the world, if Victoryna *should any way prove treacherous to* Sypontus, *who hath still beene so true and kinde to her. But beleeve mee, Deare* Sypontus, *and I speake it in presence of God, upon perill of my soule, I am as innocent as that witch, that devill, my mayd* Felicia *is guilty of the producing of thy Letter; which I feare will prove thy death, and rejoyce that in it, it shall likwise prove mine. For to cleer my selfe of ingratitude & trechery, as I have lived, so I will dye wiyh thee: that as we mutually participated the joyes of life, so we may the torments of death: for although thy Letter accuse me not of my Husband* Souranza's *Murther, yet that my affection may shine in my loyalty, and that in my affection, I will not survive, but dye with thee: for I will accuse my selfe to my Iudges, not onely as accessary, but as author of that Murther: and this resolution of mine I write thee with teares, and will shortly seale it with my bloud.*

VICTORYNA.

Sypontus

Sypontus, in the middeſt of his perplexities and ſorrowes, receives this Letter from *Victoryna*, the ſweetneſſe of whoſe affection and conſtancy, much revives his joy, and comforteth him. For now her innocency defaceth his ſuſpicion of her ingratitnde and treachery: and withall hee plainely ſees, and truly beleeves, that it was *Felicia*, not *Victoryna*, who brought this Letter to Light. But when hee deſcends to the latter part of her Letter, and finds her reſolution to dye with him, then hee condemnes his former errour in taxing her, and in requitall, loves her ſo tenderly and dearely, that he vowes hee will bee ſo farre from accuſing her, as acceſſary of her husbands Murther, as both the Racke, and his death ſhall cleare and proclaime her innocency. Had the ground of theſe fervent and reciprocall affections of *Victoryna* and *Sypontus*, beene laid in vertue, as they were in vice; or in chaſtity, and not in luſt and adultery, they would have given cauſe to the whole world, as juſtly to prayſe, as now to diſpraiſe them, and then to have beene as ambitious of their imitation, as now of their contempt and deteſtation.

So *Sypontus* (as before) having fully and definitively reſolved not to accuſe, but to cleare *Victoryna* of this Murther, as alſo that hee would dye alone, and leave her youth and beauty to the injoying of many more earthly pleaſures: hee expecting hourely to bee ſent for before his Iudges, to ſit upon his torment or death, thinking himſelfe bound both in affection and honour, to ſignifie *Victoryna* his pleaſure herein, he craves his Iaylors abſence, and with much affection and paſſion, writes her this his laſt Letter:

SIPONTVS to VICTORYNA.

SWeet Victoryna, *thy Letter hath given mee ſo full ſatisfaction, as I repent mee of my raſh credulity, conceived againſt thy affection and conſtancy, and now lay the fault of the diſcovery of my Letter, where it is, and ought to bee, on* Felicia, *not on thy ſelfe. It is with a ſorrowfull, but true preſage, that I foreſee, my life haſtens to her period; the Racke is already prepared for my torments, and I hourely expect when I ſhall bee fetch't to receive them, which for thy ſake I will imbrace and ſuffer, with as much conſtancy as patience: I will deny mine owne guiltineſſe the firſt time, but not the ſecond: but in my torments and death I will acquit thee of thine, with as true a reſolution, as Earth expects to loſe mee, and I hope to finde Heaven. Therefore all the by bonds of love and affection that ever hath beene between us, I firſt pray, then conjure thee to change thy reſolution, and to ſtand on thine innocency. For if thou wilt, or deſireſt to gratifie mee with thy laſt affection and courteſie at my death; let mee beare this one content and joy to my grave, that* Victoryna *will live for* Sypontus *his ſake, though* Sypontus *dye for hers.*

SYPONTVS.

Hee had no ſooner ſent away this his Letter to *Victoryna*, but hee himſelfe is ſent for to appeare before his Iudges, who upon his ſecond examination and denyall, adjudge him to the Racke; which hee indures with admirable patience and conſtancy. Yea, hee cannot bee drawne to confeſſe, but ſtands firme in his denyall, and not onely cleares himſelfe, but alſo acquits *Victoryna*: *Hieronyme Souranza* doth notwithſtanding earneſtly follow and ſolicite the Iudges, and God, out of his immenſe mercy and profound providence ſo ordaineth, that their conſciences ſuggeſt and prompt them, that *Sypontus* is the actor of this execrable Murther. Whefore the next day they adminiſter him double torment: when loe, his reſolution and ſtrength fayling him, hee acknowledgeth the letter his, and confeſſeth it was himſelfe that had Murthered *Seignior*

Iovan

Iovan Baptista Souranza: but withall protesteth constantly that *Victoryna* is innocent, and no way accessary hereunto. The Iudges rejoyce at *Sypontus* his confession, as much as they grieve at the foulenesse of his fact: and so, although they were also desirous to hang him, yet considering hee was a *Venecian* Gentleman, (and consequently had a great voyce in the great Counsell of the *Seigniory*) they adjudge him the next day to lose his head, betwixt the two Columes at Saint *Markes Place*, and so for that night send him backe to his prison, to prepare himselfe to dye. *Sypontus* is no sooner departed from them, but they consult on *Victoryna*, whether shee were guilty, or innocent of her husband *Souranza's* Murther, but they differ in opinion: some would likewise have her Racked: but others of them more advised and modest, reply that *Sypontus* his Letter intimated onely his affection to *Victoryna*, but no way her malice to her dead husband *Souranza*, nor that shee was any way guilty or accessary to his Murther: so they resolve to forbeare her, and not to put her to the torment, except *Sypontus* accuse her at his execution. Now the very night that hee was to die the next morne, hee infinitely desires his Iaylor to permit him to conferre with *Victoryna*, and to take his last leave of her, which is denyed him, as having received command from authority to the contrary; whereat extreamely grieving, hee is called away by some Divines, whom the charity of that grave Senate send him, to prepare and direct his soule, in her passage and transmigration to Heaven. So passing the night in teares and prayers for the foulenesse of his crime, the morne being come, and nine of the clock strucken, hee is brought to the scaffold, where a world of people concurre and flock from all parts of the City, to see this wretched and unfortunate Gentleman act the last Sceane and part of his life upon this infamous *Theater*. Heere *Sypontus* freely confesseth his foule Murther of *Souranza*, but is yet so vaine and wretched, as hee takes it to his death, that *Victoryna* is absolutely innocent hereof: hee seemes to bee very repentant and sorrowfull for all his sinnes in generall', and for this Murther in particular.

For expiation and reward hereof, his head is severed from his body: a just recompence and punishment for so vicious and bloudy a Gentleman, who adhering to adultery more then chastity, to revenge then charity, and to the devill then God, forgot himselfe so farre, as to commit this execrable and lamentable Murther.

Now, the order and *Decorum* of our History, leades us from dead *Sypontus*, to living *Victoryna*, who, I know not whether more grieve at his death, or rejoyce, that on the Racke and scaffold hee hath acquitted her of her husbands Murther. In a word, it is remarkeable to behold the vanity and inconstancy of this female Monster: for contrary to her vowes, and repugnant to her Letters and teares, *Sypontus* is no sooner dead, but her affection towards him dyes with him: yea, his bloud is scarce so soone cold, as her zeale and friendship: for shee now holds it a pure folly to cast away her youth and life, if shee may preserve the one, and save the other; and therefore resolves to try her best art and wit, to make her innocencie passe currant with her Iudges: yea, so desirous and ambitious is shee to live, as her female heart hath drawne on this masculine fortitude and generosity, that if occasion present, shee will constantly both out-dare and out-brave the torments of the Racke, thereby to prevent her death.

Some three daies after *Sypontus* was executed, the Iudges againe sit and consult on *Victoryna*, but finding no evidence nor witnesse to accuse her, they at first are of opinion to discharge and free her: onely they deeme it requisite to terrifie, but not to torment her with the Racke, before they give her her liberty: whereunto they all agree. So they send for her, and threaten her with the Racke: but shee vowes, that all the torments of the world shall never inforce her to confesse an untruth, and that

she

ſhee never had the leaſt ſuſpicion that *Sypontus* was guilty of this execrable Murther of her husband: her Iudges will not yet beleeve her; ſo they cauſe her to be carryed to the Racke: whereunto ſhee very cheerefully and patiently permits her ſelfe to bee faſtened, bidding the Executioner doe his worſt: which conſtancie of hers, her Iudges ſeeing and hearing, they, in pitty and commiſeration, as well of her youth and beauty, as to her deſcent, and the teares and prayers of venerable old *Beraldi* her father, cauſe her to bee looſed, and ſo in open Court acquit and diſcharge her.

Here wee ſee this wretched *Courtizan* *Victoryna* acquitted of her Iudges for her husbands Murther, ſo as triumphing more in her good fortune, then her innocencie, ſhee now thinkes the ſtorme of her puniſhment paſt and ore-blowne, and that no future can poſſibly bee reſerved for her, or ſhee for it: but her hopes will deceive her: for although ſhee have made her peace with Earth, yet ſhee hath not with Heaven; and although ſhe have deluded the eyes of her Iudges, yet ſhe ſhall not thoſe of God; but when his appoynted houre, and her due time is come, then her crimes and ſins, her adultery and Murther ſhall draw down vengeance from heaven to her confuſion. In the meane time wee ſhall ſee this Monſter, and diſgrace of her ſexe, make ſuch bad uſe of her former danger, as ſhee will againe adde bloud to bloud, and Murther to Murther: but God will reſerve not onely the rod of his wrath for her correction, but the full viols of his indignation for her confuſion; as the ſequell will ſhew thee.

Sixe moneths are ſcarce paſt, ſince the Murther of her husband *Souranza*, and the execution of her *Enamorata* *Syponsus*, but ſhee hath already quite forgotten theſe two mournefull and tragicall accidents: and which is more, ſhee is ſo frolike and youthfull, as ſhee hath throwne off her mourning attire, and drawne on her rich apparell and glittering jewels, whereof the curioſity of the nobler ſort of Gentlemen and Ladies of the Citie take exact obſervation: and although *Beraldi* and *Lucia*, her father and mother, herein taxe her of indiſcretion and immodeſty, yet ſhee thinkes her ſelfe exempt of their commands, and therefore will doe it, out of the ambitious priviledge of her owne uncontrolable authority and wilfulneſſe. Beſides, her thoughts are ſo youthfull, and her carriage ſo light, as notwithſtanding ſhee came (as it were but now from burying of her firſt husband, yet ſhee is reſolved without delay, to have a ſecond: her father and mother checke her of levity and incivility in imbracing this reſolution: but in vaine: for her impudencie returnes them this immodeſt answer, that ſhee will not trifle away her time, but marry. They advize her to bee cautious, and to doe nothing raſhly in this her ſecond match, that the misfortune and ſcandall of her firſt may no more reflect on her. But ſhee will make choyce for herſelfe by the eyes of her youth, and not by thoſe of their age; by thoſe of her owne fancie, and not by theſe of their election. Her husband *Souranza* dyed rich, both in lands and monies, and his Widdow *Victoryna*, without any oppoſition, injoyeth all: ſhee needs not looke out for Suters, for there are Gallants enow who ſue and ſeeke her: but of them all, hee whom ſhee beſt and chiefly affecteth, is one *Seignior Lodovicus* *Faſsino*, a very neat and proper young Gentleman of the Citie, rich, and well deſcended; his parents and kinſmen for the moſt part being *Clariſsimo's* and *Senators*, and all of them Gentlemen of *Venice*; and him *Victoryna* deſires, and reſolves to make her husband, grounding her chiefeſt reaſon and affection on this reſolution and foundation, that as *Souranza* was too old for her, ſo *Faſsino* was young enough, and therefore fit to bee her husband, and ſhee his wife, meaſuring him wholly by his exterior perſonage, and not ſo much as once prying either into his vices or vertues. *Faſsino* who carryed a vicious and pernicious heart under a pleaſing geſture and tongue, and loving *Victoryna's* wealth more then her beauty, obſerving her affection and reſpect to him, ſeekes, courts, and wins her. Her Parents underſtanding hereof, as alſo the

Faſsi-

Faßino is a vicious and deboſht Gentleman, with all their poſſible power and authoritie, they ſeeke to divert their daughter from him. But ſhee is deafe to their requeſts, and reſolved, that as ſhee followed the ſtreame of their commands in her firſt match, ſo ſhee will now the current of her owne pleaſures and affections in this her ſecond: and ſo, to the wonder of *Venice*, and the griefe of all her parents and friends, before ſhee had above ten dayes conferred with *Faßino*, ſhee marries him. But this match ſhall not ſucceed according to their deſires: for *Victoryna* ſhall ſhortly repent it, and *Faßino* alſoone rue and ſmart for it; ſith it is a *maxime*, that ſudden affections proove ſeldome proſperous: for if they have not time to ſettle and take root, they are incident aſſoone to fade as flouriſh, eſpecially if they are contracted and grounded more for luſt then love, and more for wealth then vertue.

The firſt moneth of this marriage, *Faßino* keepes good correſpondence and obſervance with his wife, but thence-foorth hee breakes Pale, and rangeth: for the truth is, although hee were but a young Gentleman, yet (which is lamentable) hee was an old whore-maſter: which laſcivious profeſſion of his, threatens the ruine, not onely of his health, but of his fortune and reputation: ſo now, when hee ſhould bee at home, he is abroad: yea, not onely by day, but by night, that upon the whole, *Victoryna* is more a widdow then a wife: at which unlook'd and unwiſh'd for newes, ſhee not onely bites the lip, but very often puts finger in her eye and weeps: for it gripes & grieves her at heart, to ſee her ſelfe thus ſlighted, neglected, and abuſed by *Faßino*, whom, of all the Gallants of the Citie, ſhee had elected and choſen for her husband: ſhee is infinitely grieved hereat, and yet her griefe and ſorrow infinitely exceeds her jealouſie: and now as graceleſſe as ſhee is, ſhee thinks God hath purpoſely ſent her this laſcivious *Faßino* for her ſecond husband, as a juſt plague and puniſhment, to revenge her adultery committed againſt *Souranza* her firſt: ſo, had ſhee had more grace, and leſſe vanitie and impietie, ſhe would have made better uſe of this conſideration, and not ſo ſoone forgotten it, and in it, her ſelfe.

Now as it is the nature of jealouſie, to haue more eyes then *Argus*, and ſo to prie and ſee every where: *Victoryna*, her curioſitie, or rather her malice heerein, finds out, that her Husband *Faßino* familiarly frequenteth and uſeth the company of many Courtezans, eſpecially of the Lady *Paleriana*, one of the moſt famous and reputed beauties of *Venice*: and this newes indeed ſtrikes her at the very gall with ſorrow and vexation; faine ſhee would reforme and remedy this vice of her husband, but how ſhee knowes not, for ſhee ſees little or no hope to reclaime him, ſith he not onely tenderly loves *Paleriana*, but which is worſe, ſhee apparantly ſees, that for her ſake, hee contemnes her ſelfe and her company: for when hee comes home, he hath no delight in her, but onely in his Lute or Bookes, which is but to paſſe his melancholly, for his Lady *Paleriana's* abſence, till hee againe reviſit her: ſo as wholly neglected, and as I may truly ſay, almoſt forſaken of her husband, ſhee knowes not what to doe, nor how to beare her ſelfe in thoſe furious ſtormes of her griefe, and miſerable tempeſt of her jealouſie. But of two different courſes to reclaime him from this his ſinne of whoredome, ſhee takes the worſt: for in ſtead of counſelling and diſwading her Huſband, ſhee torments him with a thouſand ſcandalous and injurious ſpeeches: but this, in ſtead of quenching, doth but onely bring oyle to the flame of his luſt: for if ſhee repayred home to her ſeldome before, now hee ſcarce at all comes neere her: as ſhee is a Wife, yet no Wife: and hath a Husband, yet no Husband: but this is not the way to reclaime him, for faire ſpeeches and ſweet exhortations may prevaile, when choller cannot.

And now it is, that this wretched and execrable Lady againe aſſumes bloudy reſolutions againſt her ſecond Husband, as ſhee had formerly done againſt her firſt, vowing

that he ſhall die, ere ſhee will live to bee thus contemned and abuſed of him: yea, her hot love to him is ſo ſoone growne cold, and her fervent affection already ſo frozen, that now ſhee thinkes on nothing elſe but how to be revenged, and to be rid of him; and is ſo impious and graceleſſe, as ſhe cares not how, nor in what manner ſoever ſhee ſend him from this world to another: for the devill hath drawne a reſolution from her, or rather ſhe from the devill, that here he ſhall not much longer live. Good God! what an impious and wretched fury of hell will *Victoryna* proove her ſelfe here on Earth? for the blood and life of one husband cannot quench the thirſt of her luſt and revenge, but ſhee muſt and will imbrue her hands in that of two: as if it were not enough for her to trot, but that ſhee will needs gallop and ride poſt to hell. O what pitie is it to ſee a Lady ſo wretched and execrable! O what an execrable wretchedneſſe is it, to ſee a Lady ſo inhumane, and ſo devoyd of pitie! But the devill is ſtrong with her, becauſe her faith is weake with God: therefore ſhe will advance, ſhee will not retire in this her bloody deſigne and reſolution. Wherefore wee ſhall ſhortly ſee *Faſſino* his adulterie puniſhed with death, by his wife *Victoryna's* revenge; and this murther of hers juſtly rewarded and revenged with the puniſhment of her owne: the bloodyer our actions are, the ſeverer Gods judgements, and the ſharper his revenge will bee.

Of all ſorts and degrees of inhumane and violent deaths, this wretched Lady *Victoryna* thinks poyſon the ſureſt, and yet the moſt ſecret to diſpatch her husband. This invention came immediately from the devill, and is onely practiſed by his members: of which number ſhee will deſperately and damnably make her ſelfe one: her luſt and revenge, like miſerable Advocates, and fatall Orators, perſwade her to this execrable attempt, wherein by cutting off her husbands life, ſhe ſhall find that ſhee likewiſe caſts away her owne. So neither Grace nor Nature prevailing, ſhee ſends for an *Apothecary*, named *Auguſtino*; and when ſhe hath conjured, and he promiſed his ſecrecie, ſhee acquaints him, that her new husband *Faſſino* keeps Courtiſans to her noſe, and daily and hourely offereth her many other inſupportable abuſes and diſgraces; in requitall and revenge whereof ſhe is reſolved to poyſon him, and prayes him to undertake and performe it, and that ſhe will reward him with three hundred *Zekynes* for his labour.

Of all profeſſions and faculties, there are good and bad: *Auguſtino* loves God too wel, herein to obey the devil: he hath too much grace, to be ſo impious and graceleſſe, and vowes, that he will not buy gold at ſo deare a rate, as the price of blood; ſo as a good Chriſtian, and true child of God, he not onely refuſeth *Victoryna's* motion and proffer, but in religious termes ſeeks to divert and perſwade her from this her bloody attempt. But ſhe is reſolute in her malice, and wilfull in her revenge, and therfore will performe it her ſelfe, ſith this *Auguſtino* will not: ſo (by a ſecond hand) ſhe procures poyſon from a ſtrange *Empericke*, whereof the Citie of *Venice*, more then other of *Italy*, aboundeth: ſo ſhe onely waits for an opportunitie, which very ſhortly, though, alas, too too ſoone, preſents it ſelfe; the manner thus:

It is impoſſible that *Faſſino* his diſſolute life, and extreme deboſhing can keepe him long from ſickneſſe; for this puniſhment is alwayes incident and hereditary to that ſinne. Hee complaines thereof to his wife *Victoryna*, who receives this newes rather with gladneſſe, then commiſeration and pitie: and ſo taking his bed, hee prayes her to make him ſome comfortable hot broath for his ſtomack: which newes ſhe heares, and imbraceth inwardly with joy, outwardly with diſdaine. For albeit ſhee layes hold of this opportunitie to poyſon him, yet ſhe diſſembles her malice; and the better to colour her villany, becauſe ſhe knowes it the ſmoother and ſhorter way to be revenged in poyſoning him, ſhee will not make the broath her ſelfe, but commands her maid *Felicia* to doe it, (of whom wee have formerly ſpoken, in the diſcovery of *Sypontus* his Letter

Letter to her Vnkle *Hieronymo Souranza:*) which treacherous office of hers, our malicious and deviliſh *Victoryna* her Lady and Miſtreſſe, hath now a plot in her head, to requite with an execrable and helliſh recompence: for whiles *Felicia* is boyling of the broath, her Lady *Victoryna* trips to her chamber and cloſet, and fetcheth out the poyſon, inveloped in a paper, whereof ſhee takes two parts and brings downe with her, and whiles ſhe had purpoſely ſent *Felicia* from the fire, ſhee runnes and throwes it into the broath, which for the preſent no whit altered the colour thereof: ſo *Faſsino* calling for it, this poore innocent Gentlewoman *Felicia*, (not ſuſpecting or dreaming of poyſon) gives it him, which (as ignorant thereof) hee ſups up; and this was about nine or ten of the clocke in the morning.

Now whiles *Felicia* is acting this mournfull Tragedie in *Faſsino* his chamber, her Lady *Victoryna* is acting another in hers; for ſhee takes the other third part of the poyſon, and ſecretly opening *Felicia's* trunke, puts it into a painted boxe which ſhee found therein, and ſo lockes it againe, hoping (though indeed with a wretched and helliſh hope) that her husband being dead, his body opened, and the poyſon found in her trunke, ſhee would give out that *Felicia* had poyſoned him with broath that morne, and this fonnd in her cheſt, would make her guiltie of the murther; for the which ſhe knew ſhe muſt needs die. See, ſee, the deviliſh double malice of this wretched Ladie *Victoryna*, as well to her husband *Faſsino*, as her mayd *Felicia*! But as finely as the devill hath taught her to ſpinne the thread of this her malice and revenge, yet though her plot have taken effect and hold of her husband, nevertheleſſe ſhee ſhall in the end fayle of hers to innocent *Felicia*: in the *interim*, though to the eyes of the world it ſeeme at firſt to ſucceed according to her deſires by the bye, yet it ſhall not in the maine: but that murther, and this treaſon of *Victoryna* ſhall not goe long either undetected, or unpuniſhed.

This poyſon working in *Faſsino* his ſtomacke and body, begins by degrees to cut off his vitall ſpirits, ſo as his ſtrength failes him, his red cheekes already looke pale and earthly, and his body infinitely ſwels: he cals for his wife *Victoryna*, who with all haſte and expedition tells her ſecretly, that hee feares, *Felicia* hath poyſoned him with the broath ſhe gave him in the morning; and ſo requeſteth her to ſend for his Parents and friends to bee preſent at his death, for live hee could not. *Victoryna*, like a diſſembling ſhee-devill, teares her hayre for anger, and for meere ſorrow ſeemes to drowne her ſelfe in her teares at this newes, kiſſeth and fawnes on her husband, and in all poſſible haſte ſends away of all ſides for his kinſefolkes and friends, who haſtily repayre thither, and finde *Faſsino* almoſt dead: ſo they, with teares, inquire his ſickneſſe; when with open voyce his wife *Victoryna* cries out, that her wretched mayd *Felicia* had with broath, that morne, poyſoned him; which *Faſsino* his memory and tongue yet ſerve him to confeſſe and averre, word for word, as his wife *Victoryna* had related them: whereat they are all ſorrowfull, and weepe, and then, and there cauſe *Felicia* to bee apprehended and ſhut faſt in a chamber; who (poore harmeleſſe yong Gentlewoman) is amazed at the terrour and ſtrangeneſſe of this newes, and cries out and weepes ſo bitterly, as ſhe ſeemes to melt her ſelfe into teares, only ſhe knowes her ſelfe innocent, and yet feares that this malice and revenge proceeds to her from her Lady *Victoryna*. Whiles *Felicia* is thus under ſure keeping, her Maſter *Faſsino* dyes: which newes is ſoone diſperſed and divulged abroad, to the griefe and admiration of the whole Citie. The next morne the criminall Iudges are advertiſed hereof, who repaire to *Faſsino* his houſe, who by this time is dead, & there ſee his breathles carkaſſe, which they ordaine to be opened: the poyſon is apparantly found on his ſtomack, in its naturall & priſtine colour; when examining firſt *Faſsino*, then *Victoryna's* parents, they report *Faſsino* his owne words uttered a little before his death, that *Felicia* had that morne poyſoned him

with broth: which is averred by *Victoryna*, who saith, she saw her give it him. So they send away poore *Felicia* to prison, but yet with a vehement suspicion, that this poysoned arrow came out of *Victoryna* her owne quiver, which they the sooner beleeve, in respect of her former troubles, and suspicion for the murther of her first husband *Souranza*: So the Iudges returne and betake themselves, that very instant, to their Tribunall of Iustice, in the Dukes Palace of Saint *Markes*: where they send for *Felicia*, who is brought them, unaccompanied of any: for as misfortune would, both her Vnkle *Hieronymo*, and her Cousin *Andrea Souranza*, were then at *Corfu*, imployed in some publike affaires for the Seigniory. The Iudges examine *Felicia*, concerning the broth and poyson she gave her Master. Shee bitterly sighing and weeping, confesseth the broath, but denies the poyson; vowing by her part and hope of heaven, shee never touched nor knew what poyson was, and desired no favour of them, if it were found or proov'd against her; withall, she acquaints them, that she feares it is a tricke of malice and revenge, clapt on her by her Lady *Victoryna*, for the discovery of *Sypontus* his letter. And to speake truth, the Iudges in their hearts partly adhere and concurre with her in this opinion: they demand her whether her Lady *Victoryna* touched this broath, either by the fire, or the bed? Shee, according to the truth, answers, that to her knowledge or sight, she touched it not, nor no other but her selfe. So they send her againe to prison, and returne speedily to *Fassino* his house; where committing *Victoryna* to a sure guard, they ascend her chamber and closet, search all her trunkes, caskets and boxes, for poyson, but find none: and the like they doe to *Felicia's* trunkes, which they breake open, shee having the key; and in a boxe find a quantitie of the same poyson, whereby it was apparant shee absolutely poysoned her Master *Fassino*. The Iudges having thus found out and revealed, as they thought, the true author of this murther, they descend, againe examine *Victoryna*, and so acquit her. Poore *Felicia* is advertised hereof; whereat shee is amazed and astonished, and thinkes that some witch or devill cast it there for her destruction. Shee is againe sent for before her Iudges, who produce the poyson found in her trunke: she denies both the poyson and the murther, with many sighs and teares: so they adjudge her to the racke, which torment she suffereth with much patience and constancie; notwithstanding, her Iudges considering that shee made and gave *Fassino* the broath, that none touched it but her selfe, that hee dyed of it, and that they found the remainder of the poyson in her trunke, they thinke her the murtherer; so they pronounce sentence, that the next morne shee shall bee hanged at Saint *Markes* place. Shee poore soule is returned to her prison; she bewailes her misfortune thus to die, and be cast away innocently, taxing her Iudges of injustice, as her soule is ready to answere it to God.

All *Venice* pratleth of this cruell murther committed by this yong Gentlewoman; but for her Lady *Victoryna*, shee triumphs and laughs like a Gypsey, to see how with one stone shee hath given two strokes, and how one poore drug hath freed her this day of her husband *Fassino*, and will to morrow of *Felicia*, of whom she rejoyceth in her selfe, that now shee hath cryed quittance for the discovery of *Sypontus* his Letter, which procured his death: but her hopes may deceive her, or rather, the devill will deceive both her and her hopes too. How true or false, righteous or sinfull our actions bee, God in his due time will make them appeare in their naked colours, and reward those with glory, and these with shame.

The next morne, according to the laudable custome of *Venice*, the mourners of the Seigniory accompany our sorrowfull *Felicia* to the place of execution, where she modestly ascendeth the ladder, with much silence, pensiveneese & affliction: at the sight of whose youth and beautie, most of that great infinitie of Spectators cannot refraine from teares, and commiserating and pitying, that so sweet a young *Gentlewoman* should

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come to so infamous and untimely a death: when *Felicia* lifting up her hands, and erecting her eyes and heart towards heaven, she briefly speaks to this effect: Shee takes Heaven & earth to witnesse, that she is innocent of the poysoning of her Master *Fassino*, and ignorant how that poyson should bee brought into her Trunke; that as her knowledge cannot accuse, so her Conscience will not acquit her Lady *Victorina* of that fact, onely she leaves the detection and judgement thereof to God, that being ready to forsake the world, sith the world is resolved to forsake her, shee as much triumphs in her innocencie, as grieves at her misfortune: and that she may not only appeare in Earth, but be found in Heaven a true Christian, shee first forgives her Lady *Victorina*, and her Iudges, and then beseecheth God to forgive her all her sinnes, whereunto shee humbly and heartily prayes all that are present, to adde their prayers to hers: and so shee begins to take off her band, and to prepare her selfe to die.

Now, *Christian Reader*, what humane wisdome, or earthly capacitie would here conceive or thinke, that there were any sublunary meanes left for this comfortlesse Gentlewoman *Felicia*, either to hope for life, or to flatter her selfe that she could avoid death? But loe, as the children of God cannot fall, becaus he is the defender of the innocent, and the protector of the righteous, therefore we shall see to our comforts, and finde to Gods glory, that this innocent yong Gentlewoman shall be miraculously freed of her dangers, and punishment, and her inveterate arch-enemy *Victoryna* brought in her stead, to receive this shamefull death, in expiation of the horrible murthers of her two husbands, which God will now discover, and make apparant to the eyes of the world: for as the Fryers and Nunnes prepare *Felicia*, to take her last farewell of this world, and so to shut up her life in the direfull and mournfull Catastrophe of her death; Behold, by the providence and mercie of God, the Apothecarie *Augustino* (of whom this our Historie hath formerly made an honest and religious mention) arrives from Cape *Istria*: and having left his ship at *Malmocco*, lands in a Gondola at Saint *Markes* stayres; when knowing and seeing an execution towards, he thrusts himselfe in amongst the crowd of people: where beholding so young and so faire a Gentlewoman, ready to die: he demaunds of those next by him, what shee was, and her crime: when being answered, that her name was *Felicia*, a wayting Gentlewoman to the Lady *Victorina*, who had poysoned her Master *Fassino*: at the very first report of the names of *Victoryna*, and her husband *Fassino*, *Augustino* his blood flasheth up in his face, and his heart began to beat within him, when demanding if no other were accessary to this murther: hee was informed, that her Lady *Victoryna* was vehemently suspected thereof: but she was cleared, and onely *Felicia*, this young Gentlewoman found guiltie thereof: which words were no sooner delivered him, but God putting into his heart and remembrance, that this Lady *Victorina* would have formerly seduced him for three hundred *Zeckynes*, to have poysoned her husband *Fassino*, hee confidently beleeving this young Gentlewoman innocent heereof, with all possible speed, as fast as his legges could drive, hee runnes up to the Southeast part of the corner of the Gallery of the Dukes Palace, where the Officers sit to see execution done; the which he requesteth for that time to stop, becaus he hath something to say concerning the murther of Signiour *Fassino*. Whereupon they call out to the Executioner to forbeare: which bred infinit admiration in all the Spectators, as wondring at the cause and reason thereof, when in constant and discreet termes, *Augustino* informes the Iudges, that hee thinks *Felicia* innocent, and her Lady *Victoryna* guiltie of this murther, and so relates them the manner, time, and place where *Victorina* her selfe seduced him to poyson her husband *Fassino*, how she proffered him three hundred *Zeckynes* to performe it, which hee refused, and to the utmost of his power, sought to disswade her from this bloody and execrable businesse. The Iudges are astonished at the strangenes of this newes, which they begin

confidently to beleeve, and ſo bleſſe the houre of *Auguſtino's* arrivall, that hath withheld them from ſpilling the innocent bloud of *Felicia*, when commanding her from the place of execution, to her priſon, they inſtantly give order for the Lady *Victoryna's* apprehenſion, who already had built trophees and triumphs of joy in her heart, to ſee that all her bloudy deſignes ſo well ſucceeded. But now is the Lords appoynted time come, wherein al her cruell Murthers, whoredome, treachery, and hypocriſie, ſhall be brought to light and puniſhed: yea, now it ſhall no longer be in her power, or in that of the devill, her Schoolmaſter & Seducer, either to diminiſh the leaſt part of her puniſhment, or to adde the leaſt moment or poynt of time to her life. Shee is all in teares at her apprehenſion, but they rather ingender envie, then pittie in her Iudges: And ſo from the delights and pleaſures of her houſe, ſhe is haſtily conveyed to priſon.

Her Iudges, in honour to the ſacred dignity of Iuſtice (the Queene of Earth, and the daughter of Heaven) confront her with *Auguſtino*, who averres his former depoſition, as conſtantly in her face, as ſhee denies it impudently in his. But this will not prevaile her: for now God hath made the probabilities, or rather the ſight of her crime too apparant. So without any regard to her prayers, teares, or exclamations, they adjudge her to the Racke, where the tenderneſſe of her limbs, the ſharpneſſe of her torments, but eſpecially the griefes and pinches of her conſcience, make her acquit *Felicia*, acknowledge *Auguſtino* his evidence, and condemne her ſelfe to be the author both of her firſt husbands ſtabbing, as alſo her ſeconds poyſoning: her Iudges as much praiſe God for her confeſſion, as they deteſt and are aſtoniſhed at the falſeneſſe of theſe her horrible crimes. So with much joy they firſt free innocent *Felicia* of her unjuſt impriſonment; and then knowing it pitty that ſo wretched a Lady as *Victoryna* ſhould live any longer, they, for her abominable cruelties and inhumanities, condemne her the next morne to be hang'd and burnt on Saint *Markes Place*. At the knowledge and divulging of which newes, as her father, mother, and kinsfolkes extreamely grieve, ſo all *Venice* bleſſe and glorifie God, firſt, that innocent *Felicia* is ſaved, and guilty *Victoryna* detected and condemned to the ſhame and puniſhment of a deſerved death.

The ſame night the Prieſts and Friers deale with her about the ſtate of her ſoule, and its pilgrimage and transmigration to heaven: they find that her youth, luſt, and revenge hath taken a ſtrange poſſeſſion of the devill, and hee in them: for ſhe ſtill loves the memory of *Sypontus*, and envies and deteſts that of her two husbands, *Sourenza* and *Faſsino*: but they deale effectually with her, and in their ſpeeches depainting her forth the joyes of heaven, and the torments of hell, they at laſt happily prevaile, and ſo make her forſake the vanity and impiety of theſe her paſſions, by relliſhing the ſweet ſhowrs of Gods mercies: ſo the next morne ſhee is brought to her execution; where the world expecting to heare much matter from her, ſhe is very penſive and contemplative, and ſayes little, onely ſhe prayes *Felicia* to forgive her; as alſo all the Parents of her two Husbands, *Sourenza* and *Faſsino*, and likewiſe of *Sypontus*; but chiefly ſhee invokes God her Saviour and Redeemer, to pardon theſe her horrible ſinnes of adultery and murther, and beſeecheth all that are preſent to pray for her ſoule; and ſo according to her ſentence, ſhe is firſt hang'd, then burnt: whereat all that great affluence and concourſe of people praiſe the providence and juſtice of God, in cutting off this female monſter and ſhame of her ſexe *Victoryna*: whoſe tragicall and mournefull Hiſtory may we all reade and remember, with deteſtation, that the example hereof be our forewarning and caveat, not to truſt in the deceiveable luſts of the fleſh, and the treacherous tentations of the devill, but to rely on the mercies and promiſes of God which will never faile his elect, but will aſſuredly make them happy in their lives, bleſſed in their deathes, and conſtantly glorious in their reſurrections.

GODS

GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE CRYING AND EXECRABLE sinne of *Murther*.

Historie VII.

Catalina *causeth her Wayting Mayd* Anfilva *two severall times attempt to poyson her owne Sister* Berinthia; *wherein fayling, shee afterwards makes an Empericke, termed* Sarmiata, *poyson her said Mayd* Anfilva: Catalina *is killed with a Thunder-bolt, and* Sarmiata *hang'd for poysoning* Anfilva. Antonio *steales* Berinthia *away by her owne consent; whereupon her Brother* Sebastiano *fights with* Antonio, *and kills him in a Duell:* Berinthia *in revenge hereof, afterwards murthereth her Brother* Sebastiano; *she is adjudged to be immured betwixt two Walls, and there languisheth and dyes.*

HOw foolishly and impiously doth our malice betray our selves, or the devill our soules, when we maliciously betray others? for wee are as farre from Grace as Wisedome, when wee permit either irregular affection, or unlawfull passion, to hale us on to choller, choller to revenge, and revenge to Murther: Nay, how exempt are we of Religion, and devoyd of all Christian piety and charity, when our thoughts are so eclipsed, and our judgements darkened, when our consciences are so defiled, and our soules so polluted with revenge, that the eldest sister seekes to poyson her younger, and this younger afterwards murthereth her owne and only brother, because in a Duell he had formerly slaine her Lover? Alasse, alasse, these are bloudy accidents, which not only fight against Grace, but Nature, not only against earth, but Heaven, and not only against our soules, but against God; neither are these the only Tragedies that our insuing History reporteth and relateth: for wee shall therein farther see a wretched Wayting-gentlewoman poysoned by her more wretched Lady and Mistresse, together with her execrable Agent, a bloudy and graceless Empericke: and all justly revenged, and severely punished by the sword of Gods wrath and indignation. Wherein the Christian Reader may observe, as well to Gods glory, as his owne consolation, that never pretended or actuall Murthers were either contrived more secretly, perpetrated more closely, detected more miraculously, or punished more strangely and severely: so as if the devill have not fully possest our hearts and soules, or if our thoughts and resolutions doe yet retaine the least sparke of Grace and Christianity, we shall flie their crimes by the sight and feare of their punishments, fetch

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our wandring and erronious ſenſes, from hell to earth, purpoſely to erraiſe them from Earth to Heaven; and ſo religiouſly to give and conſecrate, both them, and our ſelves, and ſoules, from ſinne to righteouſneſſe, and conſequently (with as much felicitie as glorie) from Satan to God.

THere dwelt in the Citie of *Avero* in *Portugall*, an ancient Nobleman, termed *Don Gaſper de Vilarezo*, rich in either qualitie of earthly greatneſſe, as well of blood as revenewes, who was neerely allied to the Marqueſſe of *Dema* (in *Spaine*) as marrying a Neece of his named *Dona Alphanta*, a Lady exquiſitely endued with the ornaments of Nature, and the perfections of Grace: for ſhe was both faire and vertuous, that adding luſtre to theſe, and theſe returning and reflecting embelliſhment to that, which made her infinitely beloved of her husband *Vilarezo*, and exceedingly honoured of all thoſe who had the honour to know her; and to crowne the felicitie of their affections and marriage, they had three hopefull children, one ſonne, and two daughters: he termed *Don Sebaſtiano*, and they the *Donas*, *Catalina*, and *Berinthia*: Hee having attained his fifteenth yeare, was by his Father made Page to Count *Manriques de Lopez*, and continually followed him at Court, and they from their tenth to their thirteenth yeares, lived ſometimes at *Coimbra*, otherwhiles at *Lisbone*, but commonly at *Avero* with their Parents, who ſo carefully trained them up in thoſe qualities and perfections, requiſite for Ladies of their ranke, as they were no ſooner ſeene, but admired of all who ſaw them.

But before wee make a farther progreſſion in this Hiſtorie, (thereby the better to unfold and anatomize it) I hold it rather neceſſarie then impertinent, that wee take a curſory, though not a curious ſurvey of both theſe young Ladies perfections and imperfections, of their vices and vertues, their beautie and deformitie: that as objects are beſt knowne by the oppoſition of their contraries: ſo by the way of compariſon wee may diſtinguiſh how to know, and know how to diſtinguiſh of the diſparitie of theſe two ſiſters, in their inclinations, affections, and delineations.

Catalina was ſomewhat ſhort of ſtature, but corpulent of body: *Berinthia* tall, but ſlender: *Catalina* was of taint and complexion, more browne then faire: *Berinthia* not browne, but ſweetly faire, or fairely ſweet: *Catalina* had a diſdainefull, *Berinthia* a gracious eye: *Catalina* was proud, *Berinthia* humble. In a word, *Catalina* was of humour extreamely imperious, ambitious, and revengefull, and *Berinthia* modeſtly courteous, gracious and religious. So theſe two young Ladies growing now to bee capable of marriage, many gallant Cavaliers of *Avero* become Servants and Suiters to them, as well in reſpect of their Fathers Nobilitie and wealth, as for their owne beauties and vertues: yea, their fame is generally ſo ſpread, that from *Lisbone*, and moſt of the chiefeſt Cities of *Portugall*, divers Nobles and Knights reſort to their Father *Don Vilarezo's* houſe, to proffer up their affections to the dignitie and merits of his daughters. But his age finding their youth too young to bee acquainted with the ſecrets and myſteries of marriage, puts them all off, either in generall termes, or honourable excuſes, as holding the matching of his daughters of ſo eminent and important conſideration, as hee thinkes it fit hee ſhould adviſedly conſult, and not raſhly conclude them: which affection and care of Parents to their Children, is ſtill as honourable as commendable.

Don Sebaſtiano their brother, being often both at *Madrid*, *Vallidolyd* and *Lisbone*, becomes very intimately and ſingularly acquainted with *Don Antonio de Rivere*, a noble and rich young *Cavalier*, by birth likewiſe a *Portugall*, of the Citie of *Elvas*, who was firſt and chiefe Gentleman to the Duke of *Braganſa*; and the better to unite and perpetuate their familiaritie, hee proffers him his eldeſt ſiſter in marriage, and prayes him

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at his first conveniencie, to ride over to *Avero* to see her, offering himselfe to accompany him in this journey, and to second him in that enterprize, as well towards his father as sister. *Don Antonio* very kindly and thankfully listeneth to *Don Sebastiano's* courteous and affectionate proffer; and knowing it so farre from the least disparagement, as it was a great happinesse and honour for him to match himselfe in so noble a Family, they assigne a day for that journey, against when, *Don Antonio* makes readie his preparatives and traine in all respects answerable to his ranke and generositie. They arrive at *Avero*, where *Don Gasper de Vilarezo*, for his owne worth, and his sonnes report, receives *Don Antonio* honourably, and entertraines him courteously: he visiteth and saluteth, first the mother, then the two young Ladies her daughters: and although hee cannot dislike *Catalina*, yet so precious and amiable is sweet *Berinthia* in his eye, as hee no sooner sees, but loves her: yea, her piercing eye, her vermillion cheeke, and delicate stature, act such wonders in his heart, as hee secretly proclaimes himselfe her Servant, and publikely shee his Mistresse: to which end hee takes time and opportunitie at advantage, and so reveales her so much in termes, that intimate the fervencie of his zeale, and endeare the zeale of his affection and constancy. *Berinthia* entertaines his motion and speeches with many blushes, which now and then cast a rosiat vaile ore the milke-white lillies of her complexion; and to speake truth, if *Antonio* bee inamoured of *Berinthia*, no lesse is shee of him: so as not only their eyes, but their contemplations and hearts seeme already to sympathize, and burne in the flame of an equall affection. In a word, by stealth hee courts her often. And not to detaine my Reader in the intricate Labyrinth of the whole passages of their loves, *Antonio* for this time finds *Berinthia* in this resolution, that as she hath not the will to grant, so she hath not the power to deny his suit: the rest, time will produce.

But so powerfully doe the beautie and vertues of sweet *Berinthia* worke in *Antonio* his affections, that impatient of delayes, hee findes out her father and mother, and in due termes (requisite for him to give, and they receive) demaunds their daughter *Berinthia* in marriage. *Vilarezo* thanking *Antonio* for this honour, replies, that of his two daughters, hee thinkes *Berinthia* his younger as unworthy of him, as *Catalina* his eldest worthily bestowed on him. *Antonio* answeres, that as he cannot deny but *Catalina* is faire, yet hee must confesse that *Berinthia* is more beautifull to his eye, and more pleasing to his thoughts. *Vilarezo* lastly replies, that he will first match *Catalina*, ere *Berinthia*, and that he is as content to give him the first, as not as yet resolved to dispose of the second: and so for this time, they on these termes depart, *Vilarezo* taking *Antonio* and his sonne *Sebastiano* with him to hunt a Stag, whereof his adjacent Forrest hath plentie. But whiles *Antonio* his body pursues the Stag, his thoughts are flying after the beautie of his deare and faire *Berinthia*; who as the Paragon of Beautie and Nature, sits Empresse, and Queene-Regent in the Court of his contemplations and affections: hee is wounded at the heart with *Vilarezo* his answere, and *Berinthia* to the gall, when he certified her of her fathers resolution, onely modestie (that sweet companion, and precious ornament of Virgins) to the extremitie of her power, endeavored to keepe *Antonio* from perceiving or suspecting so much. *Antonio* prayes his deare friend *Sebastiano* to perswade his father to give him his sister *Berinthia* to wife: hee performes the true part of a true friend and a Gentleman, but in vaine: for his father *Vilarezo* is resolute, first to marry *Catalina*; when *Antonio*, not of power so soone to leave the sight and presence of his sweet *Berinthia*, must invent some matter for his stay. And indeed as Love is the whetstone of wit to give an edge to Invention; so *Antonio*, to injoy the presence of his faire *Berinthia*, is inforced to make shew that hee neglects her, and affecteth *Catalina*: and so converseth often with her; but still in generall termes, whereat hee builds many castles of hope and content, in the ayre of her thoughts. For if *Berinthia*

rinthia loved *Antonio*, no leſſe doth *Catalina*; ſtrange effects of affection, where two ſiſters deeply and dearely love one Gentleman, and when but one, and peradventure neither of them ſhall enjoy him.

But as *Catalina* is the pretext, ſo *Berinthia* is both the ſole object and cauſe of *Antonio's* ſtay, whom hee courts and layeth cloſe ſiege to, as often as opportunitie makes him happie in the deſired happineſſe and felicitie of her company: Shee gives him bluſhes for his ſighes, and ſometimes (although a man) the fervencie of his affection was ſuch, as hee cannot refraine from returning her teares for her bluſhes: when albeit love perſwades him to ſtay longer in *Avero*, yet diſcretion calls and commaunds him away to *Lisbone*: and all the fruit of his journey that he ſhall carry thither with him, is this, that for injoying of faire *Berinthia* to his wife, hee conceives farre more reaſon to hope, then to deſpaire. Next death, there is no ſecond affliction ſo grievous or bitter to Lovers, as ſeperation and parting: this *Berinthia* feeles, but will not acknowledge; and this *Antonio* acknowledgeth, becauſe feeles. After Supper, taking her to a window, hee ſecretly prayes her to honour him with the acceptance of a poore Scarfe, and plaine paire of Gloves (which notwithſtanding were infinitely rich, and wonderfully faire) in token of his affection; and ſhe, the morne of his departure, by *Diego* his Page, ſends him a Handkerchiefe, curiouſly wrought with hearts and flames of ſilke and gold, in ſigne of her thankfulneſſe: he promiſeth *Berinthia* to write, and ſee her ſhortly; and *Catalina* intreats him to be no ſtranger to *Avero*. To *Catalina* hee gives many words, but few kiſſes; to *Berinthia* many kiſſes, but more teares: His departure makes *Berinthia* ſad, as grieving at his abſence; and *Catalina* joyfull, as hoping of his returne: *Catalina* triumphs for joy, hoping that *Antonio* ſhall be her husband; and *Berinthia* now begins to looke pale with ſorrow, fearing ſhee ſhall not bee ſo happy to bee his wife. By this time breakfaſt is ſerved in, when *Sebaſtiano* comes, takes *Antonio* and his two ſiſters, and carries them to the Parlour, where *Vilarezo* and his wife *Alphanta* attend *Antonio's* comming. They all ſit downe; and although their fare bee curious, yet *Antonio's* eyes feed and feaſt upon more curious dainties; as the ſparkling eyes, flaxen haire, and vermillion cheekes of *Berinthia's* incomparable beautie, which is obſerved of all parts, except of *Berinthia*, who is ſo ſecret and cautious in her carriage, as although her affection, yet her diſcretion will not permit her modeſtie either to obſerve or ſee it. Breakfaſt ended, *Antonio* taking *Vilarezo*, and his wife *Alphanta* apart, firſt gives them infinite thankes for his honourable and courteous entertainment, and then very earneſtly againe prayes them not to reject his ſuit for their daughter *Berinthia*. *Vilarezo* and his wife pray *Antonio* to excuſe his bad reception, which they know comes many wayes ſhort of his deſerts and merits, and alſo requeſt him to imbrace their motion for their daughter *Catalina*. Thus after many other complements, he takes his conge of *Vilarezo*, kiſſeth his wife and two daughters, firſt *Catalina*, then *Berinthia*, who though laſt in yeares, yet is the firſt Lady in his deſires and thoughts, and the onely Queene of his affections. So they are as it were inforced to make a vertue of neceſſitie, and to take a ſhort farewell, in ſtead of a more ſolemne, which either of them wiſhed, and both deſired; but their eyes dictate to their hearts, what their tongues cannot expreſſe: and ſo *Antonio* and *Sebaſtiano* take Coach, and away for *Lisbone*, *Antonio* as much triumphing in the beautie of his faire *Berinthia*, as his friend *Sebaſtiano* grieves, that of his two Siſters, *Antonio* would not accept of *Catalina*, nor his father conſent to give him *Berinthia* for his wife: notwithſtanding, they confirme their familiaritie and friendſhip with many interchangeable and reciprocall proteſtations; that ſith they cannot be brothers, they will live and die deare and intimate friends: but I feare the contrary.

Being arrived at *Lisbone*, *Antonio* feeles ſtrange alterations in his thoughts and paſſions

ſions. For now hee is ſo intangled in the fetters of *Berinthia's* beautie and vertues, that hee will ſee no other object but her *Idea*, nor (almoſt) ſpeake of any Lady, but of her ſelfe; and in theſe his amorous contemplations hee both rejoyceth and triumpheth; but againe remembring the aſſurance of *Vilarezo* his refuſall, and the incertaintie of *Berinthia's* affection and conſent, his hopes are nipt in their bloſſomes, and his joyes as ſoone fade as flouriſh; he wiſheth that *Avero* were *Lisbone*, and either himſelfe in *Avero* with *Berinthia*, or ſhee in *Lisbone* with him. To attempt the one, hee holds it as great a folly, as a vanitie to wiſh the other: But hee bethinkes himſelfe of a remedie for this his perplexitie, and reputes himſelfe obliged in the bonds, as well of reſpect, as love, to write to his faire *Berinthia*: and then againe hee feares that it will find a difficult paſſage and acceſſe to her, becauſe of her Fathers diſtaſte, and Siſters jealouſie: but the Sunne of his affection doth ſoone diſpell and diſſipate theſe doubts, or rather diſperſe them as clouds before the winde: and now to prevent thoſe who might attempt to intercept his Letters, hee bethinkes himſelfe of an invention, as worthy, as commendable in a Lover: hee writes *Berinthia* a letter, and accompanying it with a rich Diamond, ſends it her by *Diego* his owne Page to *Avero*, whom purpoſely and feignedly hee cauſeth to arme himſelfe with this pretext and colour, that he is in love with *Anſilva* the Lady *Catalina's* wayting Gentlewoman, and hath now gotten leave of his Maſter to come to *Avero* to ſeeke her in marriage: where after ſome fifteene dayes he arrives, and very ſecretly delivers his Maſters Ring and Letter to *Berinthia*, who (ſweet Lady) was then toſt with the winde of feare, and the waves of ſorrow, that in all this time ſhee heard not from *Antonio*, doubting indeed leſt the change of ayre, places, and objects might have power to change his affection, when now bluſhing for joy, as much as before ſhee looked pale for ſorrow, ſhe takes the Ring and Letter, and kiſſing both, ſecretly flies to her Chamber, when bolting the doore, ſhee with as much affection as impatience breaking up the ſeales, therein finds theſe lines:

ANTONIO to BERINTHIA

SWeet Berinthia, *wert thou as courteous as faire, thou wouldeſt reſt as confident of my affections, as I doe of thy beautie, and then as much rejoyce in that, as I triumph in this: but as my tongue lately wanted power, ſo now doth my pen art, to informe thee, how dearely I love thy beautie, and honour thy vertues: ſo as could thy thoughts prie into mine, or my heart be ſo happie to dictate to thine, thoſe ſhould know, and this ſee, that* Antonio *is ambitious of no other earthly felicitie, then either to live thy husband, or dye thy Martyr. Thinke with thy ſelfe, how farre thou undervalueſt, and unrequiteſt my zeale, when I will deſpaire of loving* Catalina, *and yet cannot hope that* Berinthia *will affect mee: onely therefore in thee (ſweet Lady) it remaines, either to crowne my joyes by thy conſent, or to immortalize my torments by thy refuſall: hee pleaſed therefore, faire* Berinthia, *to ſignifie mee thy reſolution, that I may know my doome, and prepare my ſelfe, eyther to wed thee or my grave.*

ANTONIO.

Berinthia having againe and againe peruſed and ore-read this Letter, gives it a thouſand kiſſes for his ſake who wrote and ſent it her, and ſo very ſecretly lockes it up in her Casket, as alſo the Diamond, and now attends an opportunitie to conferre privately with *Diego*, when hee will reſolve to returne to his Maſter at *Lisbone*, that ſhee may returne him an anſwere, though not ſo ſweet as hee expects, yet not ſo bitter as hee feares: in the meane time *Diego* delivereth her father *Vilarezo* his Maſters letter, in favour of his (pretended) ſute to *Anſilva*, as alſo in thankfulneſſe of his entertainement,

ment, without naming either *Catalina*, or *Berinthia* his daughters, or once mentioning his returne to *Avero*: whereat *Vilarezo* grieves, and *Catalina* bites the lip. But *Berinthia* cannot but ſmile to ſee *Antonio* his invention, for the ſafe delivery of his letters, nor yet refraine from laughing in her ſelfe, to ſee how cunningly his Page *Diego* courts *Anſilva*: for hee makes ſuch demonſtration of love to her, and ſhee is ſo enamoured of him, that *Catalina* thinkes a ſhort time will finiſh this match, but hee and her ſiſter *Berinthia* know the contrary. *Diego* at the end of three dayes is deſirous to depart, and *Berinthia* extremely glad of his reſolution to ſtay no longer: ſo ſhee takes her ſelfe to her chamber, and writes this letter to her *Antonio* in anſwer of his.

Berinthia to Antonio.

Had I not been more courteous to thee, then I am faire in my ſelfe, thou hadſt not taſted ſo much of my affection, nor I ſo many of my fathers frownes: and although thy tongue and penne have acquainted me with thy rich zeale intended and devoted to my poore merits, yet judge with thy ſelfe, whether it bee fit for mee to requite thee with obſervance; or him that gave mee my being with diſobedience. As I deſire not to have thee dye my Martyr, ſo my father will not permit thee to live my husband: and yet, as it is out of my power to remedy the firſt, ſo it is not impoſſible for time to effect and compaſſe the laſt; not that I reſolve to give thee too much hope, rather that I ayme to take away ſome of thy deſpaire, to the end that I may find thee as conſtant in thy affection, as thou mee ſincere in my conſtancie. My ſiſters jealouſie of mee, and my fathers diſtaſte of thee, invite thee to manage this favour of mine with as much ſecrecie as circumſpection.

Berinthia.

Having folded up and ſealed her Letter, ſhee findes out *Diego*, and beckens him to follow her to the garden; where, in one of the Bowers ſhee delivers him this letter, together with a Roſe of Opales, the which in token of her love, ſhee conjures him with ſafetie and ſpeed to deliver to his Maſter *Don Antonio*. *Diego* having his diſpatch of *Berinthia*, ſoone gives *Anſilva* hers, promiſing to returne ſome three weekes after; at which time hee prayes her to expect him: when thanking *Vilarezo* for his kind entertainment, and he bidding him tell his Maſter hee would be glad to ſee him in *Avero*, he leaps to horſe, and ſo poaſts away for *Lisbone*.

I cannot relate with what incredible and infinite joy *Antonio* receives this Letter and Ring from *Berinthia*: and to write the truth, I thinke the letter ſcarce contained ſo many ſillables, as hee often read it over and kiſſed it: hee ſees *Berinthia's* modeſtie reſplend and ſhine in her affection, and her affection in her modeſty towards him, wherein hee glories in that, rejoyceth in this, and triumphs in both: but although hee bee ſure of her affection, yet hee is not of himſelfe; for hee ſees her Letter containeth many verball complements, but all of them not one reall promiſe: and therefore hee cannot repute his tranquillitie and felicitie complete, ere hee bee crowned with this happineſſe: beſides, hee feares that his abſence and her fathers preſence, may in tract of time by degrees coole the fervencie of *Berinthia's* affection; and yet then, hee as ſoone checkes his owne timiditie, in conceiving the leaſt ſuſpicion of her conſtancie: now hee thinkes to acquaint his intimate friend and her deare brother *Sebaſtiano* with their affections, but then hee condemnes that opinion, and revokes it as erronious and dangerous, and contrary to the rules of love, in ſailing without the compaſſe of *Berinthia's* advice and commands, by the which hee holds it both ſafetie and diſcretion to ſteere his courſe and actions: Againe, hee ſo infinitely and earneſtly longs to reſee his deare and ſweet Miſtreſſe, as hee reſolves to ride over againe to *Avero*: but the

the obstinacie of *Vilarezo*, and the jealousie of *Catalina*, make him end that journey ere hee began it. In this perplexitie and contestation of reasons, hee is irresolute what, or what not to doe; but in fine, considering that delayes are dangerous in matters of this nature, hee packes up his baggage, and taking his farewell of *Sebastiano*, under prerext of his health, leaves *Lisbone* and the Duke his Lord and Master, and retires to his owne home at *Elvas*, (where his father dying some three yeeres before, had left him sole heyre to many rich Mannors and Possessions) purposely heereby to bee neere to *Avero*, that hee might give order for all things, and let slip no occasion in the processe and prosecution of his affection. The second day after his arrivall to *Elvas*, it being welneere a moneth since hee sent his first, and till then his last Letter to *Berinthia*, hee now againe dispatcheth his Page *Diego* with his second Letter to her, by whom hee sends her a chaine of rich pearle, and a paire of gold bracelets richly enammeled. *Diego's* arrivall is pleasing to *Anselva*, but extremely joyfull to *Berinthia*; onely it nipt *Catalina's* hopes, because shee could not understand by him any certaine resolution or assurance of his Masters comming thither. *Diego* hath no sooner saluted his *Anselva*, but (as his more important businesse) hee seekes meanes to speake with *Berinthia*, which shee her selfe proffereth him: he delivers her his Masters tokens and letter, which shee very joyfully receiveth, and so trips away to her chamber; where opening the seales, shee therein finds these words:

Antonio to Berinthia

It is impossible for my penne to expresse the joyes my heart received at the reading of thy Letter: and as I dispraise not thy obedience to thy Father, so I infinitely both praise and prize thy affection to mee: a thousand times I kissed thy lines, and as often blest the hand that wrote them; and although they gave mee hope for despaire, yet, not to dissemble, these hopes have brought mee doubt, and that doubt, feare; not that thou lovest mee, for that were to disparage my judgement, in seeking to prophane thy affection, but that thou wilt not please to accept of my promise, nor to returne mee thine: wherein if thou weigh the fervencie of my love, I hope thou wilt not taxe the incredulitie of my feare; for till I am so happie, not onely to hope, but to assure my selfe that Berinthia *will bee* Antonio's, *as* Antonio *is alreadie* Berinthia's, *I must needs feare, and therefore cannot truely rejoyce. I have left* Lisbone, *to reside at* Elvas; *therefore faire and deare Lady, I beseech thee destinate mee, dispose my service, and commaund both. I long to enjoy the felicitie of thy presence: for I take heaven to witnesse, thy absence is my hell upon earth.*

Antonio.

Berinthia having read this Letter, shee approoves of *Antonio's* feare, and attributes it to the fervencie and sinceritie of his affection: shee esteemes her selfe infinitely happy in her good fortune, and choyce of so brave a Cavalier for her servant, whom shee hopes a little time will make her husband; to which end shee will no longer feed him with delayes, but now resolves, by his Page *Diego* at his returne to signifie him so much: and in a word, to send him her heart, as shee hath already received his. But shee knowes not what the *Interim* of this time will bring forth.

Passe wee from *Berinthia* to her Sister *Catalina*, whose affection is likewise such to *Antonio*, as by this time shee hath perswaded and induced her Father *Vilarezo* to write him a Letter in her behalfe by *Diego*, thereby to draw his resolution, whether hee intend to seeke her for his wife or no; or at least to invite him to *Avero*. And although his affection to her sister *Berinthia* be kept from her, yet she not onely suspects, but feares it. Glad shee is of the opportunitie of *Diego* his being there, to convey her

Fathers Letter to his Master: and yet that joy of hers is soone dissolved into griefe, because all this time he never vouchsafed to write to her: her affection to him flattreth her still with hope, and yet her judgement in her selfe still suggesteth her despaire; for shee hath alwayes the image of this conceit in her imagination, that *Antonio* loves her Sister *Berinthia*, and not her selfe: her suspicion makes her subtill, and so shee deales with *Anfilva*, to draw the truth heereof from *Diego*, who having learned his lesson, acteth his part well, and I know not, whether with more fidelitie or discretion, flatly denies it: but loe, here betides an accident, which bewrayes the whole mysterie and Historie of their affections. On a Sunday morning, when *Berinthia* was descended to the garden to gather flowers, against her going to Church with her Father and Mother, her Sister *Catalina* rusheth into her Chamber, to seeke the Historie of *Cervantez*, which the day before shee had lent her; and not finding it either on the Table, or the Window, seekes in the pocket of her gowne, that shee wore the day before; and there unwittingly, and unexpectedly finds the last Letter that *Antonio* had sent her; whereby shee perceived, it was in vaine for her to hope to enjoy *Antonio*, sith shee now apparantly saw that hee was her sister *Berinthia's*, and shee his. *Catalina* is hereat both sorrowfull and glad; sorrowfull, that shee should lose *Antonio*, and glad that shee had found his Letter. And now to shew her affection to him, and her malice to her sister, shee will trie her wits, to see whether shee can frustrate *Berinthia*, and so obtaine *Antonio* for her selfe. The passions of men may easily be found out and detected, but the secrets and malice of women difficultly. To which end *Catalina* shewes this letter to her Father, who exceedingly stormes hereat, and with many checkes and frownes curbes *Berinthia* of her libertie, and resolves in his first letter to *Antonio*, to forbid him his house, and her company, except hee will leave *Berinthia*, and take *Catalina*: and suspecting that his Page *Diego's* courting of *Anfilva*, was but onely a policie and colour, thereby to convey Letters betwixt his daughter *Berinthia* and his Master; he once thought to give him his Conge, and prohibit him his house, had not *Catalina* prayed the contrary, who would no way displease her wayting-Gentlewoman *Anfilva*, because she was to use her aid and assistance in a matter of great importance: the unlocking and dilating whereof is thus:

Catalina her affection to *Antonio*, and consequently her malice to her sister *Berinthia* is so violent, that as her father hath bereaved her of a great part of her libertie, so she is so bloudy and cruell, as she vowes to deprive her of her life: a hellish resolution in any woman, but a most unnaturall and damnable attempt of one Sister to another, but wanting Faith, which is the foundation and bulwarke; and Religion, which is the preservative and Antidote of our soules, she runnes so wilfully hood-wink'd from God to the devill, as she will advance, and disdaines to retire, till her malicious and jealous thirst be quenched with her sisters blood: to which end she perswades and bribes *Anfilva* with a hundred duckets, to poyson her sister *Berinthia*, and promiseth her so much more, when she hath effected it: whereunto this wretched and execrable yong waiting Gentlewoman consenteth, and in briefe, promiseth to performe it: But God hath otherwise decreed and ordained. To which end she sends into the City for some strong poyson by an unknowne messenger, which is instantly brought her in a small galley pot. But let us heere both admire and wonder at Gods miraculous discovery and prevention thereof: For that very night, when *Anfilva* had determinately resolved to have poysoned the Lady *Berinthia*, *Diego* seekes out his Mistresse *Anfilva*, and finds her solitarily alone in one of the close over-shadowed Bowers of the garden, whom hee salutes and entertaines with many amorous discourses, and more kisses; in the middest whereof his nose fell suddenly on bleeding, whereat hee admired, and shee grieved; till at last having bloodied all his owne handkerchiefe, *Anfilva* rusheth hastily to her

her pocket for hers for him, which ſuddenly drawing forth, her affection to *Diego* having made her quite forget her poyſon, ſhee with her handkerchiefe drawes out the galley-pot, which falling on the floore of the bower, (that was paved with ſquare ſtones) it immediatly burſt in pieces; when *Diego's* Spaniell licking up the poyſon, inſtantly ſweld, and died before them. Whereat *Diego* grew amazed, but farre more *Anſilva*, who bluſhing with ſhame, & then growing pale for feare, could not invent either what to ſay or doe, at the ſtrangeneſſe and ſuddenneſſe of this accident. *Diego* preſſeth her to know for whom this poyſon was provided, and of whom ſhee had it. Her anſweres are variable, and are ſo farre from agreeing, as they contradict each other, which breeds in her the more feare, and in him aſtoniſhment. Hee conjures her by all the bonds of their affection, to diſcover it, with many millions of proteſtations profeſſeth it ſhall dye with him; hee addes vowes to his requeſts, oathes to his vowes, and kiſſes to his oathes; ſo as mayds can difficultly conceale any thing from their Lovers; but eſpecially fearing that hee might peradventure ſuſpect that this poyſon was meant and intended him: ſhee at laſt vanquiſhed with his importunacy, and this conſideration, diſcovereth (as we have formerly underſtood) that her Lady *Catalina* had wonne her, therewith to poyſon her ſiſter *Berinthia*, becauſe ſhee ſuſpected ſhee was better beloved of his Maſter *Don Antonio* then her ſelfe. *Diego* is infinitely aſtoniſhed at the ſtrangeneſſe of this newes, and like a true and faithfull Page to his Maſter, having drawne this worme from *Anſilva's* noſe, and this newes from her tongue, under colour to ſeeke a remedy to ſtop his blood, giving her many kiſſes, and promiſing her his ſpeedy returne, hee leaves her in the garden, and ſo very ſpeedily finds out *Berinthia*, to whom (with as much truth as curioſitie) hee from poynt to poynt reveales it, praying her to bee carefull not to receive any thing, either from *Catalina*, or *Anſilva*, and withall to write, for the next morne hee will hye to *Elvas*, to reveale it to his Maſter. *Berinthia* trembles at the report of this ſtrange and unexpected newes: ſo having firſt thanked God for the diſcovery of this poyſon, and her Siſters malice, ſhee promiſeth him a Letter to his Maſter, and heartily thankes him for his fidelitie and affection towards her, the which ſhee voweth to requite; and for a pledge and earneſt thereof, drawes off a Diamond from her finger, and gives it him for this good office.

No ſooner hath *Aurora* leapt from the watry bed of *Thetis*, and *Phœbus* diſcovered his golden beames in the azured Firmament of Heaven, but *Diego* cauſeth his Horſe to bee made ready, and tells *Anſilva*, that his father hath ſent for him to meet him at *la Secco*, and that hee will not fayle to bee backe with her within three dayes, being ready to depart.

Hee, under colour of giving order for his horſe, leaves her, and ſteales into *Berinthia's* Chamber, whom (poore Lady) feare would not permit to take any reſt or ſleepe that night, the which ſhee had partly worne out and imployed in writing her minde to her deare *Antonio*, and knowing her ſelfe not ſafe in *Avero* with her father and ſiſter, ſhee reſolved to commit her honour and her life into his protection: yea, ſhe had no ſooner finiſhed and ſealed her Letter to that effect, but *Diego* comes and knockes ſoftly at her chamber doore. *Berinthia* in her night gowne and attire is ready for him: ſhee admits him, commends his care, gives him her Letter to his Maſter, and prayes him to uſe all poſſible diligence in his returne: and ſo having received all her commands, hee ſecretly deſcends the ſtayres; and taking leave of *Vilarezo*, and laſtly, kiſſing his Miſtreſſe *Anſilva*, hee leapes to horſe, rides the firſt Stage, there leaves his Gennet, and takes Poaſt.

Leave we *Diego* poaſting towards *Elvas*, and come we to *Catalina*, whoſe malice finding no reſt, nor her revenge remedy, ſhee that very morne, aſſoone as *Anſilva* came

into her chamber, demands whether ſhee be prepared to performe her owne promiſe, and her hopes? She anſwereth her Lady, that leſſe then three dayes ſhall effect it, and give a period to all her ſiſter *Berinthia's*. Whereat ſhee is exceedingly glad, but all this while ignorant what *Diego* hath ſeene; and *Berinthia* knowes to this effect. *Anſilva* preſuming on *Diego* his fidelity, and building on his ſecreſie; and therefore leſſe ſuſpecting his journey to *Eluas*, remaines ſtill ſo graceleſſe and impious in her bloudy reſolution, as ſhee now not onely preſumes, but aſſures her ſelfe that *Berinthia* is neere the ebbe of her dayes, and the ſetting of her life: and therefore like an execrable Agent of the Devill, ſhe hath now made ready and provided her ſelfe of a ſecond poyſoned potion, which ſhee no way doubts but ſhall ſend her to her laſt ſleepe. But this female Monſter, this bloudy *ſhee-Empericke* may bee deceived in her art.

In the interim of which time *Diego* arrives at *Eluas*, and findes out his Maſter, to whom hee very haſtily delivers *Berinthia's* Letter; the which *Antonio* having kiſſed, breakes off the ſeales, and there, contrary to his hopes, but not to his deſires, reades theſe lines:

Berinthia to Antonio.

My ſiſter Catalina's *malice is ſo extreme to mee, ſith my affection is ſuch to thee, as ſhee degenerates not onely from* Grace, *but* Nature, *and ſeekes to bereave me of my life. This bearer, thy* Page, *who I pray love for my ſake, ſith hee, under God, hath now preſerved mee for thine, will more fully and particularly acquaint thee with the manner thereof. So, ſith there is no ſafetie for mee in my Fathers houſe, into whoſe armes and protection ſhall I throw my ſelfe, but onely into thine, of whoſe true and ſincere affection I am ſo conſtant and confident, as I reſt aſſured thou wilt ſhew thy ſelfe thy ſelfe, in preſerving my life with mine honour, and mine honour with my life? It is no poynt of diſobedience in mee to my Father, but of deare reſpect to mine owne life; and therefore to thee, for, and by whom I live, that makes mee ſo earneſtly deſire both thy aſſiſtance and ſight, ſith the firſt will leade mee from deſpayre, the ſecond to hope and joy, and both to content; till when, feare and love, with much impatiencie, make mee thinke houres yeares, and minutes moneths.*

Berinthia.

Antonio is amazed at this ſtrange and unexpected newes, and curiouſly gathers all the circumſtances thereof from his Page, when love, feare, hope, ſorrow, and joy act their ſeveralll parts, as well in his heart as countenance; when prizing *Berinthia's* life and ſafetie a thouſand times before his owne, hee with great expedition diſpatcheth away *Diego* the ſame night to *Avero*, with this enſuing letter, which he commands him deliver his Miſtreſſe *Berinthia*, with all poſſible ſpeed and ſecrecie.

Antonio to Berinthia.

As the Sunne, breaking foorth of an obſcure cloud, ſhines the clearer, ſo doeth thy true affection to mee, in that damnable malice of thy Siſter Catalina *to thy ſelfe for my ſake, in ſuch ſort, as I know not whether I more rejoyce at the one, then deteſt the other. Having therefore firſt thanked God for thy happie and miraculous preſervation, I next commend my Page, as the ſecond cauſe of the diſcovery thereof: and this fidelitie of his ſhall neither bee forgotten or unrequited. Thinke how tedious time is to mee, ſith I blame and envy this ſhort Letter of mine, for taking up and uſurping any part thereof, till I enjoy the honour to ſee thee, and the felicitie to aſſiſt thee. I returne it thee Poaſt by* Diego, *who brought mee thine; and my Coach-man tells mee, I ſhall rather flie then runne towards thee. Let the preciſe houre, I beſeech thee, bee on Mun-*

day

day night at twelve of the clocke, when I will awayt thy selfe, and expect thy commaands at the Posterne of thy Fathers Arbour: where, let the light of the candle bee my signet, and the report of my Pistoll shall bee thine. I am throwing away my penne, were it not to signifie thee, that my sword shall protect thy life, and mine honour preserve thine: as also that Antonio *thinkes himselfe the most unfortunate man of the world, till* Berinthia *bee impaled in his armes, or hee encloystered in hers.*

Antonio.

Whiles *Diego* is poasting to *Avero*, *Antonio* his Master is preparing to follow him, taking (the next morne) his Coach with six horses, and three resolute Gentlemen his friends to assist him, with each his Rapier and case of Pistols. *Diego* first arrives at *Avero*, yea, a day and two nights before him. *Anselva* checks him for his long stay; and *Berinthia* a thousand times thanks him for his speedy returne. He delivers her his Masters Letter, and prayes her to prepare her selfe against the prefixed houre. Shee reades her *Antonio's* Letter with much joy and comfort, which her lookes testifie, and her heart proclaimeth to her thoughts: shee will not be slacke or backwards in a matter which so deeply imports her well-fare and content; and so with all possible secresie packes up the chiefest of her apparell and jewels in a small trunke, or casket, and wisheth the houre come, that shee were either in *Antonio's* armes, or he in hers: and for *Diego*, he casteth so subtill a mist & vaile before *Anselva's* eyes, as it is impossible either for her, or her Lady *Catalina* to perceive any thing. But loe, a second treachery is provided, to effect that which the first could not: and indeed, which went neere to have performed it, had not God miraculously and indulgently reached forth his hand to prevent it: for *Catalina* still persevers in her inveterate and deadly malice towards her sister *Berinthia*, as if *God* had not yet taught her, or rather, that she would not learne the way from Satan; or Grace instructed and directed her from the impietie of so foule a sinne, as the murthering of her owne and onely sister. For the very night that *Antonio* had promised and assigned to fetch *Berinthia*, as shee had by times retired her selfe to her chamber, under colour to go to bed, and ready to put on her night abiliments, in comes *Anselva*, sent by her good and kinde (or rather wicked and cruell) sister, with a sweet Posset, (or rather a deadly poyson in her hand, in a silver covered cup) telling her, that her Lady had drunk the one halfe, and sent her the other, it being (as she affirmed) very cold and refreshing for the liver, against the hotnesse of the weather. But *Berinthia* being forewarned, is armed by her former danger; yet shee seemes joyfull thereof, and so accepts it, returning her sister *Catalina* thanks, saying, shee will drinke it ere shee goe to bed; onely she prayes *Anselva* first to fetch her prayer booke and gloves, which in the morne shee had left in her sisters chamber. So whiles shee is wanting, shee privately powres it into a silver bason in her Studie, and washing the cup three or foure severall times, shee fills some Almond milke therein; and *Anselva* being returned, takes the said cup, and prayes her to tell her Sister, that shee drinkes it to her health, and withall, gives her the good night: and so likewise doth *Anselva* to her. But what a good night thought shee in her heart and conscience, when shee knew *Berinthia* should never see day more? So away shee trips to her Lady *Catalina*, who demaunds her if the businesse bee dispatched, and her sister gone to her rest? Who replies, shee hath drunke her last, and is gone to her eternall rest. But they are both deceived in their malicious Arithmaticke: For although *Catalina* extremely rejoyce in the confident and assured death of her sister, yet God ordaineth, that their bloody hopes shall deceive them: as marke the sequell, and you shall see how.

About an houre after *Anselva's* departure, by *Berinthia's* order and appoyntment,

in wonderfull ſecret ſort in comes *Diego* to her Chamber, to awayt the houre of his Maſters arrivall, and to aſſiſt her in her eſcape and departure. *Berinthia* acquaints him with the potion her Siſter *Catalina* had right now ſent her by *Anſilva*: hee is aſtoniſhed at this newes, as being aſſured it was poyſon, and humbly prayes her to make prooſe hereof on *Catalina's* Parrot, which that afternoone ſhee had brought with her into her Chamber: and ſo by her conſent *Diego* takes the Parrot, and with a ſpoone forceth ſome downe its throat: who poore harmeleſſe bird, immediately ſwells and dyes before them. They both wonder hereat, and *Berinthia* at one inſtant both grieves and rejoyceth, grieves at her Siſter *Catalina's* malice and crueltie, and rejoyceth for her happie deliverance: firſt prayſing God as the Author, then thanking *Diego* as the inſtrument thereof: and ſo they throw the remainder of the poyſon out at the window, and lay the dead Parrot on the table. And now *Berinthia* attending and awayting the houre of her happineſſe, which is that of her *Antonio's* arrivall, and of her owne departure, with as much deſire as impatiencie; *Diego* often looking on the houre-glaſſe, and *Berinthia* a thouſand times on her Watch. So at laſt with a longing, longing deſire, the joyfull houre of twelve is come, wherein *Antonio* arrives: hee ſees the happy light of her candle, and ſhee heares the ſweet muſicke of his Piſtoll, which reviveth and raviſheth theſe two Lovers, in the heaven of unexpreſſable joy and content, when all things being huſh'd up in ſilence, and every perſon of the houſe ſoundly ſleeping, *Diego* ſoftly takes up the ſmall trunke, and *Berinthia* as ſecretly followes him: and ſo they wonderfull privately ſlip into the firſt Court, and from thence to the poſterne doore of the garden, where *Antonio* with a thouſand kiſſes receives her in his armes, having no other light but the luſtre of her eyes to light them: for the Moone, that bright *Cynthia*, had conſpired and conſented to *Berinthia's* eſcape, and therfore purpoſely withdrawne her brightneſſe by hiding and invelloping her ſelfe in the darkneſſe of an obſcure cloud. *Antonio* locking this ſweet prize, this his deare and ſweet *Berinthia* in his armes, hee with the three Gentlemen his friends, conduct her to the end of the ſtreet; and *Diego* following them with the Casket, where they all privatly and ſilently take Coach, and having opened the Citie gate with a ſilver key, away they ſpeed for *Eluas* with all poſſible celerity; but I write with griefe, that as theſe affections of *Antonio* and *Berinthia* begin in joy, ſo (I feare) they will end in as much ſorrow and miſery.

Leave we them now in their journey for *Eluas*: and returne we to *Avero* to bloudy *Catalina*, and wretched *Anſilva*, who lying remote from *Berinthia's* Chamber, could not poſſibly heare ſo much as the leaſt ſtep of her deſcent and departure: although their malice were ſo extreame as to write the truth, they all that night could not ſleepe for joy that *Berinthia* was diſpatched: ſo they prepare themſelves againſt the morne, to heare ſome pittifull out-cries in the houſe for *Berinthia's* death: but ſeeing it neere ten of the clocke, and no rumour nor ſtirre heard, they both (as they were accuſtomed) went into her Chamber, thinking to feaſt their eies upon the lamentable object of this breathleſſe Gentlewoman: but contrary to their bloudy hopes, they finde the neſt, I meane the bed, emptie, and *Berinthia* not dead, but eſcaped and flowne away: Onely *Catalina*, in ſtead of her Siſter, findes her owne Parrot dead on the table: they are aſtoniſhed at this newes, and looke fearefully and deſperately each on other. *Anſilva* for her part proteſts and vowes, that ſhee ſaw *Berinthia* drinke the poyſon. But finding *Berinthia's* ſmall trunke wanting, and hearing *Diego* gone, then *Catalina* knowes for certaine, that ſhee was eſcaped, and her poyſoning plot detected and prevented. So they give the alarum in the houſe, and ſhee goes directly and acquaints her Father, Mother, and Brother of her Siſter *Berinthia's* flight, but ſpeakes not a word of the poyſon, or of the Parrots death. *Vilarezo* grieves to ſee himſelfe robbed of his daugh-

ter,

ter, and *Sebastiano* of his Sister: but when they understand that *Diego* was gone with her, then they are confidently assured, that *Antonio* hath carried her away, which is confirmed them by the Porter of the Citie, who told them, that 'twixt twelve and one, a Coach with a Lady, and foure Cavaliers, and a Page (drawne by sixe horses) past the gate very speedily. *Vilarezo* and his sonne *Sebastiano* storme at this affront and disgrace: they consult what to doe herein: so first they resolve to send one to *Elvas*, to know yea or no, whether *Berinthia* bee there with *Antonio?* The messenger sent, returnes, and assures them thereof, as also, that *Antonio* is retyred from *Elvas*, to a Castle of his without the walls of the Citie, where it is reported hee keepes the Lady *Berinthia* with much honour and respect. Had old *Vilarezo* had his health and strength, he would himselfe in person haue undertaken this journey, but being sicke of the Gowt, he sends his sonne *Sebastiano* to *Elvas*, accompanied with six resolute Gentlemen, his neere allies and friends, to draw reason of *Antonio* for this affront and disgrace; and so either by Law, Force, Policie, or perswasion, to bring backe *Berinthia*. *Sebastiano* knowing *Berinthia* to bee his Sister, and *Antonio* his former ancient and intimate friend, with a kind of unwilling willingnesse accepts of this journey: he comes to *Elvas*, and findes his former intelligence true, hee repayres to *Antonio's* Castle, accompanied with his fixe associates. *Antonio* admits them all into the first Court, and onely two more of them into the second; where hee salutes them kindly, and bids them all welcome to his Castle. *Sebastiano* layes before him the foulenesse of his fact, in stealing away his Sister in that clandestine and base manner, the scandall which hee hath layd upon her, and consequently on all their family and blood, tells him that his father and himselfe are resolued to have her againe at what price soever; and therefore conjures him, by the respect of his owne honour, and by the consideration and remembrance of all their former friendship, to deliver him his Sister *Berinthia*. *Antonio* answereth *Sebastiano*, that it was an honourable affection, and no base respect which led him to assist his Sister *Berinthia* in her flight and escape: that he never was nor would bee a just scandall either to her, her family, or blood; that his malicious Sister *Catalina* was the authour and cause thereof, who by her wayting Gentlewoman *Anselva* had twice sought to poyson her: and therefore, sith he could not deliver her with her owne safetie, and his honour and conscience, hee was resolved to protect her in his Castle, against any whosoever, that should seeke either to enforce or offend her.

Sebastiano is perplexed at this strange newes, and wondereth at *Antonio's* resolution: so doe the two Gentlemen with him: hee desires *Antonio* that hee may see and speake with his Sister *Berinthia*; the which hee freely and honourably grants: and so taking him by the hand, they enter the Hall: where *Berinthia* having notice hereof (accompanied with two of *Antonio* his Sisters) assoone comes, and with a cheerefull countenance advanceth towards her Brother: hee salutes her, and shee first him, then the other two Gentlemen her Cousins. *Sebastiano* prayes *Antonio*, that hee may conferre apart with his Sister. *Antonio* replies, that his Sister *Berinthia's* pleasure shall ever bee his. Shee willingly consents hereeunto, when hee taking her by the hand, conducts her to the farthest window, and there shewes her her disobedience to her Father, her dishonour to her selfe, and griefe to her friends, for this her unadvised and rash flight, and so perswades her to returne: and that if shee intend to marry *Antonio*, this is not the way, but rather a course as irregular as shamefull. His Sister *Berinthia* delivers him at full the cause of her departure, and very constantly confirmes what *Antonio* had formerly told him of her Sister *Catalina's* two severall attempts to poyson her by her wayting Gentlewoman *Anselva*, though with more ample circumstance and dilation: and to testifie the truth, *Diego* is produced, who vowes and protests the same:

ſame. *Sebaſtiano* checkes her of folly and crueltie, ſhewes her, that in ſeeking to wrong others, ſhee onely wrongs her ſelfe; that in inventing and caſting a feigned crime on her Siſter *Catalina*, ſhee makes her owne conſpicuous and true; that ſhe hath no ſafetie but in her returne: whereunto with many reaſons hee ſeekes to perſwade and induce her.

His Siſter *Berinthia* againe anſwereth him, that there is no ſafetie for her in *Avero*, and that ſhe cannot expect greater then ſhee finds in *Elvas*: ſhee prayes him to thinke charitably and honourably of her departure: and if ever her Father will love her, ſhee requeſts him not to hate, but to love *Antonio*, whoſe Caſtle ſhee finds a Sanctuary, both for her honour and life; taking God and his Angels, her conſcience and ſoule to witneſſe, that her Siſter *Catalina's* crime is true and not feigned. *Sebaſtiano* ſeeing *Antonio* reſolute, and his Siſter wilfull and obſtinate, begins to take leave, telling her, that hee will leave her to her folly, that to her ſhame, and her ſhame to her repentance, and ſo concludes to goe into the Citie, to reſolve on what hee hath to doe, for her good and his owne honour. *Antonio* prayes him to dine in his Caſtle with his Siſter: but hee refuſeth it, ſaith hee hath given the firſt breach to their friendſhip, and his owne honour, which hee ſhall repent, if not repaire, and ſo departs. Being come into the Citie, hee conſults this buſineſſe with the Gentlemen his aſſociats, and both himſelfe and they are of opinion to ſend one poaſt to acquaint his Father herewith, and ſo to crave his pleaſure and reſolution, how hee ſhall beare himſelfe heerein. It is ever an excellent poynt both of wiſedome and diſcretion, for a ſonne to ſteere his actions by the compaſſe of his Fathers commands. His couſin *Villandras* undertakes this journey to *Avero*. Old *Vilarezo* is perplexed and grieved at this report, and in ſtead of comfort, receives more affliction, his care, curioſitie, paſſion and griefe: ſeverally examineth firſt *Catalina*, then *Anſilva*, who (like theeves in a faire, or murtherers in a Forreſt) hee findes equally conſtant in their deniall, being ſo devoyd of grace, and repleat of impietie, as they confirme and maintaine their innocencies with many bitter oathes and aſſeverations: ſo hee returnes *Villandras* to *Elvas*, with this Letter to his ſonne *Sebaſtiano*.

VILAREZO to SEBASTIANO.

I Commend thy wiſedome, as much as I diſpraiſe Antonio's *reſolution, and grieve at thy Siſter* Berinthia's *folly and diſobedience: I have carefully and curiouſly examined the two parties, whom I finde as innocent as conſtant in the true deniall of their falſely objected crimes: I have conſulted with Nature and Honour, how heerein I might bee directed by them, and conſequently, thou by mee; ſo they ſuggeſt mee this advice, and I adviſe thee this reſolution, either by the Law of the kingdome, or by that of thy ſword, with expedition to returne mee my Daughter, thy Siſter* Berinthia, *and let not the Oratorie either of* Antonio's *tongue, or her teares perſwade thee to the contrary: for then as ſhee is guiltie of our diſhonours, ſo wee ſhall bee acceſſary to hers: Let me underſtand the proceeding heerein, and according as occaſion ſhall preſent, if my ſickneſſe and weakneſſe will not leave mee, I notwithſtanding will leave* Avero, *to ſee* Elvas.

VILAREZO.

Whiles *Sebaſtiano* is conſulting how to free his Siſter *Berinthia* from the power of *Antonio*, ſpeake wee a little of *Catalina*, who (as skilfull in ſubtiltie as malice) ſeeing her treachery and bloodie intents revealed, thinkes it now high time to make away and poyſon *Anſilva*; grounding her reſolution on this maxime, both of policie and eſtate, That dead folkes doe neither harme, nor tell tales. Behold heere the juſtice and providence

vidence of God! she, who laid snares for others, must now be taken in them her selfe: a punishment which the sinne of this wretched Gentlewoman findes, because deserveth: there is no vice nor malice, but have their pretexts and colours. *Catalina* finds fault with too or three red pimples that *Anselva* hath in her face, which she wil have taken away. She sends for an Empericke, one *Pedro Sarmiata*, and proffereth him one hundred Duckets to poyson her, which like a limbe of the devill he undertakes; and infusing poyson in some potions, hee administreth it her: shee the very next day dyes: a fit reward and punishment for so graceless and bloody a Gentlewoman, who (as we have formerly seene) made no religion nor conscience, to attempt two severall times to poyson the faire and vertuous *Berinthia*.

Whiles this Tragedie is acting at *Avero*, *Sebastiano* begins to act another in *Elvas*, but a thousand times lesse impious, and more honourable: For having received his Fathers order by *Villandras*, hee now sends him into the Castle, to take *Antonio's*, and *Berinthia's* last resolution; hee is admitted to them: *Villandras* directs his speech first to *Berinthia*, then to *Antonio*, to whom hee relateth his message, and *Sebastiano's* pleasure. *Berinthia* returnes him this answere: Cousin *Villandras*, recommend mee courteously to my brother *Sebastiano*, and tell him, my first answere and resolution is, and shall be my last. And (quoth *Antonio*) I pray ye likewise informe him from me, that *Berinthia's* will is my law, and her resolution mine, and that I will bee as carefull, as willing and ready, to lose my life in defence and preservation of hers. *Villandras* returnes, and acquaints *Sebastiano* with this their last resolutions; from which hee alleageth it is impossible for them to bee disswaded or diverted. *Sebastiano* is beaten with two contrary and irresolute windes, what to doe in a businesse of this nature, either to recover his sister by Law, or by Armes: by Law, he holds it a course both cowardly and prejudiciall: by Armes, hee sees hee must kill himselfe or his friend: to undertake the first, would bee the laughter of *Antonio*; and not to attempt the second, the shame of all *Portugall* and *Spaine*: hee therefore preferres generositie before reason, and passion above judgement, and so resolves to fight with *Antonio*: to which end hee makes choyce of his Cousin *Villandras* for his Second, and the next morne sends him to the Castle with this Challenge:

Sebastiano to Antonio.

I must either returne my Sister Berinthia *to* Avero, *or lose my life heere at Elvas: for I had rather dye, then live to see her dishonour, sith hers is mine: neither doe I first infringe or violate the bonds of our familiaritie, rather thy selfe, sith thou art both the authour and cause thereof: wherefore of two things resolve on one: Either before to morrow morning fixe of the clocke render mee my Sister* Berinthia, *or else at that houre meet mee on foot, with thy Second, in the square greene Meadow under thine owne Castle, where the choyce of two single Rapiers shall awayt or attend thee. If thou art honourable, thou wilt grant my first; if generous, not denie my second request.*

Sebastiano.

Antonio receives this Challenge, beares it privately, from all the world, especially from his sweet *Berinthia*, who (poore Lady) little imagines or suspects her brother and lover are rushing foorth for her sake: Hee returnes this answere by *Villandras*, that hee cannot graunt *Sebastiano* his first request, nor will not denie him his second. So hee chuseth a Cousin-germane of his, a valiant young Gentleman, tearmed *Don Belasco*, who willingly and freely ingageth himselfe in this quarrell. So hee and *Villandras*

dras that night (with as much friendſhip as ſecreſie) meet in the Citie, and reſolve on the Rapiers, and other ceremonies requiſite in *Duels*. The morne appeares, when our Combatants leape from their beds to the field; where, a little before ſixe (being the appointed houre) all parties appeare: the Seconds performe their office in viſiting the Principals, who caſt off their doublets and draw, and ſo traverſing their ground, they, with judgement and generoſitie, fall to their buſineſſe; at the firſt cloze, *Antonio* is wounded in the right arme, and *Sebaſtiano* in the left ſide, which glaunced on a rib: at the ſecond, *Sebaſtiano* wounds *Antonio* 'twixt the breaſt and ſhoulder, a little aboue his right pap, and hee him cleane thorow the body, of a large and dangerous wound, whence iſſued foorth abundance of blood: ſo they divide themſelves and take breath: They againe fall to it, and at this third cloſe, *Sebaſtiano* repayes *Antonio* with a mournfull and fatall intereſt: for hee runnes him thorow the body on the left ſide, a little below the heart; whereof ſtaggering, he falls, and ſo *Sebaſtiano* diſpatcheth him, and nailes him to the ground ſtarke dead. *Villandras* congratulates with him for his victory, which *Sebaſtiano* with much modeſtie, aſcribes to the power and providence of God, and not to the weakneſſe of his owne arme. *Bellaſco* is no way daunted with the misfortune and death of his Principall, but rather like a generous Gentleman and valiant Second, reſolves to ſell it dearely to *Villandras*. They are not long unſheathing of their Rapiers: for as ſoone as *Bellaſco* hath covered up *Antonio* with his cloake, they approach at their very firſt meeting. *Bellaſco* ſlightly hurts *Villandras* in the right ſhoulder, and *Villandras* him thorow the bodie and reynes with a fatall wound, wherewith his ſword fell from him, and hee to the ground; when fearing and preſaging his death, he with a faint language begs his life of *Villandras*, who at the ſight and hearing hereof, throwes away his owne Rapier, and ſtoupes to aſſiſt him. But in vaine; for it is not in his power to give him his life: for by this time hee is dead, and his ſoule departed to another world. This tragicall newes is ſoone knowne and bruited in *Elvas*, whereof the Criminall Iudges of that Citie remit *Sebaſtiano* with as much eaſe, as *Villandras* with difficultie (in favour of money and friends) and obtaine their pardons. And now the newes hereof likewiſe flies to *Antonio's* Caſtle, where his dead body, and that of *Bellaſco*, are ſpeedily conveyed and brought, to the griefe and ſorrow of all thoſe of the Caſtle, who bitterly weepe for the diſaſter of their Lord and Maſter. But all theſe teares are nothing to thoſe of *Antonio's* two ſiſters; nor theirs any thing, in compariſon of theſe of our ſweet *Berinthia*, who is no ſooner advertiſed hereof, but ſhee falls to the ground with ſorrow, and there wrings her hands, beats her breaſt, and teares off her haire, in ſuch mournfull and pitifull ſort, that Crueltie her ſelfe could not refraine from teares, to ſee the numberleſſe infinitie of hers: Counſell, advice, perſwaſion cannot perſwade her to give a moderation to her mourning, or limits to her ſorrowes: for they are ſo violent, as their extremitie exceeds all exceſſe. Shee will ſee the dead body of her deare *Antonio*; all thoſe of the Caſtle are not capable to divert her eyes from this wofull and pitifull object; at the ſight whereof ſhee falles to the ground on her knees, and gives his breathleſſe body a thouſand kiſſes: yea, ſhee waſheth his ſweet cheekes with a whole deluge and inundation of her ſalt teares: ſhee cannot ſpeake for ſighing, nor utter a word for weeping; onely wringing her hands, ſhee at laſt breathed foorth theſe mournfull and paſſionate ſpeeches: O my deare *Antonio*, my ſweet and deare *Antonio*, *Antonio*, would God my death had ranſomed and preventhine, O my *Antonio*, my *Antonio*.

Leave we *Berinthia* to her paſſionate ſorrowes, and ſorrowfull paſſions, from which her brother *Sebaſtiano* will ſoone awake her; who by this time, as Victor and Conqueror, is come to the Caſtle gate, and demaunds her, where he ſees himſelfe refuſed, and the draw-bridges and approaches drawne up, and rampired with Barricadoes: he craves

craves ayd of the Criminall Iudges, who send the *Provost* with an armed company of Souldiers: so they force the Castle gate with a *Petard*, where sorrowfull *Berinthia* is delivered into the handes of her joyfull and rejoycing brother *Sebastiano*, who with sweet perswasions and advice seeks to exhale and dry up her teares: but her affection is so great, as she is not capable of consolation. In a word, shee cannot looke on her Brother with the eye of affection, but of revenge and indignation; yea, shee wisheth her selfe metamorphosed from a Virgine to a man, that shee might bee revenged of her Brother for the death of her deare Lover *Antonio*. *Sebastiano* leaving the dead bodies of *Antonio* and *Balasco* to their Graves, takes Coach with his incensed and sorrowfull Sister *Berinthia*; and so leaves *Elvas* and returnes towards *Avero*: where his Father *Vilareza* and his Mother *Alphanta* welcome him home with prayse, and their Daughter *Berinthia* with checkes and frownes, who (the best shee may) smothers her discontents; but yet vowes to be revenged of her Brother, for killing the life of her joy, and joy of her life, *Antonio*. But all vowes of this bloudy nature and quality are better broken then kept, which if *Berinthia* had had the grace to have considered, and made good use of, doubtlesse her hand had proved more joyfull, and not so fatall and miserable.

Come we now to *Catalina*, who seeing the object of her affection, *Antonio*, dead, and her Sister *Berinthia* returned, who, for his sake, was that of her living malice, she secretly confesseth her fault to her sister, in seeking formerly twice to have poysoned her by *Ansilva*, craves pardon of her, vowing henceforth to convert her malice to affection, and so reconciles her selfe to her; whereunto her Sister *Berinthia* willingly condescendeth. *Catalina* hath made her peace with her Sister, but shee hath not contracted and concluded it with God for *Ansilva's* death. Earth may forget this Murther, but Heaven will not. Gods judgements are as just as secret, and as true as wonderfull; for hee hath a thousand meanes to punish us, when wee thinke our selves safe and furthest from punishment: which our wretched *Catalina*, and her execrable Empericke *Sarmiata* shall see verifyed in themselves. For the smoke of this their bloudy Crime of Murther hath pierced the Vaultes and Windowes of Heaven, and is ascended to the Nostrells of the Lord, who hath now bent his Bowe, and made ready his Arrowes to revenge and punish them. The manner is thus:

A Sister of *Ansilva's*, named *Isabella*, is to be marryed in *Avero*, who invites the Ladies *Catalina* and *Berinthia* to her Wedding. *Berinthia* is too sorrowfull to bee so merry, as desirous rather to goe to her owne Grave, then to any others Nuptialls: so shee stayes at home, onely her Sister *Catalina* takes Coach, with an intent to accompany the Bride-woman to Church: but see the Providence and Iustice of God, how it surpriseth and overtakes this wretched Gentlewoman *Catalina*! for as shee was in her way, the Sunne is instantly eclipsed, and the Skyes overcast, and so a terrible and fearefull Thunder-bolt pierceth her thorow the breast, and layes her neere dead in her Coach: her Wayting-mayds and Coach-man having no hurt, are yet amazed at this strange and dismall accident; so they thinke it fit to returne. *Catalina* is for a time speechlesse, her Parents are as it were dead with griefe and sorrow hereat, shee is committed to her bed, and searched, and all her body above her waist is found coleblacke: the best Physicians and Chirurgians are sent for, they see her death-strooken with that Planet, and therfore adjudge their skill but vaine: her strength and senses fall from her, which *Catalina* having the happinesse to perceive, and grace to feele, will no longer be seduced with the devils temptations. The Divines prepare her soule for Heaven, and now shee will no longer dissemble with man or God; shee will not charge her conscience with so foule a Crime as Murther, the which shee knowes will prove a stop to the fruition of her felicity. She confesseth, shee twice procured her

Wayting-

Wayting-gentlewoman *Anſilva* to poyſon her Siſter *Berinthia*; and ſince that, ſhe hath given *Sarmiata* one hundred Duckets to poyſon the ſaid *Anſilva*, which he performed, and whereof ſhee humbly begs pardon of all the world, and religiouſly of God, whom ſhee beſeecheth to bee mercifull to her ſoule: and ſo, though ſhee lived prophanely and impiouſly, yet ſhee dyed repentantly and religiouſly. *Vilarezo* and *Alphanta*, her old parents, grieve and ſtorme at her death, but more extreamely at the manner thereof, and eſpecially at the confeſſion of her bloudy crimes, as well towards living *Berinthia*, as dead *Anſilva*, onely their Daughter *Berinthia* is ſilent hereat; glad, that ſhee is freed of an enemy, ſorrowfull, to have loſt a Siſter: they are infinitely vexed to publiſh their daughter *Catalina's* crimes, yet they are inforced to it, that thereby this *Sarmiata*, this Agent of Hell, may receive condigne puniſhment for his bloudy offence here on earth. So they acquaint the Criminall Iudges hereof, who decree order and power for his apprehenſion. *Sarmiata* is revelling and feaſting at *Iſabella's* wedding; to which hee is appoynted and requeſted to furniſh the Sweet-meats for the Banquets: but hee little thinkes what ſowre ſawce there is providing for him. Wee are never neereſt danger, then when wee thinke our ſelves furtheſt from it: and although his ſinnefull ſecurity was ſuch, as the Devill had made him forget his murther of *Anſilva*, yet God will, and doth remember it; and lo, here comes his ſtorme, here his apprehenſion, and preſently his puniſhment. By this time the newes of *Catalina's* ſuddaine death (but not of her ſecret confeſſion) is publiſhed in *Avero*, and arrived at the Bride-houſe, which gives both aſtoniſhment and griefe to all the world; but eſpecially to *Sarmiata*, whoſe heart and conſcience now rings him many thundering peales of feare, terrour, and deſpaire: his bloudy thoughts purſue him like ſo many bloudhounds, and becauſe he hath forſaken God, therfore the devill will not forſake him; he counſelleth him to flie, and to provide for his ſafety; but what ſafety ſo unſecure, dangerous, or miſerable for a Chriſtian, as to throw himſelfe into the Devills protection? *Sarmiata* hereon fearing that *Catalina* had revealed his poyſoning of *Anſilva*, very ſecretly ſteales away his Cloake, and ſo ſlips downe to a Poſterne doore of the little Court, hoping to eſcape; but hee is deceived of his hopes: for the eye of Gods providence findes him out. The Houſe is beleaguerd for him by Officers, who apprehend him as hee is iſſuing forth, and ſo commit him cloſe priſoner. In the afternoone the Iudges examine him upon the poyſoning of *Anſilva*, and the receipt of one hundred Duckets, to effect it, from *Catalina*, which ſhee at her death confeſſed. Hee addes ſinne to ſinne, and denyes it with many impious oathes and fearefull imprecations; but they availe him nothing: his Iudges cenſure him to the Racke, where, upon the firſt torment hee confeſſeth it, but with ſo graceleſſe an impudencie, as he rather rejoyceth then grieves hereat: where we may obſerve how ſtrongly the Devill ſtickes to him, and how cloſely hee is bewitched to the Devill: ſo for reparation of this foule crime of his, hee is condemned to be hanged, which the next morne is performed right againſt *Vilarezo* his houſe, at a Gallowes purpoſely erected; and which is worſe then all the reſt, as this lewd villaine *Sarmiata* liv'd prophanely, ſo hee dy'd as deſperately, without repenting his bloudy fact, or imploring pardon or mercy of God for the ſame. O miſerable example! O fearefull end! O bloudy and damnable miſcreant! Wee have ſeene the Theater of this Hiſtory gored with great variety of bloud, the mournefull and lamentable ſpectacle whereof is capable to make any Chriſtian heart relent into pitty, compaſſion, and teares. But this is not all, wee ſhall yet ſee more, not that it any way increaſeth our terrour, but rather our conſolation, ſith thereby wee may obſerve that Murther comes from Sathan, and its puniſhment from God.

Catalina's confeſſion and death is not capable to deface or waſh away *Berinthia's* malice

malice and revenge to her brother *Sebastiano*, for killing of her deare and sweet Love *Antonio*. Other Tragedies are past, but this as yet not acted, but to come: Lo now at last (though indeed too too soone) it comes on the Stage. The remembrance of *Antonio* and his affection is still fresh in her youthfull thoughts and contemplations, yea, his dead *Idea* is alwayes present and living in her heart and breast: 'tis true, *Sebastiano* is her brother; 'tis as true she saith, that if hee had not kill'd *Antonio*, *Antonio* had beene her husband. Againe shee considereth, that as *Antonio's* life preserved hers from death; so her life hath beene the cause of his: and as hee lost his life for her sake, why should not she likewise leave hers for his? or rather, why should shee permit him to live, who hath bereaved her of him? But her living affection to her dead friend is so violent, and withall so prejudicate and revengefull, as shee neither can, nor will see her Brother, who kill'd him, but with malice and indignation. In stead of consulting with nature and grace, shee onely converseth with choller and passion; yea, she is so miserably transported in her rage, and so outragiously wilfull in her resolution, as she shuts the doore of her heart to the two former vertues, to whom she should open it, and openeth it to the two latter vices, 'gainst whom shee should shut it. A misery equally ominous and fatall, where Reason is not the Mistresse of our Passions, and Religion the Queene of our Reason. Shee sees this bloudy attempt of hers, whereinto shee is entring, is sinfull and impious; and yet her faith is so weake towards God, and the Devill so strong with her, as shee is constant to advance, and resolute not to retire therein. Oh that *Berinthia's* former Vertues should bee disgraced with so foule a Vice! and oh that a face so sweetly faire should bee accompanyed and linked with a heart so cruelly barbarous, so bloudily inhumane! for what can shee hope from this attempt in killing her brother, but likewise to ruine her selfe? nay, had shee had any sparke of wit or grace left her, shee should consider, that for this foule offence her body shall receive punishment in this world, and her soule, without repentance, in that to come: but shee cannot erect her eyes to heaven, shee is all set on revenge; so the Devill hath plotted the Murther of her brother *Sebastiano*, and shee, like a most wretched and inhumane sister, will speedily act it. The manner is thus; (the which I cannot remember without griefe, nor pen without teares.) Shee provides her selfe of a long and sharpe knife, the which, some ten daies after the death of [illegible] sister *Catalina*, 'twixt foure and five of the clocke in the morning, shee hides in one of her sleeves; and the better to cover and overvaile her villany, shee in the same hand takes her Lute, and so enters her brothers Chamber, and findes him sleeping, being a pretty way distant from hers, and his Page *Philippo* in a lower Chamber under him, resolving that if shee had found him waking, she would play on her Lute, and affirme, shs came to give him the good morrow. But *Sebastiano* his fortune, or rather his misfortune was such, that hee was then soundly sleeping, without dreaming, or once thinking what should befall him; when his wretched and execrable sister *Berinthia*, stalkes close to him, and laying her Lute softly on the window, drawes out her devilliſh knife foorth her sleeve, and as a shee-devill incarnate, cuts his throat, to the end hee might neither crye nor speake; and so, though with a female hand, yet with a masculine courage, she (with as much malice as hast) gives him seven severall wounds thorow the body, and as neere the heart as shee could, whereof hee twice turning himselfe in his bed, never sprawled more: and then taking up her Lute, and leaving him reeking in his bloud, shee after this her hellish fact, hyes her selfe to her Chamber.

This cruell Murther is not so closely perpetrated and acted, but *Philippo*, *Sebastiano's* page, hears some extraordinary stirring & struggling in his Masters chamber, & so leaps out of his bed, & taking his cloak on his shoulders, & his Rapier in his hand, he ascends the Stayres, where *Berinthia* hath not made so great speed, but hee sees her entring

her Chamber, and throwing her doore after her: whence running to his Masters Chamber, hee findes the doore open, and his Master most cruelly murthered in his bed, of eight severall wounds; at which bloudy and lamentable spectacle hee makes many bitter and pittifull outcryes, whereat all the house is in allarum, and the folkes and servants repaire thither of all sides. By this time *Berinthia* hath shifted her outward Taffeta gown, sprinkled all with bloud, and wrapt her bloudy knife close in it, and for the more secretie, throws it into her Closestool, and so awayts the comming up of her Father and Mother, whom the mournfull eccho and sorrowfull newes of their sonne *Sebastiano's* cruell murther, had with an ocean of teares wafted to his Chamber; with whom *Berinthia* likewise, all blubber'd with teares, enters. They are all amazed at the sight of this bloudy and breathlesse corps, and wringing their hands, Father, Mother, Daughter, and Servants looke one on another in this calamity, and at this sorrowfull disaster. They search every Chamber, Vault, and Doore of the House, and finde no body, nor print of drops of bloud whatsoever; when *Philippo* the Page cries out, that hee feares it is the Lady *Berinthia*, who hath murthered her Brother, and his Master *Sebastiano*, for that hee saw her flying to her Chamber as hee ascended the Stayres. *Vilarezo* and *Alphanta* his wife are doubly amazed at this report, but graceless *Berinthia* is no way daunted or astonished hereat, but affirmes, she likewise heard some stirring in her Brothers Chamber, which made her arise and come to the Stayres head, where seeing *Philippo*, she being in her night attire, modesty made her retire to her Chamber. They all believe the sugar of her words, and the circumstance of her excuse; yet they will not proclaime her innocencie, till they have searched her Chamber, and all her Trunks, where they finde no Knife, Stilletto, Dagger, or any other offensive Weapon; and so her Father and Mother acquit her: but God will not. Notwithstanding they must advertise the Criminall Iudges of this lamentable and bloudy murther of their sonne, which they doe. So they arrive, visit the dead body, and cause all the House to bee searched: but as soone as they heard *Philippo's* speeches and suspicion of *Berinthia*, then, considering her affection to *Antonio*, and her brother *Sebastiano's* killing of him at *Elvas*, they attribute this to bee her fact, as proceeding from passionate revenge: when the sequell and circumstances thereof being apparent in themselves, they not regarding her Fathers prayers, her Mothers requests, and her owne teares, seize on her, and so send and commit her close Prisoner: where, wretched Gentlewoman, shee hath a whole night left and given her, to see and consider the foulnesse of her fact, and to prepare her selfe to her answer: which whether it will breede in her confession or denyall, obstinacie or repentance, as yet I know not. So from her imprisonment, come we to her answer.

Avero rings with the newes of this foule and bloudy Murther. All bewayle, all lament the death of *Sebastiano*, as a Gentleman, who was truely noble, truely generous: but his Father *Vilarezo* and Mother *Alphanta* seeme to drowne themselves in their teares, at these mournefull accidents, strange crosses, and unheard of afflictions of theirs. For though they will not believe, yet they deepely feare, that their daughter *Berinthia* was the murtherer of her brother *Sebastiano*: and as affection seemes to divert them from this opinion, so reason indeavoureth to perswade and confirme them in the contrary. The next morne the Iudges sit, and send for *Berinthia*, who comes accompanyed with her parents, and many of her kinsfolkes: they againe examine her, and confront her with *Philippo*; shee is firme in her denyall, and her Iudges finde circumstances, but no probability nor witnesse against her, sufficient to convict her of this crime; yet directed by the finger of God, they condemne her to the Racke. One of her Iudges pitying her descent, youth, and beauty, as much as he detests this Murther, intreats that her Chamber may be first curiously searched, ere shee exposed

to

to the Racke. This advice and requeſt is heard and followed with approbation. Hee, and two other Officers, accompanyed with ſome of her friends, repaire to *Vilarezo* his houſe, and *Berinthia* her Chamber; they leave no place, Trunke, Cheſt, or Boxe unſearched: yea, their curioſitie, or to ſay truer, their zeale and fidelity to Iuſtice deſcends ſo low, as to viſite her Cloſe-ſtoole, which, for want of the key, they breake open; and behold the providence and Iuſtice of God! here they finde *Berinthia's* bloudy Gowne, and therein very cloſely wrapt up that helliſh Knife, wherewith ſhee perpetrated this inhumane murther on her onely brother. They praiſe and glorifie God for the diſcovery hereof, and ſo returne to their Tribunall of Iuſtice, bringing theſe bloudy evidences with them, which *Berinthia* mought all this while have removed, if God, to his glory, and her ſhame, had not all this time purpoſely blinded the eyes of her judgement to the contrary. At the ſight hereof ſhee, without any torment, confeſſeth the Murther, and with many teares repents her ſelfe of it; adding withall, that her affection to *Antonio* led her to this revenge on her brother: and therfore beſeecheth her Iudges to have compaſſion on her youth. But the fouleneſſe of her fact, in thoſe grave and juſt perſonages, wipes off the faireneſſe of her requeſt: So they conſult, and pronounce Sentence againſt her, That for expiation of this her cruel murther on the perſon of her brother, ſhe the next morne ſhall bee hanged in the publike Market place. So all praiſe God for the detection of this lamentable Murther, and for the condemnation of this execrable Murtherеſſe: and thoſe, who before looked on her youth and beauty with pitty, now behold her foule crime with hatred and deteſtation; and as they applaud the ſincerity of her former affection to *Antonio*, ſo they farre more deteſt and condemne this her inhumane cruelty to her owne brother *Sebaſtiano*. But what griefe is there comparable to that of her Father and Mother: whoſe age, content, and patience is not onely battered, but razed downe with the ſeverall aſſaults of affliction; ſo as they wiſh themſelves buryed, or that their Children had beene unborne: for it is rather a torment then a griefe to them, that they, whom they hoped would have beene props and comforts to their age, ſhould now prove inſtruments and ſubjects to ſhorten their dayes, and conſequently to draw their age to the miſeries of an untimely and ſorrowfull grave. But although they have taſted a world of griefe and anxiety, firſt for the death of their Daughter *Catalina*, and then of their onely Sonne *Sebaſtiano*; yet it pierceth them to the heart and gall, that this their laſt Daughter and Child *Berinthia* ſhould paſſe by the paſſage of a halter, and end her dayes upon ſo ignominious and ſhamefull a Stage as the Gallowes; which would adde a blemiſh to the luſtre of their bloud and poſterity, that time could never have power either to wipe off, or waſh away: which to prevent, *Vilarezo* and his wife *Alphanta* uſe all their friends and mortall powers, towards the Iudges, to convert their Daughters Sentence into a leſſe ſhamefull and more honourable death. So although the Gallowes bee erected, *Berinthia* prepared to dye, and a world of people, yea, in a manner, the whole people of *Avero* concurr'd and ſeated to ſee her now take her laſt farewell of the world; yet the importunacie and miſery of her parents, her owne deſcent, youth, and beauty, as alſo her endeered affection and fervent love to her Lover *Antonio*, at laſt obtaine compaſſion and favour of her Iudges. So they revoke and change their former decree, and ſweeten the rigour thereof with one more honourable and milde, and leſſe ſharpe, bitter, and ſhamefull, and definitively adjudge her to be immured up betwixt two walls, and there with a ſlender dyet to end the remainder of her dayes. And this Sentence is ſpeedily put in execution; whereat her parents, friends, and acquaintance, yea, all that knew her, very bitterly grieve and lament; and farre the more, in reſpect they cannot be permitted to ſee or viſit her, or ſhee them; onely the Phyſicians and Divines have admittance and acceſſe to her,

those, to provide earthly physicke for her body; and these, spirituall for her soule. And in this lamentable estate she is very penitent and repentant for all her sinnes in generall, and for this her vile murther of her Brother in particular: yea, a little imprisonment, or rather the spirit of God hath opened the eyes of her faith, who now defying the Devill who had seduced and drawne her hereunto, shee makes her peace with God, and assures her selfe, that her true repentance hath made hers with him. So, unaccustomed to bee pent up in so strait and darke a Mew, the yellow Iaundies, and a burning Feaver surprise her: and so she ends her miserable dayes.

Lo, these are the bitter fruits of Revenge and Murther, which the undertakers (by the just judgement of God) are inforced to tast and swallow downe, when in the heat of their youth, and height of their impiety they least dreame or thinke thereof: by the sight of which great effusion of bloud, yea, by all these varieties of mournefull and fatall accidents, if wee will divorce our thoughts from Hell to Earth, and wed our contemplations and affections from Earth to Heaven, wee shall then, as true Christians, and sonnes of the eternall God, runne the race of our mortality in peace in this world, and consequently bee rewarded with a glorious Crowne of immortall felicity in that to come.

GODS

GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE CRYING AND EXECRABLE sinne of *Murther.*

HISTORIE VIII.

Belluile *treacherously murthereth* Poligny *in the street.* Laurieta, Poligny's *Mistris, betrayeth* Belluile *to her Chamber, and there in revenge shoots him thorow the body with a Pistoll, when assisted by her Wayting-Mayd* Lucilla, *they likewise give him many wounds with a Ponyard, and so murther him.* Lucilla *flying for this fact, is drowned in a Lake, and* Laurieta *is taken, hang'd and burnt for the same.*

IT is an infallible *Maxime*, that if wee open our hearts to sinne, we shut them to godlinesse; for as soone as wee follow Satan, God flies from us, because we first fled from him: but that his mercie may shine in our ingratitude, hee by his servants, his holy Spirit, and himselfe, seekes all meanes to reclaime us, as well from the vanitie of our thoughts, as from the prophaneneſse and impuritie of our actions: but if wee become obstinate and obdurate in our transgressions, and so like Heathens, fall from vice to vice; whereas wee should as Christians, grow up from vertue to vertue; then it is not hee, but our selves that make shipwracke both of our selves and soules; of our selves in this life, of our soules in that to come; then which no misery can bee so great, none so unfortunate and miserable. It is true, the best of Gods children are subject to sinne; but to delight and persevere therein, is the true way as well to hell as death. All have not the gift of pure and chaste thoughts, neither can wee so conserve or sanctifie our bodies, but that concupiscence may, and will sometimes assayle us (or rather the devill in it) but to pollute them with fornication, and to transforme them from the Temples of the holy Ghost, to the members of a harlot, this, though corrupt Nature seeme to allow or tolerate, yet Grace doth not onely deny, but detest. But as one sinne is seldome without another, either at her heeles or elbow; so too too often it falles out, that Murther accompanieth Fornication and Adulterie: as if one of these foule crimes were not enough to make us miserable, but that in stead of going, wee will needs ride poast to hell. A woefull President, and lamentable and mournfull Example whereof, I heere produce to the view of the world, in three unfortunate personages, in a lascivious Ladie, and two lewd and deboshr young Gentlemen, who all very lamentably cast themselves away upon the *Sylla* of Fornication, and the *Charybdis* of Murther: for they found the fruits and end of their beastly pleasures farre more bitter, then their beginning was sweet: yea, and because at first they would not looke on repentance, at last shame lookes on them, and

they, when it is too late, both on a miſerable ſhame, and a ſhamefull miſery. May we all reade it to Gods glory, and conſequently to the reformation of our lives, and the conſolation and ſalvation of our owne ſoules.

IN the beautifull Citie of *Avignion*, (ſeated in the Kingdome of *France*, and in the Province of *Provence*) being the Capitall of the Dutchie of *Veniſſe*, belonging to the Pope, and wherein for the terme of welneere eightie yeeres, they held their Pontificall See, there dwelt a young Gentlewoman of ſome twentie yeeres of age, tearmed *Madamoyſelle Laurieta*, whoſe father and mother being dead, was left alone to her ſelfe, their onely childe and heire, being richer in beautie then lands, and indued with many excellent qualities and perfections, which gave grace and luſtre to her beautie, as her beautie did to them: For ſhee ſpake the Latine and Italian tongue perfect, was very expert and excellent in ſinging, dancing, muſicke, painting, and the like, which made her famous in that Citie. But as there needs but one vice to eclipſe and drowne many vertues; ſo this faire *Laurieta* was more beautifull then chaſte, and not halfe ſo modeſt as laſcivious. It is as great a happineſſe for children to enjoy their Parents, as a miſerie to want them: For *Laurieta's* Father and Mother had been infinitely carefull and curious to traine her up in the Schoole of Vertue and Pietie, and wherein her youth had (during the terme of their lives) made a happie entrance, and as I may ſay, a fortunate and glorious progreſſion: But when God, the great Moderator, and ſoveraigne Iudge of the world, had in his eternall Decree and ſacred Providence taken them out of this world, then *Laurieta* was left to the wide world, and to the vanitie thereof, without guide or governour, expoſed to the vanitie of the fortunes, or rather the misfortunes of the times, as a Ship without Pilot or Helme, ſubject to the mercy of every mercileſſe winde and wave of the Seas: yea, and then it was that ſhee forgot her former modeſtie and chaſtitie, and now began to adore the Shrines of *Venus* and *Cupid*, by polluting and proſtituting her body to the beaſtly pleaſures of luſt and fornication, wherein (it grieves mee to relate) ſhee tooke a great delight and felicitie. But ſhee ſhall pay deare for this bitter-ſweet vice of hers: yea, and though it ſeeme to begin in content and pleaſure, yet wee ſhall aſſuredly ſee it end in ſhame, repentance and miſery: for this ſinne of Whoredome betrayes, when it ſeemes to delight us, and ſtrangleth, when it makes greateſt ſhew to imbrace us: ſo ſweet and pure vertues, are modeſtie and chaſtitie; ſo foule and fatall vices, are concupiſcence and luſt. But hee with whom ſhee was moſt familiar, and to whom ſhee imparted the greateſt part of her favours, was to one *Monſieur de Belluile*, a proper yong Gentleman, dwelling neere the Citie of *Arles*, by birth and extraction, noble, but otherwiſe more rich then wiſe: who comming to *Avignion*, no ſooner ſaw *Laurieta*, but hee both gloried in the ſight of her ſingular, and triumphed in the contemplation of her exquiſite and incomparable beautie, making that his beſt content, and this his ſweeteſt felicitie; that, his ſoveraigne good; and this, his heaven upon earth: ſo as loſing himſelfe in the labyrinth of her beautie, and as it were drowning his thoughts in the ſea of his concupiſcence and ſenſualitie, hee ſpends not onely his whole time, but a great part of his wealth, in wantonizing and entertaining her: a vicious and foule fault, not onely peculiar to *Belluile*, but incident and fatall to too many Gallants, as well of moſt parts of Chriſtendome in generall, as of *France* in particular; it being indeed a diſaſterous and dangerous rocke, whereon many inconſiderate and wretched Gentlemen have ſuffered ſhipwrack, not only of their reputations, healths and eſtates, but many times of their lives.

In the meane time, *Laurieta* (more jealous of her fame, then carefull to preſerve her chaſtitie) is advertiſed, that *Belluile* is not content to cull the dainties of her beautie and

and youth, but hee forgets himselfe and his discretion so farre, as to vaunt thereof, by letting fall some speeches, tending to the blemish and disparagement of her honour: so as vaine and lascivious as shee is, yet the touching of this string, affords her harsh and distastfull melodie: For shee will seeke to cover her shame by her hypocrisie, and so resolves to make him know the foulenesse of his offence, in that of his baseneſse and ingratitude. To which end, at her first interview and meeting of him, shee not onely checks him for it, but forbids and banisheth him her company: which indeed had been a just cause and opportunitie for him to have converted his lust into chastitie, and his folly into repentance. But hee is too dissolute and vicious, to bee so happily reclaimed from *Laurieta*; and therefore hee is resolved, not onely to justifie his innocencie, but thereby also to persevere in his sinne: Hee is acquainted with many Gentlemen, who forgetting themselves, conceive a felicitie and glory, to erect the trophees of their vanities upon the disparagement of Ladies honours: yea, he seemes to be so farre from being guiltie of this errour, as hee taxeth and condemnes others, in being guiltie or accessary thereunto. So, although his Mistresse *Laurieta* remaine still coy, strange and haggard to him, yet hee persevereth in his affection to her; who at last judging of his innocencie by his constancie; and of that, by his many letters and presents which hee still sent her; as also observing that she had no firme grounds, nor could produce any pregnant or valable witnesses of this report; shee againe exchangeth her frownes into smiles, and so receives and intertaines him into her favour, onely with this premonition and caution, That if ever hereafter shee heard of his folly or ingratitude in this kinde, shee would never looke him in the face, except with contempt and detestation. So these their dis joynted affections, as well by oathes as protestations, are againe confirmed and cimented: but such lustfull contracts, and lascivious familiarities and sympathies, seldome or never make prosperous ends.

Now to give forme and life to this Historie: Not long after, a brave young Gentleman of *Mompillier*, named *Monsieur de Poligny*, having some occasion, comes to *Avignion*, who frequenting their publike Balles or Dancings, no sooner saw our faire and beautifull *Laurieta*, but hee falls in love with her, and salutes and courts her: and from thencefoorth deemes her so fayre, as hee useth all meanes to become her servant, but not in the way of honour and Marriage, rather with a purpose to make her his Courtezan then his Wife. But hee sees himselfe deceived in the irregular passion of his affection: for *Laurieta* is averse, and will not bee either tractable or flexible to his desires: so as his suite is vaine, and shee so deafe to his requests, as neither his prayers, sighs, Letters, nor Presents are capable to purchase her favour. *Poligny* infinitely grieves heereat, which notwithstanding makes the flame of his lust rather increase then diminish: so as after much pensiveneſse, hee begins to beat his witts, and to awaken his invention, how hee may crowne his desires by enjoying *Laurieta*, when loe, an occasion presenteth it selfe to him unexpected.

Madamoyselle la Palaisiere, a rich young Gentlewoman neere *Pont Saint Esprit*, living in *Avignion*, and seeing *Poligny* at the dauncing, doth exceedingly fall in loue with him; yea, shee so admires the sweetnesse of his favour, and the excellencie of his personage, as shee rejoyceth in nothing so much; and to write the truth, in nothing else but in his company: so as, had not modestie with-held her, shee would have prooved her owne Advocate, and have informed him thereof her selfe. *Poligny* receives so many secret signes and testimonies of her affection, by private glances and the like, as hee cannot bee ignorant thereof: but his love, or rather his lust to *Laurieta*, hath so absolutely taken up his heart and thoughts, as it hath left no place nor

corner

corner for *la Palaiſiere*: ſo as here wee may obſerve and remarke a different commixture, and diſparitie of affections. *Poligny* loves *Laurieta*, and not ſhee him: *la Palaiſiere* affects *Poligny*, and not hee her: what theſe paſſions and occurrences will produce, wee ſhall ſhortly ſee.

La Palaiſiere, having her heart pierced thorow with the love of *Poligny*, knowing him to bee *Laurieta's* ſervant, and ſhee the Miſtreſſe of *Belluile*, either out of her affection, or jealouſie, or both, reſolves at next meeting to acquaint *Poligny* with it, thereby purpoſely to withdraw his affection from her to her ſelfe: The occaſion is proffered, and opportunitie ſeemes to favour and ſecond her deſires. Some three dayes after, the *Ieſuites* (who as the Mountebanks and Panders of Kingdomes and Eſtates, leave no invention, nor Ceremony unattempted, to ſeduce and bewitch the affections of the world) cauſe their Schollers to act a Comedie in their Colledge in this Citie, whereat all the Nobilitie and Gentrie of the Citie and adjacent Countrey aſſemble and meet. Thither comes *Poligny*, hoping to ſee *Laurieta*, and *la Palaiſiere* to ſee *Poligny*: but *Laurieta* that day is ſicke, and *Belluile* ſtayes with her to comfort her. So firſt comes *Poligny*, and ſeeing hee could not ſee his *Laurieta*, ſits downe penſively: then comes *la Palaiſiere*, and ſeeing *Poligny* a farre off, prayes her brother, who conducted her, to place her neere him. *Poligny* can doe no leſſe then ſalute her, and ſhee triumphing in her good fortune, takes the advantage of this occaſion, and in ſweet and ſugered termes (after many pauſes, ſighs and bluſhes) gives him to underſtand, that ſhee knew his affection to *Laurieta*, and withall, that *Belluile* and no other was her ſervant and favourite. This ſpeech of hers ſtrikes *Poligny* to the quicke; ſo as there at hee not onely bites the lip, but hangs his head: yea, this unexpected newes, as alſo *Belluile* and *Laurieta's* abſence, ſo nettle him, and frame ſuch a *Chymera* of extravagant paſſions in his heart and thoughts, as hee could not have the patience to ſit out the Comedy, but feigning himſelfe ſicke, departs to his Chamber: where a thouſand jealouſies ingendered of his affection, perplexe and torment him; when remembring *la Palaiſieres* ſpeeches, and being infinitely deſirous to know the truth of *Belluile* his affection to *Laurieta*, and of hers to him, hee ſees no meanes, nor perſon ſo fit to reveale the ſame, as *Lucilla*, *Laurieta's* Wayting-mayd. This *Lucilla*, *Poligny* winns with gold, in conſideration whereof, ſhee reveales him all, how *Belluile* was her chiefeſt Minion and Favourite: and yet, for ſome words hee the other day in ignorance or Wine, let fall to the prejudice of her honour, ſhee was like to caſheere and diſcard him. *Lucilla* having thus forgotten her owne fidelitie, in bewraying the diſhonour of her Miſtreſſe; *Poligny* underſtanding *Belluile* to bee a coward of his hands, though not of his tongue; and in a word, not to bee ſo compleate a Gallant as hee ſuppoſed him, hee of a ſubtill and malicious invention reſolves to worke on him; and ſo conceives a plot, which wee ſhall ſee preſently put in execution and acted: hee very politikely puts a good face on all his diſcontents and paſſions: and although *Laurieta* would not ſee him, yet hee fairely intrudes himſelfe into *Belluile's* company, and of purpoſe becomes familiar with him. So they very often meet: for they fence, dance, ride, vault and hunt together: ſo as at laſt none are ſo great Conſorts and Cammerades as they. But *Poligny* thinking every houre a yeere, before hee had played his prize, makes a partie at Tennis with *Belluile* for a collation, and beats him; and ſo taking two Gentlemen, *La Fontaine*, and *Borelles*, his friends with them, away they goe all foure to a Taverne. *Poligny* as ſecret as malicious in this his plot, in the middeſt of their mirth ſpeakes thus to *Belluile*, Sir, quoth hee, I am ſorry for your loſſe of this Collation: but if it pleaſe you to honour mee with your company to morrow to *Orenge*, a Citie which I much deſire to ſee, I will pay you the dinner in requitall thereof. *Belluile* very readily and willingly conſents hereunto, and *La Fontaine* and *Borelles*

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vow they will likewise have their share, both of the journey and dinner. So the next morne they all take horse for *Orenge*: but first *Belluile* gives his Mistresse *Laurieta* the good morrow, and acquaints her with his journey. They view this old Citie, the ancient patrimony and Principalitie of the *Illustrious Princes of Orenge*, from whence they derive their name: where *Poligny* having given order for the dinner, away they goe, visite the Castle, and salute the deputed Governour thereof *Monsieur Vosberghe*; they see the part of the Amphitheatre yet standing, the Cathedrall Church, the double Wall of the Citie, and the old *Romane Arch* not farre off, with all other remarkable objects and monuments; and by this time the Cooke and their stomackes taxe them of their long stay. So they returne to their Inne, fall to their Viands, and like frolike Gentlemen, wash them downe with store of Claret: and now *Poligny*, as malicious in heart, as pleasant in countenance and conversation, heere casts foorth his lure and snare to surprize and intangle *Belluile*. O quoth hee, how happie the Gentlemen of *Italy* are to us of *France*, sith after dinner every one goes freely to his Courtizan without controulment! I know not, quoth *la Fontaine*, what *Orenge* is, but I thinke *Avignion* is not destitute of good fellow Wenches, who make *Venus* their queene, and *Cupid* their god. Surely no, replies *Belluile*, for I am confident, that for lewes and Courtizans, for the greatnesse of it, it may compare with the best Citie of *Italy*: for from the Lady to the Kitchin-mayd I dare say they'l all proove tractable. Nay, quoth *Borelles*, except still our holy Sisters the *Nunns*. Not I faith, quoth hee, nor my Mistresse neither. Indeed, replies *Poligny*, if I knew you had a Mistresse of that complexion, I would adventure a glasse of Claret to her health. When *Belluile* (out of a phantastick French humour) affirmed he had a Mistris, whose beauty was so excellent, as he knew hee could not receive shame to name her; and if you please to honour her selfe and mee with her health, I proclaime that *Madamoyselle Laurieta* is my Mistresse, and my selfe her servant.

Of wise and Christian Gentlemen, what prophane speeches and debosht table-talke are these they use heere, as if their glory consisted in their shame, or their best vertues were to bee discovered in the worst of vices? For howsoever the Viands they did eate, may preserve the health of their bodies, yet this dissolute communication of theirs must needs poyson and destroy that of their soules: for as they should praise God in the receit of the one; so contrariwise they incense and displease his sacred Majestie in giving him the other: yea, this is so farre from Christianitie and heaven, as it is the high and true way to Atheisme and hell: for whores and healths, instead of prayer and thankesgiving, are the prodigious and certaine forerunners of a seared conscience, and the dangerous and execrable symptoms of a leprous soule.

Birds are taken by their feet, and men by their tongues. *Belluile* having so basely and sottishly abused himselfe in the disparaging of his Mistresse *Laurieta*, *Poligny* hath his errand, for which hee purposely came to *Orenge*. So dinner ended, they very pleasantly returne for *Avignion*. That night *Poligny* cannot sleepe for joy, or rather for revenge: For now hee presumes to know how to worke himselfe into *Laurieta's* favour, by unhorsing *Belluile*. It is a dishonest and base part to betray our friend, and under the cloake of friendship and familiarity, to harbour and retaine malice against them: but this irregular and violent passion of love in young and unstayed judgements, many times beares downe all other respects and considerations. For if Religion and Conscience bee contemned, what hope is there that either honesty bee regarded, or friendship observed, sith it is the onely ciment and sinewes thereof? But *Poligny* is as resolute as malicious in his purpose; and therefore the next morne by his Lackey, sends the Lady *Laurieta* this Letter:

POLIGNE

POLIGNY to LAVRIETA.

IT is out of syncere affection to thee, and not out of premeditated malice to Belluile, *that I presume to signifie thee, how lately in my presence at* Orenge *his tongue let fall some words that tended to the prejudice and disparagement of thine honour: whereof I know it is not onely the part, but the ductie of a true Gentleman, to bee rather curious in preserving, then any way ingrateull in revealing thereof. Neither doe I attempt to send thee this newes, thereby to insinuate, for draw thee to affect mee the more, or him the lesse: onely sith it is contrary to my complexion and nature, to permit any Lady to bee wronged in my presence; how much lesse thy selfe, to whom I not owe my service, but my life. If thou wilt not approve my zeale, yet thou hast all the reason of the world to pardon my presumption: and to make my letter reall, what my pen affirmes to* Laurieta, *my sword is ready to confirme to* Belluile.

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POLIGNY.

In the extremitie and excesse of those three different passions, griefe, choller and astonishment, *Laurieta* receives and reads this Letter, and like a dissolute Gentlewoman, being more carefull of her reputation to the world, then of her soule towards God, shee knowes not whether shee have more cause and reason either to approve *Poligny's* affection, or to condemne *Belluiles* folly: it grieves her to the heart to have bestowed her favours on so base and ingratefull a Gentleman as *Belluile*; vowes shee will make him repent it, and is resolute that this vanity and folly of his, shall cost him deare; yea, shee is so impatient in these her fumes of griefe and revenge, that shee thought once with all expedition to have sent for *Belluile*, to make him as well see the fruits of his owne ingratitude, as to taste the effects of her revenge and indignation: but shee holds it requisite and fit, and her selfe in a manner bound first to thanke *Poligny* for his courtesie, by returning him a Letter in answer of his, which shee speedily dispatcheth him by his owne Lackey, to this effect:

LAVRIETA to POLIGNY.

I Know not whether thou hast shewed me a truer testimonie of thy discretion and affection, then Belluile *of his envie and folly. But as I rest infinitely obliged to thee for thy care of my reputation; so I resolve shortly to make him know what hee deserves in attempting to eclipse and disparage it. Now as I grieve not, so I must confesse I cannot refraine from sorrowing, at this his undeserved slaunder: for as mine innocencie defends me from the first, so my sexe cannot exempt me from the second; and look what disparity there is betwixt thy generosity and his baseness, so much there is betwixt the whitenesse of my chastity, and the foulenesse of his aspersion. I rest so confident of the truth of thy pen, as I desire no confirmation of thy Sword; and I flatter not, rather assure my selfe, that sith* Belluile *was so indiscreet to wrong me, he will neither have the wit or courage to right himselfe. I returne thee many hearty thanks for this kind office and curtesy of thine; the which though I cannot requite, yet I will not only indeavour, but strive to deserve.*

LAVRIETA.

Whiles *Poligny* receives *Laureta's* Letter with much content, and many kisses, as triumphing to see how hee hath baffled *Belluile* by working him out, and consequently himselfe into her favour, wee will for a while leave him, to consider whether the end of his treachery to *Belluile* will proove as fortunate and pleasing to him, as the beginning promiseth. And in the meane time we will a little speake of *Laurieta*, to see what

what course and resolution shee meanes to hold and observe with *Belluile*. It is not enough that shee hath written *Poligny* a Letter, but her envy and contempt towards *Belluile* is so implacable, as shee with much hast and secrecie sends for him: her requests to him are commands; yea, hee needes no other spurres but those of his lust, and of her beauty, to make him rather flye, then poast to her presence; when not so much as once dreaming of his former fooliſh speeches delivered against his Mistresse *Laurieta*, much lesse of *Poligny's* treason conspired and acted against him, hee thinkes to kisse her, whom so often hee hath formerly kissed; but his hopes and her disdaine deceive him: for shee peremptorily slights him; when having fire in her lookes, and thunder in her speeches, shee chargeth him with this scandall delivered by him at *Orenge*, in presence of *Poligny*, against her honour and chastity. And is this (quoth shee) the rewarde a Lady shall deserve and receive by imparting her favours to a Gentleman? and is this the part of a Gentleman, to erect the Trophees of his glory upon his Mistresse disgrace? or are these the fruits of thy sighs and teares, or the effects of thy requests, oaths, and Letters? Yea, such was then her furious rage, and devilliſh revenge, as shee was provided of a Stilletto, to have there stab'd him to the heart in her Chamber, had not her Wayting mayd *Lucilla*, with her best oratory and perswasion, powerfully diverted her to the contrary, by alledging her the imminencie of the danger, which the foulenesse and haynousnesse of that fact brought her into. *Belluile* is amazed at this news, when now proving as prophane to God, as before he was base and ingratefull to *Laurieta*, he, with many oaths and imprecations, denies these speeches, and this slander; and with much passion protesteth of his innocencie. But this will not satisfie *Laurieta*; for to make his shame the more notorious in his guiltinesse, shee produceth him *Poligny's* Letter; whereat *Belluile* hangs the head, and seemes to let fall the plumes, not onely of his Pride, but of his courage and justification; yet hee bitterly and vehemently perseverеth in his denyall: but all this is not capable to appease or content *Laurieta*; and which is worst of all, nothing can possibly doe it, except he make good her honour, and his owne innocencie, by a combate or Duell against *Poligny*. So *Belluile* sees himselfe driven to a narrow and a shrewd push: Hee hath wronged *Laurieta*, and knowes not how to right her: *Poligny* hath wronged him, and there is no way left for him to right himselfe, but by challenging and fighting with *Poligny*. But he loves *Laurieta* dearely, and therfore must resolve to fight, or lose her. As for his owne part, to give him his true character and description, he is rather a City swaggerer, then a Field souldier, loves rather to have a faire Sword, then a good one, and to weare it onely for shew, not for use; he is ambitious of nothing more, then to be reputed rather then found valiant: In a word, for a Taverne quarrell, or a Stewes brawle hee is excellent; but to meet his enemy in the field with a naked Sword, that doth not onely daunt, but terrifie him. The greatest comfort and consolation he findes in this his perplexity, is, that hee knowes hee hath many fellowes and companions, who are as white-liver'd and as very cowards as himselfe: of which numbers, hee flattereth himselfe with this poore base hope, that it is not impossible for *Poligny* to bee one. But what is this to give satisfaction to *Laurieta*, except it may shew himselfe to bee *Belluile*, but not a Gentleman? But all these considerations notwithstanding, hee loves *Laurieta* so tenderly and dearely, as not daring see her, till hee had met *Poligny*, he pluckes up his spirits, and infusing more mettle and courage into his resolutions then accustomed, resolves to fight with him: to which end, having at length fitted himselfe of an excellent Rapier, whose temper (with as much truth as laughter) I confesse was farre better then that of his heart, hee, by his Lackey some three dayes after, sends *Poligny* this Challenge.

Bellvile to Poligny.

Thy malice and treachery to mee is as odious as remarkeable; for whiles I sought to cherish thy friendship, it hath purposely beene thy delight and ambition to betray mine; in throwing the aple of discord betwixt the Lady thou wotest of, and my selfe, upon the point of her honour; for whose defence and preservation I owe not onely my service, but my life: which error, or rather crime of thine, though thy affection to her may seeme to allow, yet my reputation to the world cannot, and my Rapier will not. Therefore, sith I have beene the undeserved object of thy malice, finde it not strange, that I justly repute and hold thee the cause of my envie; which can receive no other satisfaction or reconcilement, but that to morrow at five in the morne thou meet mee without Seconds, on the Bridge by the iron stumpe (the limits 'twixt the King and the Pope) with thy single Rapier, where I will attend thee with another; of which two take thou the choyce, and give mee the refusall. Sleepe not too much this night, for in the morne I doubt not but to send thee to thine eternall rest.

Bellvile.

Poligny receives this challenge, and admires to see *Bellviles* resolution, from which all former reports could never draw assurance; it is not feare that casts his head into these doubts, or these doubts into his head: for hee is too generous to bee a dastard, and too Eagle-bred to turne Craven; for rejoycing in having made *Bellvile* swallow a Gudgin, and triumphing in presuming himselfe seated in the throne of *Laurina's* favour, makes him as resolute to receive this Challenge, as willing and ready to performe it; onely the remembrance that *Bellvile* sent it him by a Lackey, and not by a Gentleman, throwes him into as much disdaine as choller: but hee resembling himselfe, passeth over this respect without respect, and so bids the Lackey tell his Master, that he will not faile to meet him at the houre and place appointed.

The night doth, or should bring counsell: *Bellvile* wisheth his Challenge unsent, but it being out of his hands, it is out of his power to revoke or recall it. *Poligny* is of a contrary temper, and glad in his acceptance thereof, desires that his Sword were in action, as well as his courage in contemplation. So out-passing the night, which *Bellvile* passeth ouer with as much feare, as *Poligny* with generosity, the Curtaines of the night being with-drawne, and the day appearing, ere five have strucken, *Bellvile* notwithstanding is first on the Bridge, and *Poligny* immediately after him: they are without Seconds, and therefore they briefely unbrace, but not uncase their Doublets. *Bellvile* will bee valorous in words; and so according to his challenge, and the right of Duells, offereth *Poligny* the sight and choyce of his Rapier. *Poligny* is too brave to dye in his debt, upon the poynt of honour and magnanimity, and therfore gives him his assay contented with the refusall. So (courtesie for a while contending with valour) they both assume and accept of their owne Rapiers; when dividing themselves, they joyne with resolution and fury. At first comming up, *Poligny* gives *Bellvile* the first wound in his right Shoulder, without receiving any, whereat hee is more affrighted then *Poligny* rejoyced; at the second, hee receives another wound in the left side, but is not yet so happy to see, or assure himselfe, that his Rapier hath once touched *Poligny's* body, or which is lesse, his clothes: whereupon, considering *Poligny's* generosity, and comparing the bad grounds of his quarrell with the faintnesse and baseneſse of his courage, hee throwes off his Sword, prayes *Poligny* to desist; for hee holds himselfe satisfyed. When *Poligny* disdayning to taint his honour with the least shaddow of dishonour, in receiving *Bellviles* shame, gives him the happinesse and fruition of his life: and so they part. Lo here the first fruits of their fooliſh and lascivious affecti-

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ons to *Laurieta*: but I feare the second will prove more bitter and bloudy. *Belluile* going home with his shame and repentance, and *Poligny* with his honour and glory, they hush themselves up in silence, *Poligny* at his Chamber, and *Belluile* at his Chirurgions house to dresse his wounds, hoping that as they in their fight saw no body, so that none had seene them; but they are deceived: for two Souldiers from the Castle walls not onely espy them fighting, but know them. So they divulge it in the City, whereof *Laurieta* being advertised, she sends a confident Gentleman, a cousin germane of hers, to finde out *Belluile* and to know the truth and issue of his combate; but indeed his cowardise hath purchased him so much shame, as hee will not bee seene, much lesse spoken withall: which *Laurieta* understanding, beginnes conceive that the two Souldiers report was true, and that undoubtedly hee and *Poligny* had met and fought in her behalfe: whereupon ghessing at the truth, that *Poligny* had given *Belluile* the foyle, she was once of opinion to have written to *Poligny*, to bee informed of the particulars and successe of their combat, which so much imported as well her honour as her content. But *Poligny's* affection prevents her curiosity: for as she was calling for pen and paper, hee in person ascends the stayres to her Chamber, where, after a complementall and courteous salute, he informes her (as we have formerly understood) that hee hath given *Belluile* two wounds for her sake, and now his life for his owne. She demands if he himself were not hurt; hee answers, No. At both which good newes shee infinitely rejoyceth, and in token of her thankfulnesse permits him to gather many kisses, as well from the roses of her cheekes, as the cherries of her lips: and so from thenceforth he vowes to be her professed servant; and she promiseth him to bee, though not his Mistresse, yet at least his friend. And here they unite and combine their affections: but that contract, and this familiarity, written onely in vice, and sealed in lust, we shall shortly see cancelled and annihilated, with as much pitty, as infamy and misery, as the sequell of this History will shew and demonstrate.

Whiles thus *Laurieta* and *Poligny* are triumphing in *Belluiles* foyle, and their owne familiarity and affection, how is it possible but he must infinitely grieve for his losse of *Laurieta*, and *la Palaisiere* as much sorrow to see her selfe deprived and out of hope of her *Poligny?* But they brooke their afflictions and passions with variable resolutions; for whiles *la Palaisiere* is imbathing her selfe in her teares and discontents, *Belluile* is resolute to quench his revenge in *Poligny's* blood. For forgetting as well his God as his soule, his honor as himself, he intends to doe it by the bye, and not by the maine, by execrable treachery, not by magnanimous generosity; yea, the devil is so strong with his faith because that is so weake with his Saviour and Redeemer, as shutting the doores of his humanity and charity, hee opens them to Choller, Revenge, and Murther; yea, and henceforth he is so inraged, and his lookes are so gastly and distracted, as if his thoughts were conducting and incouraging his hands to perpetrate some bloody stratagem and designe: which is observed and doubted by his chiefest familiars and intimate friends, as also by *la Palaisiere*, whose company hee sometimes frequents, not so much out of affection to her, as for consolation from her to himselfe, sith wee are subject both to hope and believe that our afflictions are partly eased and diminished by the sight and relation of that of others, as sympathizing and participating with them; first in their flames of love, then of griefe and sorrow, in being disdayned of those wee love. Neither could *Belluile* so cunningly or closely rake up the fiery sparkes of his malice and revenge, under the embers of silence and secrecie, but her affection to *Poligny*, and jealousie of his good, made her so tender-ear'd, and sharpe-sighted, as she over-heard some words that either in jest or earnest fell from *Belluile's* tongue, whereby it was apparent to her, that hee intended no good, but portended a secret fatall malice to him, which a little time might too too soone and unexpectedly discover: whereupon her

love to *Poligny* was so deare and honourable, although hee were so firmely intangled in the beauty of *Laurieta*, as he would not vouchsafe, rather disdayned to love her selfe, that she thought the discovery of *Belluiles* malice to *Poligny*, so much imported *Poligny's* good, as she held her selfe bound, as well in duty, as affection, to reveale and relate it him; which she doth in this Letter:

La Palaisiere to Poligny.

To testifie thee now the constancie of my affection with inke, as I have formerly done the fervencie thereof with teares, know, thou hast some cause to feare, and I to doubt, that Belluile *hath some dangerous project, or bloudy designe to put in execution, against his honour, and thy life; and as I reveale it thee out of my care, so looke thou prevent it out of thine owne discretion, lest hee bereave thee of thy life, as thou hast done him of his* Laurieta, *if thou slight this my advice, as thou hast already my affection: yet as I remaine witnesse of the purity of the last, so will these lines beare testimonie to the world of the candour and sincerities of the first. Neither doe I presume to send them thee out of any irregular ambition, to purchase the honour of thy favour, but onely to let thee know that my affection is both powerfull and capable to shine thorow the clowdes of thy disdaine, and that the obscurity of that neither hath defaced the lustre, nor can eclipse the resplendencie of this. Regard therefore thine owne safety, albeit thou wilt not respect my content, and although thou please not give me the honour to be thy Mistresse, yet I will take the ambition and resolution to live and dye thine hand-mayd.*

La Palaisiere.

Poligny breaking up the seales of this Letter, laughes to see *la Palaisieres* affection, and to understand *Belluiles* malice; and being besotted with *Laurieta*, hee lost both his wit and judgement in the sight and contemplation of her beauty, yea, he is growne so fond in his affection, and respect towards her, as hee is arrived to the Meridian of this simplicity, to deeme it a kinde of treason to conceale any secret from her: to which end, he shewes her *la Palaisieres* Letter, which hee makes his pastime, and shee her May-game; yea, so vaine is her folly, and so fooliſh her vanity, to see the passages and events of these their passions, as shee not onely exceedes the *decorum* of discretion, but of modestie in her laughter: and which is more, when shee againe considereth how *Belluile* loves her selfe, and not she him, *la Palaisiere Poligny*, and not hee her, it makes her redouble her mirth and exhilaration in such sort, as shee seemes to burst with the violence and excesse thereof: but this mirth of hers shall be shortly wayted and attended on with misery and mourning. But *Poligny* notwithstanding sees himselfe doubly obliged to *la Palaisiere*, as well for her affection to him, as her care of him, and so holds himselfe obliged in either of these respects and considerations, to requite her with a Letter: the which now unknowne to *Laurieta*, hee writes, and sends her to this effect:

Poligny to La Palaisiere.

IT is not the least of my joyes, that Belluile *cannot beare me so much malice, as thou dost affection. Tis true, I have not deserved thy love, tis more true, I have not merited his hatred: for that proceeds from heaven, as a divine influence, this from hell, as an infernall frenzie. I will not feede thee with hope, neither can hee give mee despaire: for (not to dissemble) it is as likely I may love thee, as impossible I shall feare him: he may have the will to do me hurt, I wish*

were in my power to doe thee good; neither can hee bee more malicious to performe me that, then I will bee ambitious to confirme thee this: his malice I entertaine with much contempt, thy kinde advice and sincere affection with infinite thankes: for when I consider thy Letter, I cannot rightly expresse or define, whether hee beginne to hate mee, or I to love thee more. I doubt not but to make his deedes proove wordes to mee, and I beseech thee feare not, but my wordes shall prove deedes to thee: for I am as confident shortly to salute faire la Palaisiere, *as carelesse when I meet foolish* Belluile.

POLIGNY.

Having thus dispeeded her his Letter, the vanity of his thoughts, and the beastlinesse of his concupiscence and sensuality, not onely surpriseth his reason, but captivates his judgement; so as *Laurieta's* sight defacing *Belluiles* memory, hee thinkes so much on her affection, as hee respects not his malice: but this Vice and that errour shall cost him deare. For whiles hee is feasting his eyes on the daynties and rarities of *Laurieta's* beauty, *Belluiles* heart hath agreed with the devill to prepare him a bloudy Banquet: Grace cannot containe him within her limits; therfore Impiety dallies so long with him, and hee with Impiety, that at last this bloudy sentence is past in the court of his hellish resolutions, That *Poligny* must dye. The devills assistance is never wanting in such infernall stratagems: for this is an infallible maxime, as remarkeable as ruinous, That hee allwayes makes us fertile, not barren to doe evill, never to doe good. At first *Belluile* thinkes on poyson or Pistoll to dispatch *Poligny*: but hee findes the first too difficult to attempt; the second, too publike to performe. Sometimes hee is of opinion to ascend his Chamber, and murther him in his bed; then to shoot him out at window as he passeth the street: but to conclude, understanding that he often comes very late in the night from *Laurieta*, he thinkes it best to run him thorow with his Rapier, as he issueth forth her house. And to make short, hereon he resolves.

Now to put the better colour on his villany, hee retires himselfe from *Avignion*, and lives privately some sixe dayes in *Orenge*, giving it out, that hee was gone to the City of *Aix* in *Provence*, where, at that famous court of Parliament he had a Processe for a title of Land, shortly to bee adjudged; and so in a darke night, taking none but his Lacky with him, he being disguised, in favour of money, passeth the gate of *Avignion*, and giving his horse to his Lackey, being secretly informed that *Poligny* was with *Laurieta*, he goes directly to her doore, and there at the corner of a little street stands with his Rapier drawne under his cloake, with a revenging and greedy desire of blood to awayt *Poligny's* comming forth. The Clocke striking one, the doore is opened, and *Poligny* secretly issueth foorth without candle, having purposely sent away his Lackey, who had then unwittingly carried away his Masters Rapier with him. Hee is no sooner in the street, but *Bellnile*, as a murtherous villaine, rusheth foorth, and so like a limbe of the Devill, sheathes his Rapier in his brest; when *Poligny* more hurt then amazed, and wanting his Sword, but not courage, indeavoureth by struggling to close with his assassinate; and so cries out for assistance: but the dead of the night favoureth his butcherly attempt, when withdrawing his Sword, hee redoubleth his cruelty, and so againe runnes him in at the small of the belly, thorow the reines, whereat hee presently falls downe dead to his feete, having the power to groane and crye, but not to utter a word. Which *Belluile* espying, and knowing him dispatcht, runnes to his horse, which his Lackey held ready at the corner of the next streete, and so rides to the same gate hee entred, which was kept ready for him; which passing, hee with all expedition drives away for *Orenge*: from whence, the next morne before day, hee takes poast for *Aix*, the better to conceale and o're-vaile this damnable Murther of his. But this policie of his shall deceive his hopes, and returne him a fatall reward

and intereſt. For although he can bleare the eyes of men, yet he neither can, nor ſhall thoſe of God, who in his due time will out of his ſacred juſtice repay and puniſh him with confuſion.

By this time the ſtreete and neighbours have taken the allarum of this tragicall accident: ſo Candles and Torches come from every where, only *Laurieta* having played the Whore before, will ſeeme now (though falſely) to play the honeſt woman: for ſhe, to cover her ſhame, will not diſcover that her ſelfe or any of her houſe are ſtirring: and ſo although ſhee underſtood this newes, and privately and bytterly wept thereat, yet ſhee keepes faſt her doores and, like an ingratefull ſtrumpet will permit none of her ſervants for a long time to deſcend. The Criminall Iudge and Preſident of the Ciiy is advertiſed of this Murther. The dead Gentleman is knowne to bee *Mounſieur Poligny*, and being beloved, hee is exceedingly bewayled of all who knew him, and inquiry and ſearch is made of all ſides, and the Lievtennant Criminall ſhewes himſelfe wiſe, becauſe honeſt, and curious, becauſe wiſe in the perquiſition of this bloody Murther: but as yet time will not, or rather God, who is the Creator and giver of time, is not as yet pleaſed to bring it to light; only *Laurieta* knew, and *la Palaſiere* ſuſpected, and all thoſe who were of the counſell of the one, or the acquaintance of the other, doe likewiſe both feare and ſuſpect, that onely *Belluile* was the bloody and execrable author thereof; but to report or divulge ſo much, although they dare, they will not.

As for *la Palaſiere*, her thoughts are taken up and preoccupated with two ſeverall paſſions: for as ſhe grieves at *Poligny's* death, ſo ſhee rejoyceth that ſhe hath no hand, nor was any way acceſſary to his Murther; rather, that if hee had ſayled by the compaſſe of her advice, hee had undoubtedly avoyded the ſhipwracke of his life, and prevented the misfortune of his death; what to thinke of *Belluile* ſhee knowes not, but if hee were her friend before, hee hath now made and proclaimed himſelfe her enemy, by killing her deare and onely friend *Poligny*: and therefore is reſolved, that as ſhee could never perfectly brooke his company, ſo now this bloudy fact ſhall make her deteſt both it and him. But let us a little leave her, and deſcend to ſpeake of *Laurieta*, to ſee how ſhee brookes the murther of her intimate friend *Poligny*: for ſith ſhee aſſuredly knowes and believes that this cruell Murther was performed by no other, but by her profeſſed enemy *Belluile*, or by ſome of his bloudy agents, love and revenge conſpire to act two different Scenes upon the Theater of her heart: for in memory and deepe affection to her *Poligny*, her pearled teares and mournefull ſighes infinitely deplore and bewayle his diſaſtrous end; ſo as ſorrow withering the roſes of her cheekes, and griefe making her caſt off her glittering, to take on mournefull attire, ſhe could not refraine from giving all *Avignion* notice how pleaſing *Poligny's* life was to her, by the exceſſe of her lamentations and afflictions demonſtrated for his death; or if her ſighes found any conſolation, or her teares receſſe or truce, it was adminiſtred her by her revenge, which ſhee conceived and intended towards *Belluile*, for this his bloudy fact. So as conſulting with Choller, not with Reaſon, with Nature, not with Grace, with Satan, not with God, ſhee vowes to bee ſharpely revenged of him, and to make him pay deare for this his baſe and treacherous Murther; yea, the fumes and fury of her revenge are ſo implacable, and tranſport her reſolutions to ſo bloudy an impetuoſitie, that reſembling her ſexe and ſelfe, ſhee inhumanely and ſacrilegiouſly darts forth an oath, which her heart ſends to her ſoule, and her ſoule from Earth to Hell, that if the meanes finde not her, ſhe will infallibly find out the meanes to quench and dry up her teares for *Poligny's* death, in the bloud of *Belluile*: which, ſith ſhe is ſo devoyd of reaſon, religion, and grace, I feare we ſhal ſhortly ſee her attempt and performe. But leaving her in *Avignion*, let us finde out *Belluile* in *Aix*, who is a Gentleman ſo pro-

phane

phane in his life, and deboſht in his actions and converſations; as in ſtead of repenting he triumphs at this his Murther; yea, hee is become ſo impious and impudent, as hee grieves not thereat, but onely that he had not ſooner diſpatched his rivall *Poligny*: but the better to delude the world, that neither his hand or ſword were guilty in ſending *Poligny* from this world in a bloudy winding ſheet, his thoughts like ſo many hounds purſuing his conſcience, and his conſcience his ſoule, hee thinkes himſelfe not ſafe in *Aix*, where the ſharpe-ſighted Preſidents, and Councellours of that illuſtrious Senate of Parliament might at laſt accuſe and finde him out for the Authour of this bloudy Murther; and therefore leaves both it and *Provence*, and ſo rides to the City of *Lyons*, accompanyed with none but his two Lackeyes, who, to write the truth, act'd no part in *Poligny's* mournfull Tragedy; neither doth he yet thinke himſelfe ſafe there: but within a moneth after the Murther, thinking directly and ſecurely to flye from the eyes and hands of juſtice, thereby to avoyd the ſtorme of his puniſhment, hee againe takes horſe for that great City and Forreſt *Paris*, where he hoped the infinite number of People, Streets, Coaches, and Horſes would not only ſecure his feare, but prevent his danger, and that here, as in a ſecure Sanctuary and ſafe harbour, he might quietly ride at anchor in all peace and tranquillity: but (as before) the time is not yet come of his puniſhment; for it may bee, God, out of his inſcrutable will and Divine providence, will, when hee beſt pleaſeth, returne him from whence hee came, and by ſome extraordinary accident make him there feele the fouleneſſe of his fact, in the ſharpeneſſe and ſuddenneſſe of his puniſhment; which, as a fierce guſt and bitter ſtorme, ſhall then ſurpriſe him, when hee leaſt ſuſpects or dreames thereof. But in this *interim* of his reſidence, he forgets his new fact of Murther, to remember his old ſinnes of Concupiſcence and Whoredome; and ſo rather like a laſcivious Courtier, then a civill morall Chriſtian, hee cannot ſee the Church for the Stewes, nor the Preachers or Prieſts for Panders and Strumpets. But this vanity of his ſhall coſt him deare, and hee ſhall be ſo miſerable to feele the puniſhment, ſith hee will not be ſo happy to ſeeke the meanes to avoyde it: for now ſixe moneths having exhauſted and diſſipated the greateſt part of his gold, and his credit comming ſhort of his hopes, it ſeems the aire of *Paris* is diſpleaſing to him, ſith he cannot be agreeable to it; and therfore (neceſſity giving a law to the vanity of his deſires) he beginnes to loath the Ile of *France*, to love the Province of *Provence*, and to leave *Paris* to ſee *Avignion*. And now it is, that the devill, that ſubtle and fatall ſeducer, ſteps in, and at one time bewitching both his reaſon and judgement, preſents him afreſh with the freſhneſſe and delicacie of *Laurieta's* beauty, which ſo inkindleth and revives the ſparks of his affection, that lay raked up in the aſhes of ſilence, as he vowes there is no beauty to hers; and if hee chance eſpie any faire Ladies, either at Court, or in the City, he preſently affirmeth, and infinitly proteſteth, they come farre ſhort of his *Laurieta's* delicacie, perfection, and grace; ſo as his purſe tyrannizing o're his ambition, and his concupiſcence o're his judgement, he not ſo much as once dreaming of the implacable hatred ſhe formerly bore him, and thinking it impoſſible for her to conceive, much leſſe to know that he murthered *Poligny*, he is conſtant and reſolute to reſeeke the felicity to live in her favour and affection, or to dye in the purſute thereof; but that will prove as impoſſible, as this apparent and feaſable. So as abſence adding fire to his luſt, and excellencie to her beauty, he is reſolute to ſend one of his Lackeyes to *Avignion*; partly to returne with money, and ſo to meete him at *Lyons*, *Moulins*, or *Nevers*; but more eſpecially, in great ſecrecie to deliver a Letter to his fa re and ſweet *Laurieta*, and to bring him backe her anſwer, as if hee were ſtill at *Paris*, and not in his journey downewards. When meaning as yet to conceale his Murther of *Poligny*, hee calling for pen and paper, traceth her thereon theſe lines:

BELLVILE to LAVRIETA.

IF Poligny *had but the thousandth part as truely respected mee, as I dearely loved thee, thou hadst not so soone cast mee out of thy favour, nor God so suddenly him out of this world: but I know not whether more to bewayle my unfortunacie occasioned by thy cruelty, or his misery ingendred through his owne treachery. And indeed, as I grieve at that, so I sorrow at this; for although hee dyed mine enemy, yet in despight of his malice and death, I will live his friend: and if thou lovedst him, as I thinke thou didst, I wish I might fight with his Murtherer for his owne sake, and kill him for thine. I may say thy affection and beauty deserved his better, though dare not affirme I am reserved to bee made happy in injoying of either, much lesse of both, and least of all, of thy selfe; and yet I must confesse, that if our births and qualities were knowne, I should goe as neere to bee thy equall, as hee infinitely came short of being mine. What, or what not, I have performed for thy sake, is best knowne to my selfe, sith thou disdaynest to know it: but if thou wilt please to abandon thy disdaine, then my affection and the truth will informe thee, that I have ever constantly resolved to dy thy Servant, though thou have sworne never to live my Mistresse. So that could I but as happily regaine thy affection and favour, as I have unjustly and unfortunately lost it,* Belluile *would quickly forsake* Paris *to see* Avignion, *and abandon all the beauties of the world, to continue his homage and service to that of his onely faire and sweet* Laurieta.

BELLVILE.

With this his Letter hee sends a Diamond Ring from his finger, and so dispatcheth his Lackey, who is not long before hee arrive at *Avignion*, where very secretly he delivers *Laurieta* his Masters Token and Letter; and treacherous fury as shee is, shee kisseth both, and breaking off the Seales, reades the contents, whereat she infinitly seemes to rejoyce, and so questioneth with the Lackey about his Masters returne; who being taught his Lesson, told her that that depended on her pleasure, sith hers was his, and withall prayes her for an answer; for that two dayes hence hee was againe to returne to his Master for *Paris*: the which shee promiseth. The Lackey gone, she cannot refraine from laughing, yea, she leaps for joy, to see how *Belluile* is againe so besotted, to throw himselfe into her favour and mercy, and to observe how willing and forward he was to runne hoodwink'd to his untimely death and destruction: for the Devill hath fortifyed her in her former bloudy resolution; so that hap what will, shee vowes she will not faile to kill *Belluile*, because hee had slaine her *Poligny*, and already she wisheth him in *Avignion*, that she might see an end to this her wished and desired Tragedy. In the meane time she prepares her hypocriticall and treacherous Letter, and a rich Watchet Scarfe imbroydered with flames of silver. So his Lackey repayreth to her, to whom she delivereth both, with remembrance of her best love to his Master, and that shee hoped shortly to see him in *Avignion*. The Lackey being provided of his Masters Gold, and this Scarfe and Letter, trips away speedily for *Lyons*, where hee findes his Master privatly husht up in a friends house, expecting his returne; he is glad of his owne gold, but more of *Laurieta's* Letter, when thinking every minute a yeare before he had read it, he hastily breaking off the seales, findes these lines therein contayned:

LAVRIETA to BELLVILE.

AS I acknowledge I loved Poligny, *so I confesse I never hated thee; and if his treacherous insinuation were too prevalent with my credulity, I beseech thee attribute it to my indiscretion, as being a woman, and not to my inconstancie, as being thy friend: for if he dyed thine enemy, let it suffice that I live thine hand-mayd, and that as he was not reserved for me, so I hope I am wholly for thy selfe. How farre he was my inferiour, I will not inquire, onely it is both my content and honour, that thou please vouchsafe to repute mee thy equall. I am so farre from disdaynig,*

ning, as I infinitely desire to know what thou hast done for my sake, that I may requite thy love with kisses, and make my thankes wipe off the conceipt of my ingratitude. As for my affection, it was never lost to thee, nor shall ever bee found but of thee. To conclude, I wish that our little Avignion *were thy great* Paris, *and if thy love be as unfeigned as mine is firme, let my* Belluile *make hast to see his* Laurieta, *who hath vowed to rejoyce a thousand times more at his returne, then ever shee grieved at* Poligny's *death.*

LAVRIETA.

At the reading of this her Letter hee is beyond himselfe, yea beyond the Moone for joy; so as hee wisheth nothing so much, as himselfe in her armes, or shee in his. So hee fits himselfe with a couple of good horses, puts his Lackeyes into new Sutes, and knowing that time and his absence had washed away the remembrance of *Poligny's* murther, he speeds away for *Avignion*; where the first night of his arrivall he privately visiteth *Laurieta*, 'twixt whom there is nothing but kisses and imbracings; yea, shee so treacherously and sweetly lulles him asleepe with the *Syren* melody of her deceiptfull speeches, as she prayes him to visit her often, and that a little time shall crowne him with the fruits of his desire: so for that night they part. The next day he repaires to her againe, when amidst the confluence of many millions of kisses, shee prayes and conjures him to discover her what hee hath done for her sake; when he tying her by oath to secrecie, and she swearing it, he relates her that it was himselfe, that in affection to her had slaine *Poligny*, as he issued forth her lodging: when having wrested and extorted this mystery from him, it confirmes her malice, and hastneth on her resolution of his death, which his lascivious thoughts have neither the grace to foresee, nor the reason to prevent: shee espyes hee hath still a Pistoll with him, and desires to know why hee beares it; who answereth her, it is to defend himselfe from his enemies, and that hee will never goe without it. So againe they fall to their kisses, and hee to his requests of a further and sweeter favour of her; which shee for that time againe denyes him, adding withall, that if hee will come to her after dinner to morrow, shee will so dispose of matters, as his pleasure shall be hers, and she will not be her owne, but his. So being surprised and ravished with the extasie of a thousand sweete approaching pleasures, hee returnes to his Chamber, and shee to her malice: where whiles he gluts himselfe with his hope of delight, shee doth no lesse with her desire of revenge. And now ruminating on the manner of his death, she thinkes nothing so fit or easie to dispatch him, as his owne Pistoll: and so thinking shee should need her Wayting-mayd *Lucilla's* assistance (of whom this our History hath formerly made mention) shee acquaints her with her purpose, the next day to murther *Belluile* in her Chamber: and so with the lure of gold, and many faire promises, drawes her to consent hereunto, and injoines her to be provided of a good Ponyard under her gowne for the same purpose, if need should require; which *Lucilla* promiseth. Now this night, as *Belluile* could not sleepe for joy, so could not *Laurieta* for revenge, who is so weighed downe to malice and murther, as she wisheth the houre come for her to reduce her devilliish contemplation into bloody action. But this houre shall come too soone for them both: for as Lovers are impatient of delayes, so *Belluile* hath no sooner dined, but taking his horse and two Lackeyes, hee sayes he will take the aire of the fields that afternoone, but will first call in and see his Mistresse *Laurieta*. So hee alights at her doore, and without the least feare of danger or apprehension of death, very joyfully ascends *Laurieta's* chamber; who, dissembling wretch as shee is, very kindly meets and receives him: and the better to smother and dissemble her murtherous intent, is not onely prodigall in taking but in giving him kisses. *Belluile*, like a dissolute and lascivious Gentleman, whispers *Laurieta* in her eare, that hee is come to receive the fruits of his hopes, and of her promise

miſe and curteſie: when conſidering that his horſe and two Lackyes were at doore, ſhe returnes him this in his eare, that ſhe is wholly his, and that it is out of her power to denye or refuſe him any thing, onely ſhee prayes him to ſend away his Lackeyes, becauſe their familiarity needed no witneſſes. Thus whiles hee calls them up, to bid them carry away his horſe to the gate that leades to *Marſeilles*, and there to awayt his comming, *Laurieta* ſteps to her Wayting-mayd *Lucilla*, and bids her make ready her Ponyard, and ſtand cloſe to her: for now (quoth ſhe) the houre is come that I will be revenged of *Belluile* for my *Poligny's* death: the which ſhe had no ſooner ſpoken, but *Belluile* returnes to her; when redoubling his kiſſes, hee little, or rather not at all fearing he was ſo neere death, or death him, being ready to retire himſelfe to a withdrawing Chamber, which *Laurieta* treacherouſly informed him ſhe had purpoſely provided for him, he takes his Piſtoll, and layes it on the Table of the outer Chamber, wherein they then were; which ſhee eſpying, as the inſtrument ſhe infinitely deſired to finger, takes it in her hand, and prayes him to ſhew her how to ſhoote it off: ſo taking it from her, he told her, if ſhee pleaſed, hee would diſcharge it before her, for her ſake. Why (quoth ſhe) is it charg'd? Yea, replyes *Belluile*, with a ſingle bullet. Nay then (quoth *Laurieta*) put in one bullet more, and if you can eſpye any Crow out of the window, either on the houſe or Church top, if it pleaſe you, I will play the man, and ſhoot at it for your ſake: When poore *Belluile*, deſirous to pleaſe her in any thing, looks out the window, and eſpies two Crowes on the croſſe of the *Auguſtine* Fryers Church, which he very joyfully relates *Laurieta*; and ſo at her requeſt claps in a ſecond bullet more: for (quoth ſhe) if I ſtrike not both, I will be ſure to pay one; and ſo prayes him to leane out at window, to ſee how neere ſhee could feather them: which (miſerable Gentleman) he performing, the Piſtoll being bent, ſhee behind him diſchargeth it directly in his own reines. Whereat he amazedly ſtaggering, *Lucilla* ſeconding her bloody Miſtreſſe, ſteps to him, and with her Ponyard gives him five or ſixe wounds thorow the body; ſo as without ſpeaking or groaning, he falls dead at their feet. Whereat *Laurieta* triumphing and leaping for joy, uttereth theſe bloudy and prophane ſpeeches: O *Poligny*, whiles thou art in heaven, thus have I done in earth for thy ſake, and in revenge of thy cruell death! Which having performed, they more cruelly then cruelty her ſelfe, drag his breathleſſe carkaſſe, reeking in his bloud, downe the ſtayres, into a low obſcure Cellar, where making a ſhallow grave, they there bury him in his clothes, and ſo pile up a great quantity of Billets on him; as if that wooden monument had power to conceale their Murther, and his body from the eyes and ſuſpicion of all the world. Good God! what devills incarnate, and infernall Furies are theſe, thus to imbrue their hands in the blood of this Gentleman? But as cloſe as they act and contrive this their bloody and inhumane Murther on earth, yet heaven will both detect and revenge it: for when they leaſt dreame thereof, Gods wrath and vengeance will ſurpriſe them, to their utter confuſion and deſtruction, and it may be ſooner then they are aware of.

For the two Lackeyes having ſtayed at the City gate with their Maſters horſe till night, they returne and ſeeke him at *Laurieta's* houſe, where they left him; *Laurieta* informes them hee ſtayed not an houre after them, and ſince ſhee ſaw him not; which newes doth infinitely afflict and vexe them. But they returne to his lodging, and like duetifull and faithfull ſervants, betwixt hope and feare, awayt his returne that night, and all the next day; but in vaine. And now they beginne to be amazed at his long and unaccuſtomed abſence, and ſo conſult this important buſineſſe to ſome Gentlemen, their Maſters confident and intimate friends; who together with them repayre to *Laurieta's* houſe, and againe and againe demand her for *Mounſieur de Belluile*: but they finde her conſtant in her firſt anſwer, and yet guided by the finger and providence of God,

God, they bewray a kinde of perturbation in her lookes, and discover some distraction and extravagancie in her speeches: whereupon calling to their mindes her former discourtesie to him for *Poligny's* sake, and his fighting with him on the Bridge for hers; as also this sudden and violent suspected murther of him, they suspect and feare there is more in the winde then as yet they know; and so acquaint the Criminall Iudges herewith, who as wise Senatours, having severally examined both her and her Mayd *Lucilla*, and *Belluile's* Lackeyes, they conclude to imprison *Laurieta*; which is instantly performed: whereat she is extreamly amazed and terrifyed; but howsoever, she is resolute to deny all, and constant to stand upon her justification and innocencie. So her Iudges adjudge her to the torments of the Racke, which (with a masculine, yea, with a hellish fortitude) shee indureth, without revealing the least shaddow, either of feare or guiltinesse; but they detaine her still prisoner, and hope that God will make time discover the Murther of *Belluile*; for eight dayes being now past, they are become confident that hee is not in this world, but in another. In the meane time her bloudy Wayting-mayd *Lucilla* hath continuall recourse to her Lady *Laurieta* in prison, where, like impious and prophane wretches, they interchangeably sweare secrecie each to other, sith on eithers discovery depends no lesse then both their deaths.

Whiles this newes is generally divulged in *Avignion, Provence, Daulphine*, and *Languedoc*, and no newes at all to be had or gathered of *Belluile, La Palaisiere*, who shined with as many vertues as *Laurieta* was obscured with Vices, out of compassion and Christian charity, some three weeks after visiteth *Laurieta* in prison, although she partly believed and knew, that she never affected or loved her; when ayming to adde consolation to her afflictions, as God would have it, *Laurieta*, out of her ignorance or folly, returnes *la Palaisiere* this unlooked for answer: That her selfe was as innocent of *Belluile's* death, as shee was of *Poligny's*. Which words being over-heard by some curious head of the company, were instantly carryed and reported to the Criminall Iudges, who instantly cause *la Palaisiere* to bee apprehended and brought before them, whom they examine upon *Poligny's* death; which doth no way affright or afflict her, because her conscience was untainted, and her selfe as innocent as innocencie her selfe thereof. They deale further with her, to understand the passages of former businesses betwixt her selfe, *Poligny*, and *Belluile*. Shee gives them a true and faithfull account thereof, yea, and relates them as much and no more, then this Historie hath formerly related us; and to verifie and confirme her speeches, like a discreet young Gentlewoman, she gives them the keyes of a Trunke of hers, wherein shee sayth is her copy of a Letter shee wrote to *Poligny*, and his answer againe to her, which shee prayes them to send for, for her better cleering and discharge. The Iudges send speedily away for these Letters, which are found, produced, and read, directly concurring with the true circumstance of her former deposition: whereupon with much applause and commendation they acquit and discharge her. But if *la Palaisiers* Vertues have cleered her, *Laurieta's* Vices (which the Iudges begin to smell out by *Poligny's* Letter) doe the more narrowly and streightly imprison her; and yet knowing that *la Palaisiere* neither had, nor could any way accuse her, for either of these two Murthers, she sets a good face on her bad heart, and so very bravely trollikes it in prison, and to speake truth, with farre more joy, and lesse feare then heretofore: but to checke and overthrow these vaine triumphs of hers in their birth, and to nip them in their buds, newes is brought her that her Wayting-mayd *Lucilla* is secretly fled; which her Iudges understanding, they now more vehemently then ever heretofore suspect, that (without doubt) *Laurieta* was the authour, and her Mayd *Lucilla* the accessary of *Belluile's* Murther: and so they set all the city and countrey for her apprehension. And this newes indeed makes *Laurieta* feare that shee will infallibly be taken, which doth afflict and amaze her, and indeed hereat shee cannot refraine

fraine from biting her lip, and hanging downe her head. But ſee the miraculous and juſt judgement of the Lord, upon this wretched and bloudy *Lucilla*! for ſhe, for feare flying, as it is ſuppoſed, that night from *Avignion* to *Orenge*, to her parents, was there drowned, and the next morne found and taken up dead in one of the Fenny Lakes betwixt the two Cities. Which newes being reported to *Laurieta*, ſhe againe converts her feare into hope, and ſorrowes into joyes, as knowing well that dead bodies can tell no tales. But the wiſedome and integrity of the Iudges, by the apparencie of *Laurieta's* crime in that of her Wayting-mayds flight, againe command her to be racked: but the devill is yet ſo ſtrong with her, and ſhe with the devill, that ſhe againe indures the cruelty of theſe torments with a wonderfull patience, with an admirable conſtancie and reſolution, and ſo couragiouſly and ſtoutly denying her crime, and peremptorily maintaining her innocencie and juſtification, her Iudges, led by the conſideration of the ſharpneſſe and bitterneſſe of her torments, as alſo that they could finde no direct proof or ſubſtantiall evidence againſt her, beginne to conceive and imagine that it might be the Wayting-mayd, and not the Miſtreſſe, that had ſent *Belluile* into another world, and ſo reſolve, the weeke following, if they heard nothing in the meane time to acquit *Laurieta*, to releaſe and acquit her: which *Laurieta* underſtanding, the torments which her limbes and body feele are nothing in reſpect of thoſe contentments and joyes her heart and thoughts conceive; and already building caſtles and triumphs in her heart and contemplations, for the hope and joy of her ſpeedy inlargement, ſhe, in her apparell and behaviour, flaunts it out farre braver then before. But ſhe hath not yet made her peace with her Iudges, neither have they pronounced her *Quieta eſt*. And alas, how fooliſhly and ignorantly doth the vanity of her hopes deceive and betray her, whenas the fouleneſſe of her ſoule, and contamination of her conſcience, every houre and minute prompt her, that God, the Iudge of Iudges, who hath ſeene, will in his good time and pleaſure both detect and puniſh as well her whoredome as her murther, in her death! And lo, here comes both the cauſe and the manner thereof, wherein Gods providence and juſtice doe miraculouſly reſplend and ſhine.

For *Laurieta* being indebted to her Land-lord *Mounſieur de Richcourt*, as well for a whole yeares rent, as for three hundred Livres in money, which hee had lent her, being impatient of her delayes, but more of her diſgrace, lets out that part of his houſe, which ſhee held of him, to the Deane of *Carpentras*, who for his healths ſake came to ſojourne that Winter in *Avignion*; and deſpairing of her inlargement, and to ſatisfie himſelfe, beginnes to ſell away her houſehold-ſtuffe, yea, to the very Billets which ſhe had in her Cellar, which he retaines for himſelfe; whereof when his ſervants came to cleere the Cellar, they removing the laſt Billets, finde the earth newly removed and opened in the length and proportion of a Grave: wherof wondring, they preſently informe their Maſter, who viewing the ſame, as God would have it, hee inſtantly apprehended and believed, that *Laurieta* had undoubtedly killed *Belluile*, and there buried him: when not permitting his ſervants to remove the leaſt jot of earth, he as a diſcreet and honeſt Citizen, with all poſſible celeritie trips away to the Criminall Iudges, and acquaints them herewith; who concurring with *Richcourt* in his opinion and belief, they diſpeed themſelves to his houſe and Cellar, where cauſing the new opened earth to be removed, behold, they find the miſerable dead body of *Belluile* there inhumanely throwne in and buried in his cloaths, which cauſing to be taken off, thereby to ſearch his body, they find himſhot into the reines with two Piſtoll bullets, and his body ſtabd and pierced with ſixe ſeverall wounds of a Rapier or Ponyard: they are amazed at this pitifull and lamentable ſpectacle; and ſo reſting confident it could be no other but *Laurieta* and her Mayd *Lucilla*, that had committed this cruell Murther, they very privately and ſecretly cauſe *Belluiles* dead body to bee conveyed to the priſon, and there, when

Laurieta

Laurieta least dreamt thereof, expose it to her sight, and in rough termes charge and crie out upon her for this Murther; but this monster of nature, and shee-devill of her sexe, hath yet her heart so obdurated with revenge, and her soule so o're-clouded and benumm'd with impiety, as shee is nothing daunted or terrifyed with the sight hereof; but with many fearefull imprecations and asseverations stands peremptorily in her innocencie, and out of the heat of her malice and choller termes them devills or witches, that are her accusers. But her Iudges, who can no longer be deluded with her vowes, nor will no more give eare to her perfidious oaths, command to have her Paps seared off with hot burning Pincers, thereby to vindicate the truth of her cruell murther, from the falsehood of her impious and impudent denyall thereof. Whereat amazed and astonished, and seeing this cruell torment ready to bee inflicted and presented her, God was so indulgent to her sinnes, and so mercifull to her soule, as the devill flying from her, and she from his temptations, shee rayning downe many rivolets and showres of teares from her eyes, and evaporating many volleyes of sighes from her heart, throwing her selfe downe on her knees to the earth, and lifting up her eyes and handes unto Heaven, with much bewayling and bitternesse, shee at last confesseth to her Iudges, that shee and her Wayting-mayd *Lucilla* were the murtherers of *Belluile*, and for the which shee sayd, that through her humble contrition and hearty repentance, shee hoped that God would pardon her soule in the life to come, though shee knew they would not her body in this. Whereupon the Iudges, in horrour and execration of her inhumane and bloudy crime, pronounce sentence of death upon her, and condemne her the next day after dinner, first to be hanged, then burnt in the same street, right against her lodging, *Monsieur de Richcourts* house; and likewise, sith *Lucilla* was both an accessary and actour in this bloudy Tragedy, that her body should be taken up out of her Grave, and likewise burnt with hers in the same fire: which accordingly was executed in the presence of an infinite number of people both of the Citizens, and adjacent neighbours of *Avignion*; *Laurieta* uttering upon the Ladder a short, but a most Christian and penitent speech to the people, tending first to dissuade them all by her example from those foule and crying sinnes of whoredome, revenge, and murther; and then to request and perswade them, that they would assist her with their religious and devout prayers in her soules passage and flight towards Heaven: yet adding withall, that as her crime, so her griefe was redoubled, becaus as she had killed *Belluile* for *Poligny's* sake, so she was sure that *Belluile* had killed *Poligny* for hers.

And thus, *Christian Reader*, were the dissolute lives and mournefull deaths of these two unfortunate Gentlemen, *Poligny* and *Belluile*, and of this lascivious and bloudy Curtizan *Laurieta*, and her Wayting-mayd *Lucilla*. A tragicall History, worthy both of our observation and detestation; and indeed, these are the bitter fruits of Lust, Whoredome, and Revenge, and the inseparable companions which infallibly awayt and attend them; the very sight and consideration whereof are capable, not onely to administer consolation to the righteous, but to strike terror to the ungodly. O therefore, that wee may all beware by these their fatall and dangerous sinnes: for this is the onely perfect and true way to prevent and avoyde their punishments.

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GODS

* * *

GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE CRYING AND EXECRABLE sinne of *Murther.*

Historie IX.

Iacomo de Castelnovo *lustfully falls in love with his daughter in law* Perina, *his owne sonne* Francisco de Castelnovo's *Wife; whom to injoy, he causeth* Ierantha *first to poyson his owne Lady* Fidelia, *and then his said son* Francisco de Castelnovo: *in revenge whereof,* Perina *treacherously murthereth him in his bed.* Ierantha, *ready to dye in travell of child, confesseth her two Murthers; for the which she is hang'd and burnt.* Perina *hath her right hand cut off, and is condemned to perpetuall imprisonment, where she sorrowfully languisheth and dyes.*

WEe need not send our curiosity (or our curiosity us) to seek Tygers and Monsters in *Africa*; for *Europe* hath but too many, who are so cruell and inhumane, not only to imbrue, but to imbath themselves in the innocent bloud of their Christian brethren. And as Religion prohibites us to kill, and commands us to love our enemies; with what audacious and prophane impiety dare wee then murther our friends, nay those of our owne bloud, and who are the greatest part of our selves? And although *Italy* have lately afforded many tragicall presidents, and fearefull Examples of this nature (whereof I have given some to my former, and reserved others to my future bookes) yet in my conceipt it hath produced none more bloudy and inhumane then this, whether we respect the Murthers or the persons. For here wee shall see a wretched and execrable old man so besotted in lust, and flaming in malice and revenge, as being both a husband and a father, hee by a hellish young Gentlewoman (his strumpet) poysoneth both his owne wife and his owne sonne: It was his vanity which first inkindled the fire of his lust; it is then his Impiety which gives way to the Devill to blow the coales thereto, and so to convert it into Murther. O that Sinne should so triumph o're Grace, and not Grace o're Sinne! O that Age and Nature should not teach us to bee lesse bloudy, and more compassionate and charitable! And alas, alas, by Poyson, that drug of the Devill, who first brought the damnable invention thereof from hell, to be practised here on earth onely by his agents and members! Wee shall likewise see him killed by his daughter in law, for formerly poysoning of her husband: Lust seduced him to perpetrate those; Affection, or rather bloudy Revenge, drew her on to performe this, and consequently to her punishment due for the same. Had they had more Grace and Religion, they would not have beene so inhumane; but falling from that, no marvell if they fell to be so wretched and miserable: for if we die well, we seldome live ill; if live ill, we usually never die well: for it is the end that crowns the beginning, not the beginning the end. Therfore if we will be happy in our lives, and blessed in our deaths, we must follow

Vertue, and flie from Vice, love Chaſtity and Charity, and hate Luſt and Envie, preferre Heaven before Earth, our Soules before our Bodies, and defie Satan, with a holy reſolution both to feare and love God.

Savoy is the Countrey, and *Nice* the City (ſeated upon the *Mediterranean* Sea, being the ſtrongeſt bulwarke againſt *France*, and the beſt Fortreſſe and Key of *Italy*) where the Scene of this inſuing Tragicall Hiſtory is layd: the which to reſetch from the Head-ſpring and Fountaine of its originall, it muſt carry our curioſity and underſtanding over thoſe famous Mountaines, the *Alpes*, and from thence to the City of *Saint Iohn de Mauriena*; where of late and freſh memory dwelt an aged Gentleman, of rich revenues and great wealth, named *Seignior Antonio de Arconeto*, who had newly by his deceaſed Wife, the Lady *Eleanora de Bibanti*, two Children, to wit, a Son, and a Daughter; that, named *Seignior Alexandro*, and this, the Lady *Perina*; a little different in yeares, for he was eighteen, and ſhe but fifteen; but more in qualities and conditions, for he was by nature perverſe and chollericke, but ſhe, milde, courteous, and gracious: Againe, they differed much in the lineaments and proportion of their bodies; for *Alexandro*, like his Father, was ſhort, crook-backt, and hard-favour'd; and *Perina* reſembling her mother, tall, ſtraight-waſted, and faire: ſo as it being a principle and Maxime in Nature, that parents (for the moſt part) love thoſe Children beſt, who beſt reſemble them; as the mother *Eleanora* preferr'd *Perina* in her affection before *Alexandro*, ſo contrariwiſe their father *Arconeto* did *Alexandro* before *Perina*. But as God had called *Eleanora* out of this life, and left her husband *Arconeto* to ſurvive her; ſo *Alexandro's* joy prov'd his ſiſter *Perina's* miſery and affliction, for he was ſo happy to ſee himſelf tenderly cheriſhed and affected, and ſhe ſo unfortunate to perceive her ſelfe ſlighted and diſreſpected of her father: wherein, as I praiſe *Arconeto's* intimate love to his ſonne, ſo I cannot but diſcommend, and withall pitty his immerited and unnatural neglect to his daughter: wherein, as *Alexandro* triumphed in the one, judge judicious *Reader*, if *Perina* had not cauſe enough to grieve and lament at the other. But as the drift and ſcope of this Hiſtory looks another way, ſo for my part, who have undertaken to pen it, it is the leaſt of my intent or purpoſe to give inſtructions and direction, how parents ſhould beare themſelves in their affections towards their children; onely, becauſe I may not here too palpably bewray mine ignorance in my ſilence, I hope, nay, I am confident, that with as much truth as ſafety I may conclude, it is a happineſſe both for parens and children, where parents beare their affections equally to their children: for loving one, and hating another, the joy of the one proves oftentimes the others ſorrow; and in giving that too much hope, we many times adminiſter this too much cauſe of deſpaire; or if the inclinations and affections of parents be more narrowly tyed, and ſtrictly linked to preferre and love one child above the other, yet ſith they are the equall iſſue of their loynes, and wee the onely parents of their youth, wee ſhould bee as well cautious in the diſtribution of our favors, as in the demonſtration of our diſreſpects towards them. But enough of this digreſſion; and now againe to our Hiſtory.

As *Alexandro* growes up in yeares, ſo he doth in ambition and oſtentation: for if he play the *Braveſſo* abroad among Gentlemen and Ladies, ſo authorizd by his fathers hatred of his ſiſter, he at home becomes a petty tyrant to her; yea, his carriage is ſo ſterne and imperious towards her, as if ſhe were rather his ſlave then his ſiſter, or his laundres and hand-mayd, then any part of himſelfe; which notwithſtanding it was both a daily griefe to her hearte, and a continuall torment to her thoughts, yet *Perina's* ſweet perfections, and gracious vertues and behavior, make her digeſt and brook all with wonderfull conſtancie, and an admirable patience: for well ſhe knowes that if ſhe ſhould complain to her father of her brothers unkindnes towards her, ſhe ſhould thereby reape no other remedy

medy and redreſſe but this, that the one would laugh, and the other triumph thereat; and that the iſſue therof would proove her complaints to be the May-game of the one, and mocking-ſtock of the other. But God hath ordayned briefly to eaſe her of a great part of her undeſerved diſcontents and afflictions: for lo, her brother *Alexandro*, debauching and ſurfeting at a Banquet at *Suſa*, returnes home, ſurpriſed of a hot peſtilent Fever, which notwithſtanding the care of his Father, or the art of his experteſt Phyſicians, hee in three dayes is taken out of this life.

And now guided by the light of nature, and the inſtinct of common ſenſe and reaſon, who would not ſurmiſe or thinke, but that *Arconeto*, having buryed his ſonne *Alexandro*, ſhould now love his onely daughter and child *Perina* farre dearer and tenderer then before. But alas, nothing leſſe: for hee is not ſo kinde, and therefore ſhee cannot be ſo happy; yea, which is worſe, although his words be her commands, and his pleaſure her law, yet hee contemnes both her and her obedience, and never lookes on her with love and affection, but ſtill with diſdaine and envie: yea, in a word, his diſtaſt is ſo extreame and bitter againſt her, as hee is never beſt pleaſed, then when ſhee is furtheſt from him; ſo as her abſence may delight and content him, but her preſence cannot. Which unnaturall diſreſpect, and unjuſt cruelty of her father towards her, doth ſo nip the joyes of her youth, and the bloſſomes of her health and beauty, as, poore young Gentlewoman, ſhe becomes infinite melancholly, and extreme weake and ſickly; which being obſerved and pittyed of all her kinſfolkes and friends, as being her Fathers onely child, and heire to all his Lands and Riches, an Aunt of hers, being her mothers ſiſter, and likewiſe her God-mother, termed the Lady *Dominica*, a Widow-woman of the ſame City, workes ſo with her brother in law *Arconeto*, that hee is content to permit his daughter *Perina* to reſide and dwell with her: whereat, as the Aunt is not a little glad, ſo the Neece beyond meaſure infinitely rejoyceth, and triumphs thereat, both hoping that her abſence may, and will procure her fathers affection, which her preſence could not; and that having more liberty and leſſe bondage, ſhee might againe in a ſhort time recover her former health and content; or elſe that God, out of his divine providence, and pleaſure in heaven, might call and allot her out ſome gallant Husband here on earth, with whom, in the contents and pleaſures of Marriage, ſhee might end her future dayes in as much tranquillity and felicity, as ſhe had formerly lived in diſcontent and affliction: and indeed the events, though not in the firſt, yet in the two laſt poynts, anſwereth their expectations.

The Lady *Dominica* hath formerly contracted a Daughter of hers, named *Dona Bertha*, to a Cavallier of the City of *Nice*, termed *Seignior Bartholomeo Spelaſſi*, by deſcent noble, and of good revennues and wealth. And now the appoynted time is come for their Marriage: to which end, up comes *Spelaſſi* from *Nice* to *Saint Iohn de Mauriene*, aſſiſted and followed by many gallant young Gentlemen of his kinſfolks and friends, and, in a word, with a Trayne well befitting his ranke and quality, where theſe Nuptialls are ſolemnized with great variety of pompe and pleaſure; as Feaſting, Dancing, Masks, Running at the Ring, and the like: for in theſe amorous and Court-like Revels, the *Savoyards* (as participating both of the *French* and *Italian* humours) take a ſingular delight and felicity: But as many times one Wedding occaſioneth and produceth another, ſo Fortune, or to ſpeake more properly and truely, God ordayned, that the Lady *Dominica* appoynted her Neece *Perina*, to conduct the Bride-groome her Sonne in law, *Spelaſſi*, to the Church; and hee had allotted one of the nobleſt and eminent Cavalliers that came with him, named *Seignior Franciſco de Caſtelnovo*, to performe the ſame ceremonie to his Bride the *Dona Bertha*, being a Knight of *Malta*, native of the City of *Nice*, and ſon and heire to *Seignior Iacomo de Caſtelnovo*, a very ancient and rich Baron of *Savoy*. Now as *Perina* was a moſt beautifull and faire young La-

dy, so was our young *Castelnovo* a very proper and gallant Cavallier; and sith the occasion of this Marriage, and the fortunacie and opportunity of their united office, by a kinde of destinated and happy priviledge, authorized each to be familiar in the others company and presence: so, as Lovers beginne to court first in jest, then in earnest, the hearts and brests of this sweet young couple are in the end equally surprised with the flame of affection; yea, his personage and dancing, and her beauty and singing, mutually inkindle this fire of love in their thoughts and contemplations, which either imagineth, and both perceive and understand, by the dumbe Oratorie and silent Rhetoricke of their eyes: Which *Castelnovo* knowing her descent and quality answerable to his, hee intends to seeke her in Marriage. When not any longer to surpresse or conceale their affections, they after dinner dancing in company of divers others in the garden, he singleth the Lady *Perina*, his new Mistresse, apart in a Bower closely overvail'd with *Vines*, *Cicamores*, and *Cypres* Trees, and there twixt sighs and words, reveales his deepe affection to her. But to avoyd the prolixious relation of this their Garden enterview and conference, although at first *Perina's* modesty (the sweetest ornament and vertue of a Lady) was such, as shee not onely kept her selfe, but likewise her affections to her selfe, yet her courteous and thankefull answeres, wayted and seconded by many delicious blushes, and amorous sighes, although not publikely, yet privately inform'd her lover *Castelnovo*, that shee likewise loved him: so as during the tearme of fifteene dayes, which *Spelassi* and hee remayned in *Saint Iohn de Mauriene*, hee never left courting her, till hee had obtayned her affection, and consent to bee his wife; drawne thereunto by these two attractive and seducing reasons: First, that *Castelnovo* was a gallant and proper Cavallier, as also her equall in descent and meanes; and then that shee should live in *Nice* with a Husband who dearely loved her, and no longer in *Saint Iohn de Mauriene* with a Father who extremely hated her: Neither can these our young Lovers beare their affections so secret, but the whole company, especially the Lady *Dominica* her Aunt perceives it, and deeming it a fit Match for her Neece, rejoyceth thereat. *Castelnovo* secretly acquaints her therewith, and intreates her best assistance therein towards her brother *Arconeto*; which shee promiseth, and forthwith attempteth: when *Castelnovo*, taking time at advantage, seconds her in his suite for the Daughter, to her old Father.

Now her Father *Arconeto* (degenerating from the naturall affection of a Father towards his Daughter) is so willing to depart with her to any Husband, that hee may no more see her, nor bee troubled with her presence, as thinking a farre worse Match good enough, hee thinkes this infinitely too good for her; and so at the least shaddow of the very first motion consents thereunto: which not onely banisheth *Perina's* old griefe, but confirmeth *Castelnovo's* new joyes; yea they, like two sweete and vertuous Lovers, so extremely rejoyce and triumph thereat, as he riding home poast to *Nice*, to acquaint his owne Father *Seignior Iacomo de Castelnovo* therewith, and swiftly returning againe to *Saint Iohn de Mauriene* with his consent and approbation, this Marriage of *Castelnovo* and *Perina* is there almost as soone solemnized, as that of *Spelassi* and *Bertha*, though indeed more obscure, and with farre lesse pompe and bravery, in respect of the perverseneese and distast of her froward old Father *Arconeto*. So fifteene dayes being expired since *Spelassi* and *Castelnovo* their first departure from *Nice*, they leave *Saint Iohn de Mauriene*, to returne and conduct their Brides home to *Nice*, robbing that, to inrich this City with two such beautifull and gallant Ladies, as were *Bertha* and *Perina*.

Now the better to adde life and forme to this *History*, or rather to approch the more materiall and essentiall parts thereof, we must here leave to speake of *Spelassi* and *Bertha*, and wholly tyn our thoughts and curiosity to *Castelnovo* and *Perina*, two principall and unfortunate

unfortunate Personatours, who both have mournefull parts to act upon the Stage and Theater of *Nice:* for this Marriage of theirs is not begunne with the tenth part of so many joyes, as wee shall shortly see it wayted and attended on, yea, dissolved and finished both with teares and bloud.

Castelnovo having brought home his faire and deare *Perina* to *Nice*, she is very honourably welcomed, and courteously received and entertayned of his old Father, *Seignior Iacomo de Castelnovo*, and of the Lady *Fidelia* his Mother, and so are all her kinsfolkes and friends who accompany her, yea, there wants no feasting nor revelling in *Nice*, to testifie how much they congratulate and rejoyce at their sonnes good fortune and happines. And for *Castelnovo* and *Perina* themselves, why they are so ravished in the content, and drowned in the joyes and delights of Marriage, as though they have two bodies, yet they have but one heart, desire, and affection; yea, they are so extreamely in love each with other, as they believe there is no Heaven upon earth, to that of each others presence. But they shall be deceived herein: for there are Tragicall stormes arising, to trouble the serenity of this Marriage, and the felicity and tranquillity of these affections.

For it is both with griefe and shame, that I must bee so immodest, and therefore unfortunate to relate, that the old Baron *Iacomo de Castelnovo*, aged of some threescore and eight yeares, hath so farre forgotten his God and himselfe, his conscience and his soule, grace and nature, religion and humanity, as gazing on the fresh and delicious beauty of our sweete Lady *Perina*, his owne sonnes wife, hee gives the reignes both of his obscene desires, and inordinate affections, to lust after her. O how my heart trembles, to thinke how he that is white with the snow of a venerable age, should now lasciviously idolatrize to beauty! how he that hath (as it were) one foot in his grave, should lustfully desire to have the other in his Sonnes bed! how hee that hath his veines dryed up and withered, and nothing living in him but desire, should yet of all the beauties of the world, desire onely to enjoy that of his Sonnes wife! how hee, that hath scarce any time left him to bee repentant and sorrowfull for his old sinnes, will now anew make himselfe guiltie of these foule sinnes of Adultery, and I may in a manner say of Incest! how hee that hath not given the flower of his youth, will yet still lasciviously and wilfully refuse to bestow the branne of his age on his God! Alas miserable *Castelnovo*, wrerched old man, or rather lubritious and beastly Lecher, thus to drowne thy thoughts in the hell of concupiscence and adultery, when it were farre fitter thou shouldest lift them up to heaven, in the sacrifice of prayer, and other pious and religious contemplations! But all this will not prevaile to stop the current of his voluptuousnesse, and the progression of his sensuality: for without respect of his God, or regard of his soule, hee is resolute in his desires to make a strumpet of his Daughter in Law, and to make his Sonnes wife his whore: but God will deceive his hopes, and prevent his villany.

Now the better, and sooner to drawe her to his lascivious desires, hee is wonderfull courteous and affable to her, still walking and talking with her, yea, and many times kissing her, whereof both her Husband and selfe are infinitely joyfull, but especially *Perina*, because shee findes a great alteration in her fortune, in that her Father in Law *Castelnovo* proves as courteous to her, as her owne Father *Arceneto* is cruell. But poore innocent soule, and sweet and chast Lady, little dost thou either dreame, or thinke on his lascivious intent against thine honour and chastity. Old *Castelnovo* wallowing in the filthinesse, and burning in the fire of his new lust, and losing himselfe and his thoughts in the Labyrinth of his Daughter in law *Perina's* beauty, hee thinkes on nothing so much, nay, on nothing else, but how to obtaine her to his lascivious will: but not daring, or rather fearing to acquaint her with his inordinate and

beastly purpose, whiles his son her husband is at home present with her, he forgeth and frames a plot, both unnaturall and treacherous, to make him imbrace and follow the Wars in wayting on the *Duke Charles Emanuel*, or the *Prince Amadee Victor* his son and heire, who with their warlike troopes were resolute to expell the *Duke of Feria, Vicery of Millan*, with his Spanish Regiments out of *Vercele, Cassall*, and the other Townes of *Piedmont*, to which end his lustful affection to *Perina* made him eloquent in perswading and powerfull in drawing her husband to this Martiall action, so full of honour and glory; adding that his honour, and the service of his Prince and Countrey, called him to the Field, and that he should not wholly drowne himselfe in the beauty of his young Wife, and the pleasures of Marriage. His sonne *Castelnovo* not at all suspecting, or dreaming what a dangerous Snake lay lurking under the greene leaves of his fathers sugered speeches and perswasions, like a noble and generous Knight as he was, needes no other advocate but his owne honour and Martiall disposition to imbarke him in these Warres: and although the beauty, requests, and teares of his young Lady were vehement sollicitours to divert him, yet hee is resolute to leave her for three or foure moneths. And so making ready his armes, traine, horses and preparatives, hee giving her many kisses, and shee returning him a world of sighes and teares, leaves *Nice*, and so findes out the Duke and his Army in *Piedmont*; where for a little time we will leave him.

It is a question very disputable, and which by my weake capacity and judgement cannot well bee decided, whether this departure of young *Castelnovo* to the Warres, made his father more glad, or his wife sorrowfull: for as shee was all in teares, so was hee in mirth and jollity, being so vaine in his lust, and so lustfull in his vanity, as he trimmes up his beard, and gets neater and withall more youthfull in his apparell then accustomed; yea, his lust had so metamorphosed him, as if it had a prophane influence, and secret power to renew old age in him. But alas, alas, what perfection of chastity can wee expect or hope for in youth, when wee see no better signes and fruits in one of threescore and eight yeares? But I will follow the streame of our History, though indeed the relation of this old lascivious Lechers Lust and Vanity to his daughter in law *Perina*, equally afflict me with griefe and pitty to publish it.

I am then constrained to write and averre, that although meere shame and unnaturalnesse doe as yet with-hold this wretched fathers tongue, from vomiting forth his adulterated lust to his faire and chast daughter in law *Perina*, yet his lust is so immodestly lascivious, as hee cannot keepe himselfe out of her company, nor being in it, refraine from kissing her: but to see the innocencie, and observe the purity of her thoughts, shee nevertheless not so much as any way suspects or dreames of his lascivious intent, although indeed shee thinkes this courtesie of his somewhat exceeds the priviledge of a Father, and the duety of a Daughter; but measuring this by the cruelty of her owne Father, shee, poore silly soule, thinkes her selfe in this respect now as happy, as heretofore shee was miserable. Onely the absence of her deare husband *Castelnovo* doth both torture and torment her, and the more, for that hee is in the Field at Warres; when, God knoweth, shee desireth and wisheth hee should be at home with her in peace.

But whiles *Perina* lookes from *Savoy* to *Piedmont*, from *Nice* to *Vercelli*, and from her selfe to her Lord and Husband, her other selfe, wee must not forget, because our History will remember, her Mother in law *Fidelia*, which now wee must admit and re-conduct to act her part upon the Theatre hereof: who observing her Husbands immodest and unwise familiarity demonstrated to the young Lady *Perina*, her sonnes Wife, as also his alteration in humours and apparell; but chiefely his unaccustomed distraction and sighes in his rest and repose; shee, more out of vertuous wisedome

then foolish jealousie, aymes at his vaine lust towards this young Lady her Daughter in law: whereat shee both admires with griefe, and wonders with the anxiety of affliction and sorrow, to see her old Husband, in the winter of his age, so sottish and beastly to lust after his owne sonnes young Wife, to see that no respect of heaven, no regard of conscience, nor apprehension of damnation and hell, had the grace or power, either to kill these lascivious thoughts in their conception, or to strangle them in their birth, to see that hee who was ready to goe to his bed of death, should now (like the *Salamander* in the fire) bee burning with desire, to goe to that of Lust and Adultery, and to see him so devoyde of piety, as he must needs joyne Incest with Adultery, as if one of these beastly sinnes alone were not enough enormous and prodigious to make his life miserable and his death wretched. And although she have cause enough of sorrow in her selfe, yet when shee thinkes of her Husbands age, and Daughters youth, of his lust, and her chastity, and which is more, of the most degenerate and unnaturall part of a Father, to seeke to pollute and defile his owne Sonnes bed, and consequently his owne honour. This indeede goes neere her, and this, and onely this makes her looke on him, both with envie and pitty: but her age having taught her to love discretion, and to hate and disdaine jealousie, she beares this as patiently as shee may, till at last seeking and finding out a fit opportunity, shee both with teares in her eyes, and griefe in her speeches, very secretly checks him for these his inordinate and lascivious desires towards the young Lady *Perina*, their Daughter in law.

But as it is the nature of sinne so to betray and inveagle our judgements, that wee flatter our selves with a false conceit, none can perceive it in us; so this old lecher her Husband, thinking that hee had danced in a net, from the jealousie and suspicion of all the world, in thus affecting his Sonnes wife, hee like a lewd and wretched old varlet, is so farre from rellishing these his old wifes speeches and exhortations, or from being reclaymed thereby, as hee disdayneth both them and her, and from henceforth is so imperious, and withall bitter to her, as hee never lookes on her with affection, but envie: which nevertheless she (as a modest wife, and grave Matrone) holds it a part not onely of her love, but of her dutty, by sweete speeches, and soft meanes of perswasion, to divert him from this fond and lascivious humour of his. But observe the vanity of his lasciviousnesse, and the impiety of his thoughts and resolutions: for all her prayers and perswasions serve only rather to set, then rebate the edge of his lust, and rather bring oyle to increase, then water to quench the flame of his immodest and irregular affection, so as seeing that she stood in the way of obtayning his beastly pleasures, he, like a prophane and barbarous Husband, termes her no more his wife, but his *Medea*; and which is worse, hee, out of the heat both of his lust and choller, vowes he will soone remove her from this world to another.

And here the devill, ambitious and desirous of nothing so much, as to fill up the empty roomes of his vast and infernall kingdome, by miserable and execrable degrees takes possession first of his thoughts, then of his heart, and lastly of his soule; so as being constant in his indignation and choller, and resolute in this his impious and bloudy revenge, hee meanes to dispatch and murther her, who for the terme of forty two yeares had beene his most loving wife, and faithfull bed-fellow: but withall hee will act it so privately, as not having as yet discovered his affection to his daughter *Perina*, hee will therefore conceale both from her and all the world the Murther of this his wife *Fidelia*, except only to those graceless and execrable Agents he meant imploy in this mournefull and bloudy businesse.

To which end (with a hellish ratiocination) ruminating and revolving on the manner thereof, hee having runne over the circumstances of many violent and tragicall deaths, at last resolves to poyson her; and deemes none so fit to undertake it, as her owne

owne Wayting-gentlewoman *Ieramba*: the which authorized by his former lascivious dalliance with her, as also in favour of five hundred Ducats, that he will give her, hee is confident shee will undertake and finish; neither doth hee faile in his bloody hopes. For what with the honey of his flattering speches, and the sugar of his Gold, she, like an infernall Fury, and a very Monster of her sexe, most ingratefully and inhumanely consents thereunto; so as putting poyson into Whitebroth, which some mornings she was accustomed to make and give her Lady, it spreading into her veines, and exhaling the radicall humour of her life and strength, within eight dayes carries this aged and vertuous Matrone to her Grave, and her soule to Heaven. But her Murtherers shall pay deare for this her untimely end.

The Lady *Perina*, and all the Lady *Fidelia's* kinsfolkes and friends infinitely lament and bewayle her death; and indeed so doth the whole City of *Nice*, where for her descent and vertues shee is infinitely beloved and affected: but all these teares of theirs are nothing in comparison of those of her wicked and execrable Husband *Castelnovo*, who, although he inwardly rejoyce, yet he outwardly seemes to bee exceedingly afflicted and dejected. But as hee hath heretofore acted the part of a Murtherer, and now of an hypocrite; yet, have we but a little patience, and we shall see that detected, this unmasked, and both punished.

Whiles this mournefull Tragedy is acted in *Nice*, the mediation of the *French King* and *Pope* reconcile the differences, give end to the Warres, and conclude peace betwixt *Spaine* and *Savoy*. So home returnes the *Duke* of *Feria*, to *Millan*; the noble *Duke* of *Savoy*, and the generous *Princes* his Sonnes, to *Turin*; the *Marshall de Desdiguieres*, and the *Baron* of *Termes* into *France*; and consequently home comes our Knight *Castelnovo* to *Nice*: where thinking to rejoyce with his young wife, hee is so unfortunate to mourne for the death of his old mother; but God knowes, that neither of them know the least sparke or shadow of her cruell and untimely Murther, and lesse, the cause thereof. Now for his lascivious and bloody father, albeit, to cast a vaile before his thoughts, and his intents and actions, hee publikely mournes for his wifes death, and rejoyceth for his Sonnes returne; yet contrariwise hee privately mournes for this, and rejoyceth for that. But to leave the remembrance of *Fidelia*, to assume that of our *Perina*; I know not whether shee grieved more at her Husbands absence, or rejoyce at his presence, sith her affection to him was so tender and fervent, as in her heart and soule shee esteemed that as much her hell, as this her heaven upon earth: but these joyes of hers are but fires of straw, or flattering Sun-shines, which are suddenly either washed away with a showre, or eclipsed and banished by a Tempest: for whiles her hopes flatter her beliefe of her Husbands continuall stay and residence with her, her Father in lawes lust to her, foreseeing and considering that it was impossible to thinke to obtaine her at home, e're her Husband, his Sonne, were againe imployed and sent abroad, makes all his thoughts aime, and care and industry tend that way, as if time had no power to make him repent the former murther of his wife, or Grace influence to renounce the future defiling and dishonouring of his Daughter in law.

But hee is as constant in his lust to her, as resolute in his dispatching and sending away of him; onely hee must finde out some pregnant, vertuous, and honourable pretext and colour for the effecting of his designe and resolution, because he well knowes his Sonne *Castelnovo* is as wise and generous in himselfe, as amorous of his beautifull young Lady *Perina*: but his lust, which is the cause of his resolution, or rather his vanity, which is the authour of his lust, at one time suggests him these two severall imployments for his Sonne: either to send him into *France* with the *Prince Major*, who was lately contracted, and shortly to espouse *Madame Christiene* the *Kings* second Sister; or else under the insinuation of some great Pensions and Offices that were shortly to bee

bee disposed of in *Malta*, againe to send him backe thither: and his harping on these two strings, was the onely musicke and melody which hee now gave his Sonne; who after hee had a moneth or two at most, recreated himselfe in the sweet company of his deare and sweet wife *Perina*, hee least of all aiming whereat his father aimed, by his absence againe gives way, and consents to his desires of his departure: onely the choyce of these two different imployments is yet questionable and unresolved of 'twixt the father and the sonne. For as the sonnes curiosity desireth to see the Court of *France*, which as yet he hath not seen; so his fathers lust and malice is to have his returne honourably to *Malta*, from whence hee hath formerly received his honour of Knighthood, and there to obtaine a Pension during the terme of his life. The sonne imbraceth the pleasures of the journey of *France*, before the profit and honour of the Voyage of *Malta*. But the father ayming at other ends, preferres this of *Malta* before that of *France*; so as time working an impression in his thoughts, and his fathers desire a kinde of naturall command in his will, and of filiall obedience in his resolution, hee at last resolves on *Malta*. But as neither of these two enterprises of young *Castelnovo* is pleasing, but distastefull to his young and faire Lady *Perina*; So if her affliction and misery bee such, as of the two her husband must needes attempt and prosecute one, then sith hee may goe into *France* by land, and cannot to *Malta*, but by sea, shee at last, with an inforced willingnesse (sympathizing with his first inclination) likewise desireth that the object of his journey, and the period of his Voyage bee *France*, and not *Malta*; as relying rather in hearing from him to stand at the speed and fidelity of a Post, then at the inconstancie of the windes, and the mercie of the seas. So all things prepared and ready for his Voyage, *Perina* importunately begging, and her husband *Castelnovo* confidently promising his speedy returne, shee conducting him over the Hill to *Villafranca* in her Coach, they there, with many reciprocall kisses, sighes and teares, take leave each of other; hee imbarking himselfe upon a *French* Galley, bound from *Marseilles* to *Malta*, (which stopt there accidentally) and shee committing him to the auspicious favour of the wind and sea, very sorrowfully returnes for *Nice*.

Thus leaving the sonne floating and wafting on the seas, let us againe returne to his unnaturall and beastly father, who seeing his wife gone to Heaven, and his sonne to *Malta*, and all things hitherto to succeed according to his lascivious desires, doth now assure himselfe, that either by faire or foule meanes hee will reape his pleasure of his beautifull daughter in law *Perina*. To which end hee gives her the sole governement and superintendance of his house, with intent and hope the sooner to governe, and surer to command her: and so forgetting modesty, and his lust giving a law to his conscience, fifteene dayes are scarce past, till finding her in her chamber playing on her Lute, hee, after some pauses, coughes, and kisses, bewrayes and vomitteth her forth his fervent affection and desire.

But for mine owne part, I highly disdaine to pollute and vilifie this History with the obscene and lascivious speeches, wherewith this old lecher *Castelnovo* courts this young Lady *Perina* his daughter in law, as holding them as unworthy of my relation, as of my Readers knowledge; of my modest pen, as of their chaste eares, onely judging of their nature and quality by their effects. The beastlines and unexpectednesse thereof, first made *Perina* extremely blush for shame and choller, and then immediately againe looke pale with griefe and disdaine; when not able to brooke, or hearken to his lewde speeches, much lesse his hatefull presence, shee, in the defence and preservation of her chastity, which shee preferred before her life, giving him a sharpe answer, and a bitter denialL, and grieving to see a father so graceless and impious, to seeke to defile his owne sonnes bed in her dishonour, shee throwes away her Lute;

and

and so very hastily and chollerickly abandoneth his presence, and her owne chamber. At which hee bites his lip for rage, and hangs downe his head for indignation. But at last, sinne and the devill raigning in him, makes that hee will not take this her first repulse for his last answer and denyall: but resolute to persevere in his lubricitie, hee in every walke, garden and roome, frequents and haunts her as her ghost, as thinking to obtaine that from her through his importunity, which hee could not by his perswasion: but this his impudencie shall not prevaile.

Now as his sinfull motion infinitely grieved her, so his perseverance and importunacie therein doth doubly afflict and torment her: how to appease this storme, to quench the fire of his lust, and deface the remembrance and feeling of her griefe, she knowes not. For alas, alas, shee is so unhappy, as her owne father *Arconeto*, and her Aunt *Dominica* are at S^t. *Iohn de Mauriene*, her sweet and deare husband in *Malta*, and her mother in law, the Lady *Fidelia* in heaven; so as shee hath no intimate nor secret familiars, nor any bosome friend to reveale these her sorrowes and afflictions. Once shee thought to steale away from *Nice*, so to passe the Mountaines, and to flye backe to *Saint Iohn de Mauriene*: but againe considering the dishonour, and withall, the danger to undertake this journey, as also the cold reception and entertainement shee should there finde of her owne hard hearted father, who would rather deride then pittie her afflictions: shee altereth this her resolution, and so resolves a little longer to stay in *Nice*, hoping and praying, that God would rectifie her father in law *Castelnovo's* judgement, and reforme the errours of his lascivious thoughts and desires. And so for her part, hating the father as much as shee loved the sonne her husband, hee could not bee more prodigall of his lewde speeches and tentations to her, then shee was of her sighes and teares to understand and repell them. A thousand times shee wisheth her selfe in *Malta*, with the Knight her husband, or hee in *Nice* with her: and could her body so soone have flowne or sailed thither as her thoughts, hee had long since injoyed the happinesse of her presence, and shee the felicitie of his fathers absence. But with shee is two miserable to bee so fortunate, shee hath yet this consolation left her to sweeten the bitternesse of her afflictions, and this hope to revive and comfort her against her despaire, that her Letter may procure his speedy returne from *Malta* to *Nice*. Whereon resolving, although the occasion and grounds thereof were as strange as shamefull, shee secretly steales to her chamber, and locking her doore to her, takes her pen and paper, and rather with teares then Ink, writes him these few lines:

PERINA to CASTELNOVO.

ALthough mine eyes and heart can better weepe and sigh forth mine afflictions, then my pen depaint them, yet I should infinitely wrong thee in my selfe, and my selfe in thee, if I informe thee not by this my Letter (the secret Ambassadour of my heart) that my affection deserves, and mine honour requires thy speedy returne to me; I would unlocke thee this mystery, and make it more obvious and apparant to the eye of thine understanding, but that mine owne modesty, and anothers shame commands my pen to silence herein. And againe, my teares so confusedly and mournfully interrupt my sighes, they my teares, and both my pen, as although I have the will, yet I want the power to inlarge thee. Onely my deare Castelnovo, *if ever thy* Perina *were deare to thee, make her happy with thy sight, who deemes her selfe not onely miserable, but accursed in thy absence. For till* Nice *be thy* Malta, *Heaven may, Earth cannot rejoyce me.*

PERINA.

Having written this her Letter, shee findes a confident and intimate friend of her husbands, a Gentleman named *Seignior Benedetto Sabia*, who undertakes the safe conveyance

veyance, and secret delivery thereof into *Malta* to *Castelnovo*: so giving it him with store of gold, to defray the charge of his journey, as also a paire of gold bracelets for a token to her Knight and husband, he imbarkes for *Genoua*, so to *Naples*, and from thence in a *Neopolitan* Galley, arrives in short time, to the renowned and famous Ile of *Malta*, the inexpugnable Bulwarke of Christendome, and the curbe and bridle of audacious insulting *Turky*, where finding out the Knight *Seignior Francisco de Castelnovo*, hee effectually and fairely delivers him his Ladies letter, bracelets, and message, who withdrawing himselfe to a window, hath no sooner broken up the seales and read the letter, but hee is at first much perplexed at the unexpected newes thereof: hee reades it o're againe and againe, and findes it so obscure, as hee cannot gather or conceive her meaning therein, but at last construing it onely to bee a wile and fetch of her affection, to re-fetch and call him home to *Nice* to her: hee loath as yet to lose and abandon his hopes of preferment in that Iland, which now the great Master hath promised him, dispatcheth *Sabia* backe for *Nice*, and plucking off a rich Emerauld from his finger, delivers it him for his Lady *Perina*, as a token of his deare and fervent affection, and with it a letter in answer of hers.

In the *Interim* of *Sabia* his absence to *Malta*, our old lascivious Baron *Castelnovo* is not idle in *Nice*, in still seeking to draw our Lady *Perina* to his adulterous desire, and will, yea, hee is become so obscene in his requests and speeches, as they not onely exceed chastity, but civility: so as shee (poore Lady) can finde no truce, nor obtaine any intermission from these his beastly sollicitations; but resolving still to preserve her honour with her life, her pure chastity shines cleerer in the middest of these his impure temptations, then the Sunne doth, being invironed and incompassed with many obscure clouds: but shee thinkes every houre a yeere, before shee see her Knight *Castelnovo* safely returned from *Malta*, when lo, *Sabia* arriving at *Villefranca*, trips over to *Nice*, and understanding *Perina* privately bolted up in her Chamber, he repaires to her, and there delivers her, her Knight *Castelnovo's* Ring and Letter, although not himselfe, when tearing off the Seales, she therein findes these words:

CASTELNOVO TO PERINA.

MY faire and deare Perina, *the knowledge of thy sighes and teares the more afflict and grieve mee, in respect I am ignorant whence they proceed, or what occasioned them: 'tis true, thy affection deserves my returne, and the preservation of thine honour, not onely to request, but to require and command it: but I am so assured of that, and so confident of thee, as I know thou wilt carry the first to thy grave, and the second to heaven. So, if any one since my departure have falne in love with thy beauty, thou must not finde it strange, much lesse grieve therat, sith the excellencie thereof hath power, not onely to captivate one but many: yea, the consideration thereof should rather rejoyce, then afflict thee, sith whatsoever hee bee, the shame in the end will remaine his, and the glory thine. But deare and sweet Lady, I thinke thine honour is only the pretext, and thy affection the cause, so earnestly to desire my returne: whereunto I would willingly consent, but that the dayly expectance of my preferment must a little longer detaine mee here: onely this is my resolution, and I pray let it bee thy assurance, I will dispatch my affaires here with all possible expedition, and shall never thinke my selfe happy, till I re-imbarke from* Malta, *and land at* Nice.

CASTELNOVO.

Having

Having o're-read her Letter, shee, the better to dissemble her secret passions and griefes, very courteously conferres with *Sabia:* of whom having for that time thankfully taken her leave, shee for meere sorrow and affliction, throwes her selfe on her bed, from thence on the floore, to see her hopes deceived of her husbands returne, and now shee knowes neither what to say or doe in this her misery and perplexity: for shee sees that her father in lawes obstinacie, and consequently her sorrowes grow from bad to worse, that hee is so farre from reclayming, as hee is resolute in his lascivious and beastly sollicitations: So that seeing his faire speeches and entreaties cannot prevaile with her, hee exchangeth his resolution and former language, and so addes threats to his requests, and frownes to his smiles, as if force should extort and obtaine that, which faire meanes could not, yea, and sometimes he intermingleth and administreth her such heart-killing menaces, as shee hath now reason not onely to doubt of his lust, but also to feare his revenge: which considering, shee, as well to preserve her honour, as to provide for the safety of her life, will once againe prove the kindnesse of her owne unkinde father *Arconeto*, and so determineth to leave *Nice*, and to flye unto *Saint Iohn de Mauriene:* now to assist her and accompany her in this her secret escape, she thinkes none so fit as *Sabia*, who for her husbands affection, and her owne vertues, willingly consenteth to her: so shee preparing her apparell, and he her traine, they in a darke night (when pale faced *Cynthia* inveloped her selfe in a multitude of black and obscure clouds, purposely to assist and favour her in this her laudable and honourable flight) take horse, and so with great expedition passe the Mountaines, and recover *Saint Iohn de Mauriene*; where though shee bee not truely welcome to her owne father *Arconeto*, yet her honour and her life are truely secured from the lust and revenge of her lascivious father in law *Castelnovo:* nevertheless the cause and manner of her escape, but chiefly the consideration of her husbands absence in the passage of this businesse doth still so bitterly afflict her, as shee is become pale and sickely: whereupon shee is resolute, once againe to send backe *Sabia* to *Malta* to her knight and husband, with a second letter, in hope it may effect and procure his returne, which her first could not: and so calling for pen and paper, she traceth thereon these few lines:

PERINA to CASTELNOVO.

SIth thou wilt not leave Malta, *to see* Nice *for my sake, I have left* Nice, *to live or rather to dye in* Saint Iohn de Mauriene *for thine: 'tis true, my affection hath desired thy returne, which thou hast not granted mee: 'tis as true, that one, to whom Nature hath given prime and singular interest in thee, and thee in him, hath sought the defloration of mine honour, which my heart and duties have denied him. Thou art confident of my affection to thee: if thou had beene so faithfull and fervent to my selfe, neither sea nor land had had power to seperate us. If any preferments bee dearer to thee then my life, stay in* Malta: *or if my life be dearer then it, then returne to* Saint Iohn de Mauriene, *where thou mayest finde mee, for in* Nice *I will not bee found of thee. Hadst thou not purposely mistaken the cause for the pretext in my importunitie of thy returne, I would have digested it with farre more content, and lesse affliction: but sith neither my affection, or honour hath power to effect it, at least let the regard of my life, sith that will not accompany mee, if thou any longer absent thy selfe from mee: make therefore haste to see thy* Perina, *if ever thou thinke to see her againe; and let her heare this one content to her grave, that shee may disclose thee a secret, which, but to thy selfe, shee will conceale from all the world.*

PERINA.

Whiles

Whiles *Sabia* is againe speeding toward *Malta* with *Perina's* second Letter to her husband *Castelnovo*, wee will a little speake of old *Castelnovo* the father, who seeing his daughter in law *Perina* fled, and consequently his hopes with her, hee is extremely perplexed and afflicted hereat: All the house and City is sought for her, and hee himselfe breakes off the lockes of her Chamber-doore, where hee findes the nest, but the bird flowne away, her bed, but not her selfe: so as his thoughts doubly torment and astonish him, first to be frustrated of his hopes and desires to injoy her, then, because shee will bewray his lascivious suite and affection to her Husband his sonne, which of all sides will procure him not onely shame, but infamy; yea, now it is, although before he would not, that he sees his errour, and vanity, in attempting to make shipwrack of her honour and chastity, which is the Glory, and should be the *Palladium* of Ladies: but it is too late to recover her againe: And therefore although hee know how to repent, yet he is ignorant how to remedy or redeeme it, sith his attempt and enterprise was not onely odious to God, but infamous to men, opposite to Grace, and repugnant and contradictory to Nature. Besides, this his lustfull folly proceeding from himselfe, lookes two wayes, and hath a double reflection, first on *Perina* the wife, then on *Castelnovo* her husband, and his owne sonne, who, he is assured will bee all fire hereat; yea, this crime of his is of so high and so beastly a nature, as hee knowes not what to say to him, or how to looke him in the face, when he shall arrive from *Malta*, which his guilty conscience tells him will bee shortly; neither doth the Calculation or Arithmetick of his feare deceive him: for by this time is *Sabia* againe arrived at *Malta*, where hee delivers *Castelnovo* his wife's second Letter; the which doth so nettle and sting his heart to the quicke, at the bitter and unexpected newes it relates, as hee esteemes himselfe no longer himselfe, because hee is not with his deare wife, who is the one halfe, yea, the greatest part of himselfe. Wherefore, admiring who in *Nice*, yea, in his fathers house should bee so impudently lascivious, to seeke to blemish his honour, in that of his Ladies, hee, making her sighes and teares his, with all expedition and haste provides for his departure from *Malta*; and yet his love, his feare, or both conducing and concurring in one, makes him instantly resolve to dispatch and returne *Sabia*, as the harbinger to proclaime his comming: the which he doth, and chargeth him with this Letter to his faire wife, and deare Lady *Perina*:

CASTELNOVO to PERINA.

THy sudden departure from Nice *to* Saint Iohn de Mauriene *doth equally afflict and amaze mee: I burne with desire, to know as well the Authour, as the Cause thereof, that I may likewise know how to right thee, in revenging my selfe of him. I have thought it fit to returne* Seignior Sabia *againe to thee, as soone as hee arrived to mee, being ready within two dayes to imbarke as timely as himselfe; so that if winde and Sea hate me not too much, in more loving and favouring him, I am confident to bring and deliver thee my selfe, as soone as hee shall bee thus my Letter: and judge whether I speake it from my heart and soule, sith the estimation of thy love, and the preservation of thine honour make mee already deeme minutes moneths, and houres yeares, till my presence bee made happy with thine. I come, faire* Perina, *sweet wife and deare Lady, I come; and if Heaven proove propitious to my most religious prayers and wishes here on Earth, our meeting shall bee shortly as sweete and happy, as our parting was bitter and sorrowfull.*

CASTELNOVO.

So according to this his Letter, as first *Sabia* imbarkes from *Malta* to *Nice*, before him, so he likewise arrives at *Genoua* the day after he did at *Nice*, from whence poasting o're the Mountaiues, hee arrives at *Saint Iohn de Mauriene*, where, at his father in law *Arconeto's* house, he findes his deare and sweet Lady *Perina*, who every minute of time, with much impatient longing and desire, expected his arrivall (as having the night before received his second and last Letter by *Sabia*, which advertised her thereof) so like true and faithfull Turtle Doves, esteeming each others presence their most soveraigne felicitie they fall to their billing and kisses, to informe themselves how sweet this their happy meeting was each to other. And here our Knight *Castelnovo* cannot bee so curious or hasty to inquire, as his Lady *Perina* was to relate the cause of her sudden departure from *Nice* to *Saint Iohn de Mauriene*, occasioned by the unnaturall lust and lasciviousnesse of his Father (as wee have formerly understood) the which, with many sighs and teares, shee depaints forth to him in all its circumstances and colours. Hee is amazed at this strange and unexpected newes, and farre the more to think that his owne father should (in the winter of his age) attempt or seeke to defile his honour and bed, in the person of this his faire and chast Lady *Perina*: he wondereth to see so little grace in so many yeares, and that if Nature had not, yet Religion should have had power to banish these lascivious thoughts from his heart and memory: so with out-spred armes he tenderly imbraceth and kisseth her, highly extolling her chastity, and applauding the discreet carriage of her escape: being himselfe resolute to stay in *Saint Iohn de Mauriene* with her father *Arconeto*, and not to returne to *Nice* to his owne father *Castelnovo*. But hee shall as soone infringe as make this his resolution; for by this time his father understanding of his Sonnes returne from *Malta*, to *Saint Iohn de Mauriene*, and knowing that his Lady *Perina* had not fail'd to bewray him his lascivious suit and desire, attempted against her honour, as also grieving at the remembrance of his former folly and future shame, in knowing what a foule scandall both it and his sonnes absence would procure and ingender him, he resolves to confesse his crime, and so by the mediation of a perswasive and satisfying Letter, to indeavour to reclaime them againe from *Saint Iohn de Mauriene* to *Nice*: when calling for pen and paper, hee writes these few insuing lines, and sends them his Sonne by a Gentleman of his:

CASTELNOVO to his Sonne CASTELNOVO.

I Am as glad of thy arrivall from Malta, *as sorrowfull for thy absence from* Nice: *and to denye is to redouble our errors and imperfections, I will not goe further then my selfe to* [illegible] *the cause thereof, sith I know that my lascivious and graceless attempt against the honour of* [illegible] *chast Lady, hath drawne thee to this resolution: but now I write it to my future comfort,* [illegible] *much as I conceived it to my former shame, that Grace hath vanquished Nature, and Religion lust in mee: so as I am at present not onely sorrowfull, but repentant for that crime of* [illegible] *which I no more remember but with horrour, nor thinke of, but with detestation. My soule* [illegible] *made my peace with God, and my heart desires to reconstract it both with thy selfe and her;* [illegible] *as I hope hee will forget it, so I beseech you both to forgive it mee, being ready to confirme* [illegible] *my reconciliation as well with my tongue as pen: Wherefore sith thou art the sole prop of my* [illegible] *and comfort of my life, make mee not so unfortunate or miserable, to bee tax'd with the scandall of my shame, and thy absence; but bring backe thy Lady with thee: for here I professe before Heaven and Earth, that I will henceforth as much honour her for her chastity, as heretofore I lascivously sought to betray and violate it.*

CASTELNOVO.

This vertuous and religious Letter of the Father prevailes with the Sonne, and his faire and chast Lady; so as their secrecies and discretions husb up this businesse in silence, and within eight dayes they both returne from *Saint Iohn de Maurienne* to *Nice*: where they are courteously welcomed, and respectively received and entertayned of their father, whose contrition for his former folly is outwardly so great, as hee hath teares in his eyes at the remembrance thereof: so as making good the promise of his Letter, he very penitently and sorrowfully implores their pardon and remission; which they instantly graunt him with as much willingnesse as alacrity. So the report and thought hereof is obscured and vanished, as if it had never been; and all things and parties so reconciled, as to common sense nothing in the world is capable to trouble the tranquillity of this reconciliation and atonement. But alas, alas, we shall very briefly see the contrary: For old *Castelnovo* the Father, notwithstanding all these religious promises, and sincere shewes of repentance and teares, is so far from being the man he seemes to be, as although hee have made his peace with his sonne and Daughter, yet, ay mee, I write it with griefe, he hath not with his conscience, nor his conscience with God: for although he have a chast and religious tongue, yet he still retaineth a lascivious and adulterate heart; yea, hee is so farre from conversion and reformation, as the new sight and review of the Lady *Perina's* fresh and delicate beauty doth revive those sparkes, and refresh those flames of his lust, which seemed to be raked up in the embers of her absence. And what is this, but to be a Christian in shew, and a miscreant in effect? to hide a foule soule under a faire face? and to make Religion and Hypocrisie, a fatall and miserable cloke for his villany? But though he dissemble with God, yet wee shall see, and hee finde, that God will not dissemble with him; and in thinking to betray God, Satan in the end will betray him. The manner is thus:

As he resumes his old suit, and newly burnes in love and lustfull desire, to erect the Trophees of his lascivious and incestuous pleasures upon the ruines of his Daughter in-lawes chastity and honour; so he likewise sees it impossible to thinke to performe, or hope to accomplish it, as long as his sonne her husband lives: and therefore, losing his judgement either in the Labyrinth of her beauty, or in the turbulent Ocean of his owne concupiscence and lust, hee, contrary to the rules of Grace, and the lawes and principles of nature, swaps a bargaine with the Devill to poyson him. To which end, to shew himselfe the monster of men, and the bloudiest president of a most degenerate Father, which this, or many precedent ages ever produced or afforded, he hath againe recourse to his Hellish Agent *Ieramba*, in favour of five hundred Ducats, to send the Sonne into Heaven after the Mother, and to make him equall with her, as in nature, so in (the dissolution thereof) death: A bloudy designe, and mournefull project, which wee shall presently bee inforced to see acted upon the Theater of this History.

But *Ieramba* is at first so repentant for the death of the Mother, as shee will not consent to that of the Sonne. And had shee continued in this religious resolution, shee had lived more fortunately, and not dyed so miserably and shamefully, as wee shall briefely see. For our old Lecher *Castelnovo*, her Master, seeing his Gold could not this second time prevaile with *Ieramba*, being equally inflamed as well with lust to *Perina*, as with malice and revenge to his Sonne *Castelnovo* her husband, hee is so implacable therein, as hee promiseth to marry her, if shee will attempt and performe it. So although his first battery fayled, yet his second doeth not: For the Devill had made her so ambitious of Greatnesse and Honour, that of a simple wayting Gentlewoman to become a great Lady, she consents hereunto; and, which is a thousand pitties to report, within lesse then sixe dayes performes it; when (God knowes)

the innocencie of this harmeleſſe young Gentleman his ſonne never dreamt or ſuſpected it.

At the ſight of this his ſudden death, his Lady *Perina* is ready to dye for griefe; yea to drowne her ſelfe in the *Ocean* and deluge of her teares; tearing her haire, and ſtriving to deface the excellencie of her beautie, with a kinde of careleſſe neglect, as if ſhee were reſolute not to ſurvive him. And if the Lady *Perina* bewrayed many deplorable demonſtrations of ſorrow for the death of her husband, no leſſe, doth his father *Caſtelnovo* for that of his ſonne; onely their griefes (comformable to their paſſions) are diametrically different and oppoſite: for hers were fervent and true, as proceeding from the ſinceritie of her affection; and his hypocriticall and faigned, as derived from the profundity of his malice and revenge towards him. And not to tranſgreſſe from the *Decorum* and truth of our Hiſtory, old *Caſtelnovo* could not ſo artificially beare and over-vaile his ſorrowes for his Sonnes death, but (the premiſes conſidered) our young afflicted widdow and Lady vehemently ſuſpecteth hee hath a hand therein; and likewiſe partly beleeves that *Ieranthe* is likewiſe acceſſary and ingaged therein, in reſpect ſhe lookes more aloft, and is growne more familiar with her Lord and Maſter then before. And indeed as her ſorrows increaſe her jealouſie, ſo her jealouſie throws her into a paſſionate and violent reſolution of Revenge, both againſt him and her, if ſhee can bee futurely aſſured that they had Murthered and poyſoned the Knight her husband.

Now to bee aſſured heereof, ſhee thus reaſoneth with her ſelfe; that if her Father in law were the Murtherer of his Sonne her husband, his malice and hatred to him proceeded from his beaſtly luſt to her ſelfe; and that hee now diſpatched, hee would againe ſhortly revive and renew his old laſcivious ſuit to her: which if hee did, ſhee vowes to take a ſharpe and cruell Revenge of him, which ſhee will limit with no leſſe then his death. And indeed wee ſhall not goe farre to ſee the event and truth anſwer her ſuſpicion. For within a moneth or two after her husband was laid in his untimely grave, his old luſtfull and laſcivious father doth againe burſt and vomit forth his beaſtly ſollicitations againſt her chaſtity and honour: which obſerving, ſhee ſomewhat diſdainefully and coyly puts him off, but yet not ſo paſſionately nor chollerickely as before, onely of purpoſe to make him the more eager in his purſuit, thereby the better to draw him to her lure, that ſhee might perpetrate her malice, and act her Revenge on him, and ſo make his death the object of her rage and indignation, as his luſt and malice were the cauſe of the ſorrowes of her life. But unfortunate and miſerable Lady, what a bloudy and helliſh enterprize doſt thou ingage thy ſelfe in, and why hath thy affection ſo blinded thy conſcience and ſoule, to make thy ſelfe the authour and actour of ſo mournefull and bloudy a Tragedy? For alas alas, ſweet *Perina*, I know not whether more to commend thy affection to thy husband, or condemne thy cruell malice intended to his father. For O griefe! O pitty! where are thy vertues, where is thy Religion, where thy conſcience, thy ſoule, thy God, thus to give thy ſelfe over to the helliſh tentations of Satan? Thou which heretofore fled'ſt from adultery, wilt thou now follow Murther? or becauſe thy heart would not bee acceſſary to that, ſhall thy ſoule bee now ſo irreligious and impious, to bee guilty of this? But as her father in law is reſolute in his luſt towards her, ſo is ſhee likewiſe in her revenge towards him, and farre the more, in that ſhee perceives *Ieranthe's* great belly ſufficiently proclaimes that ſhee hath plaid the ſtrumpet; and which is worſe, ſhee

feares

feares, with her execrable and wretched Father in Law: ſo as now no longer able to ſtop the furious and impetuous current of her revenge, ſhee is ſo graceleſſe and bloudy, as ſhee vowes firſt to diſpatch the Lord and Maſter, then the Wayting-Gentlewoman, as her thoughts and ſoule ſuggeſt her they had done firſt the Mother, then the Sonne: ſo impious are her thoughts, ſo inhumane and bloudy her reſolutions.

Now in the *interim* of this time the old Lecher her father is againe become impudent and importunate in his ſuit. So our wretched Lady *Perina* degenerating from her former vertues, and indeed from her ſelfe, ſhe, after many requeſts and ſollicitations, very feignedly ſeemes to yeild, and ſtrike ſayle to his deſire; but indeed with a bloody intent to diſpach him out of this world. So having concluded this ſinfull fatall Match, there wants nothing but the finiſhing and accompliſhing thereof: onely they differ in the manner and circumſtances: the Father is deſirous to goe to the Daughter in lawes bed, the Daughter to the Father in lawes; but both conclude that the night, and not the day, ſhall give end to this laſcivious and beaſtly buſineſſe; his reaſon is, to avoyd the jealouſie and rage of *Ieruntha*, whom now, although ſhe bee neere her time of deliverance; hee refuſeth to marry her; but the Lady *Perina's* if, that ſhe may pollute and ſtaine his owne bed with his bloud, and not hers; but eſpecially, becauſe ſhee may have the fitter meanes to ſtab and murther him: and hereon they conclude. To which end, not only the night, but the houre is appoynted betwixt them: which being come, and *Caſtelnovo* in bed, burning with impatience and deſire for her arrivall, hee thinking on nothing but his beaſtly pleaſures, nor ſhe, but on her cruell malice and revenge: ſhe ſofily enters his chamber, but not in her night, but her day attire, having a *Piſa* Ponyard cloſe in her ſleeve; when having bolted his Chamber doore, becauſe none ſhould divert her from this her bloudy deſigne; ſhe approaching his bed, and hee lifting himſelfe up purpoſely to welcome and kiſſe her, ſhee ſeeing his breſt open and naked, like an incenſed fury, drawes out her Ponyard, and uttering theſe words: *Thou wretched whore-maſter and Murtherer, this life of mine owne honour, and the death of my deare Knight and husband, thy ſonne.* And ſo ſtabbing him at the heart with many blowes ſhee kills him ſtarke dead, and leaves him reeking in his hot bloud, without giving him time to ſpeake a word; onely hee fetcht a ſcreeke and groane or two, as his ſoule tooke her laſt farewell of his body. Which being over-heard of the ſervants of the houſe, they aſcend his chamber, and finde our inhumane *Perina* iſſuing foorth, all gored with the effuſion of his bloud, having the bloudy Ponyard, which was the fatall Inſtrument of this cruell Murther in her hand. They are amazed at this bloody and mournefull ſpectacle: ſo they ſeize on her, and the report hereof flying thorow the City, the Criminall Iudges that night cauſe her to bee impriſoned for the fact, which ſhe is reſolved no way to denye, but to acknowledge, as rather glorying then grieving thereat.

Ieruntha, at the very firſt underſtanding hereof, vehemently ſuſpects that her two poyſoning Murthers will now come to light; and ſo, as great as her belly is, ſhe, to provide for her ſafety, very ſecretly ſteales away to a deare friends houſe of hers in the City, which now from all parts rattleth and reſoundeth of this cruell and unnaturall Murther; yea, it likewiſe paſſeth the *Alpes*, and is ſpeedily bruited and knowne in *Saint Iohn de Mauriene*, where although her father *Arconeto* would never heretofore affect her, yet he now exceedingly grieves at this her bloudy attempt and imminent danger: but her irregular affection, and inhumane revenge, will not as yet permit her conſcience to informe and ſhew her the haynouſneſſe of her cruell and bloody fact. But God will be more mercifull to her and her ſoule.

Some two dayes after ſhee is arraigned for the ſame, where ſhe freely confeſſeth it,

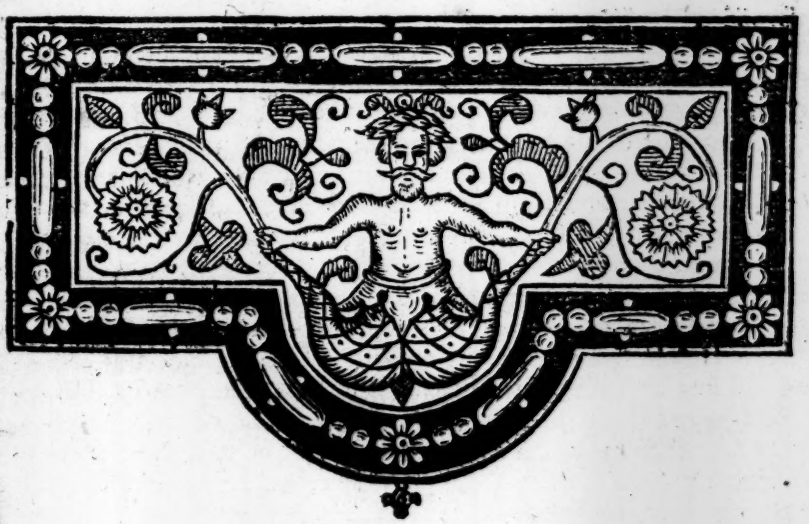
having nothing to alledge for her excuſe, but that ſhee perfectly knew, that her Father in law *Caſtelnovo* and his Strumpet *Ierantha* had at leaſt poyſoned the Knight her husband, if not likewiſe the Lady *Fidelia* his mother; the which although they had ſome reaſon and ground to ſuſpect, becauſe of *Ierantha's* ſudden flight, yet ſith this could no way diminiſh, or extenuate her Murther of her Father in law, they condemne our unfortunate Lady *Perina* to bee hanged, and ſo re-ſend her to priſon, to prepare her ſelfe to dye. But the advice of ſome, and the friendſhip and compaſſion of others, as pittying her youth and beauty, and commending her chaſtity and affection to her Knight and Husband, counſell and perſwade her to appeale from the Sentence of the Court of *Nice*, to the Senate of *Chambery* (which is the Soveraigne and Capitall of *Savoy*) whither wee ſhall ſhortly ſee her conducted and brought.

In which meane time let us obſerve the wonderfull juſtice and providence of God ſhewed likewiſe upon this execrable Wayting-gentlewoman *Ierantha*, for ſo cruelly poyſoning the Lady *Fidelia*, and the Knight *Caſtelnovo* her Sonne; who, although ſearch were every where made for her, yet ſhe having huſht her ſelfe up privately, albeit her bloudy thoughts and guilty conſcience for the ſame continually torture and torment her, yet ſhee is ſo impious and graceleſſe, as ſhee no way feares the danger of the law, and much leſſe the ſevere tempeſt of Gods indignation and revenge, which now notwithſtanding in the middeſt of her ſecurity will, according to her bloudy deſerts and crimes, ſuddenly ſurpriſe and overtake her: for now this accident of her Lord *Caſtelnovo's* Murther, and of the Lady *Perina's* impriſonment, or to ſpeake more properly and truly, of Gods ſacred decree and divine Iudgement, throwes her into the ſharp and bitter paines of travell for child; with whoſe heart-killing gripes and convulſions, ſhe is ſo miſerably tortured and tormented, as ſhee her ſelfe, her Mid-wife, and all the women neere her, judge and thinke it impoſſible for her to eſcape death: when ſeeing no hope of life, and that already her pangs and torments had made her but as it were the very image and anatomy of death, ſhee beginnes to looke from Sinne to repentance, from Earth to Heaven, and from Satan to God; and ſo taking on and aſſuming a Chriſtian reſolution, ſhee will not charge her ſoule with the concealing of this ſingle Adultery, much leſſe of her double Murthers; but very penitently confeſſeth all, as well it, as them; and ſo commits her ſelfe to the unparalleld and mercileſſe mercies of her paynes and torments, hoping they will ſpeedily ſend her from this world to a better. But her Adultery and Murthers are ſuch odious and execrable crimes in Gods ſight, as he will free her from theſe dangers of child-birth, and becauſe worthy, will reſerve her for a ſhamefull and infamous death. So ſhe is ſafely delivered of a young ſon, who is more faire then happy, as being the off-ſpring of laſcivious parents, and the iſſue of an adulterous bed; and by Gods providence and her owne confeſſion, ſhee, for theſe her beaſtly and bloudy crimes, is the ſecond day committed to priſon, and the third hang'd and burnt in *Nice*, and her aſhes throwne into the aire. A juſt reward and puniſhment for ſo helliſh and inhumane a Gentlewoman; who, though otherwiſe ſhee ſhewed many teſtimonies and ſignes of Repentance at her end, yet her crimes were ſo foule and odious to the World, as at her death ſhee was ſo miſerable as ſhee found not one ſpectatour, either to weepe for her, or to lament, or condole with her.

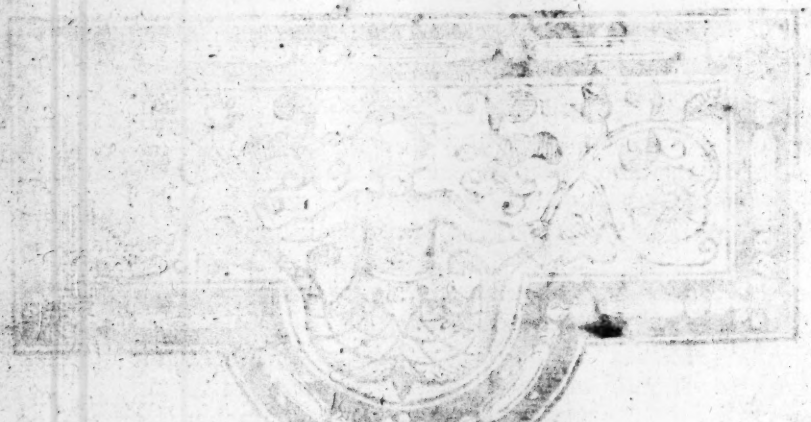
And now to ſhut up this Hiſtory, let us carry our curioſities and expectations from *Nice* to *Chambery*, and from dead *Ierantha* to our living *Perina*, where that grave and illuſtrious Senate, in conſideration of her famous chaſtity, and ſingular affection to the Knight her husband, as alſo her noble parentage and tender yeares, they moderate the

the Sentence of *Nice*, for murthering her Father in law *Castelnovo*, and so in stead of hanging, adjudge her there to have her right hand cut off, and her selfe to perpetuall imprisonment in *Nice*; where Gods sacred Iustice for this her bloudy Murther, and the remembrance of her dead husband, and living sorrowes, so sharpely torment and afflict her, as shee lived not long in Prison, but exceedingly pined away of a languishing Consumption: and so very sorrowfully and repentantly ended her dayes, being exceedingly lamented of her kinsfolkes, and pittyed of all her acquaintance; and, had not her affection beene blinded, and her rage and Revenge too much triumphed o're her thoughts and resolutions, shee had lived as happy, as shee dyed miserable; and have served for as great a grace and Ornament to her Countrey, as *Teranthe* and old *Castelnovo* her father in law were a scandall and shame.

Thus we see how Gods revenging justice still meetes with Murther. O that wee may reade this History with feare, and profit thereby in reformation, that dying to sinne, and living to righteousnesse, wee may peaceably dye in this World, and gloriously live and raigne in that to come.



GODS



GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE CRYING AND EXECRABLE sinne of *Murther.*

Historie X.

Bertolini *seekes* Paulina *in marriage, but she loves* Sturio, *and not himselfe: hee prayes her Brother* Brellati, *his deare friend, to sollicite her for him, which he doth, but cannot prevaile; whereupon* Bertolini *lets fall some disgracefull speeches, both against her honour, and his reputation: for which* Brellati *challengeth the Field of him, where* Bertolini *kills him, and hee flies for the same.* Sturio *seekes to marry her, but his father will not consent thereunto, and so conveyes him away secretly: for which two disasters,* Paulina *dyes for sorrow,* Sturio *findes out* Bertolini, *and sends him a Challenge, and having him at his mercie, gives him his life at his request: hee afterwards very treacherously kills* Sturio *with a Petronell in the Street from a Window: he is taken for this second Murther, his two hands cut off, then beheaded, and his body throwne into the River.*

ALbeit, that Valour bee requisite in a Gentleman, (and one of his most essentiall vertues and proper ornaments) yet sith Charity is the true marke and character of a Christian, wee should not rashly resolve to hazzard the losse of our lives for the preservation of the meere title, and vaine point of our honour, but rather religiously endeavour to save our soules in that of our owne lives, as also of those of our Christian brethren: for in Duells and single Combats, (which though the heate of youth and revenge seeme to allow, yet, reason will not, and Religion cannot) did wee onely hazzard our bodies, and not our soules, then our warrant to fight, were in earth as just, as now the hazzarding of our soules and bodies is odious and distastefull to Heaven, sith in seeking to deface man the creature, wee assuredly attempt to strike and stabbe at the Majestie of God the Creatour: but if there bee any colour or shaddow of honour to kill our adversary, for the preservation of the vaine point of our honour, what an ignoble ingratitude, and damnable impiety is it, for a Gentleman likewise treacherously to kill another, of whom hee hath formerly received his life: yea as Grace fights against this former sort of fighting, so both Grace and Nature impugne and detest this second sort of Murther: A wofull and mournfull president whereof, I here represent in the person of a base and wretched Gentleman, whose irregular affection

fection to a Lady, first slue her brother in the field; and execrable revenge to her lover, next drew him treacherously to Murther him in the street; and consequently, to his owne condigne punishment, and shamefull death for the same. May all such bloudy Murtherers still meet with such ends, and may his miserable and infamous death premonish all other Gentlemen, to live and become more charitable, and lesse bloudy by his example.

THe friendship and familiaritie betwixt *Seignior Iohn Battista Bertolini*, and *Seignior Leonardo Brellati*, two noble young Gentlemen, native and resident of the Citie of *Rome*, was (without intermission) so intire and intimate, for the space of sixe whole yeares, which led them from their yeares of fourteene to twenty, as it seemed they had but one heart in two bodies, and that it was impossible for either of them to be truely merry, if the other were absent: and surely, many were the reasons which laid the foundation of this friendship; for as they were equall in yeares, so their statures and complexions resembled, and their humors and inclinations sympathized: likewise they were ancient schoole-fellows, and neere neighbours: for their parents both dwelt betwixt the Palaces of the two Cardinals, *Farnesi* and *Caponiue*: or if there were any disparity in their dignities and worths, it consisted onely in this, *Bertolini's* parents were richer then *Brellati's*, but *Brellati* was more Nobly discended then *Bertolini*: which notwithstanding could no way impeach or hinder the progresse of their friendship, but rather it flourished with the time: so as they increasing in yeares, they likewise did in affection, as if they were ambitious of nothing so much in this world, as not onely to imitate, but to surpasse the friendship of *Oreſtes* and *Pilades*, and of *Damon* and *Pithias*: whereof, all who knew them and their parents; yea, all that part and division of *Rome*, tooke deepe and singular notice: but to shew that they were men, and not Angels, and consequently subject to frailty not inherent to perfection, that earth was not heaven, nor *Rome* the shaddow thereof; have wee but a little patience, wee shall shortly see, the thred of this friendship cut off, the props and fortifications thereof razed, battered and laid levell with the ground, yea, we shall see time, change with time, friendship turned into enmitie, fellowes to foes, loue to loathing, courtesie to crueltie, and in a word, life to death: as obserue the sequell of this History, and it will briefly informe yee how.

Bertolini sees that *Brellati* hath a faire and delicate sister, named *Dona Paulina*, somewhat younger then himselfe, and yet not so young, but that the clocke of her age hath strucken eighteene, and therefore proclaimed her at least capeable, if not desirous of marriage, and although hee bee a novice in the Art of love, yet Nature hath made him so good a Scholler in the principles and rudiments thereof, as hee sees her faire, and therefore must love her; rich in the excellencie and delicacie of beautie, and therefore is resolute to love her, and onely her: for gazing on the influence and splendour of her piercing eyes, hee cannot behold them without wonder, and then prying and contemplating on the roseat and lillie tincture of her cheekes, he cannot see these without admiration, nor refraine from admiring them without affection: but againe, remarking the slendernes of her bodie, and the sweetnesse of her vertues, and seeing her as gracious as faire, and that her inward perfections added as much lustre to her exteriour beautie, as this reflected ornament and decoration to these, hee, as young as he was, vowes himselfe her servant, and withall swore, that either shee, or his grave, must bee his wife and Mistresse.

Bertolini thus surprized and netled with the beautie of his dearely sweet, and sweetly faire, *Paulina*, hee is inforced to neglect a great part of his accompanying the brother,

ther, thereby to court the sister: so hee many times purposely forsakes *Brellati* to follow *Paulina*, and delights in nothing so much as in her presence, and (in that regard) in his absence, not that it was possible, in his conceit and imagination, for him any way to hate him, in loving her; rather, that in generall tearmes hee must love *Brellati* for *Paulina's* sake; and in particular, onely affect her for his owne. And as his wealth and ambition made him confident hee should obtaine her for his wife: so hee in faire, amorous, and honourable tearmes, as well by his owne sollicitations, Letters, promises, and presents, as by those of his parents, seekes her in marriage: yea, and when these could not suffice, hee, to shew himselfe as true as fervent a lover, addes sighes, teares, prayers, and oathes. But all these sollicitours serve only to betray and deceive his hopes: for if *Bertolini* were extreamely desirous to marry *Paulina*, shee is as resolute not to match him: which discords in affection, seldome or never make any true harmony in mindes.

His wealth deceiving him, hee hath recourse to her onely brother, and his best and dearest friend *Brellati*, to whom he relates the profundity and fervencie of his affection to his sister *Paulina*, acquaints him with his suite, and her denyall; his attempt, and her repulse therein; and by the power and bonds of all their former friendship and familiarity, intreates and conjures him to become his oratour and advocate towards her, in his behalfe; whose smiles, hee alledgeth, are his life, and frownes, his death. *Brellati* having his generosity and judgement blinded with the respect of *Bertolini* his wealth, as also of the affection hee bore him; all other considerations laid apart, like a better friend to him, then a brother to his sister *Paulina*, promiseth him his best furtherance and assistance in the processe of this his affection: and so with his truest Oratory, best Eloquence, and sweetest Perswasion, begins to deale effectually with her herein. But as our hopes are subject and incident to deceive us, so *Bertolini* and *Brellati* come farre too short of theirs: for *Paulina* in absolute and down-right termes, prays her brother to informe and resolve *Bertolini*, that she hath otherways setled and ingaged her affection: and therefore prayes him to seeke another Mistresse, sith shee hath found another Lover and Servant, with whom she means to live and die. Her brother (for his friends sake) is extremely sorrowfull hereat, and prayes his sister to name him her servant: shee bindes him by oath to secresie. So hee swearing, shee informes him it is *Seignior Paulus Sturio*, a very ancient Noble man of the Citie. Hee tels her, hee is a Gentleman more Noble then rich: and shee replies, that *Bertolini* is more rich then Noble; and therefore shee will refuse him, and marry *Sturio*. Hee is obstinate in his requests, as shee resolute in her denyall. So having performed the part of a friend for his friend, and commending the nobility and vertues of *Sturio*, as much as hee pirtyed the weakenesse of his estate and wealth, hee leaves his sister to her affection and designes: and so with an unwilling willingnes (without any extenuation) delivers his friend *Bertolini* her definitive answer; yet performes his promise to his sister, in concealing *Sturio* his name.

Bertolini is all in fire and choller at this newes, and begins no longer to looke on his friend *Brellati* with the eyes of affection, but of contempt and indignation: and so consulting with his passion, not with his Iudgement, with rage, and not with reason; as immoderate anger seldome lookes right, commonly squint-eyed; hee in the heat of his wrath, and height of his revenge, very much neglects and slights him, yea and most uncivilly and abruptly departs from him, as if hee were no longer worthy of the bare complement of farewell. Which *Brellati* well observes, and in observing, remembers, and in remembring, grieves at, sith *Bertolini* was his most intimate and dearest friend, and in whose behalfe, did occasion present, hee was ready, not onely to sacrifice his best

best service, but his best life. Lo here the first breach and violation, which *Bertolini* gives to their friendship: but the second is not farre behinde: For in the next company hee meets, which was some two dayes after, walking in *Cardinall Farneſi* his Galleries in presence of some foure or five other Gentlemen, both of his and of *Brellati's* acquaintance, hee forgot himselfe so much, as some demanding for his consort *Brellati*, hee chollerickly replyed, that he was a base and beggerly Gentleman; and therfore henceforth disdained his company, and that his sister *Paulina* was a lascivious and dissembling strumpet. But although the fire of his choller had foolishly banded forth these speeches in the ayre, yet they fell not to the ground; but some of the company then present, that very night report them to *Brellati*. It is impossible for my pen to relate how passionately and tenderly hee takes it: yea his affliction and griefe herein is far the more redoubled, in that (contrary to his desires and wishes) hee is assured his sister *Paulina* is likwise acquainted with the vanity and injustice of these speeches: the conceit and remembrance whereof make her imaged and sorrowfull eyes powre forth many rivolets and rivers of teares, upon the Roses and Lillies of her beauty. But as she is two impatient to relish this scandalous affront and disparagement: so her brother *Brellati* is too generous and noble to digest it; whereof burning to know the truth, and resolving, if hee found it true, sharpely to revenge it on *Bertolini*, hee passeth away the night in restlesse and distracted slumbers: And so the very next morne taking his Sword and Lackey with him, hee goes to *Bertolini* his fathers house, and meeting first with him, demands of him for his sonne *Seignior John Battista Bertolini*. His father informes him, hee is in the Garden very solitarily walking, and prays *Brellati* to goe to him; who needing not many requests, entreth, and with his hat in his hand approacheth him. *Bertolini* doth the like, and meetes him halfe way: when hee beeing pale for anger, and *Bertolini* blushing for shame, he prays him to exempt the Garden of his servants, because he hath something to reveale and impart him in secret, which needeth no witnesses: when *Bertolini* commanding his servants to depart, *Brellati* chargeth him with these disgracefull speeches, vomited forth two dayes since, against his honour; as also that of his onely deare sister *Paulina*, in *Cardinall Farneſi* his *Palace*, in presence of *Seignior Aleſſandro Fontani*, *Seignior Rhanutio Pluvinio*, and *Seignior Antonio Voltomari* (which words we have formerly understood.)

Bertolini is no way dismayed or daunted hereat, either in courage or complexion: and so losing his honour in his indiscretion, or rather burying his discretion in his dishonour; hee with fire in his lookes, and thunder in his speeches, tells *Brellati* that hee confesseth these speeches his; adding withall, that what his tongue hath affirmed, his sword shall bee ready to make good and justifie; whereon they cover: When *Brellati* demanding of him if this were his last resolution, hee told him yea. Then (quoth he) I pray expect mine shortly: and so without giving each other the good morrow, they part; *Brellati* still leaving *Bertolini* in his fathers Garden. His sister *Paulina* having notice of her brothers speaking with *Bertolini*, very curiously and carefully awaits his returne; when rushing into his Chamber, shee, with teares, and sighes, demands him of the issue of his conference with *Bertolini*, and whether hee were so impudent to deliver these dishonourable and base speeches both of her selfe and him. But her brother, like a true noble *Romane*, is too generous and brave to acquaint her with his designe and resolution: and so in generall tearmes prayes her, not to afflict her selfe at these speeches, and that this difference will bee very shortly decided and ended, to her honour, and his owne content. Brother (quoth shee) if you will not right mine honour, and vindicate the unspotted purity of my reputation, I am sure that my true Lover *Seignior Paulus Sturio* will, though with the hazzard and losse of his owne life, had hee

but

but the least notice thereof. Hee shall not need, sister, quoth hee: for a day or two will reconcile and finish this businesse: and so for that time hee leaves his sister *Paulina*, and shuts himselfe up in his chamber; where, not long able to containe himselfe against the insolencie and baseneſſe of *Bertolini*, he cals for pen and paper, and more respecting his honor then his life, writes him this challeng; the which immediately after dinner he sends him, by *Seignior Valerio*, a confident Gentleman his follower.

BRELLATI to BERTOLINI.

THy scandalous reports, like thy selfe, are so base, and I and my sister so honourably descended and bred, as I doubt not, but the disgrace and disparagement, which thou hast unjustly offered us, will as justly retort and fall on thy selfe. And to the end thou maist finde, that my Sword is purposely reserved to correct and chastise thy tongue, as thou art a Romane, *and a Gentleman, meet mee single to morrow at five in the morne, without* Port Populi, *in the next field behinde* Cardinall Borromeo's Palace; *and there I will give thee the choyce of two good Rapiers and Ponyards, and gladly accept of the refusall, to draw reason of thee for those wrongs wherewith thou hast injuriously and maliciously traduced us: and to write thee the truth, as I desire, so I can receive no other satisfaction but this, whereunto thy malice invites, and my honour obligeth mee.*

BRELLATI.

Valerio performes his part well, and fairely working and screwing himselfe into *Bertolini's* presence, very secretly delivers him his Masters challenge. *Bertolini* not ignorant, but conjecturing what it meanes, breakes off the Seales: and at the perusall thereof, though his cause bee unjust and dishonourable, yet in his countenance and speeches, hee shewes much constancie, fortitude, and resolution; when considering they were to fight single, and that therefore *Valerio* could bee no second, hee deeming his Master had concealed this secret businesse from him, contents himselfe to give him onely this answer; Tell your Master *Seignior Brellati* from mee, that I will not faile to meet him, according to his desire and appoyntment. And so *Valerio* takes his leave, and departs: when finding out his Master, he reports him *Bertolini's* answer: whereat hee is so farre from being any way appald or daunted, as hee infinitely rejoyceth thereat. In the meane time, hee is curious in preparing two singular good Rapiers and Ponyards of equall length, hilts, and temper. And thus with much impatient patience (as Revenge is an enemy to sleepe) they not out-sleepe, but out-watch the night. So the morne and day stealing and breaking into their windowes, they are no sooner out of their beds, but into the field; their Chirurgions awayting their arrivals by the Pyramides, in the place of *Populi*, by which of necessity they were to passe: when, tying up their horses to the hedges, like resolute Gentlemen, they throw off their doublets, commanding their Chirurgions not to stir from their stations; when, disdaining words, they both draw, and fall to deeds thus:

Brellati presenteth the first thrust, and *Bertolini* gives him the first wound in his left shoulder; whereat hee is inflamed; and so returnes *Bertolini* the intereſt of a most dangerous one, on his right side; but it toucht neither his bowels nor quayse. They cry againe: so *Brellati* againe wounds *Bertolini* in his left hand, when his Rapier running thorow his sinewes and Arteries, he is no longer able to hold his Ponyard; but despight his resolution and courage, it fals out of his hand; which unlookt for disaster doth much perplexe and afflict him. But *Brellati* is two generous and noble, to blemish or taint his honour, by taking any advantage of this his adversaries misfortune: and so,

to cleere his doubts and ſcruples, very valiantly and bravely throwes away his owne Ponyard to the hedge, that they might bee as equall in weapons, as courage. But *Bertolini* will baſely requite this courteſie. They retire and take breath; and ſo traverſing their grounds, thereby to take the benefit of the Sunne, they againe joyne: at the firſt cloſe of this ſecond meeting *Brellati* runnes *Bertolini* into the right flanke, when withdrawing his Rapier, and leaping backe to put himſelfe upon his defenſive guard and poſture, his foot ſlipping, hee could not prevent falling to the ground; when *Bertolini* following him cloſe, and being eager in his purſuit, and bloud-thirſty in his revenge, hee forgetting *Brellati's* former courteſie, and working upon the fortune of his misfortune, right then and there nayled him to the ground, and ſo redoubling his thruſt, acted a perpetuall divorce betwixt his body and ſoule: when *Brellati's* Chirurgian ſhedding teares on his dead Maſter, and beginning to take order for his decent conveyance into the City, *Bertolini* takes up his Chirurgian behinde him, and ſo with all poſſible ſpeed and celerity (the better to avoyd the danger of the law) poaſts o're the fields, and comes into *Mount Cavallo* Gate, and ſo huſheth himſelfe up privately in a friends houſe of his, neere his fathers.

All *Rome* beginnes to eccho forth and reſound this Murther, and farre the more, becauſe *Bertolini* and *Brellati* were ſo deare and intimate friends: but as good newes comes alwayes lame, and bad rides poaſt, ſo within one houre of *Brellati's* Murther, the newes thereof is brought firſt to his Father, then to his Siſter *Paulina*; whereat hee grieves, and ſhee ſtormes, hee ſorroweth, and ſhee weepes and laments, and in a word, the Father would, but cannot, and the Daughter can, but will not bee comforted, at this ſad and mournefull Tragedy. Neither muſt wee forget, but remember *Seignior Paulus Sturio*, who loving *Paulina* a thouſand times dearer then his owne life, is no ſooner acquainted, but afflicted with this newes of *Brellati* his death, as being his deare friend, and which is more, the onely brother of his deareſt and onely Miſtris *Paulina*; ſo as Lovers and friends being beſt knowne and diſcerned in calamities and afflictions, hee repaires to her, condoles with her, and uſeth his chiefeſt art and zeale, not onely to participate, but wholly to deprive her of her ſorrowes; yea, to proove himſelfe a conſtant friend and a faithfull lover to her, hee proffereth her, not onely his ſervice, but his life, as well to right her honour, as to revenge her brothers death on *Bertolini*: but this affection and perſwaſion of *Sturio* is not capable to wipe off, or exhale his Lady *Paulina's* teares.

But againe to *Bertolini*, who is ſo farre from contrition and repentance of this his bloudy fact, as like a prophane miſcreant, and debauſht and diſſolute Gentleman, hee triumphs and glories therein; yea, his impudencie is become ſo ignorant, and his ignorance ſo ſottiſh, as hee beganne to enter into a reſolution againe to court and ſeeke *Paulina* for his wife, without reſpecting or regarding either the publike danger of the Law, or that of *Paulina's* private revenge; for ſure her brothers death had throwne her into ſuch violent paſſions of griefe, and extremities of ſorrow, as if his folly had made her ſo happy, doubtleſſe her revenge would have made him more miſerable: but God had taught her rage more reaſon, and her malice and cruelty not ſo much impiety; yea, it pleaſed his Divine Majeſty not ſo ſoone to call him to an accompt, and puniſh him for this his bloudy fact; but reſerving him for a future ſhame and puniſhment, being affrighted with a tumultuous rumour and alarum of a generall ſearch to bee made that night for his apprehenſion, hee very ſubtilly, in a *Capuchins* habit, paſſeth *Saint Iohn de Laterans* Gate, and there having Poaſt-horſes layd for him, hee as ſwift as the winde gallops away for *Naples*, and imbarking himſelfe for *Sicilie*, paſſeth the *Pharre* of *Meſſina*, lands at that City, and ſo rides up for *Palermo*, where he thinkes himſelfe ſafe.

But

But having not made his peace with God, where ever he flie, God will in due time find him out, when he least dreames thereof. But although the power and influence of time bee so predominate to deface the actions and accidents of time; yet *Paulina* can give no truce to her teares, nor will shee administer any consolation to her sorrowes for her brothers death: And if ever, now it is that *Sturio* resembling himselfe, beginnes to make her sorrowes his: for having deepely rooted and setled his affection on *Paulina*, and naturally ingraven her beauty and picture in the very centre of his heart and thoughts, hee beginnes to make his private affection to her publike, and so having already wonne her heart from her selfe, hee now endeavoureth to winne her from her friends, and then to marry her. But old *Seignior Sturio* his father, is no sooner advertised of *Brellati* his death, of *Bertolini's* flight, and of his sonnes affection and intent to take *Paulina* to wife, but disdayning hee should match so low, and withall so poore, as also fearing that this might likewise ingage his sonne in some quarrell betwixt him and *Bertolini*, hee resolves privately to convey him away out of *Rome*, in some retired or obscure place, from whence hee should not returne, till his absence had cooled and extenuated the heat of his affection to *Paulina*, and of his malice and Revenge to *Bertolini*: to which end, three weekes are scarce past, but taking his sonne with him in his Coach, under colour to take the ayre in the fields of *Rome*, beyond *Saint Pauls* Church, hee having given the Coach man his lesson, commands him to drive away, and having two *Braves* or *Ruffians* with him, they dispose or rather inforce the humour of his son *Sturio* to patience, as despight himselfe, they carry him to *Naples*, where a *Brigantine* being purposely prepared, hee shippeth over his sonne for the Iland of *Capri*, or *Capreæ* where long since, *Scianus* his ambition caused *Tiberius* to sojourne, whiles hee played the petite King, and domineered as Emperour at *Rome* in his absence) and gives him to the keeping and guard of *Seignior Alphonsus Drissa*, Captaine of that Iland, with request and charge not to permit him to returne, for the maine, for the terme of one whole yeere, without his expresse order to the contrary.

It is for none but for Lovers to judge, how tenderly *Sturio* and his sweet Lady *Paulina* grieve at the newes of this their sudden and unexpected separation: yea, their sighes and teares are so infinite for this their disaster, as all the words of the world are not capable to expresse them. As for *Paulina*, shee had so long and so bitterly wept for her brothers death, as it was a meere cruelty of sorrow, to inforce her to play any further part in sorrow, for the departure and captivitie of her Lover *Sturio*: but her afflictions falling in, each on the neeke of other (in imitation of the waves of the sea, occasioned by the breath and blast of *Boreas*) threaten her not onely with present sicknesse, but with approaching death. Againe she understands of *Bertolini's* safety and prosperity in *Cicilia*, where hee triumphs in his victory, for killing her brother *Brellati*, and like a base Gentleman, continually erects his Trophees of detraction upon the ruines and tombe of her honour: and these considerations (like reserved afflictions) againe newly afflict and torment her: so as having lost her jewell and her joy, her brother and her Lover, *Brellati* and *Sturio*, shee beginnes to bee extreame sicke, weake, and faint; yea, the Roses of her cheekes are transformed to Lillies; the relucent lustre of her eyes, to dimnesse and obscurity; and to use but a word, not onely her heart, but her tongue beginnes to faile, and to strike saile to immoderate sorrow and disconsolation. Her parents and friends grieve hereat, and farre the more, in respect they know not how to remedy it; and for her selfe, if shee enjoy any comfort in this life, it is onely in hope that shee shall shortly leave it, to enjoy that of a better. Thus whiles sorrow, vexation and sicknesse make haste to spin out the thred and webbe of her life, if her griefes are extreme and insupportable in *Rome*, no lesse are those of her Lover *Sturio* in *Capreæ*: for it frets him to the heart and gall, to see how his father

hath bereaved and betrayed him of his Mistris *Paulina's* presence, the onely content and felicity which this life or earth could afford him; a thousand times hee wisheth himselfe with her, and as often kisseth her remembrance and *Idea*; and then, as their affections, so their malice concurring and sympathizing, hee againe wisheth that hee may bee so happy to fight with *Bertolini* for the disgrace of his Lady *Paulina*, and shee for the death of her brother *Brellati*, and in that affection and this revenge, hee with much affliction and no comfort, passeth away many bitter dayes and torments, in the misery of this his inforced exile and banishment: and although his curiosity, affection, or subtilty could never crowne him with the happinesse or felicity to free himselfe of his guards and captivity, and so to steale away from that Iland in some Foist or Galley for the maine; yet understanding that two dayes after there was one bound for the Port of *Civita Vetcha*, hee, to testifie his affection, constancie, and torments to his deare and faire *Paulina*, takes occasion to write her a Letter to *Rome*, the which, that it might come the safer to her owne hands, he incloseth in another, to an intimate deare friend of his. The tenour of his Letter was thus:

Sturio to Paulina.

I Know not whether I more grieve at my absence from thee, then at the manner thereof; yet sure I am, that both conjoyn'd, make me in this Iland of Caprea *feele the torments, not of a feigned Purgatory, but of a true Hell. It was my purpose to condole with thee for the untimely death of thy Brother; it is now not onely my resolution, but my practice, to mourne with my selfe for thy banishment, or rather with thee for mine; and when my sorrowes have most needs of consolation, then againe that consolation findes most cause of sorrow: for thinking of* Bertolini, *me thinkes I see thy false disparagement on his malicious tongue, and thy Brother* Brellati *his true death on his bloudy Sword; and yet have neither the honour or happinesse to revenge either, and which is worse, not bee permitted to know where hee is, that I may revenge them: but I wish I were onely incident and obliged to support this affliction, conditionally then were exempt thereof, or that I might know the limits and period of our absence, thereby to hope for an end and remedy thereof, which now I can finde no motives to know, nor cause to hope. O that I have often envyed* Leanders *happinesse! And if Love could make impossibilities possible, the* Mediterranean Sea *should long since have beene my* Hellespont, *my Body my Barke, my armes my oares, to have wafted me from my* Abidos, *to thy* Sestos, *from my* Caprea, *to thy* Rome, *to thee sweet* Paulina, *my onely fayre and deare* Hero. *And although the constancie and fervencie of my love to thee, suggest me many inventions to escape the misery of my exile, yet the* Argus *eyes of my Fathers malice, in that of my Guardians jealousie, cannot bee inchanted or lulled asleepe with the melody of so unfortunate a* Mercury *as my selfe: but time shall shortly all and finish that which impatience cannot, till when, deare and sweet* Paulina, *retaine mee in thy thoughts, as I doe thee in my heart and memory; and doubt not but a few weekes will make us as happy, as wee are now miserable.*

Sturio.

Paulina, in the middest of her sorrowes and sickenesse, receives this Letter from her best and dearest friend *Sturio*, and although shee rejoyce to heare of his health and welfare in *Caprea*, yet she is more glad, that the extremity of her sickenesse and weaknesse informe her, shee shall shortly dye in *Rome*: for vanquished with afflictions, and overcome with variety of griefe and discontents, shee in conceit already hath left this world, and is by this time halfe way in her progresse and pilgrimage towards Heaven, yet in love to her deare *Sturio*, who wrote her this kinde Letter, she will not be so unkinde, but will kisse it for his sake that sent it her; and peradventure if she had been so

happy

happy, that hee might have beene the bearer and deliverer thereof himſelfe, or that he had borne and delivered himſelfe to her in ſtead of his Letter, hee might then have given ſome comfort to her ſorrowes, and ſome conſolation to her diſcontents and afflictions, whereas now ſeeing him exiled, and mewed up in *Caprea*, without any apparance of returne, ſhee ſees ſhee hath more reaſon to flye to her old deſpayre, then to any new hope; and ſo wiſheth the deſired houre were at laſt come, wherein ſhee might give her laſt farewell to this world: but againe peruſing and over reading his Letter, ſhee findes it full fraught with love and affection towards her; and therefore diſdayning to proove ingratefull to any, eſpecially to *Sturio*, who is ſo kinde and courteous to her, calls for pen and paper, and by his owne conveyance returnes him this Anſwer:

PAVLINA to STVRIO.

I Cannot rightly define whether the receipt of thy Letter made me more glad, or the contents ſorrowfull: for as I infinitely rejoyced to underſtand thou wert living, ſo I extremely grieved to heare there was no certainty of thy releaſement and returne. Whether or no Caprea *be thy Purgatory, I know not, but ſure I am,* Rome *is my Hell, ſith I cannot bee there with thee, nor thou here with me; and as I lamented with ſighs, I could not dye with my Brother, ſo I grieve with teares, that I cannot live with thee: but why write I of living, when his mournefull Tragedy, and thy diſaſtrous exile hath made mee more ready to dye then live, or rather not fit to live, but dye? for deſpayring of thy returne, how can I hope for comfort, ſith it onely lived in thy preſence, as my heart and joy did in thee? As for* Bertolini's *folly to mee, and crime to my Brother, if thy Sword puniſh him not, Gods juſt revenge will, and wiſhing this as a woman, as a Chriſtian, I pardon and forgive him; and ſo I pray doe thou for my ſake, if thou wilt not that of my dead Brothers. Could prayers or wiſhes have effected thy returne to mee, my teares had long ſince been thy* Helleſpont *and* Mediterranean Sea, *and my ſighes had fill'd the Sayles of thy deſires and reſolutions, to have paſt* Oſtia, *floated up* Tiber, *and landed at* Rippa *to mee: But alas, alas! here in remembring* Hero's *felicity and joy, I cannot forget my ſorrowes and afflictions: for as* Leander *liv'd in her armes, ſo I cannot bee ſo fortunate, either to live or dye in my* Sturio's; *and if now, as a skilfull* Mercury, *thou couldſt inveagle the eyes both of thy Fathers malice, and Guardians jealouſie, yet that happineſſe would come too late, and out of ſeaſon for mee: for before thou ſhalt have plotted thy flight and eſcape from* Caprea *to* Rome, *I ſhall have acted and finiſhed mine from* Rome *to Heaven. I would ſend thee more lines, but that my weake hand and feeble fingers have not the power, though the will, any longer to retaine my pen. Heaven will make us happy, though Earth cannot; therefore my deare* Sturio, *let this bee our laſt and beſt conſolation, as theſe joyes are temporary and tranſitory, ſo thoſe will bee permanent and eternall.*

PAVLINA.

This Letter of *Paulina* to *Sturio* meets with a ſpeedy paſſage from *Rome* to *Caprea*, who receiving it, and thinking to have found her in her true and perfect health, with much joy and affection breakes up the ſeales thereof; when, contrary to his hope and expectation, underſtanding of her ſickeneſſe and approach to death, hee tenderly and bitterly weepes at his owne misfortune, in her diſcontent and diſaſter; yea, he paſſionately and ſorrowfully bewayles his Fathers cruelty, in thus baniſhing him from her ſight and preſence, from the contemplation of whoſe beauty, and from his innate affection to her, the Fates and Deſtinies cannot baniſh him. But alas unfortunate *Sturio*! the newes of thy *Paulina's* ſickeneſſe is but the Prologue to the inſuing ſorrowes and afflictions that are ready to befall and ſurpriſe thee: for the newes of her death ſhal ſhortly follow her Letter; and if that drew teares from thine eyes, this ſhall drowne

thine eyes in the Ocean of thy Teares: neither ſhall he ſtay long to feele the miſerable impetuoſity of his mournefull Storme. For ſcarce twenty dayes are paſt, after the writing of her Letter to *Sturio*, but *Paulina*, languiſhing with Griefe, Deſpaire, Sorrow and Sickneſſe, as a female Love-Martyr, takes her laſt leave and farewell of this world in *Rome*; it being not in the power or affection of her parents, any longer to divert her from paying this her laſt due and tribute unto Nature, ſith wee all have our Lives lent, not given us; and therefore as we receive, ſo muſt we repay them to our Creatour and Redeemer, of whom we have firſt received them.

Old *Sturio* is as glad in *Rome* for the death of *Paulina*, as her Parents grieve thereat; and now it is that he intends to be as happy and joyfull in his Sonnes preſence, as hee hath formerly made himſelfe ſorrowfull in occaſioning his abſence: whereupon, with all expedition, hee diſpatcheth a Servant of his to *Caprea*, with a Letter, to ſignifie his Son thereof, and conſequently, to recall him. This newes of *Paulina's* Death infinitely afflicts and torments our *Sturio*; for ſhee being the Queene of his affections, and the ſoveraigne Goddeſſe of his delights and deſires, he reſembleth himſelfe, and ſo like a true Lover, as hee is, acteth a wonderfull mournefull part of ſorrow for her unwiſhed and unexpected Death: he is no longer himſelfe; nay, ſuch was his living affection to *Paulina*, and ſuch is his immoderate ſorrow for her death, as hee will not bee himſelfe, becauſe ſhe is gone, who was the greateſt and chiefeſt part of himſelfe. But as wounds cannot be cured, ere ſearched; ſo paſſion tranſporting his thoughts beyond reaſon, and revenge beyond paſſion, he, for the time preſent, forſakes the effect, to follow the cauſe, and ſo hath no other object before his eyes and thoughts, but that of *Bertolini's* killing of her Brother *Brellati*, and this of his Fathers unkinde baniſhing of him from *Rome* to *Caprea*: wherefore, that he may out-live his ſorrowes, and apply a Lenitive to his Corroſive, he vowes to revenge both. The manner is thus: That, as his Father deceived his hopes in carrying him from *Rome* to *Caprea*; ſo hee will deceive thoſe of his ſayd Father, in carrying himſelf from *Caprea* to *Cicily*, there to find out *Bertolini*, and to fight with him. It is not the poynt of Honour, much leſſe, Iudgement, and leaſt of all, Religion, that precipitates and throwes him on this bloudy, and therefore uncharitable reſolution: but it is the vanity of his thoughts, and his living affection to his dead Miſtris *Paulina*, which gives life and birth to it: for he (trampling on all diſſwaſion and oppoſition) finding a Galley of *Naples*, bound from *Caprea* to *Cicily*, very ſecretly imbarkes himſelfe in her, and contemning the impetuoſity of the Windes, and the mercileſſe mercie of the Seas, lands at *Palermo*, where huſhing himſelfe up the firſt night privately in his Inne, and informing himſelfe that *Bertolini* was in that City, he, the next morne, by his Lackey, ſends him this Challenge:

STVRIO to BERTOLINI.

HAving killed my deare Paulina *in the ſcandall of her honour, and the death of her Brother* Brellati, *my afflictions and ſorrowes to ſurvive her, make me contemne mine owne life, to ſeeke thine: to which purpoſe, I have left* Caprea, *to finde* Cicily, *and in it thy ſelfe. Wherefore, as thou art* Bertolini, *faile not to meet me this Evening 'twixt five and ſixe of the Clocke in the next Meadow, behinde the* Carthuſians Monaſtery; *where my ſelfe, aſſiſted onely with a Chirurgian, and the choyce of two ſingle Rapiers, will expect and attend thee. Thy Generoſity invites thee, and my Affection and Honour obligeth mee, to be the onely Gueſts of this bloudy Banquet.*

STVRIO.

Bertolini receives and reades this Challenge, which, to write the truth, is not ſo pleaſing

sing to him, as was that of *Brellati*: he sees himselfe and his Honour ingaged to fight, and knowes not how to exempt and free himselfe thereof. For, first, he considereth that the ground of his Defence and Quarrell is not good, sith he knew in his soule and conscience, that *Paulina* was as chast, as faire, & that he had wronged himself, in seeking to wrong and scandalize her; then, that hee perfectly understood *Sturio* was valiant and generous, yea, and very expert and skilfull in handling his Weapons; and withall, that single Combates were variable, and onely constant in unconstancie: so that he began not onely to doubt, but feare, that as he had killed *Brellati*, so *Sturio* was reserved to kill him: but againe, considering that his birth and bloud was noble, it contrariwise so incited and animated his courage, and inflamed, and set an edge on his Generosity, as with a kinde of unwilling willingnesse hee accepts of *Sturio's* Challenge; and so bade his Lackey tell his Master from him, that hee would not faile to meet him, to give him his welcome to *Palermo*. The Clocke strikes five, and long before sixe, our two young Gentlemen come ride into the Field; where, giving their Horses to their Chirurgians, with command not to stirre, till their duety and office call them, they both draw; and so approach each other: but although this fury of theirs beginne in bloud, yet it shall not here end in death. At first comming up, *Sturio* wards *Bertolini's* thrust, and runnes him into the right Flanke, of a deepe wound: at the second, he wounds him again in the neck, which draws much bloud from him: neither is the third meeting more propitious, or lesse fatall to him: for *Sturio*, without receiving any touch or scarre, gives him a third wound 'twixt his small ribs; whereat his courage feareth, and his strength fainteth; when willing to save his life, though with the losse of his honour, he throwes away his Rapier, and with his Hat in hand, begs his life of *Sturio*; and with as much truth as integrity, confesseth and voweth that hee is infinitely sorrowfull and repentant for the scandal, delivered against the honor of his most faire and chast Lady *Paulina*, for the which he craves pardon and remission. *Sturio* is astonished at this unexpected and cowardly act of *Bertolini*: whereat he bites his lip, but I know not whether more with disdaine then anger; only at first the remembrance of *Brellati* and *Paulina's* deaths, for the present make him inexorable to his request and submission: but at last, making reason give a law to choller, and Religion to Revenge, and considering that he was more then a Man, sith a Christian, as also that the lustre of his bloud and extraction, had distinguished him from the vulgar, and so made him honourable and noble, hee, not as a cruell Tygre but as a generous Lyon, disdayneth to blemish his reputation and valour, in killing a disarmed man; and so his honour outbraving his valour and revenge, he as a truely noble Gentleman, gives *Bertolini* his life, as holding himselfe satisfyed, by having righted the honour of his dead Mistresse *Paulina*, in *Bertolini's* confession and contrition. So they sheath up their Swords, and like loving friends, returne together into the City: where *Sturio* prepareth for his departure, and *Bertolini* betakes himselfe to have his wounds dressed and cured.

This Combate, or Duell, is not so secretly carryed betwixt them and their Chirurgians, but all *Palermo* resounds and prattles thereof; and which is more, this newes speedily sayles from *Cicily* to *Naples*, and from thence rides poast to *Rome*, where *Sturio* and *Bertolini* likewise in short space arrive; but first comes *Sturio*, then *Bertolini*, whose Father by this time hath obtained his Pardon for killing of *Brellati*. The Nobility and Gentry of *Rome* speake diversely and differently of our two late return'd Gallants: some, out of reason, highly applaud *Sturio's* fighting with *Bertolini*, occasioned through his affection to his dead Mistresse *Paulina*; and then his humanity and curtesie shewed and extended him, in giving him his life: others, out of the errours of youth and vanity, taxe and condemne him for not dispatching and killing him: againe, many extoll *Bertolini's* valour in killing *Brellati*, but all taunt and taxe him for his Cowardise, in not

fighting

fighting it out with *Sturio*; and, which is worſe, for diſgracefully begging and receiving his life of him. *Bertolini* findes this ſcandall throwne and retorted on him, to bee very diſtaſtefull and diſhonourable; in ſo much as hee cannot relliſh it, but with diſcontent, nor digeſt it, but with extreme indignation and choller: which throwes him ſo violently on the execrable humour of revenge, as hee vowes to make *Sturio* pay deare for giving two much liberty to his tongue, to the prejudice of his honour and reputation. Puſt up thus with theſe three execrable humours and vices, diſdaine, envy and revenge, whereof the leaſt is great and capable enough to ruine both a fortune and a life, hee, out of a wretched reſolution, (unworthy the generoſity of a Gentleman) not onely forgets *Sturio* his ſingular courteſie in giving him his life, when it lay in his power and pleaſure to take it from him, but alſo remembreth, and in that remembrance reſolveth to repay him with the ungratefull requitall, and mournefull intereſt of depriving him of his. O extreme ingratitude! O uncharitable and baſe reſolution! Yea, hee is ſo devoyd of reaſon, and the purity of his ſoule and conſcience ſo contaminated and vilified with the contemplation and object of bloud, as hee gives way thereto, and reſolves thereon; yea, permits it to forſake God, of purpoſe wilfully to follow the Devill: yea, his thoughts are ſo ſurpriſed and taken up with this execrable and helliſh reſolution of Murther, as hee thinkes of nothing elſe but of the meanes and manner how to diſpatch *Sturio*; and ſo to ſend him in a bloudy winding-ſheet, from this life to another. To fight with him againe in the field, hee dares not, to aſſaſſinate and murther him in his bed, he cannot, ſith he muſt paſſe five or ſixe ſeverall chambers, ere hee can come at his; and to piſtoll him in the open ſtreet, though it be leſſe difficult, yet hee findes it moſt dangerous, ſith hee ſees *Sturio* ſtill went better followed and accompanyed then himſelfe, as indeed being more eminent of birth, and noble of extraction then himſelfe. But hee ſhall want no invention to accompliſh and bring this his bloudy reſolution to paſſe: for if hee faile thereof, the Devill is ſtill at his elbow to prompt and inſtruct him therein; yea, his impiety is growne ſo ſtrong with the Devill, and his faith ſo weake with God, as now having turned over the records of his revenge, hee at laſt reſolves to ſhoot *Sturio* from a Window, with a Petronell, as he paſſeth the ſtreet: and upon the attempt and finiſhing of this helliſh ſtratagem and bloudy Tragedy, the Devill and he ſtrike hands, and conclude it; the contriving and perpetrating whereof ſhal in the end ſtrangle him, becauſe he was ſo prophane and graceleſſe, as he would not ſtrangle the firſt conceit thereof in their births and conceptions.

But leave wee here *Bertolini* ruminating on his intended bloudy crime of Murther, and come wee a little to ſpeake of poore unfortunate *Sturio*, who not dreaming of his malice, much leſſe of his ungratefull and bloudy revenge intended againſt him, like a mournful and diſconſolate conſtant Lover, is thinking on nothing ſo much, as on the living beauty and *Idea* of his dead *Paulina*: and although he knew it as palpable folly to bewray his immoderate ſorrowes, as diſcretion to conceale them; yet their impetuoſity and fervencie give ſuch a predominating law to his reſolutions, as hee cannot refraine from often ſtealing into *Sancta Maria de Rotunda's* Church, where ſhee was buryed, and there ſecretly bedewes her Tombe, and waſhes her Sepulcher with his teares: an act and ceremony of Lovers, which though affection authorize, yet Religion doth neither juſtifie, nor can approve. All the care of his father and friends is to ſeek how to purge his penſiveneſſe, and to wipe off his melancholy ſorrowes and ſorrowfull melancholineſſe: to which end they proffer him great variety of noble and beautifull Ladies in Marriage, hoping that the ſight and preſence of a new beauty would deface the memory and abſence of an old: but their policie proves vaine; for *Sturio* will bee as conſtant in his ſorrowes for his ſweet *Paulina's* death, as hee was in his affection to her whiles ſhee lived; and therefore, although their power inforce him to ſee di-

verſe

verse, yet his will can never bee drawne, or inforced to love any, as having inviolably contracted himselfe to this definitive resolution, that sith he could not be *Paulina's* husband, he will never wed himselfe to any other wife then his Grave.

And here I beginne to write rather with teares, then Inke, when I apprehend and consider how soone our poore and innocent *Sturio* shall bee by the bloudy hand of *Bertolini* layd in his unfortunate and untimely Grave. Ah *Sturio, Sturio,* hadst thou been more vindictive, and lesse generous and compassionate, thou hadst prevented thy death by killing *Bertolini,* when thy valour in *Caprea* formerly reduced and exposed him to the mercie of thy Sword; or if thou hadst believed this Maxime, that dead men can never offend or hurt, thou needst not have relyed and trusted upon the false promises of an incensed and irreconciliable enemy: but what shall I say? It was not thy honour, but *Bertolini's* infamy, which hasteneth and procureth thy death. O that thou shouldest bee so true a friend to thine enemy, and hee proove so deadly an enemy to thee his true friend! *Sturio* gave *Bertolini* his life, and *Bertolini* in requitall will give *Sturio* his death: but such monstrous and bloudy ingratitude will never goe unpunished of God; for as it is odious to Earth, so it is execrable to Heaven: But I must bee so unfortunate to bring this deplorable Tragedy upon the Theater of this History. A misery of miseries, that wee are many times neerest our ends, when wee thinke our selves farthest from them; and (not to rush into the sacred and secret closet of Gods inscrutable providence) I can finde no other pregnant reason thereof, either in Divinity or Nature, but that at all times, and in all places, wee should bee still prepared and ready for death, e're death for us, and not protracting or procrastinating the houre thereof; but that whensoever it shall please God to call us to him, or himselfe to us, that (like good Christians) death may still finde us alwayes arm'd to meet, never unprovided to incounter it.

But *Bertolini* is so obstinate in his malice, and so wretchedly implacable in his revenge, as understanding that *Sturio* is accustomed to goe to his mornings Masse at the *English Colledge,* hee provides both himselfe and his Petronell charged with a brace of Bullets; or rather the Devill provides both the Bullets, the Petronell, and himselfe: and so, watching the advantage of his houre and time, on a Monday morning, a little after the Cardinalls, *Farnesi* and *Caponius,* were ridden with their traines to the Consistory, putting himselfe into an unknowne house betwixt the sayd *English Colledge* and the Palace of *Farnesi,* hee having his Cocke bent, and seeing *Sturio* comming in the streete, upon his prauncing *Barbary* Horse and Foot-cloth, like a graceless and bloudy villaine (having neither the feare of God, nor the salvation or damnation of his soule before his eyes, nor once imagining that hee shootes at the Majesty of God the Creatour, in killing and defacing Man, his Image and Creature) lets flye at him, and the Devill had made him so curious and expert a Marke-man, as both the Bullets pierce the trunke of his brest; with which mortall wounds our innocent *Sturio,* no longer able to sit his Horse, tumbles downe dead to the ground, without having the power to utter a word, but onely to breathe foorth two or three lamentable and deadly groanes. And this was the unfortunate and mournefull end of this noble Gentleman *Sturio,* which I cannot relate without sighes, nor remember without teares.

This bloudy Tragedy acted on so brave a Gallant, in the very bowels and heart of *Rome,* doth extreamely amaze, and draw all the Spectatours to lamentation and mourning, and his two servants, who walked by his Horse side, are so busie in lifting him up, and rubbing the temples of their dead Master, as they forget the research and inquiry for his murtherer: but the Assistants, and standers by, hearing the report of the Peece, and not onely seeing the smoke in the window and ayre, but this noble Gen-

tleman

thereon dead in the ſtreet, they aſcend the houſe, finde the Petronell on the Table, but the Shooter fled upon a ſwift Spaniſh Gennet, by the back doore, they of the houſe affirming with teares, that they knew not the Gentleman that did it, neither was it in their powers to ſtop or prevent his eſcape.

This Fatall and mournefull newes diſperſed and ſpred o're the City of *Rome*, the Sergeants and Captaines guard are buſie to finde out the Murtherer, who by this time they know to bee *Seignior Bertolini*: but being gallantly mounted, hee ſpeedes away thorow the ſtreets amaine, and is ſo farre from deſpaire, as hee makes no doubt but to recover the *Lateran Gate*, and to eſcape this his ſecond danger, as fortunately as he did his firſt, by flying into the Kingdome of *Naples*: but his hopes ſhall deceive him; for if hee bought *Brellati's* Murther at an eaſie rate, God hath now ordained and decreed that he ſhall pay deare for this his ſecond of *Sturio*: and lo, here the impetuous ſtorme of Gods juſt revenge and indignation now befalls him, when he leaſt feares or thinkes thereof. The manner thus:

As hee was ſwiftly galloping thorow *Campo de Fuogo* (the publike place where the Pope (that *Anticriſt* of *Rome*) burnes the children of God, for the profeſſion of his glorious Goſpell) and being at the farther end thereof, with an intent to draw towards the backe ſide of the *Capitoll*, behold, two Brick layers building of a houſe upon a Scaffold, two Stories high in the ſtreet, as *Bertolini* paſſed, both the Scaffold and the two Brick layers fell downe upon him, and his horſe, and ſo beat them both to the ground: but as yet the newes of *Sturio's* Murther was not arrived thither, ſo as danger and feare making *Bertolini* forget the hurt of his fall, hee againe riſeth up, and calls for his horſe, which was ſpeedily brought him: ſo leaping into the Saddle, he ſpurres away, with as much celerity as his Gennet could poſſibly drive under him. But if hee have eſcaped this firſt judgement of God, hee ſhall not the ſecond, for having paſt the *Capitoll* and the *Amphitheater*, his Gennet 'twixt that and the *Lateran*, fell under him, which putting his ſhoulder out of joynt, the poore afflicted Beaſt could not rise with his Maſter, who by this time is more afflicted and grieved then the harmeleſs Gennet hee rides upon. Whereupon being amazed, and fearing that the ſearch would inſtantly follow and ſurpriſe him, hee leaving his horſe, betakes himſelfe to his own heeles: and ſo with much terrour both of minde and conſcience, hee knowes not whither to goe, or where to hide himſelfe, but at laſt conſidering that the greateſt dangers have neede of the leaſt diſtraction, and moſt diſcretion, hee thinkes to fit on his right hand to *Horti Farneſi*, or the Gardens and Orchards which belong to that illuſtrious Family: but then againe fearing to meet with a wooden face, in ſtead of finding an open doore, hee leaves that reſolution, and (as faſt as his legs and feet can beare him) flies on his left hand up towards *Nero's* Tower (ſo famous for that Emperours infamy, in ſtanding thereon, when hee delighted to ſee all *Rome* on fire) and here in the ruines and demolitions of an infinite number of Palaces, Churches, and other ſtupendious buildings, our murtherous *Bertolini* hides and hufheth up himſelfe, hoping if the day were paſt, to eſcape, and recover ſome ſecret friends houſe by night.

But God is too juſt to let this his cruell fact paſſe unrevenged, and this bloudy Murtherer unpuniſhed: for hee hath ſcarce beene there halfe an houre, but hee is knowne there, found out, and hemm'd in of all ſides by the Captaine's Guard, arm'd with Partiſans and Piſtols. Heere *Bertolini* conſidering himſelfe a *Romane* Gentleman, would fayne have made ſome reſiſtance with his Rapier: but ſeeing their numbers to increaſe, and himſelfe alone, as alſo that it would further augment his crime, and exaſperate his Iudges againſt him; hee at their firſt affaults delivereth up his Rapier, and yieldes, and rendereth himſelfe into

into their hands, who preſently convey him to priſon, where hee ſhall have but little time to thinke of his hainous and bloudy Murthers, e're wee ſhall ſee him brought forth and arraigned before his Iudges: but in the *Interim* all *Rome* is poſſeſſed and informed hereof.

So the ſecond morne of *Bertolini* his impriſonment, hee is fetcht before his Iudges, where at firſt the Devill is ſo ſtrong with him, as hee once thought to have denyed this Murther of *Sturio*: but God proving more mercifull to his ſoule, hee upon his Iudges grave and religious remonſtrances, with many ſighes and teares freely confeſſeth it, humbly beſeeching them to take pittie of his young yeeres, and that it was onely the heate of youth, and the vanity of his ambitious honour, which had thus betrayed and ſeduced his ſoule to perpetrate this cruell and impious Murther, and for the which he extremely and bitterly repented himſelfe.

But the arrow of Gods wrath and Revenge is now fully bent againſt *Bertolini*, as his bullets were againſt *Sturio*: ſo as his ſacred Majeſty, cauſing his Iudges to reſemble themſelves, they are deafe to his requeſts, and tell him, it is not his youth or his ambition, but the Devill that hath ſeduced and drawne him to performe this bloudy Murther: and ſo for expiation thereof, they, in conſideration hee is a *Roman* Gentleman, nobly deſcended, will not hang him, but adjudge his two hands to bee cut off before the houſe where hee ſhot at *Sturio*, and then to bee beheaded at the common place of execution, at the foote of *Saint Angelos* bridge, his head to bee ſet upon a pole, over *Saint Iohn de Laterans* gate, and his body to bee throwne into *Tiber*: which the next day was accordingly executed in preſence of many thouſand people of both ſexes, and of all ranks, notwithſtanding the importunate ſollicitations which his father made to *Cardinall Borgheſe* (the *Pope Paulus Quintus* Nephew) to the contray, who was too noble and generous to aſſiſt him in ſo baſe and ignoble a Murther.

And theſe were the lives and deaths of theſe three unfortunate *Roman* Gentlemen, *Brellati*, *Sturio*, and *Bertolini*, and of that beautifull, chaſte, and ſorrowfull Lady *Paulina*. And here to conclude and ſhut up this their mournefull Hiſtory; I have beene informed that the curious wits of *Rome* made many exquiſite Epitaphs upon the deaths of *Sturio* and *Paulina*, as alſo that *Bertolini* made a religious and moſt Chriſtian ſpeech at his end, of which I muſt confeſſe I was not ſo happy to recover the ſight, or copies of either: for if I had, I would not have failed to have inſerted, and placed them at the end of this their Hiſtory, to have ſerved as a grace and ornament thereunto, in interlacing my proſe with others verſes, for the better delight and recreation of my Reader: But I muſt (juſtly) crave excuſe herein: for my curioſitie ſought them, though my unfortunacie found them not. And becauſe I wholy ayme rather to profit then pleaſe my Reader, let us forget the ſhadowes, to remember the ſubſtance, and ſo looke from the Mappe, to the Morall of this Hiſtory: that the foule example of *Bertolini's* crime of Murther, and the juſtneſſe of his puniſhment, may make us leſſe bloudy, and more compaſſionate and charitable to our Chriſtian brethren, and conſequently more pious towards God, of whom we all beare the living Image, and true and lively character.

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FINIS.

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THE TRIUMPHS OF GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE CRYING AND Execrable Sinne of Murder.

Expreſſed
In thirty ſeverall Tragicall Hiſtories,
(digeſted into ſix Bookes) which containe great
varietie of mournfull and memorable Accidents,
Amorous, Morall, Divine.

Booke III.

Written by IOHN REYNOLDS.

LONDON,
¶ Printed by *Iohn Haviland* for WILLIAM LEE,
and are to be ſold at his ſhop in Fleerſtreet, at the ſigne of the
Turks Head, neere the Mitre Taverne.
1634.

XUM

THE

TRIUMPHS

OF

GODS REVENGE

AGAINST

THE CRYING AND

Execrable Sinne of Murder.

Expressed

In thirty Several Tragicall Hiſtories,

(digeſt'd into ſix Bookes) which certaine great

Variety of Memorable and memorable Accidents,

Moſtly Morall, Divine.

Booke III.

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Turkis Head, neere the Mitre Tavern.

1634.

TO THE RIGHT HONOVRABLE, AND truly worthy of all honour, *WILLIAM* Earle of *Pembroke*, Lo. Chamberlaine to his Majestie, Knight of the thrice Noble Order of the Garter, and one of the Lords of his most Honorable Privie Councell.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

IT is not your *Dignities*, but your *Vertues*; not your *Greatnesse*, but your *Goodnesse* which first conjured my affection, then commanded my resolution to direct these (forraigne) *Tragicall Histories* to your *Honours* protection and pattonage; For whiles others (sailing with the corrupt Tyde and Current of the times) not only admire, but adore the exteriour parts of men, their *Fortunes*, I, for my part, both honour and reverence their interiour qualities and ornaments, *Pietie*, *Fidelitie*, *Gentrositie*, (three Daughters of *Heaven*, embleming and personating the three Heavenly Graces on Earth, *Faith*, *Hope*, *Charitie*) who transport and convey our *Memories* as farre as the limits of *Time*, and a degree beyond it, and (on the wings of *Truth*) mount our *Fames* from *Earth* to *Heaven*, from *Envy* to *Glory*, and from *Mortalitie* to *Eternitie*. Not but that

I every way respect and honour that blood which is *Noble*, but that I yet more dearly honour and deeply affect those *Vertues* which have a secret, and (as I may justly say) a sacred power in them to ennoble *Nobilitie*, both which transcendent *Privileges*, finding hand in hand cheerefully to march, and really to sympathize in your *Ho.* (sith upon the resplendent lustre of your actions, *Envie* is not capable to insinuate a blemish, nor *Detraction* of power to introduce or inforce a disparagement) was the sole prevailing motive of this my *Zeale* and *Ambition*. And when I consider that the Moralitie, Ends and Punishments of these foule and crying sinnes of Murther, which my two former Bookes (of this *Nature*) have already related and divulged to the world, have not only been approved, but applauded of our most *Excellent* and *Sacred King*, (as only aiming at Gods glory, and our owne reformation and preservation) I rather hope than despaire, that this *Third* (wherein the just revenge of *God*, the Great and Supreme *King* of *Kings*, is no lesse apparent and conspicuous) will be accepted and received of your *Ho.* Againe, it fights against Murther, which not only seekes to slay *Humanitie*, but therein to murther *Religion*, which is the *Life* and *Soule* thereof. It denounceth war against *Nature* and *Grace*, against the Divine Ordinances of *Heaven*, and the Coactive and penall Lawes of *Earth*, whereby they are established and maintained, as being the *Cyment* and *Sinewes*, the *Veines* and *Arteries* of *Monarchies* and *Common-weales*; as also against the Majestie of *God*, and the Crownes and Dignities of *Soueraigne Kings* and Princes, his Royall *Deputies* and *Vice-gerents* here on earth, sith thereby he loseth soules, and these subjects; yea, so generall and so prodigious a progression doth this scarlet sin of premeditated and wilfull murther make in the universall World, and with so bloodie a deluge and inundation, it not only washes, but (as it were) drownes the face of the *Christian*, that wee have now far truer cause to cry out, and juster reason to exclaime, than did *Quintus Catulus* (so many centuries of yeeres since) *O with whom, or where shall wee liue in safetie, sith in wars wee kill those who are armed, and in Peace, who are unarmed?* Yea, your *Ho.* who (with a happy constancie, and constant happinesse) is still a professed Champion for *Charitie* against *Enuie*, and a *Tutelarie* Protector for *Vertue* against *Vice*, (whiles divers great ones of the World make it not only their practice, but their glory to performe the contrary) will, I hope, run over these mournfull *Histories*, (and the severall accidents they relate) with your eye of pittie, and spirit of compassion; and therein with a religious joy, and pious insultation, not only admire the *Providence*, but applaud and magnifie the *Iustice* of *God*, in so timely cut-

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ting off these Monsters of *Nature*, and bloudy Butchers of Mankinde, with these their condigne punishments and deserved deaths : In which Hope and Confidence, this Booke is no more mine, but your *Honours*, and no lesse is he who collected and penned it ; and that my Name may futurely oblige mee to make this present promise of my pen reall; Whiles many others (in a vertuous emulation) contend to deserve the *Honour* of your *Favour*, and strive to purchase the felicitie of your *Commands*, none shall doe it with more Integritie and lesse Vanitie, than

Your Honours truly
devoted

IOHN REYNOLDS.

The Grounds and Contents of these Histories.

History XI.

De Salez *killeth* Vaumarti *in a Duell*; La Hay *causeth* Michaelle *to poyson* La Frange; De Salez *loves* La Hay, *and because his father* Argentier *will not consent that he marry her, stifleth him in his bed, and then takes her to his wife; she turnes Strumpet, and cuts his throat; as he is dying, hee accuseth her of this bloody fact, and himselfe for murthering his father* Argentier: *so his dead body is hang'd to the Gallowes, then burnt;* La Hay *confesseth this murther, and likewise that shee caused* Michaelle *to poyson* La Frange: *she hath her right hand cut off, and is then burnt alive;* Michaelle *is broken on the wheele, and his dead body throwne into the River.*

History XII.

Albemare *causeth* Pedro *and* Leonardo *to murther* Baretano, *and he after marrieth* Clara, *whom* Baretano *first sought to marry: Hee causeth his man* Valerio *to poyson* Pedro *in prison, and by a letter which* Leonardo *sent him,* Clara *perceives that her husband* Albemare *had hired and caused* Pedro *and* Leonardo *to murther her first love* Baretano: *which letter she reveales to the Judge; so he is hanged, and likewise* Valerio *and* Leonardo *for these their bloody crimes.*

History XIII.

La Vasselay *poysoneth her waiting-maid* Gratiana, *because she is jealous that her husband* De Merson *is dishoneſt with her; whereupon he lives from her: In revenge whereof she causeth his man* La Villete *to murther him in a Wood, and then marries him in requitall. The said* La Villete *a yeere after riding thorow the same Wood, his Horse falles with him, and almost kills him; when hee confesseth the murther of his master* De Merson, *and accuseth his wife* La Vasselay *to be the cause thereof: So for these their bloody crimes, he is hanged, and she burnt alive.*

History XIV.

Fidelia *and* Cæleſtina *cause* Carpi *and* Monteleone, *with their two Laquayes,* Lorenzo *and* Anselmo, *to murther their father Captaine* Benevente, *which they performe.* Monteleone *and his Laquay* Anselmo *are drowned,* Fidelia *hangs her selfe,* Lorenzo *is hanged for a robbery, and on the Gallowes confesseth the murthering of* Benevente; Carpi *hath his right hand, then his head cut off;* Cæleſtina *is beheaded and her body burnt.*

History XV.

Maurice *like a bloody villaine, and damnable sonne, throwes his Mother* Christina *into a Well, and drownes her: the same hand and arme of his wherewith he did it, rots away from his body; and being discrazed of his wits in Prison, hee there confesseth this foule and inhumane murther, for the which he is hanged.*

GODS

GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE CRYING AND Execrable Sinne of Murder.

Hiſtory XI.

De Salez *killeth* Vaumartin *in a Duell*; La Hay *cauſeth* Michaelle *to poiſon* La Frange; De Salez *loves* La Hay, *and becauſe his father* Argentier *will not conſent that he marry her, ſtifleth him in his bed, and then takes her to his wife: ſhe turns Strumpet, and cuts his throat*; *as he is dying, he accuſeth her of this bloudy fact, and himſelfe for murthering his father* Argentier: *ſo his dead body is hang'd to the gallowes, then burnt*; La Hay *confeſſeth this murther, and likewiſe that ſhe cauſed* Michaelle *to poiſon* La Frange: *ſhee hath her right hand cut off, and is then burnt alive*; Michaelle *is broken on the wheele, and his dead body throwne into the River.*

ALthough our perverſe *Nature*, and rebellious thoughts may for a while make us eſteeme Envie to be no *Vice*, and Murder a *Vertue*; yet if we will erect the eyes of our *Faith*, and ſo looke from our ſelves to our ſoules, from Earth to Heaven, and from Satan to God, we ſhall then aſſuredly finde, that hating our Chriſtian Brother, wee hate *Chriſt* who made us Brothers: and murdering him, that we maliciouſly and preſumptuouſly attempt to recrucifie *Chriſt*, by whom we muſt, without whom we cannot be ſaved. But if we will turne Atheiſts, and beleeve there is a Heaven, but no God; or Devils, and ſay there is a *God*, but no Heaven, then that uncharitable *Tenent* of Envie may be held lawfull, and this bloudy poſition of Murder, practiſed, becauſe privileged, elſe not. Wherefore let us who are *Chriſtians* reſend this devilliſh doctrine, and doctrine of Devils, to Hell from whence it firſt came, and to the Devill himſelfe who firſt broached and invented it: ſith we cannot profeſſe it without making our ſelves *Agents*, nor perpetrate it, without becomming his very limbs and members, in regard they will infallibly prove the wofull fore-runners of our miſery, and the wretched Heralds of our perdition: as the bloudy *Actors* of this enſuing mournfull *Hiſtory* will make good, and inſtance to us in themſelves when the ſevere judgements and puniſhments of *God* befell them ſo ſuddenly, as it was too late for them either to revoke or bewaile the enormitie of theſe their foule and infernall crimes.

Tholouſe

THolouſe (as well for greatneſſe as ſtate, the third citie and Court of *Parliament* of *France*) is the place wherein we ſhall underſtand, there was lately committed and perpetrated, a *tragicall Hiſtory*, which hath many mournfull and bloody dependances; the which to branch forth, and depaint in their naked colours, we muſt underſtand, that therein lived a Councellour of that famous *Court* (being a rich *Gentleman* well deſcended) tearmed *Monſieur de Argentier*, whoſe wife being deceaſed, left him father only to one hopefull ſonne, of the age of two and twenty yeeres, tearmed *Monſieur de Salez*, who being wholly addicted to the warres (from which martiall Profeſſion it was impoſſible for his old father to divert and withdraw him) he procured him an *Enſignes* place under *Monſieur de Roquelaure*, whom he ſerved in the *Adriaticke* Sea, under the *Noble* and *Generous Venetians*, who then ſtood rather jealous than fearefull of the power and greatneſſe of *Spaine*; but the *Chymera* of that warre (after the terme of three or foure yeeres) being vaniſhed and blowen away, and conſequently betwixt thoſe two mighty *Eſtates*, a new *Peace* contracted and concluded, (although the old had not beene actually broken and delacerated) home returnes *Monſieur de Roquelaure*, for *Gaſcogny*, and with him *De Salez* for *Languedoc* and *Tholouſe*, where he is received of his father with much content and joy, not that hee was contented to ſee his ſonne profeſſe theſe Militarie courſes (which onely affords the ſmoake of Honour, and not the ſolidity of profit) but rather that hee exceedingly rejoyced to ſee him returne therefrom; and from whence, if he cannot hope that his requeſts will ſolely divert him, yet hee is reſolved and aſſured that his Commands both will and ſhall. To which end, (as any humour is ſooneſt ſubject to be expelled and defaced by its contrary) ſo the old *Councellour*, having as much *Iudgement* and *Providence* in his head, as his ſonne hath *Vanity* in his thoughts, and *Raſhneſſe* in his reſolutions, doth both requeſt, and command him to leave the warre for Peace, Armes for Love, the Campe for the Citie, and his Captaine for a Wife, and ſo no longer to march and fight under the Banners of *Mars* and *Bellona*, but under the Standarts of *Venus* and *Hymeneus*; to which effect, he profers him the choyce of many rich and faire young *Gentlewomen* of the Countrey to his wife; but eſpecially (and with farre more earneſtneſſe than any other) to an exceeding rich match in the Citie, which was a young *Gentlewoman* tearmed *La Frange*, being the onely child of *Monſieur de Clugny*, one of the moſt famous and richeſt *Preſidents* of that *Court*, young of yeeres, as being but ſixteene, or ſeventeene, but withall deformed both in favour and body, for ſhee was of a browne and ſowre complexion, and not onely a Dwarfe in ſtature, bnt alſo exceedingly crooke-back'd, and yet beyond meaſure very amorous, and deſirous of a Husband: onely the endowments of her minde moſt richly recompenced, and made ſatisfaction for the defects of her body: for ſhee had an active and nimble wit, a ſweet and fugred tongue, a rich *Memorie*, and a powerfull and happy *Iudgement*, and was indeed an excellent Dauncer, and Singer, and withall a moſt perfect and exquiſite Muſician: But as yet *De Salez* warlike and generous reſolution could not be ſo ſoone made flexible, to embrace the motion of a wife, and ſo he returnes his deniall in ſtead of his conſent: but his wiſe old father *Argentier*, being therefore the more curious of his ſonne *De Salez* his proſperity and welfare, becauſe hee apparantly ſaw he no way regarded, but every way neglected it himſelfe; (his ſonnes exorbitant reſolution notwithſtanding) although hee knew that *Madamoyſelle La Frange* had many *noble Suitors*, who ſought her in mariage: yet relying upon his ancient acquaintance and familiaritie with the *Preſident de Clugny*, as alſo that that daughter of his, and this his Son were of both parties their onely children. Hee taking

taking time at advantage, breakes with him about this match: whereunto *De Clugny* hearkens rather with delight than distast: for if there were any disparitie in the dignitie of their Offices, he well knowes, that *Argentiers* blood and wealth did at least equalize, if not exceed his; or if hee conceited any scruple in his thoughts, which impugned or imposed it, it was onely because *De Salez* was a *Souldier*, and not a *Lawyer*, and consequently delighted to use his Sword before his Pen, and to weare and preferre a Scarlet cloke before a Blacke. But then againe, these repugnant and averse reasons were as soone buried, as borne, and defaced, as conceived and ingraven in him; when hee considered that hee himselfe in his adolescency was of the same humor and inclination, and therefore that *Experience* had made him a *President* to himselfe, that *Time* was both the reformer and refiner of manners, and that (in all well borne and well bred spirits) the *Precepts* of a father, and the sweet conversation and counsell of a wife, had power to metamorphose the conditions of a young husband; whereupon the old fathers often meet and consult hereon, and so being fully agreed on all conditions, they likewise appoint a solemne meeting for their children, but the effect and issue of this their enterview, will not correspond and answer their desires.

La Frange (as we have formerly said) being deformed and crook-backt, was no way agreeable but displeasing to *De Salez*, but he being a tall, and neat timbred *Gentleman*, of a faire and feminine complexion, she instantly most tenderly affected, and dearely loved him. In a word, I must request the curiositie of the Reader briefly to be informed and advertised, that as shee beheld him with the eyes of *Love* and *Desire*, so did he her with those of *contempt* and *disdaine*, she building castles of content in the aire of her thoughts and hopes, that *Heaven* would make him her husband; and hee rasing both her and her memory out of that of his contemplations, vowing that Earth should never make her his wife. Thus though the Parents have already shut up the Contract, yet their children shall never live to celebrate the *Nuptials*, for we shall see diversity of *tragicall accidents* which are providing, and almost ready to oppose and impugne it. *Parents* thinke to be the causes, but *God* will still bee the *Authour* of Marriages: for if his sacred and divine *Majesty* make them not first in *Heaven*, they shall never see them solemnized nor consummated on *Earth*.

And heere, to make an orderly progression in this *History*, the Reader must likewise understand, that of all other of *La Franges* Suitors, none sought her with so much importunity and impatiency, as the *Baron* of *Vaumartin*, (whose chiefest house and lands lay betwixt *Aigue-mortes* and *Narbone*) a Nobleman of some thirty yeeres old, who (like many others of his stampe and ranke) had spent the greatest part of his youth and meanes in *Paris*, in lasciviously debauching and revelling with the *Parisian* Ladies and Dames: so that the vanitie of his pleasures and expences making his lands fly away peece-meale, and the devasting and fall of his trees and woods, making the rest of his Mannors shake, (an example and president for all other debauched *Gallants* to observe and beware of) he leaves *Paris* with curses, and his bitter-sweet sinnes with repentance; and so (to repayre his errors, and to redeeme his lost time, & decayed estate) he comes home to *Languedoc*, where hearing in *Tholouse* of the *President de Clugny's* great wealth which he must solely leave to his onely childe and daughter *La Frange*, who was now marriageable, he resolves to set all his other businesse and designes apart, and so to lay siege and seeke her of her father and selfe in marriage. Now to take the better direction, and observation of this *History*, wee must likewise understand that this *Baron* of *Vaumartin* was of a swart complexion, a dwarfe of stature,

and

and every way as crook-backt as *La Frange*, which the more flattered him in his hopes, and egged him on in his pursute, hoping indeed (though with as much *Vanitie* as *Ignorance*) that this their corporall resemblance would the sooner induce and draw her to affect him: but his *Arithmetique*, or rather his *Iudgement* will deceive him: for it is conformitie of *Humors* and *Inclinations*, and not of faces and bodies, which breeds and inflames a *Sympathy* in affections. But he is resolute in his research, and so better loving the fathers wealth, than the daughters *Beautie*, he well assisted and followed (with a traine and equipage worthy of his birth, and her merits) first seekes the daughter of her father, then her selfe of her selfe. As for the old *President de Clugny*, he hath heard of his debaushed pranks and ryots in *Paris*, and therefore vowes that his wealth gotten with wisedome, and purchased with providence, study, and care in his *Age*, shall never pay for the obscene pleasures and vitious prodigalities of his *Youth*: and so with many verball complements (resolving that he shall never triumph in the conquest of his daughter) he in generall tearmes puts him off. As for *La Frange* her selfe, the sweetnesse of *De Salez* complexion and personage is so deeply imprinted in her heart and thoughts, that it is impossible for *Vaumartin* to find any admittance or entrance; for shee speakes of none but *de Salez*, thinkes of none but of *de Salez*, nor wisheth her selfe with any but with *de Salez*. Againe, she wonders at *Vaumartins* simplicitie, in seeking her for his wife: for if she hate deformitie in her selfe, how is it either likely or possible that she can love it in her husband? No, no; though *de Salez* will not love *La Frange*, yet *La Frange* must and will love *de Salez*, and none but him; and therefore sith *de Salez* his sweet feature is a pearle in her eye, needs must *Vaumartin* be an eye-sore to her; yea, and if modesty will permit mee to speake or write an immodest truth, her heart doth so burne and flame in love to *de Salez*, that both day and night shee many times with sighes, sometimes with teares, wisheth her selfe either impaled in his armes, or he encloystred in hers. Now by this time *Vaumartin* hath full notice and advertisement of her affection devoted to none but to *de Salez*, as also his sleighting and disdaining her: Whereupon encouraged by this, and dishartened by that, he leaves no cost, care, or curiosity (either in gifts, dancing, musicke, or bankets) unattempted, to crowne his wants, rather than his desires and pleasures, with this though deformed, yet rich heire *La Frange*: so leaving him to his vaine suite in courting her, speake wee a little of *de Salez*, that sith he will not affect *La Frange*, we may yet observe and discover which way hee intends to shape the course of his affections and resolutions.

For albeit he had formerly addicted himselfe and resolutions to be a professed Souldier, yet *Peace* calling him home now to *Pleasure*, and that to *effeminacy*, a fatall and dangerous *vice*, which in the iniquity of these our times and depraved manners not onely most insensibly creepes into common Souldiers and Commanders, but also into all Armies, and into many *Estates* and *Kingdomes*, still to the disparagement of their glory, and sometime to the price of their ruine, and perill of their subversion; he began to let his Colours hang dustie, and his Pike and Partizan rustie by the walls, and to frequent the company of Ladies, which the old Counsellor his father observes with joy, hoping that in the end he shall draw him to affect and marry *La Frange*: but these hopes of his will proove vaine, and this his joy will soone bee exchanged into sorrow, and metamorphosed into affliction and misery: for that his *sonne* is partly resolved to marry, tis true, but as true it is, that he is fully resolved never to love, much lesse to marry *La Frange*.

Now wee must understand, that in *Tholouse* there dwelt a Merchant of Silks, or as wee in *England* say, a Silk-man, termed *Monsieur de Soulange*, rather reputed rich

rich of others, than knowne ſo of himſelfe; and yet being an old widower, to the end the ſooner to get him a new wife, he puts a good face on his eſtate, and maintaines himſelfe, familie, and houſe, with great pompe and expences, having no ſon, but three faire daughters, all marriageable; & yet (out of *ambition*, and in *emulation* of the *Gentry*) ſeverally knowne and ſtiled by their titles, not by their names, as *Meſdamoyſelles de Marſy*, *La pre Verte*, and *La Hay*, all famous for their beauties, and indeed for the pureneſſe and excellencie thereof juſtly reputed & held the prime Birds of the citie, and yet the youngeſt of them *La Hay* was the *Phenix* of all the three: for ſhe was ſo ſweetly faire, and fairly ſweet of complexion, as ſhe drew all eyes to doe homage to hers; ſo as it was almoſt impoſſible for any man to looke on her without loving her, or to gaze on her without deſiring her: for her body was ſo ſtrait and ſlender, and the roſes of her cheekes ſo deliciouſly gracing the lilies, and the lilies the roſes, that the greateſt Gallant either of the Citie or Country, held himſelfe not only happy, but honoured with the felicitie of her preſence and company. But in one word, to give theſe three ſiſters their true characters, *de Marſy* and *la Pre-verte* were far more vertuous than *La Hay*, though *La Hay* were far fairer than they: for as *Religion* and *Pietie* was their chiefeſt delight and exerciſe, as more deſirous to embeliſh their ſoules than their bodies; ſo wanton pleaſure and vaine laſciviouſneſſe was hers, as rather delighting to pleaſe and adorne her body than her ſoule, they being more vertuous than faire, ſhee more faire than vertuous, different inclinations and reſolutions; theſe as happy and bleſſed, as hers wretched and impious: their actions might have beene a Preſident, yea a Pilot to have conducted her fame as well to the Temple of *Honour*, as to the harbour of immortall glory, & of glorious immortalitie: but ſhe vowes ſhe will prove a Preſident to her ſelfe, and her pleaſure ſhall be a Pilot to her will, although ſhe miſſe the *Temple* of *Honour*, to find out that of beaſtly concupiſcence, and the harbour of immortall glory, to ſuffer ſhipwrack vpon the ſhelves of inglorious infamie, and the rocks of infamous perdition.

To this *Monſieur de Soulanges* houſe, the beauties of his three daughters, but eſpecially that of *La Hay*, and withall her pleaſing and tractable affabilitie, invites many young *Gentlemen*, and the eminentſt Citizens, who there paſſe their time in courting and converſing, in dancing, ſinging, and the like, whereunto the Youth of *France* more than any other people of the world are moſt licentiouſly addicted; and as things are beſt diſcerned and diſtinguiſhed by their contraries, ſo the vertues of *De Marſy* and *La Preverte* were made more apparant by *La Hayes* vices; and her luſt and whoredomes were more palpably notorious in their chaſtitie. O that ſo ſweet a creature ſhould be ſubject to ſo foule a ſinne, and that Beautie the beſt gift (and as I may ſay the gold) of *Nature*, ſhould be thus vilified and polluted with the beaſtly pleaſures of carnall concupiſcence and obſcene ſenſualitie! For aye mee, I write it with as much griefe to my ſelfe, as ſhame to her, ſhe was too prodigall of her favours; for ſhe imparted them liberally unto ſome for love, but unto moſt for money, not caring to whom ſhe proſtituted her body, ſo they filled her purſe, thereby to ſupport her pride, and maintaine the exceſſe and vanitie of her braverie; and yet ſhe was ſo ſubtill and cautious therein, that although ſhe were a profeſſed *Courtiſan*, ſhe would nevertheleſſe publikely ſeeme a pure and unſpotted *Virgin*; and the better to fortifie her fame, and to make the reputation of her *Chaſtitie* paſſe currant with the world, ſhe would ſweare all thoſe to conceale her favours, on whomſoever ſhe imparted and beſtowed them: but if this laſcivious ſubtiltie of hers have power to bleare the eyes of the world, how can this her beaſtly ſin of fornication be unſeene of God, when the windowes, walls,

and

and beames of her chamber, yea her very bed whereon she hath acted her whoredomes, shall one day give in evidence, and serve as witnesses against her; yea, and be petitioners on earth, that God will requite and reward them with vengeance and confusion from Heaven.

Now, among the rest of those debosht Gentlemen, who devoted their lascivious service, and sacrificed their fond affections to *La Hays* beautie, in comes our *De Salez* to inroule himselfe one; who, feasting and surfetting his eyes on the delicacies of her fresh and sweet complexion, leaves his owne fathers house, to frequent hers; yea his desires are so lustfully inflamed with her beautie, as with his best art and policie he lies close siege to her chastitie, and with many gifts, requests and oathes, seekes to endeere her to his desires and pleasure: But see the subtiltie of this lascivious young *Courtisan*; for knowing *De Salez* deeply in love with her, and to be the only childe of his father, and he one of the richest Councellors of *Tholouse*, she conceives a plot in her head, to goe a fishing to make him her husband, and so beares her selfe wonderfull modest and coy, casting a cloake and veile of chastitie over her unchaste desires and actions, as if she were now a virgin, yea a Saint to him, though heretofore she had many times played the Strumpet with others: but her deniall doth rather inflame, than quench the fire of his lust, so as making many assaults to raze downe the defences of her refusall, that he may enter and take possession of her heart and favour, his best Art and Oratorie proves vaine; for she outwardly retires her affection, thereby the better inwardly to advance and finish her purposes: so this repulse of hers makes him hang his head, and become pensive and melancholie; the true signes and symptomes of a foolish and fantasticall lover, as in effect wee shall shortly see *de Salez* will prove himselfe: for the colder shee is in affection to him, the hotter is hee in lust with her, forgetting the warres, yea, his discretion, himselfe and all, to crowne his desires in enjoying her: the which she well observing, begins to triumph in her good fortune, as thinking him already fairly come to the hooke, and so hopes that if the line of his *folly* and her good *fortune* and *wit* hold, shee will soone make him her husband, and her selfe his wife: For having formerly met with many knaves in others, shee now begins to rest confident either to finde, or make a foole of him, thereby to serve as a veile to over-veile her whoredomes: He pleads hard to her for love; she replies, it is impossible to finde love in lust: He vowes he will die her servant, she sweares she will never live his strumpet: He protesteth that shee shall share of his estate, shee tells him plainly that shee had rather live a poore *Wife*, than die a rich *Courtesan*: He replies, that he adores her beautie; she answers, that she knowes no other, but that he only seekes to prophane and defile it. And here, with more facilitie to make him swallow either a Gull, a Gudgin, or both, she by stealth permits him to cull some kisses, as well from the cherries of her lips, as the roses of her cheekes: and in the Interim like an hypocriticall and dissembling queane, reads him many lectures on the pureneſſe of *Chastitie*, and the fouleneſſe of *Lust*, on the blessedneſſe of *Marriage*, and the wretched estate of *Fornication*: Prophane and impious giglet, whose speeches are perfumed with *Vertue*, and yet her actions stinke, and are polluted and infected with *Vice*: dissembling *Syrene*, who casts forth bitter sweet inchanting tunes and charmes to please the sense, and yet purposely to poison the soule; pills of worme-wood candid in sugar, hony to the palate, but gall to the stomack; A fatall rock whereon many inconsiderate and debosht young Gentlemen have unfortunately suffered shipwrack, a wretched Gulph and Labyrinth, which containes all varietie of endlesse miseries

and

and calamities, whereunto whosoever enters with pleasure, is sure to retire with teares, curses, and repentance; A plague sent us from heaven in our age, for a just guerdon and recompense of the sinnes and folly of our youth. And into this intricate Laborinth and bottomlesse Gulph of miserie and calamitie, is our rash and lustfull yong *Gallant*, cheerefully entring and steering his course, without either the Starre of hope, or compasse of felicitie and saftie, bearing out toppe and toppe Gallant, yea (as I may say) with all the sayles of his folly bearing; and with the Flagge Ensigne and Pendants of his obscæne and lacivious desires, playing and dalying in the Aire of *La Hayes* fatall and infectious beautie; which hath so solely surprised his judgement, captivated his thoughts, and eclipsed his descretion, as in her absence and presence hee extolls aswell her *Vertues* as her beautie to the Skies: vowing that shee is so faire a *Nymph*, and so pure a *Virgine*, as she deserves rather to bee his wife, than his Strumpet, or rather not his strumpet but his wife: And so two moneths being past since hee first frequented her, and sought to seduce and obtaine her to his lacivious desires; and seeing (dessembling queane as shee is) that therein shee bore her selfe infinitely chaste and modest, and that it was impossible for him to observe or remarke any other inclination or testimony, either in her word or carriage, his wits are so besotted and intangled in the fetters of her beautie, that hee preferres her sweet feature and complexion, a thousand times before *La Franges*, deformed; and vowes that hee had rather die *La Hayes* slave, than ever live to bee *La Franges* husband: But this folly of his in the end shall cost him deare, and so leade him to another, farre more unnaturall, and as I may justly say, damnable: But wee must proceed orderly in this History, and doe therefore reserve that part till anon.

By this time the slie subtiltie, & seeming chast behaviour of *La Hay*, hath acted wonders in *De Salez* heart so as she now hopes confidently, and shortly to play her prise in surprising him, for he is extreamely amorous besotted, and as I may say, drunke with the love of her selfe and beautie: so on a Sunday, as shee returned from *Vespres*, he repaires ro her fathers house to see her, whom he finds in her chamber alone, waiting and attending him: having porposely dighted her selfe in a rich new Gowne and Petticote, and trimmed and adorned her selfe in her gayest and most curious attier, thereby with more ease and facilitie to draw him to her lure: So as her beautie being both seconded, and graced by her apparell, she so ravished his heart, and delighted his sences, as he cannot refraine from kissing her; but this hony of her lippes, will in the end prove poyson to his heart: And here againe he layes close siege to her chastitie, but still she gives him the repulse and refusall, as if she were a *Diana*, and no *Venus*: He vowes hee doth affect, and will ever honour her; And she, that if he honour her, will still affect him: In the way of *Love*, quoth hee, I am wholly yours; and quoth shee, in that *Honour* I will not bee mine owne but yours: I will quoth hee in all affection both live and die your servant; and replies she, In all chastity, I will live to die your handmaid: Hee affirmes, hee cannot bee more hers in heart, than hee is; nor I quoth shee, lesse yours in lust, than I am: It is quoth hee my *Love* which makes me report so much; and quoth shee it is my *Feare* which makes mee affirme no lesse: Why, quoth hee, should my love procure your *Feare*? My feare, quoth she, is wholly ingendred and derived from your lust, but not from your *Love*: I pray expresse your selfe, quoth hee; she replies, my blushes may, but my tongue dares not; Quoth hee, did your affection equalize mine, *La Hay* would accept of *De Salez*, and not refuse him, Nay quoth shee, did *De Salez* know how infinite mine exceeds his, hee would not refuse *La Hay*,

but accept of her: Why quoth he, *de Salez* desires none but *La Hay*, Nor quoth shee, *La Hay* any in the world but *de Salez*: Whereupon *de Salez* being provoked with his owne lust, and animated and encouraged by her sweet speeches, he very joyfully (yet falsly) flattering himselfe with the conquest of her favour and consent, shuts the doore, & like amost lacivious and disolute *Gentleman*, takes her in his armes, & strives to convey her to the bed, resolving there to inrich himselfe with more then kisses, yea, to reap the fruit of his beastly pleasures and obsceane and brutish desires; but his hopes shall deceive him: For although *La Hay* be a Courtisan in heart, yet she will not be so in tongue, especially now, where to get her selfe a rich husband, it behooves her to play her prise in *Chastity*, as if she were as vertuous, as faire, and as chast as lovely; Wherefore exclayming, and storming at this his laciviousattempt and enterprise, levelled at the defloration and shipwracke of her *Honour*, she with a violent power, and an enraged violence, unskrewes her selfe forth his armes, and with a world of hypocriticall sighes and teares, flies to his Ponyard, which he had throwne on the table, and vnsheathing it, vowes that she will be a second *Lucretia*, and that if she cannot kill him before he have defiled and defloured her, yet that she will assuredly murther her selfe after; because she is full'y resolved, that her chastitie shal out live her, not she her chastitie; A religious and *Honourable* resolution of hers, if it had proceeded from a chast and sanctified heart, but alas, nothing lesse; for she speakes it out of subtiltie, not out of *Vertue*, out of *Policie*, no way out of *Pietie*: *de Salez* by this time having wholly lost his judgement in the sweet and rose garden of her delicious complexion, vowes that he is now as deeply in love with her chastity, as formerly with her beauty. When seeking to appease her *Choler*, and to pacifie her *Indignation*, as also to give truce to his owne thoughts, & content to his desires; he sweares he is so farre from intending her any dishonour, as he is resolved to doe her all the honour of the world: Yea so farre, as if she please, he is ready to accept her for his wife, protesting, that of all the maydens of the world, he is desirous to be husband to none but her selfe, and that the fault shall be hers, if he make not his words deeds. *La Hay* having her thoughts tickled with delight, to heare the pleasant melody of these his sugred speeches, doth thereat presently bury her sighes, and drie up her teares: when throwing away the ponyard, and making him a most respectfull courtesie, and gratefull reverence, she with extended armes runnes to him, and hangs about his necke, vowing that she loves no man in the world but himselfe; and in consenting to be her husband, she will till death yeeld, not only to be his faithfull wife in attending his pleasures, but his observant handmaid, to receive and obey his commands: and so they interchangeably greet each other with thanks and kisses. But yet she knowing that his father *Argintier* was both rich and eminent, and her owne poore and of a farre inferiour ranke, she is so politicke and subtil in the managing of this her affection, as she is resolved to make sure worke, and to doe nothing by haltes: so as knowing that words are but wind, and what *de Salez* promiseth her now, he may either forget or deny to morrow, she intends to catch at opportunities forelocke, and so with a sweet and ingenious insinuation, drawes him to give her a *Diamond* Ring in token of marriage, and she in exchange returnes him a smal gold bracelet, which she wore upon her arme next her heart. And yet againe considering, that his father would very difficultly (or never) be drawen to consent to this match, she can give no true content to her desires, nor satisfaction to her feare, before she have united and linked him to her, in a more stricter and firmer bond of assurance; when not onely feasting, but as it were surfetting him with varietie of kisses, she bethinks her selfe of a *Policy*, as worthy of her wit for attempting, as of his folly for performing: for directing him her speech (which shee accompanied with many amorous, yet dissembling smiles) shee told him she would futurely exced him in constancy, and now outbrave him in affection; when

taking

taking pen and paper, she writes him a faire promise, and firme assurance of her selfe unto him (in the maner of a Contract) and to make it the more powerfull and authenticall, subscribes her name and signe to it, and betwixt sighs and blushing, she delivers it him; no way doubting, but rather assuring her selfe, that he would requite her with the like curtesie and obligation, as indeed the event answereth her desires and wishes. For *De Salez* having now no power left him to see by his owne eyes, I meane, by those of his judgement, but only by these of his intemperate passion, and passionat affection, he is so far from discrying (much lesse from suspecting) her policy, as very simply and sottishly he attributes it to the fervency of her affection, the which he interprets and entertaines, I know not whether with more joy, or delectation; and so vowing not to dye her debtor for *Courtesie*, he very rashly, and inconsiderately writes another to the same effect, and flyes so farre from wit or discretion, as to shew himselfe her superiour in affection, as well as in sex, he purposely cuts his finger, and so firmes his name thereunto with his owne bloud, and then with a million of kisses delivers it her, vowing that her pleasure shall be his law in the accomplishing thereof: onely he prayes her for a time to be secret and silent herein, for that he feares he shall hardly draw his Father to consent hereunto, the which she very courteously graunts him: and so he triumphing in her beauty, and she in his wealth, he in her youth, and she in his simplicity, they for that time part, not doubting but they shall shortly reape the fruits of their matrimoniall desires and wishes, for till then, she sweares (though with an equivocating reservation to forsweare her selfe) she will live a most pure and unspotted Virgine, and that as the least of her affection and courtesie towards him, shall be smiles, so the most shall be kisses.

But this (affection or rather folly) of *De Salez*, in contracting himselfe to *La Hay*, is not so secretly borne, but as her former unchastitie was a generall argument of talke to the whole citie of *Tholouse*: so now this of her subtilty and good fortune, is that of its uniuersall pratling and admiration, occasioned and redoubled by the opposite considerations of *Argentiers* knowne wealth, and *de Soulanges* supposed poverty: and againe of *de Salez* supposed chastity, and of *de la Hayes* notoriously knowne whore domes. And as *Fame* is still so tatling a goddesse, that events and accidents of this nature can hardly be concealed, and difficultie suppressed and smaothered: so by this time contrary to the expectations and hopes of our two young Lovers, the old Councellor *Argentier* hath notice of this unlooked-for newes, and of this unwished for familiaritie betwext his sonne, and that strumpet *La Hay*, when considering the great opposition betwixt *de Clugny's* Nobilitie and wealth and *de Soulanges* meane extraction and povertie, as also by a true and uncontroleable *Antithises*, comparing the foule and enormious vices of *La Hay* with the sweet and resplendant vertues of *La Frange*, he (as much disdayning that match, as desiring this for his sonne) very hastily sends for him into the Arbor, where purposely attending him, he with lightning in his lookes, and thunder in his speeches, layes before him the simplicity, and the sottishne sse of his resolution, in preferring *La Hay* before *La Frange*, a strumpet before a virgin, and a Pedlers brat, before a rich gentlemans onely daughter and heyre, shewes him the infamy of the first, and the glory of the last match, there his unavoydable misery, here his assured happinesse; in the first his utter ruine and shipwracke, and in the last, his infallible prosperity and felicity: and so intermixing threats with teares, with a passionate paternall affection, he endeavoreth to perswade him to leave *La Hay*, and to marry *La Frange*, or if not, hee vowes and sweares wholly to disinherit him, and from thence forth never repute or esteeme him for his sonne.

But *de Salez* his foolish vanity, and vaine affection in himselfe towards his new contracted Love *La Hay*, is so great, and consequently his filiall obedience to his

father so small, as not withstanding this his wholesome advise and counsell, he is still resolute and constant to preferre *La Hay* before *La Frange*, the beauty of the one, before the deformity of the other, his owne content before his fathers, and *Soulanges* estate and byrth before the great wealth and noble extraction of *De Clugny*: but this rashnes, indiscretion, and ingratitude of his will cost him deare.

Now if *Argentier* have perfect intelligence and curious notice of his sonnes familiarity with that faire yet lewd Courtezan *La Hay*, no lesse hath *la Frange*, who poore soule is so deeply enamored of *de Salez*, as the very first newes and conceyt, that another should enjoy him, and not her selfe, for very grife and sorrow, shee seemes to drowne her selfe in the deluge of her teares. His father is chollerick thereat, she mournfull, he incensed, she afflicted, he inraged, & she perplexed and tormented, his passions and anger proceeds from suspition, that he shall so soone find a daughter in law in *la Hay*; her sighes and teares from feare, that she shall so soone loose her Love though not her Lover, his sonne *de Salez*. Againe, the argument of his choller, is *la Hayes* unchastitie and povertie, and the cause of her disconsolation, *de Salez* his wealth and vertues: likewise she sees that *Argentier* hath no reason to hope, that his sonne will marry her selfe, such is her deformitie, and againe, that he hath all the reasons of the world, as well to doubt, as feare, that hee will wed *la Hay*, such is her beauty: But sith *de Salez* will beare no more respect to his father, nor affection to *la Frange*, leave we therefore his father *Argentiers* passions, and *la Franges* perplexities, to be appeased and qualified by *Time*, or rather by *God*, the Authour and giver of *Time*, who out of his all-seeing providence and sacred pleasure, onely knowes in Heaven, how best to dispose and manage the actions of earth; and so come wee to other unexpected occurrents and events, which like so many enterjecting, and intervening poynts, are contained within the circumference of this *History*.

I have so long insisted on the affections of *de Salez* and *la Hay*, as but to the judicious and temperate Reader it would seeme to appeare, that the *Baron* of *Vaumartin*, hath wholly forgotten to remember his to his Lady *La Frange*: But to put that doubt out of question, and this question out of doubt, we shall see him returne too too soone, to act a part not so religious and honourable, as bloody, upon the *Theatre* of this *History*: For by this time both his creditors and his debts are growne so clamorous, and his reputation and lands so neere forfeited, for want of disingaging, as to secure the one, and provide for the other, hee knowes no other invention nor meanes but to gaine *La Frange* to his wife: when as it were, provoked and precipitated on by the necessity of this exigent, his thoughts leave heaven to fly to hell, and consequently fly from *God* to Sathan, to consult how either by the bye, or the maine hee may obtaine her; yea, though with the perill and hazard of his owne life, to cut off theirs, who seeke therein to prevent his desires and designes. In which hellish ratiocynation, he as devoyd of *Reason*, as that is exempt either of *Grace* or *Piety*, thus reasoneth with himselfe: *De Clugny* hates me, for seeking to marry his daughter, and that time may remedy for me; but which is worst of all, she loves *De Salez*, and seekes and desires to marry him, and this I must remedy in time, if I ever expect to obtaine or enjoy her; and so resolves to make him away: but is as yet irresolute how to perpetrate, and in what manner to finish so execrable a businesse. But this is not onely the voice of his malice, but the sentence of his revenge, that *De Salez* must die: wretched *Vaumartin*, unworthy to beare the name of a man, much lesse of a *Baron*, but least of all of a *Christian*, in that because *De Salez* hates *La Frange*, and she loves him, that therefore thou wilt not love but hate him; or because she loves him, and not thy selfe, that therefore thou wilt kill him, that she may love thee. See, see, rash and inconsiderate *Nobleman*, how treacherously

rouſly the Devill hath hood wink'd, yea inveigled thy judgement, and beſotted thy ſenſes, to kill one that loves thee, to kill I ſay, a *Gentleman* who hath not offended thee, but is every way thy friend, no way thine enemy: or if thou thinke it wiſdome, that covetouſneſſe muſt redeeme thy former prodigality, *alas*, *alas*, canſt thou yet be ſo cruell to thinke it either lawfull or religious, that future murther ſhould either occaſion or authorize it: But the Devill hath ſo farre prevailed with his impious reſolutions, that againe he reſolves, *De Salez* muſt die: and yet thou thinkeſt poyſon as unworthy of him, as he is worthy of thy ſword; ſo had thy laſt reſolution been anſwerable to thy firſt, aſſure thy ſelfe thou hadſt made thy ſelfe more happy, and not ſo miſerable: for as poyſoning was the invention of the devill, and is practiſed by none but his agents; ſo this diſhonourable point of honour to fight Duels, was never inſtituted by *God*, nor profeſſed by thoſe who really profeſſe his *Goſpell*: yea, it is not only truely to diſhonour *God*, in ſeeking falſly to preſerve our own *Honour* and reputation, but we aſſuredly ſtab at the *Majeſty* of the *Creator*, in ſeeking to deface man his creature; and to uſe but a word, as it is repugnant both to *Nature* and *Grace*, ſo though it begin in the heat of paſſion and pleaſure, it many times terminates in Repentance, but ſtill in true Infamy and miſery.

But *Vaumartins* faith being ſo ſtrong with *Sathan*, and ſo weake with his *Saviour*, he will not take a law from *Religion* to give to his *Envy*, but rather takes one from his *Envy* to give to his *Religion*; and ſo very prophanely and raſhly by his Lackey *La Roſe*, ſends *De Salez* this Challenge:

Vavmartin *to* De Salez.

If thou ſeeke the cauſe of my malice, thou mayeſt find it in the Lady La Franges *affection to thee, and hatred to my ſelfe: wherefore hold it not ſtrange, that I now command my pen to invite thee and thy ſword to meet me to morrow on horſe-backe without Seconds, 'twixt five and ſix in the morning, behinde the* Iacobins *garden.* Love *and* Valour *thou knoweſt, are never capable of much expoſtulation; as deſirous rather to be tryed in action, than ſeene in words. Could that ſweet* Lady, *(who will not be mine, becauſe thou art hers) have affected me more, or thee leſſe, wee might have proved as true friends, as now our reputations conjure us either to live or dye,* Honourable *Enemies.*

Vavmartin.

De Salez having received and read this Challenge, doth not a little wonder at the *Baron* of *Vaumartins* ſtrange paſſion and reſolution, in ſending it him, eſpecially, ſith he knowes that the motives and grounds of his malice were ſo unjuſt and frivolous: ſo, how to anſwer him, as yet he knowes not; for as his Generoſity one way invites him to fight, ſo his diſcretion another way perſwades him from it: But conſidering the poore eſteeme he makes either of the Lady *La Frange*, or her affection, thinking it folly to fight without cauſe, and to hazard his life without reaſon, he calls for pen and paper, and as a wiſe, yet valiant Gentleman, by his owne Lackey, returnes the *Baron* of *Vaumartin* this anſwer:

De Salez *to* Vavmartin.

I Have ſeene many Challenges, *but none of the* Nature *of thine now ſent me: for to write thee the truth, the grounds and foundations thereof are unjuſt, falſe, or both: for bring but the eies of thy Iudgement, and not of thy paſſion, to be Iudge and Vmpier betwixt us, and thou ſhalt both ſee and find, that I not onely diſclaime the Lady* La Franges

affection, but her selfe; sith I appertaine to another, and she shall never to me. I heere shew thee my love through this true Prospective of my heart; which if it will not satisfie thy malice, then know that my weake Valour is neither capable nor desirous of further expostulation than that my Sword *is as willing to bring thee deeds, as thy* Pen *was to send mee words: for either single, or with Second, either on foot or horseback, I will still be ready to give reason to those, who will not relish, nor receive any but their owne: and in this resolution of mine, I know I shall either live with* Reputation, *or dye with* Honour.

DE SALEZ.

Vaumartin having received and perused this letter of refusall from *De Salez*, he out of the heat of his passion, and height of his folly, reputes it rather to cowardise, than discretion in him; and so his courage and revenge the more insulting and inflam'd thereat, hee bending his browes (as if *Contempt* and *Envy* sate wreath'd in the furrowes thereof) very speedily againe returnes him his Lackey, with this rash answer:

VAVMARTIN *to* DE SALEZ.

THy Answer gives me no satisfaction, sith I know that to deny thy affection to the Lady la Frange, *is to deny the light of the* Sunne *in his brightest and hottest* Meridian; *neither are the grounds or foundations of my* Challenge *either unjust or false, as thou in thy false Prospective endeavourest to make me see or beleeve: for being ignorant who is thy* Mistris, *I know thou resolvest to make no* Lady *of the world thy wife but* La Frange, *so as I cannot rightly define whether thy proceeding with mee be more subtill or malicious, or to what end thou shouldest attempt the one, or practise the other towards me, unlesse out of a premeditated resolution and purpose, thereby to make thy* glory *the more apparent and conspicuous in my* shame: *wherefore sith thy friendship is false to me, I must, nay I will see if thy valour will prove true to thy selfe, and whether the effects of thy Sword bee as great in substance, as the vanity of thy Pen depaints them, in shew, and ostentation: So my* Challenge *is still my Resolution, and the performance thereof must be thine, except thou resolve to live with as much Infamy, as the conclusion of thy Letter promiseth thou art ready to die with* reputation *and* Honour.

VAVMARTIN.

De Salez having received and runne over this Letter, and seeing that *Vaumartin* was still wilfull and resolute to fight, thinks that he should degenerate from himselfe, his Blood, and Profession, if hee did not now accept and answer this his Challenge: wherefore calling for *Vaumartins* Lackey, hee rounds him thus in his eare, *Tell thy Master, that if I live, I will not faile to breake fast with him timely in the morning, according to his expectation.* Thus wee see these two inconsiderate *Gentlemen* agreed, their match concluded, and nothing but the night to hinder them from fighting, as if their glory consisted in their shame, and as if *Nature* had never taught them how to preserve their lives, nor *Grace*, their soules.

So the Morne peeping forth through the windowes of *Heaven*, as soone as the *Sunne* with his glistering beames began to salute the woods and mountaines, our two resolute *Champions* bravely mounted with each his *Chirurgion*, are in the field at the assigned Rendevous, and first comes *Vaumartin*, and then immediately *De Salez*, when their *Chirurgions* performing the dutie and office of Seconds, being some hundred paces distant, they give spurres to their Steeds, and so drawing their swords, swiftly part, like two flashes of lightning each towards other. At their first meeting, *de Salez*

lez gives *Vaumartin* the firſt hurt in the right ſhoulder, and he *de Salez* another in requitall, in the right ſide of the necke: when being both good *Cavaliers*, (and well neere as equall in yeeres as courages) they turne ſhort, and then fall to it againe with bravery and reſolution, when againe *Vaumartin* runs *de Salez* through his left arme of a deepe and wide wound, and he onely ſleightly cuts his ſhirt upon his ribbes, giving him onely a raze or ſcarre, but as yet both free from any danger of death, ſo they mutually conſent to breath: but their ambitions and courages of both ſides, are ſo exaſperated and inflamed, as although they are all bloody, yet this will not ſuffice: ſo they fall to it againe, and in this cloſe *de Salez* his horſe ſtumbles with him; whereat *Vaumartin*, (though a dwarfe in ſtature, yet not in Valour and Pollicy) taking the advantage of this accident, gives him firſt a licke ore his pate, and then runnes him at the ſhort ribbes: but *de Salez* rayning up his horſe, prooved favourable to him; for by that meanes *Vaumartins* ſword met and glanced on a rib, without doing him any farther hurt. *De Salez* ſeeing the redoubling of his wounds, beginnes to redouble his courage, and diſdaining thus to be outbraved and beaten by a *Pigmey*, he lyes home at *Vaumartin*, and at their very next cloſe, runnes him thorow the body, of a deepe and mortall wound, a little above his navell: whereat his ſword preſently falls out of his hand to the ground, and hee immediately likewiſe from his horſe ſtarke dead, without having the grace or happineſſe, either to call on, or to name *God*. O what pitty, what miſery is it, that a *Chriſtian* ſhould die like a beaſt, having neither power to pray, nor felicity to repent. Thus we ſee the Challenger kill'd, and hee who would have murthered a ſtranger, murthered himſelfe by a ſtranger: a Leſſon to teach others to beware, by the *Tragicall* and mournfull end of this raſh Nobleman. *De Salez* ſeeing *Vaumartin* dead, praiſeth *God* for his victory; and ſo leaving his breathleſſe corps to his ſorrowfull *Chirurgion*, he gallops away to the next Village, where he cauſeth his wounds to be dreſſed, and from thence provides for his ſafety.

All *Tholouſe* rings and reſounds of this diſaſterous and *Tragicall* accident: *De Clugny* is glad, that *De Salez* hath eſcaped death, yet ſorrowfull that *Vaumartin* is kill'd, in reſpect hee feares hee undertooke this quarrell for his daughter *La Franges* ſake: who hearing that *De Salez* wounds are no way mortall, infinitely reioyceth, and triumpheth thereat, flattering her ſelfe (though with this falſe hope) that he affected her farre more dearer than he made ſhew of, or elſe that he would never have fought with *Vaumartin* for her ſake, nor have kill'd him but for his owne. And thus, though humanitie made her grieve for *Vaumartins* death, yet that griefe of hers was as ſuddenly converted into joy, when ſhe ſaw he received it by the hand of *De Salez*, whom ſhee reſpected and affected more dearer than all the Gentlemen of the world. Now, as for his father *Argentier*, the life of his ſonne likewiſe wiped off the remembrance of *Vaumartins* death, and yet it grieved him inwardly, that hee to whom he gave life, ſhould give death to another: and farre the more, in that this unfortunate accident muſt now enforce him to beg pardon from that grave *Court* of *Parliament*, for this murther perpetrated by his ſon, ſith he had formerly ſo often pleaded for juſtice againſt others, for the like crime and offence; But all theſe joyes of *Argentier*, *De Clugny*, and his daughter *La Frange*, are nothing to thoſe of *La Hay* for the life and victory of her deare *De Salez*: leaping as it were for meere content and pleaſure, that ſhee ſhould ſhortly ſee, and enioy him for her husband, and that God hath both reſerved and preſerved him to crowne her with the ſweetneſſe of this deſired felicitie.

Thus while *La Frange* and *La Hay* triumph and congratulate the returne of *De Salez*, ſo *Argentier* publikely, and *De Clugny* privately, imploy there cheifeſt power, friends and authoritie, to procure his pardon firſt from the King, then from the *Parliament*, whereof they are two famous members. Which at laſt, (by the meanes and

favour

favour of the *Duke* of *Ventadour*) they obtaine: So this murther of his, is remitted in Earth, but I feare me, will not be forgotten in *Heaven*: for though men be inconſtant in their decrees, yet God will be firme and upright, aſwell in the diſtribution, as execution of his judgements. Men as they are men may erre, but as they are *Chriſtians* they ſhould not; but God (either to pleaſe or diſpleaſe them) neither can nor will.

De Salez no ſooner hath eſcaped this danger, but forgetting his former follies, and his fathers adviſe and houſe, he againe, in a manner voluntarily impriſoneth himſelfe with his miſtris *La Hay* in hers; whereat as his father ſtormes, ſo *De Clugny* and *La Frange* bit the lip: hoping that this good office in procuring him his pardon, would more ſtrictly have united him to her ſelfe, and conſequently ſequeſtred him from *La Hay*; but nothing leſſe, for he ſings his old tune, and will rather run the hazard of his fathers diſplearure, than leave *La Hay* to take *La Frange*: whereat his father *Argentier* reneweth his choller, and revives his indignation againſt him, as deſiring nothing ſo much in this life, as to ſee him married to *La Frange*, but he ſhall never live to ſee it; for there are to many diſaſterous accidents preparing to croſſe and prevent it:

Whiles theſe things happen in *Tholouſe*, there betides an unexpected and unwiſhed buſineſſe, which muſt call away *Argentier* to *Paris*: For the Lords of the Privie counſell of *France*, having received ſome informations and grievances againſt the body of the Court of *Parliament* of *Tholouſe*; command them ſpeedily to ſend up ſome Deputies to anſwer ſuch matters as ſhall be objected againſt them: whereupon, the gravitie and wiſdome of that Court, in obedience to their ſuperiours, elect two *Preſidents* and four Counſellours to undertake that journey and buſineſſe among whome *De Clugny* is choſen for one of the *Preſidents*, and *Argentier* for one of the Counſellours: as inded their integritie and profound *Wiſedome* and *Experience* had made them eminent in that Court. As for *de Clugny* at his importunate requeſt (made to the Court) he was diſpenced with, from that journey; by alleadging that his age and ſickeneſſe made him altogether unfit to undertake it: but all the evaſions and excuſes, which *Argentier* could make, could not exempt him, but he muſt needs ſee *Paris*. But firſt, before his departure he had a long and ſerious conference with *de Clugny*, how to effect the ſo long deſired match of his ſonne and daughter, the finiſhing whereof was referred till his returne from *Paris*, which ſweet newes infinitely rejoyced and delighted the young Ladie *La Frange*, and the immediate night before he was to take Coach, hee calls his ſonne *de Salez* to him, and with a perſwaſive and powerfull ſpeech, requeſted him in his abſence to love *La Frange*, which he in plaine termes proteſted and vowed to his father, he could not, then hee conjures him, never to marry *La Hay*, which likewiſe he would not grant; and to conclude, ſith his father could not prevaile in the two former, he commanded him upon his bleſſing, that he would never marry any wife whatſoever without his conſent, the which indeed *de Salez* could not denie, but faithfully promiſed his father; yea, and bound it with an oath, yet ſtill hoping, that it was as poſſible for him to draw his father to conſent he ſhould marry *La Hay*, as it was as impoſſible for his father ever to perſwade him to marry *La Frange*: and ſo that night the father takes leave of the ſonne, and he the next morning of his father, wiſhing him a proſperous journey, and a ſpeedy returne: who ſuſpecting, and fearing, that in his abſence, contrary to his requeſts and prayers, his *Sonne* would only abandone *La Frange*, to frequent *La Hay*; he being arived to the Cittie of *Tours*, thought himſelfe bound in *Nature*, aſwell for his owne content, as his ſonnes tranquilitie and proſperitie; againe, to ſignifie him his mind in ſome few lines of adviſe and counſell, and to ſend it him by the ordinary Carrier of *Tholouſe* which was then in that Cittie, bound thither from *Paris*: his letter ſpake thus.

Argentier

ARGENTIER *to* DE SALEZ.

IT is out of a fatherly, and (as I may ſay) a religious care of thy good, that I now ſend thee theſe few enſuing lines, for thy Youth *cannot ſee that which my* Age *knowes, how many miſeries are ſubject, to wait and attend on* Vice, *and how many bleſſings on* Vertue; *if* La Frange *be not faire, yet ſhe is comely, not contemptible: but ſith her defects of* Nature *are ſo richly recompenſed with the Ornaments of* Fortune, *and the excellencies of* Grace; *why ſhould thy affection preferre* La Hay *before her, who hath nothing but a painted face to overvaile the deformity of her other vices? If thou wilt leave a* Saint *to marry a ſtrumpet, then take* La Hay, *and forſake* La Frange; *but if thou wilt forſake a ſtrumpet to take a* Saint, *then marry* La Frange *and leave* La Hay, *for looke what difference there is betweene their births, thou ſhalt finde ten times more betweene the chaſtity of the one, and the levity of the other: If thou eſpouſe the firſt, thou ſhalt find* Content *and* Honour; *if the ſecond ſhame and repentance: for I know not whether* La Frange *will bring thee more happineſſe, or* La Hay *miſery. This letter ſhall ſerve as a witneſſe betwixt* God, *my ſelfe, and thee; that if thou performe me not thy promiſe and oath, I will deny thee my bleſſing, and deprieve thee of my lands.*

ARGENTIER.

De Salez having received this his fathers letter in *Tholouſe*, exceedingly grieves to ſee him diſgrace his miſtreſſe, by the ſcandalous name of a ſtrumpet, which hee knowes ſhe is not, and therefore will never beleeve it; yea, he vowes, that if it were any other in the world, who had offered him that intollerable affront, hee would revenge it, though with the price and perill of his life; *La Hay* perceives this diſcontent and alteration of mirth in him, but from what point of the Compaſſe this wind proceeds, ſhe neither knowes, nor as yet can conceive: but withall, determineth to make the diſcovery thereof her greateſt *Ambition*, and not her leaſt *Care*; which ſhe now well knowes it behooves her to doe, ſith ſhe finds *De Salez* leſſe free, and more reſerved and penſive in her ſpeeches than accuſtomed: But when in vaine ſhe had hereunto uſed many ſmiles and ſetches, loe here falls out an unlook't for accident, which bewrayes her the very pith and quinteſcence of the *Miſtery*: For on a time, when hee lay ſlumbering on the table, ſhee as accuſtomed, diving into his pockets for ſweet meats, or rather for gold (of both which, he many times went well furniſhed) ſhe finds his fathers (aforeſaid) letter, which ſhe knew by the direction; and ſo flying into another chamber, and bolting the doore after her, ſhe there reads it both with griefe and choller, when ſtunge to the quicke, and bitten to the heart and gall, to ſee her reputation and *Honour* thus traduced and ſcandalized by the father of her pretended husband; ſhe with teares and interjected ſighes and grones, flies backe to *De Salez*, and holding the letter in her hand, like a diſſembling and impious ſtrumpet as ſhe was, there ſhewes it him, takes *Heaven* and *Earth* to beare witneſſe of her innocency, and of the irreparable and extreame wrong his father hath offered her, in ſeeking to ecclips the *Glory* of her chaſtity, which ſhe ſweares ſhe will beare pure and unſpotted, not onely to his bed, but to her owne grave. But *Alas, alas*, theſe are the effects and paſſions of diſſimulation, not of truth; of her prophaneneſſe, not of her piety, which time will make apparent to *De Salez*; though now her beauty and teares be ſo predominate with his judgement and folly, as he cannot, becauſe he will not ſee it: So being ſtill as conſtant in his fortiſhneſſe, as ſhe in her hypocriſie; he gives her many ſweet kiſſes, and with a Catalogue of fugred words, ſeekes to appeaſe and comfort her, whom he hath farre more reaſon to execrate and curſe. But

for

for her part, her heart is not so afflicted, for remembring her selfe, still her wits are her owne, and so remembring the conclusion of the letter, and fearing that *De Salez* his promise and oath to his father, might infringe and contradict his to her, she tels him, that her love is so fervent and infinite towards him, as shee can give no intermission, nor truce to her teares, before he reveale her his oath and promise, which his fathers letter informed her he had formerly made him.

De Salez seeing himselfe put to so strict an exigent and push, doth both blush for shame, and againe looke pale for anger, when for a small time, irresolute how to beare himselfe in a matter of this different *Nature*, wherein hee must either violate his obedience to his father, or infringe his fidelity and honour to his mistris; hee at last (consenting with folly, not with discretion, and with *Vanity*, nor with *Iudgement*) doth so adore her beauty, and commiserate her teares, as he sottishly reveales her his oath, given his father (*Verbatim* as we have formerly understood it) adding withall, that she hath far more reason to rejoyce, than grieve hereat; That a little time shall cancell his said late promise and oath to his father, and confirme his former to her: For sweet *La Hay* (quoth he) come what come will, two moneths shall never passe, ere I marry thee, when sealing his speaches with many kisses, our hypocriticall afflicted *Gentlewoman* is presently againe come to her selfe, and in all outward appearance, her discontents are removed, her choller pacified, her teares exhaled, and her sighes evaporated and blowne away.

But all this is false, like her selfe, and treacherous like her beauty; For this letter of *Argentier* to his sonne, and his promise and oath to his father, hath acted such wonders in her heart, and imprinted such extravagancies in her thoughts, as she cannot easily remove or supplant it, nor difficultly forget or deface it, whatsoever she speake or make shew of to the contrary, for thus she reasoneth with her selfe: That her whoredomes are already revealed to *Argentier*, and for any thing she knowes, may likewise be discovered to his son, how closely soever she either act or conceale them. That *La Franges* descent, wealth, and vertues, will in the end overprise and weigh downe her meane extraction, poverty and beauty; and in the end, that the wisdome of the father, will infallibly triumph ore the folly of the sonne, except her pollicy interpose, and her vigilency prevent it; which to prevent and effect, she sees no other obstacle to her content, nor barre to her preferment, but only *La Frange*: for, quoth she, if *La Frange* shine in the firmament of *De Salez* affection, *La Hay* must set; or if *La Hay* will shine, *La Frange* must set: againe, if she fall not, I cannot stand, and if she stand, I must needs fall; and as the skie is not capable of two suns, so both of us cannot shine in the *Horison* of his heart and thoughts at once: except thus, that *La Hay* may live to see *La Frange* his wife, and her selfe his strumpet, when burning with false zeale to *De Salez*, and true inveterate malice to *La Frange*, she forgetting God, swaps a bargaine with the devill, that *La Frange* must first goe to her grave, ere *La Hay* come to his bed, and soe resolves to sacrifice her as a *Victime* to her malice and jealousie, and to send her out of this world in an untimely and bloody Coffin, Hellish *Aphorismes*, Infernall *Positions*, odious to *Earth*, and execrable to *Heaven*.

For wretched and impious strumpet, wilt thou needs not onely gallop, but fly to hell, and so redouble thy crimes purposely to redouble thy torments; as first of whoredome, then of murther: Wretched, yea thrice wretched woman, how dareſt thou see earth, or thinke of heaven; when thy acted crimes are so odious, and thy pretended ones so monstrous, as thou deservest to be shut foorth of the one, and spewed out of the other: For *alas*, consider what this poore *Gentlewoman* hath done to thee, that thou shouldest doe this to her, She beares the image of *God*, and wilt thou there-

therefore beare that of the devill to deſtroy her: Ah me, where is thy religion, thy conſcience, thy ſoule; that thou wilt thus helliſhly imbathe thy hands in her blood, and imbrue thy heart in her murther: If it be not that her vertues cry fie on thy *Vices*, thou haſt no reaſon in *Nature*, and leſſe in *Grace*, to attempt a deed ſo Tragicall, an act ſo inhumane and execrable: But reſt aſſured, that if thou proceed and finiſh this infernall and bloody ſtratagem of thine, although thou chance goe unpuniſhed of men; yet the *Lord* (in his due time) will find thee out, and both ſeverely ſcourge and ſharpely revenge and chaſtice thee.

The effects of malice, and revenge in men, are finite; in women infinite, theirs may have bounds and ends, but theſe none, or at leaſt, ſeldome and difficultly: for having once conceived theſe two monſters in their fantaſies and braines, they long till they are delivered and disburthened of them; and ſo to bring their abortive iſſue to perfection, they (for the moſt part) are ſharpe and ſevere in their deſignes, and ſudden and malicious in their executions, hating all delayes, ſo it be not to do evil: So this our bloody and vitious Strumpet *La Hay*, is reſolute to advance, and not to retyre in this dyabolicall buſineſſe of hers. Of all kind of violent deaths, ſhe thinks none either ſo ſure and ſecret as poyſon; whether ſhe conſider the manner, or the matter: If the Devill himſelfe had not invented this unparaleld cruelty, his agents and members had never knowne how to have adminiſtred and practiſed it. But having reſolved on the drug and ingredient, ſhe now bethinks herſelfe of ſome helliſh Empericke or Factor of Hell, to apply and give it her, and her inveterate and implacable hatred making her curious in the reſearch and inquiry thereof: ſhe is at laſt advertiſed, that there is an old *Italian Empericke* in *Mompellier*: tearmed *S. Brnardo Michaele*, who is his *Arts* maſter in that infernall profeſſion, when wholly concealing this myſtery and buſineſſe from *De Salez*, ſhe by a ſecond meanes, (with promiſe of ſtore of gold) ſends away for *Michaele* from *Mompellier*: who in hope thereof, packs up his drugs and trinkets, and within three dayes arrives at *Tholouſe*; where ſhe thinkes no where ſo fit and ſecret as the Church to conſult and reſolve on this bloody buſines, the houre is eight the next morne, and the place the *Cordeliers*, (or *Gray Friers*) Church, appointed and agreed on betwixt them, where they both meet. but ſhe (the better to diſguiſe her ſelfe, and to bleare the eyes of the world) wraps her ſelfe about in a great furred cloake, and muffles her ſelfe up with a large coyſe of velvet, and a rich taffata ſcarfe over it, as if ſhe were ſome grave and reverend old Matron: ſo being brought to each others preſence, they being both on their knees, he to his Booke, and ſhe to her Beads, ſhe propoſeth him the poyſoning of *La Frange*, daughter to the *Preſident de Clugny*, for the which ſhe promiſeth to give him three hundred crownes of the Sunne to performe it; whereof he ſhall now have one in hand, and the other two when he hath diſpatched her. *Michaele* like a limbe of the Devill, being deepely in love, and allured with this gold, undertakes it; when ſwearing ſecrecy, and withall to performe it within ten daies, ſhe gives him the hundred crownes tyed up in her handkercher, and ſo for that time they part.

Good *God*, what prophane *Chriſtians*, what monſters of *Nature*, and Devils incarnate by profeſſion are theſe, thus to pollute and defile the Church ordain'd for prayer, with the price and ſale of innocent blood, a moſt prodigious and helliſh impiety, ſince there is no ſinne ſo odious or execrable to *God*, as that which is maſked with piety, and overvayled with the cloke of ſanctity? And what a damnable young ſtrumpet, and old villaine are they, in ſo holy a place to treate and conclude ſo helliſh a buſineſſe? But beware, for the ſword and arrow of *Gods* juſt revenge, and revenging Juſtice, threatens yee with no leſſe, then utter confuſion and deſtruction.

La

La Hay infinitely glad of this agreement, returns from the Church, and *Michaele* as glad of her gold, (being informed of *La Franges* deformity, and to loſe no time) trips away towards *Preſident de Clugny* his houſe, taking that for a fit occaſion to aſſay to make his daughter become his Patient, and he her *Empericke* : who fleeringly inſinuating, and skrewing himſelfe into his knowledge and acquaintance, (in which profeſſion the *Empericks* and *Mountebanks* of *Italy*, come no way ſhort, but rather exceed all other Nations of the world) he proffers him his beſt ſervice and skill, to redreſſe and reforme the body of the young Lady his daughter, adding withall (thereby to adde the more beleefe and credit to his ſpeeches) that hee is ſo farre from diſpairing or doubting, as hee is very confident thereof : and in the phraiſes and myſteries of his profeſſion, gives him in outward appearance many inward and plauſible reaſons to induce him to beleeve it. The good old *Preſident* who preferring the cure of his daughter before any other earthly reſpect ; having heard of *Michaeles* fame : begins to reliſh his reaſons, and yet not ignorant that the *Mountebankes* and *Charletans* of *Italy*, are Couſin *Germans* to the *Alcumiſts* of *France*, who promiſe to make gold of droſſe, and yet only bring forth droſſe for gold, hee holds it fit to take a conſultation of the learneſt *Phyſicians*, and expert *Chirurgions* of the City, whereunto *Michaele* willingly conſents, ſo they ſit, being ſix in number, *Michaele* delivers them his reaſons to redreſſe the deformity of this young Ladies body (the *Preſident* her father being preſent) whoſe reaſons are heard, and controverted of all ſides betwixt them, the concluſion is, foure are of opinion that this cure is repugnant to the grounds of *Phyſicke*, and the principles of *Chirurgery*, and therefore impoſſible to be effected : the other two are of a contrary judgement, and held it feaſable, and that many times God bleſſeth the Art and labours of a man, not onely beyond expectation, but alſo beyond hope and reaſon : ſo *De Clugny* ſeeing that theſe two with *Michaele* were three againſt foure, hee in reſpect of the tender care and affection he bore his daughter, reſolves to imploy him, and gives him an hundred double Piſtollets in hand to attempt it ; with promiſe of as much more when he hath performed it; whereof this miſcreant and helliſh Empericke *Michaele* being exceedingly glad, he betakes himſelfe to his buſineſſe, viſits the young Lady, who promiſeth him to reduble her fathers ſumme, if he make her body ſtraight: when to reduce his impious contemplation, into infernall action, he outwardly applieth playſters and ſeare-clothes to her body, and inwardly adminiſtreth her pills and potions ; and (O griefe to write it) therein infuſeth deadly poyſon; which hee knowes at the end of ten dayes will aſſuredly make a divorce betweene her body and ſoule; and ſo ſend that to the death of this world, and this to the life of that to come: So this ſweete and innocent *Lady* (wiſhing good to her ſelfe, and hurt to none in the world) firſt finds a giddineſſe and ſwimming in her head, and within ſome ſix dayes after (in which time the poyſon had diſperſed it ſelfe throughout all the veines and pores of her body) many ſharpe gripes, and bitter throwes and convulſions, whereat her father grieves, and ſhe weepes ; onely that graceleſſe villaine her *Empericke*, bids them be of good comfort, and that the more paine and griefe ſhe ſuffered, the better and ſpeedier hope there was of her cure ; but yet inwardly in his devilliſh heart, knowes that the poyſon effectually operated and wrought with her as hee deſired and expected, and that by theſe infallible ſignes and ſimptomes, his patient drew neere towards the period of her end. Whereupon hee repaires ſecretly to *La Hay*, and bids her provide the reſt of his mony ; for that *La Frange* could not poſſibly live two dayes to an end, whereat ſhe triumphing and rejoycing with much alacrity, againg promiſeth it him : and indeed the helliſh Art of this execrable *Empericke* doth not now deceive him, though in the end

the malice of the devill his Doctor will: For juſt as the tenth day was expired, this harmeleſſe ſweet yong Lady dyes, to the incomparable and unſpeakable grief of the good old *Preſident* her father; for that ſhe was the ſtaffe of his age, and the chiefe and onely comfort of his life, who diſconſolatly and mournfully ſeemed to drown himſelfe in his teares hereat, curſing the houre that he firſt ſaw this accurſed Empericke *Michaele*, who had robbed him of his only joy and delight, of his deare and ſweet daughter *La Frange*. But this murdrous *Michaele* having learnt of the devill to feare no colours, meanes not to ſtep a foot from *Tholouſe*, and ſo ſends privately for *La Hay*, of whom he craves the performance of her promiſe, for that (quoth he) he had performed his. Why (quoth *La Hay*) is that crookbackt dwarfe *La Frange* dead? She is gone (quoth *Michaele*) to her eternall reſt: when *La Hay* not able to retaine her ſelfe for exceſſe of joy, runs to him, gives him the other hundred crownes, together with many kiſſes, which take (quoth ſhe) as a pledge of my continuall good will towards thee, when again ſwearing ſecreſie, they both take leave each of other and part.

The newes of *La Franges* death, ratleth and reſoundeth over all *Tholouſe*, her kinſefolkes grive at it, her frinds lament it, and all who eyther know her, or her fame, bewayle it, onely *De Salez*, and execrable *La Hay* excepted, who knowing her to have beene the onely ſtop and hinderance of their mariage, they are ſo raviſhed with joy heereat, as they ſeeme to conteſt and envy each other, who ſhall firſt bring the newes hereof each to other: yea, the exceſſe of *De Salez* his joy is as boundleſſe, as that of *La Hayes* delight, ſo that he ſeemes to flye to her to her fathers houſe, where ſhe with out-ſpread armes receives and entertaines him; and there they mutually congratulate each other for this her death, he affirming and ſhe beleeving, that *La Frange* being gone to heaven, it ſhall not bee long ere the Church make them man and wife on earth. In the meane time, he being wholly ignorant of her poyſoning, and yet the olde *Preſident* her father, and the reſt of her friends ſuſpecting it, they cauſe her body to be opened: and although they find no direct poyſon, yet remarking a little kind of yellow tincture on her heart and liver, as alſo ſome ſhow thereof through her frozen veines: They cauſe *Michaele* to be apprehended and impriſoned, and ſo procure a Decree from the *Parliament* to have him rack'd: At the newes whereof, *La Hay* is extreamely tormented and perplexed, as well foreſeeing and knowing, that her life lay at the mercy of his tongue: wherefore to fortifie his ſecrecie, and thereby to ſecure her owne feare and danger, ſhe by a confident friend of his, ſends him a hundred French crownes more, and promiſeth him to give him a rich *Diamond* worth as much againe; who (as before) being extreamely covetous, and the Devill (reſembling himſelfe) ſtill harping to him on that ſtring which moſt delights him, his heart is ſo devilliſhly obdurated, and his fortitude ſo armed and prepared, as his patience and conſtancy not onely endures, bur outbraves the crueltie of his torments; and ſo he is acquited of this his pretended crime: but he hath not as yet made his peace with God.

And now is *De Salez* reſolved to make a Journey to *Paris*, to draw his fathers conſent that he may marry *La Hay*, but the wiſedome of the father ſhall anticipate the folly of the *Sonne*, for he having heard in *Paris* of *La Franges* death, and ſtill fearing, that becauſe of his frequent familiarity with that ſtrumpet *La Hay*, he will in the end marry her. He in *Paris* buyes a Captaines place for him in the *Regiment* of the *Kings* Guard, and likewiſe dealt with a very rich Counſellour of that *Court* of *Parliament*, named *Monſieur de Brianſon*, that his ſonne may marry his eldeſt daughter: *Madamoyſelle de Pleſis*, a very ſweet and faire yong *Gentlewoman*; and the old folkes

are already agreed on all conditions, onely it reſts, that the young, ſees and loves; To which end *Argentier* writes away with all ſpeed to *Tholouſe* for his ſonne *De Salez* to come up to him, who before he had received his fathers letter, (as wee have formerly underſtood) was ready to undertake that Journey: *La Hay* infinitly feareſull and jealous to loſe her pray, with *Crocodile* teares in her eyes, and *Hyena* aſpects in her lookes, informes *De Salez*, that ſhe feareth that his father hath provided a wife for him in *Paris*, but he vowes and ſweares to her, that neither his father, nor the whole world, ſhall make him marry any other than her ſelfe, and ſo after many embraces and kiſſes, he takes horſe and leaves *Tholouſe*.

Being arrived at *Paris*, his father very joyfully bids him welcome, and referres to conferre with him till the next morning; but ſuch is *De Salez* raſhneſſe and folly, as hee hath no ſooner ſupped in company of his father, but hee prayes to ſpeake with him. When the ſervants voyding the chamber, he earneſtly and humbly beſeeching him, ſith that *La Frange* is dead, hee will now be pleaſed that hee may marry *La Hay*, whom, quoth he, I onely affect and love before all the maides of the world: His father exceedingly incenſed hereat, vowes that he had rather ſee him fairely buried in his grave, and that of all the females of the world, he ſhall not marry *La Hay*: and ſo for that night they betake themſelves to their beds, the father grieves with his ſonnes folly, the ſonne with his fathers averſeneſſe: The next morne *Argentier* calls for his ſonne. When the doores ſhut, hee bids him ſhut his eyes to his fooliſh familiarity with *La Hay*: and now to open them to the preferment, he hath purchaſed him, and ſo relates him how hee hath procured him the honour of a *Captaines* place, in the *Regiments* of the Kings Guard, as alſo a very faire young *Gentlewoman* for his wife, tearmed *Madamoyſelle de Pleſſis*, the eldeſt daughter of *Monſieur de Brianſon*, one of the richeſt Counſellours of *Paris*: But *De Salez* having his eyes and thoughts wholly fixed on *La Hay*, with a diſcontented looke, returnes his father this perverſe and diſobedient replie.

That he will not accept of the *Captaines* place, nor once ſee *De Pleſsis*, but that hee is conſtantly reſolved, either to wed *La Hay*, or his grave, whereat his father is ſo extreamely incenſed, as with much paſſion and choller, he commands him henceforth, not to dare ſo much as to name him *La Hay*, ſwearing by his *Saviour*, that if hee for his obſtinacy and diſobedience, hee will diſinherite him, as indeed hee might, having himſelfe purchaſed three parts of his lands and revenewes, through his care and induſtry in his profeſſion, and ſo much diſcontent and choller, leaves in his *Coleagues* of *Tholouſe*, who are already wayting and attending his comming.

De Salez is all on fire at this his fathers bitter reſolution againſt him, and ſtormes and fumes, not only beyond the bonds of reaſon, religion, and humanity; but alſo beyond himſelfe. For ſith *La Hay* is his ſole delight and joy, and that his father hath vowed he ſhall never marry her, his affection to her, makes him reſolve to diſpatch his father, yea, his head conceives ſuch murtherous thoughts, and his heart atracts, and aſſumes ſuch degenerate and devilliſh blood againſt him, that like an execrable wretch, and a helliſh ſonne, diſdayning to take Counſell from *God*, and therefore taking it from the devill his bloody *Tutor* and *Abettor*, he vowes he will forthwith rid his hands of his father, and that he will therfore ſend him into another world, becauſe he would give him no content in this.

Oh wretched monſter of *Nature*, Limbe of the devill, nay a very devill thy ſelfe, thus to reſolve to take his life from him that gave thee thine; Foule ſtaine of mankind, bloody Paracydious miſcreant, can no reſpect either of thy naturall and filliall obedi-

obedience to thy kind and deere father, or of his white haires, and venerable old age, reſtraine thee? or no conſideration of thy conſceince or thy ſoule, of heaven or hell deterre thee from this bloody inhumane, and damnable deſigne of thine, in laying violent hands on him? O me, where are thy thoughts, where thy ſenſes; where thy heart, thy ſoule, to act ſo execrable and infernall a *Tragidie*, on him with whom thou hadſt not been: on thy father, whom by the laws of *Heaven* and *Earth*, thou oughteſt both to love, honour, reverence and obey.

But *De Salez* being reſolute in this inhumane rage, and implacable malice and furie, watcheth how he may take time at advantage, to effect and finiſh this his bloody buſineſſe, and one a night after ſupper, hearing his old father complaine that he found himſelfe not well, and commanding his Clarke *De Buiſsie*, very earely in the next morning to carry his water to *Doctor Salepin*, a famous *Phyſician*, whoſe chamber was farre off, in the place *Maubert*, he himſelfe lying in *Grennelles* ſtreet: *De Salez* thinks this a fit opportunity to diſpatch his father, the which, O a thouſand griefes and pitties to ſpeake off, he accordingly performeth. For the morne appearing, his father having ſent away his Clarke with his water, and betaking himſelfe to ſleepe till his returne. His watchfull and murtherous ſonne, having purpoſely made himſelfe ready; and through the key hole and cranies of his Chamber doore, eſpying his father ſleeping, he intends that this ſhall be his laſt ſleepe: When ſoftly ſtealing into his Chamber, he (incouraged and animated by the divell) and approaching his bed, as exempt of feare or grace without any more delay or circumſtance, ſtifles his father betwixt tow pillowes; when leaving him breathleſſe in his bed, his face expoſed to the ayre, and the doore ſhut, goes downe, gives the maſter of the houſe, the good morrow, and ſo trips away as faſt as he can, to the ſigne of the ſwan within Saint *Honnoryes* Gate; and from thence rides away to Saint *Clow*, (two leagues diſtant from *Paris*) to ſee *Gondyes* gardens, fountaines, and houſe wherein that execrable and damnable *Iacabine* Frier, *Iaques Clement* murthered *Henry the third king of France*, but with an intent to returne to his fathers lodging immediatly after dinner, and to plead ignorance of the fact, and withall if occaſion ſerve to ſtand upon his innocency, and juſtification, as indeed he did. Now his fathers Clarke *De Buiſſye*, returning in the morning from Doctor *Salepin*, entering his maſters chamber, finds him ſtarke dead; and almoſt cold in his bed: whereat he makes many bitter outeries, and grievous exclamations: the man of the houſe hereat aſcends the chamber, infinitly laments, grieves at this ſorrowfull accident and ſpectacle; Vowes to *De Buiſſye* that hee ſaw none whoſoever in his houſe, much leſſe in his maſters chamber, and that his ſonne *Mounſieur De Salez* departed aſſoone as he himſelfe: they ſearch his body, and find it no way wounded, ſo they beleeve and reſove that ſome angue hath carried him away; Yet they hold it rather wiſedome than folly to acquaint the *Lievtenant* Cryminall therewith; fearing leſt hee might after ſuſpect either violence or poyſon: So hee comes, conferres with his ſonne *De Salez*, with his Clarke *De Buiſſye*, and with the man of the houſe, hee viſites the dead body, findes onely his head ſomwhat ſwollen, which his *Phyſicions* affirme, may be his ſtriving and ſtrugling with death. When the *Lievtenant* out of his zeale and integrity to Juſtice: having informed himſelfe of Doctor *Salepin*, of *De Buiſſyes* being with him, as alſo from Saint *Clou* of his ſonne *De Salez*, being there timely in the morning, and withall, that his Trunkes were all ſafe, and nothing wanting; they baniſh all ſuſpition; and without farther enquiry, of doubt, commend the dead corps to the grave: Whoſe funerall with exteriour ſhew of extreame griefe and ſorrowe *De Salez* performes in *Paris*; with all *Decency* and *Decorum*, anſwerable in all reſpects to his fathers

ranke and quality. But wee shall shortly see this maske of his devilliſh hypocriſie pul'd off, and this inhumane paraſide of his, both ſhamefully, and ſharpely revenged, by the juſt judgement and finger of God: The manner is thus.

This harmeleſſe and innocent old father *Argentier*, is no ſooner laid in his untimely grave, but his bloody and execrable ſonne *De Salez*, within eight dayes after leaves *Paris*, and returnes to *Tholouſe*; where already this ſorrowfull newes is diſperſed and divulged, being for his vertues and integrity of life, generally bewayled of the whole City, onely graceleſſe and impudent *La Hay* triumphs hereat, and her very heart and thoughts dance for joy hereof: ſhe welcomes home her *De Salez*, with a world of ſweet and ſugred kiſſes; who as glad of her preſence, returnes her them with a plentifull and prodigall intereſt; but his luſtfull love to her is ſo fervent, and his folly in himſelfe ſo perverſe and obſtinate; as he hath ſcarce the patience, much leſſe the reſpect and modeſty to weare blackes for his fathers ſix weekes, but caſts them off; takes on gaudie, and ſcarlet apparell, and very ſolemnely marries *La Hay*: Whereby in reſpect of the inequality of their deſcents and meanes: but eſpecially, of her whooriſh conditions; hee makes himſelfe the laughter and May-game of all *Tholouſe*.

But good *God*, what a prodigious and helliſh match is this, ſith man and wife, and both are Murtherers; O execrable and miſerable wretches, O bloody and impious miſcreants, for ſure if this marriage of yours prove happy, I may boldly and truely ſay, there will never any prove unfortunate and miſerable: For *Alas, alas*, what doe thoſe impious and damnable crimes of theirs deſerve and portend, but miſery, ruine, and confuſion of all ſides? neither ſhall the curioſitie of our enquiry carry us far, before we ſee it ſurpriſe and befall them.

For before they had been fully married three moneths, *De Salez* reaping his deſires, and feaſting himſelfe with the pleaſures of her youth; he directly, contrary to his hops and expectation, is inforced to ſee and know, that which before he would have thought never to have knowne or ſeen: for thinking his wife to have been a modeſt and chaſt *Diana*, he now ſees ſhe is a deboſhed *Layis*; ea, his miſery is ſo great, as he needs no ſpectacle to ſee, that ſhe dayly makes him a Knight of the forked order; and almoſt every houre, deſpight of his care and jelouſie, claps a cuckowes feather in his hat: which to prevent and remedie, hee firſt adminiſtreth requeſts and perſwaſions, and then comblaines to her father; But theſe are too weake reaſones and too gentle motives, to prevaile with ſo inſatiable a ſtrumpet; ſo as he is conſtrained to adde threats to his requeſts, and in the end blowes to his threats. But as it is impoſſible for the Leopard to change his skin, and the Æthiopian his hew, ſo *de Salez* ſees it labour loſt to thinke to reclayme his wife from her beaſtly ſinne of adultery, wherein (notwithſtanding all that poſſible he can doe) ſhe takes ſuch a delight and habite, as by this time ſhe is growne ſo extreamely impudent, as when her husband is at home, ſhe is abroad ranging; and he is no ſooner abroad, but ſhe is inſtantly at home revelling with her ruffians: Yea, ſhe is growne to that hight of obſcenity, as ſhe contemns and ſleights her husband; that whether he be abroad or at home, ſhee will play the whore before his face with open doores: which although it bee too late for him to remedy, yet it bites him to the heart, and grieves him to the gall: and now it is that hee a thouſand times thinkes of his fathers adviſe and councell in forſaking her; and as often wiſheth hee had followed it. Now it is that his unnaturall murthering of his father, thunders foorth horror, terror, and repentance to his foule and guilty conſcience; and now it is that hee wiſheth from his heart and ſoule, that hee had beene blind when hee firſt ſaw her

her, and fairely laid in his grave before he firſt lay with her in bed. But theſe his complaints and griefs, bring him onely vexation and miſery inſteed of comfort; for now he utterly diſpaires, and ſees no hope of his wives reformation: Whereupon he reſolves to divorce himſelfe from her, and to that end takes counſell thereon: but it is not ſo ſecretly managed by him, but the ſtrumpet his wife hath preſent notice and inckling thereof, whereupon ſeeing her husband exceeding rich, both in lands, coyne, plate, and other rich houſhold-ſtuff, ſhe vowes not to quite her great joynter ſhare and intereſt hereof thus. But before he had inrolled his ſuite in the Spirituall Court, or any way vented his owne ſhame, and his wives infamy in publike, ſhe like a true Courtiſan, and debauſhed ſtrumpet as ſhe was, vowes to prevent him that would prevent her, and to ſend him to his death, that would ſeeke to divorce her; and in reſpect of his jelouſie and malice, that as ſhee had formerly poiſoned *La Frange* for her husbands ſake, ſo ſhee would now murther him for her owne.

But miſerable and execrable wretch, Oh to what a monſtroues heigh and huge ſumme will all theſe thy beaſtly ſinnes, and bloody enormities ariſe and amount unto? But *Luſt*, *malice*, and *Revenge* like three infernall furies, ſo poſſeſſe and preoccupate her ſenſes, as ſhe will not retyre, till ſhe hath ſent her husband into another world in a bloody winding-ſheet. To which end, watching the time when moſt of her ſervants were gone abroad to gather in the Vintage, ſhe ſoftly opening her husbands chamber doore, ſteales in, and finding him ſoundly ſleeping approcheth his bed, when drawing forth a raſor from her ſleeve, which ſhe had purpoſely provided, ſhe with an implacable and damnable malice ſteps to him, and cuts his throat, ſpeaking onely theſe words to her ſelfe: *Loe heere the reward of thy Ielouſie*; when throwing the knife, and her outward Taffata Gowne into the houſe of office, ſhe leaving him weltring in his blood, very ſecretly conveyes her ſelfe through the Gallery to the Garden, where her wayting-*Gentlewoman* attends her, and ſo hyes away to the Church, thinking with a wretched impiety to cloake this her ſecond murther, as her former, under the vaile of religion and piety: but her hopes, and the Devill that gave them her, will now deceive her.

De Salez, her husband ſtriving and ſtrugling for life againſt the pangs of death: feare and haſt (contrary to her intent and minde) had ſo made his murtherous wifes hand ſhake and tremble, as ſhe did not ſo fully cut his throat-boale, but he could yet both cry and groane, which he did very mournfully, and which indeed was ſoone over-heard by a man and a maid-ſervant of his, who only remained in the houſe, who hearing their maſters voyce, and haſtily running up, at theſe his pittifull and lamentable out-cryes; ſteping to his aſſiſtance, they heare him (with his beſt power) utter theſe fearefull ſpeeches, *That Strumpet my wife hath kill'd me: O that ſhee-Devill my wife hath murthered mee.* Whereat they cry out at the windowes to the neighbours for helpe, alledging that their maſter is murthered. The neighbours aſſemble, and heare him report ſo much: ſo they ſend away for his Confeſſor, and the *Lieutenant Criminall*, to both whom he againe confeſſeth, *That it is the Strumpet his wife who hath murthered him*: And then raiſing himſelfe up in his bed (with as much ſtrength as his dying wound would permit him) he taking them both by the hands, with infinite ſighes and teares reveales to them, that he it was, who at the ſeducing of the Devill, had ſtifled his father *Argentier* to death in *Paris*, that he did it onely to marry this whoore his murtherous wife *La Hay*; that the killing of his father, yea the very remembrance thereof infinitely grieves his heart and ſoule, and for the which he infinitely repenteth himſelfe, and beſeecheth the Lord of mercy, in mercy to forgive it him; and likewiſe prayed all that were preſent to pray unto God for him: and theſe were his laſt words, for now his fleeting and fading breath would permit him to ſay no more.

All that were preſent, are amazed at this lamentable confeſſion of his, to ſee that hee ſhould murther his father, and his execrable wife, well neere himſelfe; ſo they all glorified God for the detection and diſcovery hereof: But the *Lievtenant Criminell*, and the *Counſellors* his Aſſociates ſtep to the window, and conſult to have him hanged, whiles he is yet living, for the murthering of his father. But *De Salez* ſaves them that labour: for there and then he ſinkes into his bed, and dyes away before them: ſo they inſtantly ſearch the houſe and City for this wretched Murtheresſe *La Hay*, whom impious and bloody ſtrumpet they at laſt find in the *Dominican Friers Church* at a Sermon, from whence with much obloquy and indignity they dragge her to priſon, where they charge her with the murther of her husband *De Salez*, which the Devill as yet will not permit her to confeſſe; but being adjudged by them to the Racke, ſhe at the very firſt torment confeſſeth it.

Upon which ſeverall murthers, the *Criminell Iudges* of the *Tournells* proceed to ſentence: ſo firſt they adjudge the dead body of *De Salez* for ſo inhumanly murdring his father *Argentier*, to be halfe a day hang'd by the heeles to the common gallows, and then to bee burnt to aſhes, which is accordingly executed: then they adjudge his wife *La Hay*, for murthering him, the next day to bee ſtrangled, then burnt: ſo that night ſome Divines deale with her in priſon about the ſtate of her ſoule, whom they finde infinitely obdurated through the vanity of her youth, and the temptations of the Devill; but they worke effectually with her, and ſo at laſt (by the mercies of God) draw her to contrition and repentance, when willing her not to charge her ſoule with the concealing of any other crime; and ſhewing her the dangers thereof, ſhe very freely, yet ſorrowfully, confeſſeth; how ſhe it was, that for three hundred crownes had cauſed the *Empericke Michaele* to poyſon *La Frange*, for the which ſhe told them ſhe was now exceedinglie repentant and ſorrowfull: Whereof the Divines (ſith it was not delivered them under the ſeale of Confeſſion) advertiſing the Judges, they all wonder at Gods providence, to ſee how all theſe murthers are diſcovered and burſt forth, one in the necke of the other; ſo they alter her ſentence and for theſe her double murthers, they condemne her to have her right hand cut off, and then to be burnt alive: and ſo they make curious inquiry and reſearch to apprehend this old bloody varlet *Michaele*.

In the meane time, that very afternoone, this miſerable and murtherous Curteſan *La Hay*, though to the griefe of her ſorrowfull father and ſiſters, yet to the joy of all *Tholouſe*, is brought and faſtned to her ſtake, where her hand being firſt ſtrucke off, ſhe with many ſighes and teares delivereth theſe few words: That her crimes were ſo foule and odious, as ſhe was aſhamed to looke either *God* or man in the face: That ſhe was very ſorrowfull for cauſing *La Frange* to be poyſoned, as alſo for murthering of her husband *De Salez*, whoſe wealth ſhe onely affirmed ſhe loved, but not himſelfe, the which ſhe wholly attributed to the luſt and vanitie of her youth, to her neglect of prayer and forſaking of God; which made the Deuill ſo ſtrong with her, and ſhe with the Deuill: and which was the ſole cauſe and ground of this her miſerable ruine and deſtruction; ſhe with teares and prayers beſought the *Lord* to be good unto her ſoule; and (lifting up her eyes and hands to Heaven) likewiſe beſeech the whole aſſembly to pray heartily unto *God* for her: when recommending her ſoule into the hands of her Redeemer, the fire being alighted, her body was ſoone conſumed to aſhes, whoſe lamentable, yet juſt end and puniſhment, cauſed a number of ſpectators to weepe, as yet pitying her youth and beautie, as much as they deteſted the enormitie of her crimes.

And now for this devilliſh and murtherous Empericke *Michaele*, although as ſoone as he heard of *La Hayes* impriſonment, he (to ſave him ſelfe) left *Tholouſe*, and fled towards

wards *Caſtres*, diſguiſed in a *Friers* habit, with his beard ſhaven: yet by the care of the *Court* of *Parliament*, or rather by the immediate finger and providence of God, he is found out, and brought backe to *Tholouſe*, where for poyſoning of *La Frange*, (the which he now without the Racke confeſſeth) he is adjudged to be broken on the Wheele, there to remaine till he be dead, and then his body to be throwne into the River of *Garrone*: the which the ſame day is accordingly executed and performed, to the infinite joy of all the ſpectators: but as hee lived an *Atheiſt*, ſo he deſperately died a Devill, without any ſhew at all, either of contrition or repentance; onely hee vomited forth this wretched ſpeech, That becauſe the world had ſo much to ſay to him, he would ſay nothing to the world, but bade the Executioner diſpatch him.

Now by the ſight of this mournefull and bloody *Hiſtory*, the *Chriſtian Reader* may obſerve and ſee how *Gods* revenge doth ſtill triumph againſt murther, and how he in his due time and providence doth aſſuredly ſtill detect and puniſh it. It is a Hiſtory which may ſerve to deterre and forwarne all yong *Gentlemen*, not to frequent the companies of whores and ſtrumpets; and all ſonnes not to tranſgreſſe the will of their parents, much leſſe not dare to lay violent hands on them. It is a glaſſe wherein yong *Gentlewomen* and *wives* may at life ſee, what bitter fruits and ſharpe ends ever attend upon Whoredome and Murther: it is a lively *Example* for all kinde of *Empericks* and *Drugſters* whatſoever, to conſider how ſeverely *God* doth infallibly revenge and puniſh the poyſoning of his *Saints* and *children*. In a word, it is a *Leſſon* and *Caveat* for all people, and for all degrees of people, but eſpecially of *Chriſtians*, (who profeſſe the Goſpell of *Chriſt*) not only to deteſt theſe foule ſins of Revenge and Murther in others, but to hate and abhor them in their ſelves: which that all may endeavour to practice and performe, grant good *God*, who indeed art the only giver of all goodneſſe.

GODS

GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE CRYING AND Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XII.

Albemare *causeth* Pedro *and* Leonardo *to murther* Baretano, *and hee after marrieth* Clara, *whom* Baretano *first sought to marry: Hee causeth his man* Valereo *to poyson* Pedro *in Prison, and by a letter which* Leonardo *sent him,* Clara *perceives that her husband* Albemare *had hired and caused* Pedro *and* Leonardo *to murther her first* Baretano; *which letter she reveales to the Iudge, so he is hanged, and likewise* Valerio *and* Leonardo *for these their blody crimes.*

With what face can we presume to tread on the face of *Earth*, or dare lift up our eyes to that of *Heaven*, when our thoughts are so rebellious to conspire, and our hearts and resolutions so cruell to embrue our hands in the innocent blood of our harmelesse and *Christian* brethren? Thoughts they are, which in seeming to please our senses, poyson our hearts, (and doe therefore truely poyson our soules, because they so falsly please our senses,) Resolutions they are, which we cannot conceive or attempt with more inhumanity, than finish with misery. Sith in thinking to send them to their untimely graves, wee assuredly send our selves to our owne miserable and infamous ends; whereof in this ensuing *History*, we shall find many wofull *Presidents*, and mournefull examples, in divers unfortunate and wretched persons, who were borne to happinesse, not to infamy; to prosperity, not to misery. If they had so much *Grace* to secure their lives, as *Vanity*, and *Impiety* to ruine them; It is a *History* purposely produced and penned, for our detestation, not for our imitation: Sith it is a point of (true and happy) wisdome in all men to beware by other mens harmes; Read it then with a full intent to profit thy selfe thereby, and so thou mayest boldly, and safely rest assured, that the sight of their sinnes and punishments, will prove the reformation of thine owne.

Fruitfull,

FRuitfull, and faire *Lombardy* is the *Countrey*, and the great, populous, and rich *City* of *Millan* (the Capitall of that Dutchie) the place where the Scene of this mournefull and *Tragicall Hiſtory* is layen where perpetrated: The which to refetch from its firſt ſpring and *Originall*, thereby the more truely to informe our curioſity, and inſtruct our knowledge: We muſt then underſtand, that long ſince the *Duke of Feria* ſucceeded the *Count De Fuentes*, as *Vice-roy* of that potent and flouriſhing Dutchie, for *King Philip the third* of *Spaine* his maſter: There was native and reſident in that *City* an ancient *Nobleman*, tearmed *Seignior Leonardo Capello*, who in his younger yeares had married a *Spaniſh* Lady, and brought her from *Spaine* to *Millan*; tearmed *Dona Maria de Caſtiana*: He exceeding rich and noble, and ſhee as noble and faire; he by his fathers ſide allied to *Cardinall Charles Barromeo* (ſince Sainted by Pope *Paul V.*) ſhe by her mother to the preſent *Duke* of *Albucurque*, hee infinitly honoured for his extraction and wealth: ſhee no leſſe beloved and reſpected for her beautie and vertues: and although there are but few marriages contracted between the *Millaneſes* and *Spaniards*, and thoſe very ſeldome prove ſucceſſefull and proſperous, in reſpect of the antipathy, which (for the moſt part) is hereditary betwixt the commands of the *Spaniards*, and the ſubjection of the *Millaneſes*: yet it ſeemed that this of *Capello* and *Caſtiana* was firſt inſtituted in heaven, ere conſummated on earth; for ſo ſweetly did their yeeres, humours, and affections conjoyne and ſympathize, as although thy were two perſons, yet I may truely affirme and ſay, they had but one heart, affection and deſire, which was mutually to pleaſe, and reciprocally to affect and love each other. And as Marriages cannot bee reputed truly happy and fortunate, if they be not bleſſed and crowned with the bleſſings of children, (which indeed is not onely the ſweeteſt life of humane content, but alſo the beſt and ſweeteſt content of our humane life) ſo they had not beene long married, ere God honoured them and their nuptiall bed, with a beautifull and delicate and young daughter, tearmed *Dona Clara*, the onely childe of their loynes, and heire of their lands and vertues; being indeed the true picture of themſelves, and the joyfull pledge and ſeale of their intire and involuable affections; who having overpaſt her infancy, and obtained the eighteenth yeare of her age; ſhe was ſo exquiſitely adorned with beauty, and ſo excellently endued and enriched with *vertues*; as diſtinctly for either or joyntly for both, ſhe was, and was truely reputed, the *Paragon* of *Nature*, the pride of *Beauty*, the wonder of *Millan*, the glory of her *Sex*, and the *Phenix* of her *Time*. And becauſe the purity and perfection of her beauty deſerves to be ſeene through this dimme Perſpective, and the dignity of her vertues knowne of the Reader in this my impolliſhed relation. For the firſt, ſhe was of ſtature indifferently tall, but exceeding ſtreight and ſlender: her haire either of a deepe Cheſnut colour, or rather of a light blacke, But to which moſt adhearing and inclyning fancy mought, but curioſity could difficultly diſtinguiſh; her complexion and tincture, rather of an amorous and lovely browne, than of a Roſeat and Lilly die; but yet ſo ſweetly pure, and purely ſweet: (and withall rather fat than leane) that no earthly object could more delight and pleaſe the eye, or raviſh the ſenſe. And for her eies, thoſe two relucent lamps and ſtartes of love, they were ſo blacke and piercing, that they had a ſecret and imperious influence, to draw all other eyes to gaze and doe homage to hers; as if all were bound to love her, and ſhee ſo modeſt, as if purpoſely framed to love none but her ſelfe: Neither did her Front, Lippes, Necke or Paps any way detract, but every way to adde to the perfection of her other excellencies of *Nature*: For the firſt ſeemed to be the *Promontory* of the *Graces*, the ſecond, the Reſidence of delight and pleaſure; The third the *Pyramides* of *State and Majeſty*; And the fourth

the

the *Hills* and *Valley* of love. But leave we the dainties of her body, now to speake of the rarities and excellencies of her mind, which I cannot rightly define, whether the curiositie and care of her parents in her education, or her owne ingenious and apt inclination to *Vertue* and *Honour*, were more predominant in her: for in either, or rather in both, she was so exquisite and excellent, that in *Languages*, *Singing*, *Musicke*, *Dancing*, *Wisdome*, *Temperance*, and *Modestie*, she was so fully compleat and rare, that to give her her due, and no more, she could not be paraleld by any young Lady of *Lombardy*, or *Italy*, nor equalliz'd but by her selfe.

Thus if her noble extraction, and fathers wealth made her surmount others, and her delicious sweet beauty and vertues excell her selfe, no marvell if those *Adamants*, and these excellencies draw divers of the best *Cavaliers* and chiefest *Gallants* both of *Milan* and *Lombardy*, to effect and seeke her in marriage; and indeed although shee be sought by divers of them with much respect and honour, answerable in all regard to her ranke and quality; yet nether her parents, or selfe are so much importuned by any, as by *Signior Giouani Albemare*, a young noble *Gentleman* of the citie, who was adorned and fortified whith these humane priviledges, to be well descended, rich, and of some twenty five yeeres old; a match in the eye and censure of the world, yea, and in all outward appearance correspondent and equivalent; if his generous perfections and vertues had paralleld hers, or if the candure and sinceritie of her affection had not justly transported her thoughts and heart from him, because she had formerly fixed and setled them on another *Gentleman*, younger of yeeres than *Albemare*, but in all other respects, as well of *Nature*, as *Fortune*, every way his superiour, named *Signior Alphonsus Baretano*, a young Gentleman of one of the noblest families of *Millan*, of some eighteene yeeres old, whose father was lately deceased, and had left him sole heire to many rich lands and possessions; but (withall) exceedingly intangled in Law, and ingaged in many debts and morgages, whereinto the vanity and prodigality of his youth had deepely precipitated and ingulphed him: which consequently reflecting and falling on his sonne, we shall see will prove a hinderance to his marriage, and an obstacle to his content and preferment. But to observe some order and decorum in the conduction and delation of this History, wee must briefly be informed, that as of all the Beauties of *Lombardy*, *Albemare* onely chiefly affected and loved *Clara*; so of all the *Cavaliers* of the world, *Clara* affected and loved no other but *Baretano*; for as conformity of yeeres, manners, and inclinations, breed a *sympathy* in affections; so they in their tender youth often frequented one the others company, sometimes at the Dancing, and Musicke Masters, but many times at Weddings, Feastes, and noble assemblies: being well neere as equall in age as in complection and stature. Againe the vicinity of their residence added much to the combining and inflaming of their affections: for they were opposite in nothing but in their mansion houses, from whose galleries & windowes many times publikely; but more often by stealth, their eyes could not refrain to tilt at each other, with the invisible launces of love & affection, which bred such a habit, and that habit so powerfull a second *Nature* that it was now becom impossible for them not to gaze each on other: so as if the innocency of their purilitie, made them delight in each others sight and company with desire; so now their more riper yeres inforce them to desire it with delectation: for when as yet they were so yong, as they knew not the instinct and influence of *Nature* (which cannot be taught by amore powerful or ingenious Tutrix then her selfe) yet they never met but kissed, nor kissed, but as if their heart and thoughts checke their lippes for taking such short farewells each of other: But now when their yeeres had proclamed them both very capable to march under the Standard of *Hymenæus*: This *Venus* and that *Adonis*, for so her fresh beauty, and his flourishing

youth

youth (with as much right as fame in *Milan*,) generally intituled them: They felt some pleasure wanting, which as yet they could not finde; and therefore no marvaile, if they desired to find that which they wanted: So as burning in affection each to other, *Clara* hearing spoken of a husband, infinitly wished that *Baretano* were hers; and when hee heard of a wife, hee ardently longed, and fervently desired that *Clara* were his. Neither can I rightly say, whether he were more affectionate in his constancy to her; or shee constant and resolute in her affection to him: so that as heretofore they hardly knew the way to kisse, now time (running on in her swift careere) had taught them to desire to marry: and that whereas formerly *Baretano* only tearmed *Clara* his sweet Maid, and she him her deare *Friend:* Now love had suggested and given them new desires, and therefore new *Epithites:* for sometimes as well in earnest as in jest, he could not refraine to tearme her his sweet wife, nor she him her deare husband; and herein there tongues were onely but the outwatd Heralds of their inward hearts, as their hearts were of their more secret and retired desires. And as fervent love, and true discretion, very seldome concurre and meet; so although affection made them rich in inventing new inventions to meet and kisse: yet they were so poore, or rather so blind in discretion, as they could not beare their affections in secrisie and silence: but by this time they are bewrayed to their Parents, and divulged to their acquaintance: but if any grieve and storme at this unexpected newes, it is first *Albemare*, then *Capello* and *Castiana*, betwixt whom there was a secret promise, and verball contract, that hee and no other should marry their daughter.

Thus we see that *Albemare* and *Baretano* are become Competitors and Rivalls in their affections, for either of them affect *Clara* as the mistris of their thoughts, and both adore her as the Queene Regent of their desires. But as they simpathize in their hopes to purchase her to their wife: So they differ in the meanes and progresse of their resolutions, how to obtaine her. For whiles *Baretano* sues the daughter before her Parents, so doth *Albemare* the Parents before their daughter: but what effects and ends, these beginnings will produce, ye shall shortly see, and they themselves very soone both feele and find.

Capello and *Castiana* (as wee have formerly said) with much affliction and griefe, understanding of their daughters affection to *Baretano*, and reciprocally of his to her, they (with much impatience and passion) relate it to *Albemare*, whose affection to *Clara* hath made him so subtill towards them, as although his heart knowes this newes, yet he makes his tongue deny the knowledge thereof; when protesting of his intire and fervent affection to her: and that he must either wed her or his grave: they consult on their important businesse, how they may Dethronize *Baretano*, and inthronize *Albemare* in the chaire and choice of *Clara's* affection: As for *Capello* and *Castiana*, they so highly affect *Albemares* great and free estate, and so disdainefully hate the intricate incombrances of *Baretano's*, as they vow, there resolutions shall Sayle by the compasse of his desires; and he in exchange, that his affections and desires, shall still steere their course by that of their resolutions: So from the matter of their agreement, they proceed to the manner how to effect it; To which end her father and mother single their daughter apart, and in milde and faire tearmes demand her, what hath past betwixt her and *Baretano*, and whether she be so simple and inconsiderate to take so poore a Gentleman for her husband, whose estate is so weake and small, as it cannot well maintaine himselfe, much lesse her; *Clara* already prepared and armed by her affection to receive these, or the like speeches from her Parents, having twice or thrice metamorphosed the Lillies of her cheekes into Roses, very temperately and modestly returnes them this discreet and respective answer.

That

That as she must needs affirme she is confident of *Baretano's* affection to her, so she must as truly denie, that as yet he had ever motioned her for marriage; which if he had, considering that his birth, meanes, and vertues were such as every way deserved not onely her equall but her superiour, she is enforced to reveale them, that she loves him so tenderly and deerely, as if her will and pleasure be not contradicted by theirs, it will be not onely her joy but her felicity, to accept and take him for her husband, before all others of the world.

But this modest answer of hers, they hold too peremptory for a child to give, and Parents to receive; as if it savoured more of irregular zeale to *Baretano*, than of due respect and obedience to themselves, yet the sooner to devert her from her owne desires and resolutions to make her flexible to theirs, they as yet hold it fit, rather to continue mild than imperious towards her, and so by depraving the deserts and debasing the merits of *Baretano*, to seeke to extoll and magnifie those of *Albemare*, as if the first were only a foyle, and the second a rich *Diamond*, worthy of her affection and wearing: and indeed so exquisite and excellent a *Cavalier*, they depaint him to her in the richest frame and pomp of all his praises, aswell of the endowments of mind, as of those of *Fortune*, that they leave no insinuating *Oratory* unessayed, nor perswasive attempt unattempted, to make her shake hands with *Baretano*, and consequently to extend her armes and heart to receive and retaine *Albemare*: But although she were yong in yeeres and experience; yet love in this fragrant and flourishing spring of her youth, had so refined her judgement, and indoctrinated and prompted her tongue, that her thoughts commanded and marshalled by her heart, and both by her desires and affection to *Baretano*, she confusedly intermixing, and interrupting her words with many far fetched broken sighes, againe returnes her Parents this reply.

If your age will not, yet my youth or rather my heart informes me, that *Baretano* as far exceeds *Albemare* in the priviledges of the mind and body, as *Albemare* doth him in those of *Fortune*, but that my resolutions and answers, may answer and correspond with my obedience, although I love *Baretano*, yet I will never hate, rather honour *Albemare*; but to make him my husband, or my selfe his wife, if Earth have, I hope Heaven hath not decreed it: And I humbly beseech yee, that this may rest your Resolution, as I assuredly thinke it shall and will remaine mine.

Capello and *Castiana* (like discreet parents) seeing their daughter *Clara* wholly wedded (in a maner) to the singularitie of her owne will, they yet conceive it to bee farre more requisite to revert her reasons by fairre meanes, than refute and refell them by force, sith love and discretion hath still reference to that, and this relation still to choller, many times to repentance: whereupon minding her of the blessings which infallibly attend filiall obedience; and the miseries and curses which individually wayt on contempt and disobedience, hoping that time will effect that which Importunitie cannot, they as then leave her to her thoughts, and she them to their care; careing for nothing so much, nay, I may wel say, for nothing else, than to see her affection divorced from *Baretano*, and contracted and wedded to *Albemare*, who having curious correspondence and intelligence with them, he is ever and anon acertained, not onely what hath, but what doth passe betwixt them and their daughter; and withall, is advised by them, to delay no time, but to frequent and haunt her as her *Ghost* and shaddow; yea, and no more to conceale his affection and suite from her, but to acquaint *Millan* therewith, sith it was no disparagement, but rather an equall honour for him to match with *Clara*, and *Clara* with him. Which concluded betwixt *Capello* and *Castiana*, *Albemare* is so farre from rejecting this

advise and counsell, as hee embraceth it with much joy and delectation, and vowes (though with the perill of his life) to persevere and pursue her in marriage: To which end, authorized as well by his owne affection, as their authority, *Clara* is neither abroad nor at home, but he meets her, gives away all time from himselfe, to give himselfe to her: so as it seemes to the eye of the world, that *Capello's* house is now become his, and that his daughter *Clara* likewise shortly shall be: yea, he addes such curiosity to his care, and such care to his affection in courting her, as shee cannot bee either at *Matins*, or *Vespers*, but he is either with her, or neere her; and when in solemne pompe or zeale shee visits the *Domo* (or *Cathedrall* Church) of that Citie, and in it the Shrine of the new *Saint Charles*, then hee waits and attends on her at the Porch staires, sometimes with his Coach, but many times (as the custome of *Millan* is) on his Foot cloth, and prancing *Barbarie* horse, to conduct her home: yea, and not to faile in any Complement of an accomplished Lover, besides the harmony of his owne insinuation and solicitation, he greets her with rich presents, and salutes her with all variety of mellodious Musicke, and mellifluous voyces: but all this notwithstanding, although hee every way use his best art and industry, and her father and mother their best skill to make her flexible to his desires, and their pleasure; yet shee, as having her thoughts fully bent and fixed on her deare and sweet *Baretano*, lookes haggard and averse on *Albemare*, giving him such generall answers, and cold entertainment, as hee seeth hee hath farre more reason to despaire than hope to obtaine her. Whereupon doubting of her affection, hee hath againe recourse to her parents love, who to confirme and seale it him, seeing faire meanes will not prevaile with their daughter, they resolve to use force, and so to adde threats to their requests, and choller to their perswasions, to make her abandon *Baretano*, and embrace *Albemare*. But if the first prevaile not with her, the second cannot; for shee now tells them plainly, that she neither can nor will affect any man for her husband but *Baretano*; and yet she is so farre from any determinate resolution to marry him, as shee affirmes, that their will shall bee her law, and their pleasure her resolution.

While thus *Albemare* in the way of marriage seekes our faire and sweet *Clara* publikely, no lesse doth *Baretano* privately; and although with lesse vanity and ostentation, yet hee hopes with farre more fortunacie and successe; as grounding his hopes upon these reasons: That in heart and soule *Clara* is onely his, as both in soule and heart he is hers: so hee entertaines her many times with his Letters, and yet not to shew himselfe a novice in discretion, or a coward in affection, hee making her content his commands, as shee did his desires her felicity; hee in remote Churches and Chappels, (for whose number *Millan* exceeds *Rome*) hath both the happinesse and honour privately to meet her, where if they violate the sanctity of the place, in conferring and cherishing their affections, yet they sanctifie their affections, in desiring that some Church or Chappell might invest and crowne them with the religious honour, and holy dignitie of marriage. For having jested of Love heretofore, now like true Lovers, they henceforth resolve to love, not in jest, but in earnest, and as of their two hearts they have already made one, so now they meane and intend to dispose of their bodies, thereby to make one of two: And this is their sole desire, and this, and onely this is their chiefe delight, and most pleasing'st desires and wishes.

But as it is the nature of Love, for Lovers to desire to see none but themselves, and yet are seene of many: so this their familiarity and frequent meeting is againe reported to her father and mother, whereat they murmure with griefe, and grieve with discontent and affliction: and now not to subtract, but to adde to their

their vexation, it is resolved betweene our two yong amorous Turtle Doves, *Baretano*, and his faire *Clara*, that he should publikely motion them for her in marriage; which he in wonderfull faire tearmes, and orderly *Decorum*, (as well by his friends as himselfe) performeth. When contrary to his wishes, but not his expectation, they give him so cold entertainment, and his suite such poore and sharpe acceptance, as they (in affection and zeale to *Albemare*) not onely deny him their daughter, but their house: an answer so incivill, and therfore so injust, as might give a testimony of some way of their care, yet no way of their discretion to themselves, or affection to their daughter. And here I must confesse, that I can difficultly define, whether this resolution and answer of *Capello* and *Castiana*, more delighted *Albemare*, discontented *Baretano*, or afflicted *Clara*: who although in the entrance of their Loves, their hopes seem'd to be nipt, and their desires crost by the frownes of their parents; yet they love each other so tenderly and dearly, as these discontents notwithstanding, they will not retire, but are resolute to advance in the progresse of this their chast and fervent affections, and although their commands endevour to give a law to her obedience, in not permitting her to be frequented of *Baretano*; yet her obedience is so inforced to take a more stronger of her affection, as dispight her parents malice and jelosie towards them, when they are sweetly sleeping in their beds, then is their daughter *Clara* waking with *Baretano*, and he with her; oftentimes walking and talking in the Arboures, and many times kissing and billing in the close galleries of the garden; which they cannot conceale or beare so closely, but her father and mother have exact notice and intelligence thereof by some of their trusty servants, whom they had purposely appointed as *Sentinels* to espie and discover their meetings. Whereupon (as much in hatred to *Baretano* as in affection to *Albemare*) knowing that if the cause be once removed, the effect is subject soone to follow and ensue; they very suddenly and privately send away their daughter from *Millan* to *Modena* by Coach, there to be mewed and pent up with the Lady *Emelia* her Aunt, and besides her waiting Gentlewoman *Adriana*, none to accompany and conduct her but only *Albemare*, hoping that a small time, his presence and importunate solitations, would deface the memorie of *Baretano*, to engrave his owne in the heart and thoughts of his sweet *Clara*. Who poore soule, seing her selfe exiled and banished from the society of her *Baretano's* sight and company, wherein under heaven shee chiefly and onely delighted; she hereat, doth as it were drowne her selfe in the Ocean of her teares; storming as well at the cruelty of her parents, as at her owne affliction and misfortune; and no lesse doth her *Baretano* for the absence of his sweet Saint and deare Lady *Clara*: for as their affection, so their afflictions is equall; now mourning as much at each others absence, as formerly they rejoyced and triumphed in their presence. But although the jealousie of *Capello* and *Castiana* were very carefull to watch and observe *Baretano* in *Millan*, and the zeale and affection of *Albemares* safety to guard, and sweetly to attend on *Clara* and *Modena*: Yet as fire surpressed flames forth with more violence, and rivers stopped, overflow with more impetuosity; so despight of the ones vigilancie, and the others jealousie, though *Baretano* cannot be so happy and blessed to ride over to *Modena*, to see and salute his *Clara*: yet love, which is the refiner of inventions and wit, and the polisher of judgement, cannot yet deraine him from visiting her with his letters, the which in respect of the hard accesse and difficult passage to her, hee is enforced to send her by subtill meanes, and secret messengers; and the better to overshadow the curiosity of his Arts, and the Art of his affection herein, hee among many others, makes use of a Frier and a Hermite, for the conveyance of two letters to *Modena*, to his Lady: which (as fit agents for such amorous employments) they (with more cunning and fidelity, than

zeale, and *Religion*) safely delivered her, and likewise returned him her answers thereof. And because the fervency of their affections and constancies, each to other, are more lively depainted and represented in these two, than in any other of their letters; therefore I thought my selfe in a manner bound, here to insert them, to the end to give the better spirit and *Grace* to their *History*, and the fuller satisfaction and content to the curiosity of the Reader: That which *Baretano* sent *Clara* upon her departure from *Millan* to *Modena* by the Frier, spake thus:

Baretano to Clara.

How justly may I tearme my selfe unfortunate, Sith I am enforced to bee miserable before I know what belongs to happinesse: For if ever I found any content, or Heaven upon Earth, it was onely in thy sweet presence; which thy sudden absence and unexpected exile, hath now made, at least, my Purgatory, if not my Hell. Faire Clara *judge of thy* Baretano *by thy selfe, what a matchlesse griefe it is to my heart, and a heart-killing terrour to my thoughts, to see thee made captive to my rivall, and that the Fates and thy Parents seeme to bee so propitious to his desires, and so inexorable and cruell to mine: That I must live alone in* Millan *without thee, and he alone in* Modena *with thee: which makes that, I know not, whether I more envy his joy, or lament and pitty mine owne sorrowes and afflictions. But if I have any sense or shadow of comfort in this my calamity, it only consists in this, that as thou carriedst away my heart with thee; so thou wilt vouchsafe to returne me thine in thy letter by a reciprocall requitall and exchange. For if thou neither bring me thy selfe, nor send me that; I may be sought in* Millan, *but found no where but in heaven: were I priviledged by thy consent, much more authorized by thy command; I would speedily rather flie than post to thee: for Faire and Deere* Clara, *as thou art my sole Ioy, and Soveraigne felicity, so whiles I breath this aire of life, thy will shall be my law, thy command my Compasse, and thy pleasure my resolution.*

Baretano.

Her answer returned by the Frier to *Baretano* at *Millan*, was to this effect.

Clara to Baretano.

IT is for none but our selves to judge how equall wee participate and share of misery, in being deprived of each others presence. Thou tearmest mine absence either thy purgatory, or thy hell, and my afflictions and torments for thine are so great, and withall so infinit, as I have all the equity and reason of the world to repute them not onely one, but both: Thou art mistaken in the point of my thraldome, for whiles Albemare *vowes himselfe my captive, I disdaine to bee his, and both vow and triumph to bee onely* Baretanos: *I know not whether I have brought thy heart with me to* Modena, *but sure I am, I left mine with thee in* Millan: *If my Parents seeme now pleasing and propitious to him, I am yet so far from dispaire, as I confidently hope the Fates will not prove cruell or inexorable to thee, and in thee to my selfe: but rather that a little time will change their resolutions and decrees, Sith they cannot our affections and constancy. If* Clara *be thy sole joy and* Soveraign felicity, *& no lesse is* Baretano *hers: and albeit, I could wish either thou here with my selfe in* Modena, *or I there with thee in* Millan. *Yet such is my aunt* Emelias *care, and* Albemares *jealousie over her, that were thou in this City, thou couldst difficultly see me, but impossibly speake*

speake with me; wherefore refraine a whiles, and let thy Iourney hither to me be ended ere began: yet with this proviso and condition, that the cause thereof, thy affection to me, be begun never to be ended: and thinke that my stay and exile here shall be as short, as either my best Art in my selfe can invent, or truest zeale to thee suggest. In which Interim *let us solace our selves, and visit each other by the Ambassadors of our hearts, I meane our letters: And this resolve my deare* Baretano, *that during our absence whiles thou doest feast on my* Idæa, *I will not faile to surfeit on thine.*

CLARA.

Baretano's other letter sent *Clara* to *Modena* by the *Pilgrime*, was couched and penned in these tearmes.

BARETANO *to* CLARA.

HAd not thy requests (in thy last letter) granted out a Prohibition against my desires and wishes, I had long since left Millan *to have seene* Modena, *and in it thy selfe my sweet and deere* Lady; *but I speake it to my present comfort, and future consolation and joy, that it is excesse, not want of affection which infuseth this provident care and carefull providence to thy resolutions, to the end that thy returne make us as* joyfull *as thy departure sorrowfull, and consequently that the last prove as sweet unto our hearts and thoughts, as the first was bitter: And yet beleeve me deere* Clara, *that my affection is so intire and fervent to thee, because I know thine is reciprocally so to my selfe: that I deeme it not only capable to make difficult things easie, but which is more, impossibilities possible: For, for thy sake what would I not attempt? and to enjoy thy sight and presence what would I leave unperformed? But if thou wilt not permit me to come to thee to* Modena, *nor yet speedily resolve to returne to mee to* Millan: Sorrow *will then prevent my* Joy, *and* Dispaire *my* Hope; *For if thou hasten not thy arrivall and our interview, sickenesse will be my death; wert thou as kinde as faire, or as affectionate as I am fervent in affection, thou wilt then rather suffer me to live with thee, than to die for thee: for in this rest confident, that if thou deny me that request, I cannot* Nature *this tribute, my affection this homage, or thy beauty this sacrifice.*

BARETANO.

And *Clara* her answer hereunto returned to *Millan* to *Baretano*; by the foresaid *Pilgrime* was traced in these words;

CLARA *to* BARETANO.

THe last command of my Parents, and the first resolution of my aunt Emelia, *and my Tutor* Albemare, *have now reduced me to so strict a Sequestration (or rather captivitie) as onely my thoughts, hardly my pen, hath the freedome and power to signifie thee so much. But as calmes ensue tempests, and sun-shine showres, so I beseech thee to brook it with as much patience, as I doe with griefe; and not onely hope, but resolve, that violence is never permanent, and all extreames subject to revolution and change. wherefore my deare* Baretano, *consider and thinke with thy selfe, that my stay from* Millan, *and thy prohibition from* Modena, *hath this two-fold excuse, that is in my will, but not as yet in my power to performe; and this will rather hinder, than any way advance the accomplishing of our desires; Sith a little time may effect that with my parents, which I feare importunity will never; neither can thy heart so much long for my sight, or wish for my presence, as my soule doth for thine: Sith to give thee but one word for all, thy selfe, and onely thy selfe, art both*

the

the life of my joy, and the joy of my life. A thouſand times a day I wiſh Modena *were* Millan, *and againe, as often that* Albemare *were metamorphoſed into* Baretano. *Therefore, I am ſo farre from preventing thy joy, as though at the price of my death, I am ready to ſacrifice my life for the preſervation of thine; as alſo for the baniſhing of thy diſpaire: Write me not then of thy ſickeneſſe, leaſt thou as ſoone heare of my death, and I knew not what requeſt to deny thee, ſith I have already granted and given thee my ſelfe, which is all that either I can give, or thou deſire; cheriſh thy ſelfe for my ſake, and I will thy remembrance for mine.*

CLARA.

By theſe loving Letters of theſe our Lovers, the *Reader* may obſerve and remark, what a firme league, and ſtrict and conſtant friendſhip there was contracted and ſetled betwixt them, and what a hell their abſcence was each to others thoughts and contemplations: In the meane time, whiles *Baretano* entertaines *Clara* with Letters, *Albemare* doth with words, wherein he uſeth his beſt Rhetoricke and Oratory, to draw her to his deſires; and withall, to liſten and eſpie out, if there paſſe any paſſages of Letters, or other correſpondency betwixt them. Which although *Clara* her affection to *Baretano* vow, and her diſcretion to her ſelfe reſolve to conceale and obſcure from *Albemare*, yet loe here falls out a ſiniſter and unexpected accident, which will diſcover and bewray it; yea, and of all ſides, and to all parties produce griefe, ſorrow, choller, and repentance, which in effect (briefely) is thus:

Clara had reaſon in her former Letter ſent by the *Pilgrim*, to tearme this her ſequeſtration in *Modena* a captivity, ſith the bounds of her aunt *Emelias* two ſmall Gardens, and the walles of her little Parke, were the limits wherein her liberty was confined, and her ſelfe as it were, immured: for farther ſhe was not permitted to goe, except to the Church with her aunt in her Coach, but ſtill accompanied by *Albemare*, who left no minutes nor occaſions, as well to ſee her, as to bee ſeene of her. Now to give ſome truce (though not peace) to her diſcontents, and thereby ſomewhat to calme the impetuoſity of thoſe tempeſts, which love had ſtirred up in her heart and thoughts for the abſcence of her *Baretano*, ſhe never better accompanied then when alone, ſometime paſt away, the irkeſomeneſſe of her time in walking in the Gardens, but many times in the Parke cloſe ſhut, followed only by her wayting Gentlewoman *Adriana:* for in reſpect of her aunts unkindneſſe, and *Albemares* jelouſie, ſhe would neither accept of her familiaritie, nor of his company. Now to the neereſt end of the Parke, not farre diſtant from the ſecond Garden, was a curious walke, ranked about with many rowes of *Sycamore* trees, and at the farther end thereof a cloſe ore-ſhadowed Bower; yea, ſo cloſely vailed, that the raies of the Sunne could neither peepe in, to ſcortch the pureneſſe of her beauty, or to contend with the piercing luſtre and reſplendancy of her eyes: and to this Bower, in a faire and cleare day, *Clara* (about three of the clocke after dinner) repaires, having in her hand to delude the time, the old amourous *Hiſtory* of *Hero* and *Leander*, which was very lately illuſtrated, and newly reprinted in *Millan* and wherein indeed for the conformity of their loves with her owne, ſhee tooke a ſingular delight to reade: but that which gave ſweeter muſicke to her thoughts, and felicity to her heart, and mind, were her *Baretano's* two Letters, (which we have formerly ſeene) and which as then ſhe had purpoſely brought with her to ſurvey and peruſe; yea, ſhe reades them ore againe and againe; and to write the truth, more oftner than there are words, or I thinke ſillables therein contained: but when

when she descends to his name, she cannot refraine from kissing it; yea, and such is her tender love to *Baretano*, as she bedewes it with her teares; a thousand times she wished her selfe with him, or he with her, and bitterly blames the crueltie of her parents, for separating their bodies, sith she not onely hoped, but assured her selfe, that God had conjoyned, and united their hearts. But whiles she in the middest of these passionate extasies seemes to be rapt up into the heaven of joy, at the perusall of these Letters of *Brretano*; and then againe to be plunged into the hell of sorrow, at the consideration and remembrance of his absence, she heares a voyce, which she thinkes is not farre off from her, when looking foorth the Bower, and deeming it to be that of her wayting-Gentlewoman, whom she saw somewhat neere her gathering of Strawberries, and wilde Lillies, she within a flight shot from her, perceives it to be her *Lover*, (but not her love,) *Albemare*, who knowing her there in the Bower, and for want of other talke, speaking to the Eccho, she guessed by his course, (wherein she was not deceived) that he had an intent to salute and speake with her; which to prevent, because it wholly displeased her, to be cumbred with the company of so unwelcomed a guest as himselfe; she hastily folds up her letters in her handkercher, and clapping them (at least as she thought) into the pocket of her gowne, takes her booke in her hand, and calling *Adriana*, trips away backe towards the garden, by the other side of the Parke, purposely to eschew and avoide him, as indeed she did.

Albemare grieves to see *Clara's* coynesse and cruelty toward him, although she were departed foorth the Parke from him, yet his affection is so fervent to her, as he will needs ascend the Bower, esteeming it not onely a kind of content, but a blessing to his thoughts; sith he cannot be where she is, yet to be where she hath beene: when thinking to mount the stayers of the bower, he unexpected at the foot thereof, finds the two letters whereof we have formerly spoken, which it seemes slipt foorth of *Clara's* handkercehr, as she was putting it into her pocket: *Albemare* taking up the letters, and seeing them directed to his sweet *Clara*, he betwixt the extreames of love and joy, kisseth them againe and againe for her sake: when sitting downe in the Bower, he betakes himselfe to reade and peruse them, verily expecting and hoping to gather and draw something from them which might tend to advance the processe of his affection towards her: But when he had read the first, he was so extreamely perp'exed and afflicted, as he had hardly the patience to peruse the second, and yet at length hastily & passionately running it over, and seeing by all the circumstances thereof, that it was in vaine for him any longer to hope for *Clara*, sith she was *Baretano's*, and *Baretano* hers, he like one Lunaticke, stampes with his foot, throwes away his hat, teares his haire for very griefe and choller, now thinking to teare the letters, and then to offer violence to himselfe: But when the fumes and flames of this his folly were over blowne, and that he had againe recalled his wits to take place in the proper seat of his judgement and discretion; then taking up his hat, and pulling it downe his eares, he leaves the Bower and Parke, and so going into the house, shewes them the Lady *Emelia* her aunt, who prayes him not to dispaire, but that *Baretano's* letters notwithstanding, hee himselfe shall shortly marry her *Niece Clara*; onely she prayes him for the two letters, because she affirmes, shee will to morrow send them to *Millan* to her father and mother. Wherein he saith, hee will take advise of his pillow; when fasting out his supper, he betakes himselfe to his bed, to see whether he can sleepe away those his passions and vexations. And by this time *Clara* going to locke up these two aforesaid letters in her trunke, shee finds her handkercher, but misseth her letters; whereat blushing for shame, and then againe looking pale for sorrow, griefe and anger,

she

ſhe ſpeedily ſends away *Adriana* to the Bower, to looke them; who returnes without them, and then ſhe knowes for certaine that *Albemare* hath found them: whereupon for meere griefe and anger, feigning herſelfe ſick, ſhe withdrawes her ſelfe to her chamber, and there preſently betakes her ſelfe to her bed.

I may well ſay that *Clara* and *Albemare* betake themſelves to their beds; but I am ſure not to their reſt: For griefe and love ſo violently acte their ſeverall parts in their hearts and thoughts, as ſigh they doe, but ſleepe they cannot: Yea their paſſions and ſorrowes are as different as their deſires; for as *Albemare* now grives that he hath found theſe letters, ſo doth *Clara* that ſhe hath loſt them; and as he vowes not to reſtore her them, ſo ſhee neither dares, and yet diſdayneth to demand them of him: Yea againe, which is more, as their ſorrowes are different, ſo are their pretended conſolations; at leaſt if I may properly and truely tearme them conſolations: For as *Clara*, although ſhe have loſt her *Baretano's* letters, doth yet rejoyce that ſhe ſtill retaines the writer and Authour thereof ingraven and caracterred in her heart: ſo doth *Albemare*, that now fully knowing *Baretano* to be his rivall, and who by all probability is like to beare his miſtris from him, he hath (as he injuſtly conceives, a juſt reaſon to be revenged, and a true occaſion to fight with him: but as *Clara's* comfort and conſolation herein proceeds from true affection, ſo doth the vanitie and impiety of this reſolution of *Albemares* from helliſh malice, and devilliſh indignation: yea, although the night doth or ſhould bring counſell, yet as *Clara* paſſeth it over onely with ſighes, ſo doth *Albemare* with fumes of reveng againſt *Baretano*, vowing that he will in the morne towards *Millan*, and there trie his fortune, either to kill him, or to bee killed of him, in a *Duell*; to which end he is no ſooner ready, but he acquaints the Lady *Emelia* with his intended journey, but not with his reſolution to fight with *Baretano*, and the ſame he doth to the Empreſſe of his thoughts, and Queene of his deſires) *Clara*, demaunding her if ſhe pleaſe to command him any ſervice for *Millan*; who both bluſhing and paling hereat, her affection to *Baretano*, having now made her expert in the ſubtilties of love, ſhe well knowes what wind drives *Albemare* to *Millan*: and therefore guided by diſcretion, and not by paſſion, ſhe returnes him this anſwer: That having neither reaſon nor deſire to command him, ſhe onely prayes him to remember her humble duty to her Father and mother, and ſo wiſheth his journey proſperous: which anſwer of hers (being indeed no other than *Albemare* expected) he yet advanceth to kiſſe her at parting; which her civility though not her affection granted him; not ſo much as once dreaming or ſuſpecting that he conceived the leaſt thought or intent to fight with her ſweet *Baretano*, and ſo he takes horſe, having onely one ſervant with him.

Albemare being arrived at Saint *Remie*, a ſmall Towne within fifteene miles of *Millan*, he reſolves to dine there, which he doth; and to avoid the heate of the day, then betakes himſelfe to ſleepe an houre or two; being awaked, he commands his man to make ready his horſe, and ſeeing the hoſt of the houſe in his chamber, inquires of him if there were any Gentelmen in the houſe riding for *Millan*, who as ſoone turnes him this unlooke for and unexſpected anſwer; that there was a brave Gentleman in the houſe named *Signior Baretano*, who was to ride thither ſome two houers hence. *Albemare* no ſooner heares the name of *Baretano*, but his very heart blood flaſheth up in his face, when demanding him again what manner of gẽtleman was, he told him he was a tall ſlender young Gentleman, with never a haire on his face, and out of this window quoth he, you may now ſee him walking in the garden; when *Albemare* looking forth, ſees indeed that it was his very rival *Baretano*; when enquiring further of the Hoſt what followers he had with him, he told him that then he had none, but ſometimes when he came thither, either to take the ayre, or breath his

horſe

horse, he was attended by two or three, and so the Hoast leaves him, not once suspecting of any difference between them. *Albemare* seeing his enemy (because his rivall) brought to him, whom he formerly resolved to seeke and find out, assumes a base and a bloody resolution to set upon him in the high way disguised, and there to venter his owne life, to deprive him of his: which to effect he will have no eye witnesse of this his ignoble and trecherous businesse; and therefore purposely sends away his man to *Millan* before him, and so slipping into the towne, provides himselfe of a maske or visard; then takes his horse, and rather like a theefe than a Gentleman, lurkes behind a Grove (some three miles from Saint *Remy*) attending *Baretano's* coming, who poore harmelesse yong Gentleman, harbouring and breathing no other thoughts and wishes than charitie to all the world, and pure and fervent affection to his fare and deare *Clara*, likewise takes his horse, and drawes homeward toward *Millan*, when being arrived to the place where *Albemare* secretly lay in ambush for him, he furiously and suddenly rusheth foorth, and with his Rapier drawen in his hand, runnes *Baretano* into his right arme, who feeling the wound almost as soone as he saw his enemy who gave it him, he is at first as it were amazed hereat; when thinking him by his maske to be a *Bandetti*, who were then very busie in *Lombardy*, but especially in that Dutchie of *Millan*, he told him that all the coyne he had, which was some ten double Pistols in gold, and two Duckats in silver, were at his service, but to fight in his defence he would not: Not quoth he, that he was any way a Coward, but that he affirmed he was lately affianced and ingaged to a yong Lady: so that he perfectly knew that her affection was so deare and tender towards him, as either the losse or preservation of his life would be that of hers: *Albemare* galled and touch't to the quicke with this his heart killing answere to him, is wholly inflamed with choller against him, when rushing towards him, he delivers him these words: Villaine it is not thy gold but thy life which I seeke, and then strayning himselfe to runne *Baretano* thorow, loe the string of his Maske breakes, where *Boretano* apparently sees it is his Rivall *Albemare*: whereat such is his tender affection to his sweete and fayre *Clara*, that he who before turned craven, and would not fight for his owne sake, is now cheerefully resolved not onely to fight, but if occasion require, to dye for hers: and so returning the villaine to *Albemares* throat, he instantly drawes, and joynes with him: and if *Albermare* be resolute in fighting, no lesse valiant and couragious is *Baretano*; for the remembrance of his *Clara's* sweet Idea, and fresh delicious beauty, infuseth such life to his valour, and such generositie, and animositie to his courage, as he deales his blowes roundly, and his thrusts freely, making *Albemare* know, that his Rapier is of an excelent temper, and yet his heart of a better: And *Albemare* seeing hee must buy his victory dearer than hee expected, and disdaining to be outbraved and beaten by a boy, pluckes up his best spirits and courage to him, and so likewise behaves himselfe manfully and valiantly: in such sort, that within lesse than a quarter of an houre, *Baretano* hath given him five wounds, and he *Baretano* three, when the *Count* of *Martingue* passing that way in his Coach towards *Millan*, and seeing two Gentlemen so busily fighting, he cryes out to his Coach-man, to gallop away with all celeritie, and so parts them; when seeing them full of blood, swear, and dust, having his Chyrurgion still in his traine with him, he out of an honourable courtesie and charitie, intreats and accompanies them to the next house, where he causeth their wounds to be dresst and bound up; when by their apparell seeing them to be *Millaneses*, is desirous to know their quarrell, and profers his best assistance to reconcile and make them friends: but their hearts are so great, and their malice so implacable, as they both thanke the *Count* for his noble courtesie, but beseech him to pardon them, in obscuring their names and quarrell; and yet he is so

noble

noble and generous, as he will not so leave them, but seeing them shrewdly wounded (though not he thinks mortally) he for their greater ease and saftie, causeth two of his *Gentlemen* to mount their horses, and takes them both up into his Coach with him, and so brings them within the Gates of *Millan*, where after they had severally rendred him many thankes for his *Courtesie* and *Honour*, he commends them both to their good Fortunes, and so leaves them.

Baretano and *Albemare* being thus arrived at *Millan*, they conceale their fighting, and so keepe their chambers, till they have secured their wounds; when *Albemare* visits *Capello* and his Lady *Castiana*, and reports to them the health and duty of their daughter, as also her aversnesse towards him, and withall shewes her *Baretano's* two Letters to her, whereby it is apparant, that she is so wholly his, as he himselfe is sure never to obtaine or enjoy her. Her father and mother at the first seeme to hang their heads at this newes, and the perusall of the Letters; but at last bid him not dispaire, but be courragious, for he and onely he shall be their sonne in law. But *Albemare* considering that for the tearme of at least six moneths, he *Camelion*-like had onely had beene fed with the ayre of these their vaine promises, and that he perfectly knew that *Clara* onely intended to marry *Baretano*, and none but him, his love to her was so tender and fervent, as he cannot conceive the shadow of any hope how to obtaine her for his wife in this world, before he have sent *Baretano* to another; when being constant in his resolution thereof to himselfe, because hee was resolute in his constancy and affection to *Clara*: no reason, no Religion, not his Conscience, not his Soule, can divert him from this bloody designe, from this murtherous and therefore damnable project: Feeding therefore on Malice, and boyling with Revenge towards *Baretano*, he not as a Gentleman, but rather degenerating from the vertue and honoure of that honourable degree and qualitie, bethinkes himselfe either by pistoll or poyson, how he may treacherously dispatch him: whereon ruminating and pondering (as malice and revenge may perchance slumber, but difficultly sleep) the *Devill* who is never absent in such hellish stratagems and occasions, gives him meanes, (though by a contrary course) how to dispatch him: For on a day descending the staires of the *Domo*, hee sees *Pedro*, and *Leonardo*, (two Souldiers, or rather *Braves* of the Castle of *Pavia*) passe by him, with whom he had beene formerly acquainted, but so poorely apparelled, as weighing their bloody humours by their necessity, hee (in favour of money) thinkes them very fit *Agents* and *Instruments*, to murther and make away *Baretano*, to which end, to play the *Practique* part as well as the *Theorique*, and so to reduce this his bloudy contemplation into action, he sends his man *Valerio* after them, and prayes them to repaire to him in the *Cloysters* of *Borromeos* Palace, for that he hath a businesse to impart them of great importance for their profits. *Valerio* overtakes them, delivers them his masters pleasure; who netled with this word Profit, they repaire to the *Rendevous*, and meet *Albemare*; when having refreshed their acquaintance, & he sworn them to secrecy, as he was a wretched and perfidious Gentleman, acquaints them with his desire, some ten daies hence to have them murther *Seignior Baretano* in the street by night, and to give it out, that it was done by some *Spaniards* of the *Vicereyes* Guard, and that he will give them an hundred Duckatons in hand, and leave them as much more with his man *Valerio*, which they shall receive of him, when they have dispatcht him; and for his owne part, some foure or five dayes hence hee will away for *Modena*, to cast the better varnish and colour that he was innocent thereof, and had no finger at all in the businesse.

Pedro and *Leonardo* seeing that *Albemare* proffered them gold, which they so much wanted and desired; like two limbes of the Devills, and as a couple of hellish Blood-

hounds

hounds, not only promise, but sweare to him punctually, in all respects to performe his desires, and so they touch their first hundred Duckatons, which being the pledge and price of innocent blood, it will assuredly cost them deare, and draw downe vengeance, ruine and confusion on their heads from heaven, when they least thinke or dreame thereof. *Albemare* having settled this his bloody and mournefull businesse with *Pedro* and *Leonardo*, he is againe solicited by *Capello*, and *Castiana*, to returne to their daughter in *Modena*: whereunto hee willingly consenteth, when armed with their Letters to her, wherein they charge her on their commands and blessing, to dispose her selfe to affect and marry him, he within some daies departeth: But having secretly revealed his fight with *Baretano* to some of *Capello* his chiefest and most confident servants, they yet love and honour their young Lady *Clara* so well in her absence, as they send her the true relation and intelligence thereof, which is at *Modena* a little before *Albemare*, the which being unknowne to him, he is no sooner arrived there, but hee salutes first the Aunt *Emelia*, than her *Neece* and his *Mistris Clara:* to whom having delivered her Parents Letters, she stepping aside to the window, reades them; and so returning to him againe, gives him this sharpe and bitter welcome: *My father and mother command mee to love thee; but how can I, sith upon the highway, thou basely and treacherously attempted'st to kill my deare* Baretano, *whom I love a thousand times dearer than the whole world?* when with teares in her eyes, and choller in her lookes, she very suddenly and passionately flings from him, whereat *Emelia* wondreth, and hee both stormes and grieves; and so they betake themselves to their chambers, where *Albemare* throwing himselfe on his bed, saith thus to himselfe: Unkind and cruell *Clara*, if thou take my fighting with *Baretano* thus tenderly, how wilt thou brooke the newes of his death? On the other side, *Clara* grieves as much at her *Baretano's* wounds, as shee rejoyceth at his safety and recovery; yea, so tender is her affection to him, as shee a thousand times wishes, that the blood he lost, had streamed from her owne heart. Againe, knowing his wounds free from danger, she cannot but smile, and delight to see his deare and true affection to her, in remembring that he would not fight for his owne sake, and yet was ready, yea and valiantly hazarded to loose his life for hers; and in these amourous conceites and contemplations shee pensively drives away the time, admiring and wondring that all this while she heares not from her *Baretano*: But *alas, alas!* she shall heare too too soone of him, though indeed never more from him: for these execrable wretches, *Pedro* and *Leonardo*, some some daies after *Albemares* departure to *Modena*, they according to their promise and oath given him, like two most bloody and butcherly villaines, cruelly assault and murther this harmelesse and innocent yong Gentleman *Baretano*, in the streetes of *Millan* be night, with no lesse than seven severall wounds, whereof foure were cleane thorow his body; and so gives it out (as it was formerly concluded) that he was murthered by some *Spaniards* of the *Vice-royes Guard:* when the same night, they repaire to *Valerio*, acquaint him therewith, receive their other hundred Duckatons, and so provide for their safety in the city: but that bloody mony, and this cruell murther, will in the end cost them dearer, than either they imagine, or dreame of.

Whiles *Millan* ratleth with the newes of *Baretano's* bloody and untimely end, as his owne friends infinitly lament and grieve, so *Capello* and his wife *Castiana* cannot refraine from rejoycing thereat, as now assuring themselves that *Albemare* shall shortly be their sonne in law: and for *Valerio*, he with all possible speed writes away thereof to *Modena*, to his Master, who entertaines this newes with infinite joy, and delectation, and presently acquaines the Lady *Emelia* therewith: whereat shee rejoyceth, and he triumphes: but they both resolve as yet to conceale it from *Clara*, because they

they know she will even dissolve and melt into teares thereat. But foure daies after are not fully expired, but her father and mother advertise their daughter *Clara*, their sister *Emelia*, and *Albemare* thereof, by a Gentleman, a servant of theirs, whom they purposely send to *Modena*, to bring backe *Clara*, and *Albemare* to *Millan*. But it is for none but Lovers, to conceive or judge, with what extreame excesse of griefe and immoderate sorrow our poore *Clara* understands this heart-piercing newes of her *Baretano's* mournefull and sorrowfull death: for she is no sooner advertised thereof, but she throws off her attyre, teares her haire, and twice following falls to the ground, in a swound, so as *Emelia*, *Albemare*, *Adriana*, and her fathers Gentleman can hardly refetch and keepe life in her: but being come againe to her senses, and selfe, and faintly opening her cloudy eyes to the beames of the Sunne, who enamoured of her beauty (as well in pitty as love) came to comfort and revive her: shee wringing her hands, then crossing her armes, and lastly, looking up towards *Heaven*, betwixt sighing and speaking, breaths forth these mournefull, passionate, and affectionate speeches:

O my *Baretano*, my sweet and deare *Barenano*, and shall thy wretched *Clara* live thou being dead? when the violence of her affection and sorrow making her forget her selfe, and her God, she secretly unsheathes her knife, and then and there would have stabbed her selfe to death, had not *Albemare* and her Aunt *Emelia* speedily stept to her assistance, and prevented her, by wresting it from her; when conducting her to the Garden, to take the aire, she praies *Albemare* to leave her, and in his absconce often againe repeating the name of her deare *Baretano*, shee a thousand times wisheth that her life had ransomed his, vowing that although she were a woman, yet if she knew his murtherers, shee would flie to their eyes, and teare out their hearts, in meere revenge of this inhumane and cruell death: when her sorrowes are so infinite, and her griefe so unsupportable, as she cannot long remaine in one place, but withdrawes her selfe from the garden to her chamber, whither her Aunt *Emelia* carefully accompanies her, lies with her that night to comfort her, who poore afflicted young Lady, neither can nor will be comforted: so as the next morning, had not her Aunt powerfully prevented and stopped her, she had then undoubtedly entred the *Nunnery* of her owne name, Saint *Clara*, and in that retyred and obscure life there ended her daies in *Modena*; resolving in true affection and zeale to her dead *Baretano*, never thenceforth either to see her parents, or *Millan*: but being diverted and comforted by some Divines, and many Ladies of that Citty, she brooking her sorrowes as patiently as she may, (with much solicitation) after ten dayes, permits herself to be conveyed home to *Millan*, where although she were very cheerefully received, and joyfully entertained of her father and mother, yet shee likewise went neere to have their mewed her selfe up a spirituall sister in the *Nunnery* of the *Annunciation*; but that againe she was prevented; whereat grieving, she yet takes on mourning attire, and vowes to weare it a whole yeare for his sake: when to make her selfe (as she was) both a true Lover, and a true mourner to the memory of her dead *Baretano*, shee oftentimes steals into Saint *Euphemias* Church, where he was buried, and there bedewes his tombe with teares, living so pensively, and disconsolately, that although shee live in the world, yet it seemes shee neither is, nor long will be of the world.

But as women are but women, and as a Time is a soveraigne remedy for all diseases and sorrowes, so about some ten moneths after, the incessant importunity of her father and mother, and the continuall tender respect and observant courtesie of *Albemare* towards her, make her somewhat neglect and forget the memory of *Baretano*, and now to looke on him with a more pleasing and favourable eye than before.

But

But here (againe) a consideration makes her affection die towards *Albemare*, almost as soone as it begins to live: For why (quoth she) should she affect or love him, who at Saint *Remy* gave her *Baretano* three severall wounds? But then Love againe steps in, and thus pleads with her for *Albemare*: That hee received five wounds, and gave *Baretano* but three, which made him lose farre more bloud than *Baretano*: and yet that this attempt of his was onely occasioned through his affection to her, and onely for her sake, as loving her dearer than his owne life; which againe gave her thoughts such satisfaction, as weighed downe and vanquished, as well by the power and prayers of her parents, as also by the endlesse sighs, letters, and presents of *Albemare*: the yeare is no sooner expired, and her mourning weeds and attire done away, but to their owne hearts content, and the unspeakable joy of their parents, they in *Millan* (with great pompe and bravery) are very solemnly married. But this marriage of theirs shall not prove so prosperous as they expect and hope: For *God* in his all-seeing *Providence*, hath decreed to disturbe the tranquility and serenity thereof, and to make them feele the sharpe and bitter showres of affliction and misery, which briefly doth thus surprise and befall them.

Albemare and *Clara* have hardly beene married together a yeare and quarter, but his hot love begins to wax cold and frozen to her; yea, albeit she affected him truly and tenderly, yet hee continually neglecting her, and no longer delighting in the sweetnesse of her youth, and the freshnesse of her beauty, his lustfull eyes and thoughts carry his lascivious selfe abroad among Curtezans, when they should be fixed on her, and resident at home with his chaste and faire Lady: so as his infidelity proving her griefe and torments, and his vanity and ingratitude her unspeakable affliction and vexation; she with infinite sighs and teares repents her matching him, and a thousand times wisheth shee had beene so happy and blessed to have died *Baretano's* Martyr, and not so unfortunate and accursed to live to see her selfe *Albemares* wife: and yet were there any hope of his reformation, she could then prefix bounds to her calamities and sorrowes: But seeing that his vices grew with his age, and that every day he became more vicious and unkinde to her than other, her hopes are now wholly turned into despaire, her mirth into mourning; yea, her inward discontents so apparantly bewray themselves, in her outward sorrowfull complexion and countenance, that the Roses of her cheekes are metamorphosed into Lillies, and her heart so wholly taken up with anguish, and surprised with sorrow, as shee wisheth that her bed were her grave, and her selfe in Heaven with God; because shee could finde no comfort here on Earth with her husband: But beyond her expectation, God is providing to redresse her griefe, and to remedy her afflictions by a very strange and unlooked for accident.

The *Providence* and *Justice* of *God* doth now againe refetch bloudy *Pedro*, to act another part upon the *Stage* and *Theater* of this *History*: For having spent that money lewdly, which he before got damnably of *Albemare*, his wants are so great, and his necessity so urgent, as having played the murtherer before, hee makes no conscience nor scruple now to play the theefe, and so by night breaks into a Jewellers shops, named *Seignior Fiamata*, dwelling in the great place before the *Domo*, and there carries away from him a small Trunke or Casket, wherein were some uncut *Saphyrs* & *Emralds*, with some *Venice* Chrystall pendants for Ladies to weare in their eares, and other rich commodities: but *Fiamata* lying over his shop, and hearing it, and locking his doore to him for feare of having his throat cut, gives the out-cry and alarum forth the window, which ringing in the streets, makes some of the neighbours, and also the watch approach and assemble; where finding *Pedro* running with a Casket under his arme, he is presently hemb'd in, ap-

prehended and impriſoned, and the Casket tooke from him, and againe reſtored to *Fiamata*; when knowing that he ſhall die for this robbery, as a juſt puniſhment and judgement of God, now ſent him for formerly murthering of *Baretano*, he having no other hope to eſcape death, but by the meanes of *Albemare*, he ſends early the next morning for his man *Valerio*, to come to the priſon to him, whom he bids to tell his Maſter *Albemare* from him, that being ſure to be condemned for this robbery of his, if he procure him not his pardon, he will not charge his ſoule any longer with the murther of *Baretano*, but will on the ladder reveale, how it was he who hired himſelfe & *Leonardo* to performe it; *Valerio* reporting this to his Maſter, it affrights his thoughts, and terrifies his conſcience and courage, to ſee himſelfe reduced to this miſery, that no leſſe than his life muſt now ſtand to the mercy of this wretched Varlet *Pedro's* tongue. But knowing it impoſſible to obtaine a pardon for him, and therfore high time to provide for his owne ſafety, by ſtopping of *Pedro's* mouth; he reſolves to heave *Oſſa* upon *Pelon*, or to adde murther to murther, and now to poyſon him in priſon, whom he had formerly cauſed to murther *Baretano* in the ſtreet, to the end he might tell no tales on the ladder, thinking it no ingratitude or ſinne, but rather a juſt reward and recompence for his former bloudy ſervice; ſo to feed *Pedro* with falſe hopes, thereby to charme his tongue to ſilence, and to lull his malice aſleepe, he ſpeedily returnes *Valerio* to priſon to him, who bids him feare nothing, for that his maſter had vowed to get him his pardon, as he ſhall more effectually heare from him that night; whereat *Pedro* rejoyceth and triumpheth, telling *Valerio* that his Maſter *Albemare* is the moſt generous and braveſt Cavalier of *Lombardy*. But to nip his joyes in their untimely bloſſomes, and to diſturbe the harmony of his falſe content, that very day as ſoone as hee hath dined, he is tryed and arraigned before his Judges; and being apparantly convicted and found guilty of this robbery, hee is by them adjudged to be hanged the next morne, at a Gibbet purpoſely to be erected before *Fiamata's* houſe, where he committed his delict and crime: which juſt ſentence not only makes his joy ſtrike ſaile to ſorrow, but alſo his pride and hopes let fall their Peacocks plumes to humility and feare: But his onely truſt and comfort, yea, his laſt hopes and refuge is in *Albemare*, who hearing him to be condemned to be executed the next morning; he is enforced to play his bloudy prize that night, and ſo in the evening ſends *Valerio* to priſon to him, with a Capon, and two Fiaſcoes (or bottles) of Wine, for him to make merry, informing him that he hath obtained his pardon, and that it is written, and wants nothing but the Viceroyes ſigne to it, which he ſhall have to morrow at breake of day. But the wine of the one of the bottles was intermixed with ſtrong and deadly poyſon, which was ſo cunningly tempered, as it carried no diſtaſtefull, but a pleaſing reliſh to the pallate; *Valerio* like an execrable villaine, proving as true a ſervant to his Maſter, as a rebellious and falſe one to his God, he punctially performes this fearefull and mournfull buſineſſe; and having made *Pedro* twice drunke, firſt with his good newes, and then with his poyſoned wine, he takes leave of him that night, and committing him to his reſt, promiſeth to be with him very early in the morning with his pardon. When this miſerable and beaſtly prophane wretch, never thinking of his danger, or death; of God or his ſoule; of Heaven or Hell, betakes himſelfe to his bed, where the poyſon ſpreading ore his virals parts, ſoone bereave him of his breath, ſending his ſoule from this life and world to another.

Now the next morning very early as the Gaoler came to his chamber, to bid him prepare to his execution, hee finds him dead and cold in his bed; and thus was the miſerable end of this bloudy and inhumane murtherer (and theefe) *Pedro*: who

who yet for example ſake was one whole day hanged by the heeles in his ſhirt, at his appointed place of execution, becauſe his Judges deemed that he had cruelly poyſoned and made away himſelfe. And now doth *Albemare* againe rejoyce and triumph to ſee he hath avoided that dangerous ſhelfe and rocke whereon hee was very likely to have ſuffered ſhipwracke, yea, and now hee thinks himſelfe ſo abſolutely ſafe and ſecure, as he holds it impoſſible, that either his murthering of *Baretano*, or his poyſoning of *Pedro* can any way reflect on him, or henceforth produce him any further ſtormes or tempeſts: but his hopes and joyes will deceive him, for God, who is the infallible revenger of innocent bloud, will not ſo leave him, but ere long, when he leaſt thinks or dreames thereof, not onely in his providence detect theſe his foule crimes, but in his juſtice ſeverely puuiſh them, and the Readers curioſity ſhall not goe farre to ſee it; for as to a guilty conſcience, it is the pleaſure of the Lord, that one miſery befall him in the necke and nicke of the other, ſo *Albemare* is no ſooner freed of *Pedro* in *Millan*, but behold he is afreſh intangled and aſſaulted with *Leonardo* (his other hired murtherer) in *Pavia*, who having there prodigally rioted away his hundred Duckatons, and alſo runne himſelfe farre in debt; his Creditors joyne together, and ſo clap him priſoner, where having no other hope for his freedome and liberty, but to relie on *Albemare*, he writes him a Letter to *Millan*, wherein hee acquaints him with his poverty and miſery, and prayes him (for the obtaining of his liberty) either to lend or give him fifty Duckatons: *Albemare* receives this Letter, but forgetting his former ſervice, as alſo thinking it onely a fetch of *Leonardo*, to fetch him over for ſo many Duckatons, as God would have it, hee very inconſiderately burnes this his Letter, and anſwereth it with ſilence: but hee ſhall repent it when it will be too late, and out of his power to remedy this his ingratitude and indiſcretion.

Leonardo having at leaſt fifteene daves expected an anſwer from *Albemare*, and receiving none, he is extreamly incenſed and inraged to ſee himſelfe thus ſleighted and forgotten of him, when exaſperated by his miſery, and animated by his extreame poverty and indigence, in that hee is now inforced to ſell away his apparell, and ſo to uncloth his backe, thereby to feed his belly, he intends no more to requeſt and pray him, but now reſolves to touch him to the quicke, the which he doth in theſe few lines which he ſends him to *Millan* by a meſſenger of purpoſe.

LEONARDO to ALBEMARE.

IF my firſt letter prevailed not with thee for the loane or gift of fifty Ducatons, to free mee from this my miſerable impriſonment, I make no doubt but this my ſecond will, for being a ſouldier, I give thee to underſtand, that I hold it farre more generous to hange than ſtarve; ſith as a halter is onely the beginning of my friends ſorrowes; ſo it will likewiſe be the end of my owne miſeries: yea, if thou ſpeedily furniſh and accompliſh not my requeſt, although it coſt me my life, I will no longer conceale how thou diddeſt hire Pedro *and my ſelfe for two hundred Duckatons to give* Signior Baretano *his death, which at thy requeſt wee performed: Thinke then how neere my ſecrecie concernes thy life, ſith when I ſuffer death, I know thou haſt but a ſhort and poore time left thee to ſurvive mee: Therefore thanke thy ſelfe if thy ingratitude turne my affection into contempt, and that into revenge and malice.*

LEONARDO.

Now although *Leonardo* meane not as hee write, yet this his meſſenger comming to *Millan*, and not finding *Albemare* at his houſe, he knowes not (and is reſolute) what to doe, either to ſtay his comming in, or to deliver his Letter to ſome of his ſervants: But waiting at his doore till late in the evening, and hearing no newes of him, he gives it to *Valerio*, and (without telling him from whom, or whence it came) prayes him ſafely to deliver it to his Maſter, and that hee will repaire thither the next morning for an anſwer. *Valerio* claps the Letter into his pocket, awayting his Maſters comming: but hee is ſo bad a husband to himſelfe, and ſo diſloyall, and unkinde a one to his chaſte and faire wife, as hee was out all night with his Curtizans, which good and vertuous Lady, even pierceth her heart with griefe and ſorrow. Now *Valerio* ſeeing his Maſter abſent, his comming uncertaine, and himſelfe inforced to goe forth about his affaires, he placeth the Letter upon a Cupboard neare his Maſters ſtudy, that it might bee apparant to his eye when he came in, and ſo departs.

But here the mercy and providence of God invites the Chriſtian Reader, to admire and wonder at the ſtrange diſcovery and detection of this Letter: for as *Albemare* (more for ſport than charity) kept a man-foole of ſome forty yeares old in his houſe, who indeed was ſo naturally peeviſh, as not *Millan*, hardly *Italy* could match him for ſimplicity. It ſo chanced, that this harmleſſe foole gate into the roome after *Valerio*, and ſaw him put up this Letter on the Cupboard: Now, as Children and Fooles may in ſome ſort bee tearmed Couſin Germaine to Apes, ſo as ſoone as *Valerio* was departed, this foole (no doubt led wholly by the direction and finger of God, rather than by his owne proper ignorance and ſimplicity) gets into the chamber, and taking a ſtoole to aſcend the Cupboard, hee brings away the Letter, which both in the Hall and yard he toſſes and dandles in his hand, as if this new found play gave delight and content to his extravagant and ſimple thoughts: when, behold our ſweet and vertuous *Clara* comming from Saint *Ambroſe* Church, where ſhee had beene to here *Veſpres*, and ſeeing a faire Letter faſt ſealed in the fooles hand, ſhee enquires of him from whence hee had it? who ſinging and hopping, and ſtill playing with the Letter, ſhee could get no other anſwer from him, but *That it was his Letter, and that God had ſent it him, that God had ſent it him*: which ſpeeches of his hee often redoubled. When *Clara* weighing his words, and conſidering out of whoſe mouth they came, her heart inſtantly beganne to grow, and her colour to riſe, as if God and her ſoule prompted her, that ſhee had ſome intereſt in that Letter: whereupon ſnatching it from the foole, whom ſhee left crying in the Hall for the loſſe thereof: ſhe ſeeing it directed to her Husband, goes to the Parlor, attended by *Adriana*, and there ſitting downe in a chaire, and breaking up the ſeales thereof, ſhee begins to reade it; but when ſhee drawes towards the concluſion thereof, and finds that it was her husband *Albemare's* who had cauſed her deare Lover and Friend *Baretano* to bee murthered: then not able to containe her ſelfe for ſorrow, ſhee throwes her ſelfe on the floore, and weepes and ſighs ſo mournfully, as the moſt obdurateſt and flintieſt heart could not chuſe but relent into pitie to ſee her: for ſometimes ſhee lookt up to heaven, and then againe dejecting her eyes to earth, now wringing her hands, and then croſſing her armes, in ſuch diſconſolate and afflicted manner, as *Adriana* could not likewiſe refraine from teares to behold her: when after a deepe and profound ſilence, ſhe bandying and evaporating many volleyes of farre fetched ſighs into the ayre, ſhee commanding *Adriana* forth, the doore ſhut, with the two extremities of paſſion and ſorrow, ſhee alone utters theſe mournfull ſpeeches to her ſelfe.

And

And shall *Clara* live to understand, that her *Baretano* was murthered for her sake, and by her unfortunate husband *Albemare?* and shall she any more lie in bed with him, who so inhumanely hath layen him in his untimely and bloudy grave? And *Clara, Clara,* wilt thou prove so ungratefull to his memory, and to the tender affection he bore thee, as not to lament, not to seeke to revenge this his disastrous and cruell end? when againe, her teares interrupting her words, and her sighs her teares; she entring into a further consultation with her thoughts and conscience, her heart and her soule at last continues her speech in this manner: O, but unfortunate and wretched *Clara,* what speakest thou of revenge? for consider with thy selfe, yea forget not to consider, *Baretano* was but thy friend, *Albemare* is thy husband; the first loved thee in hope to marry thee, but thou art married to the second, and therefore thou must love him; and although his ingratitude and infidelity towards thee, make him unworthy of thy affection; yet yee two are but one flesh, and therefore consider, that malice is a bad advocate, and revenge a worse Judge: But here againe remembring what a foule and odious crime murther was in the sight of the Lord, that the discovery thereof infinitely tended to his glory and honour, and that the poore Foole was doubtlesse inspired from heaven, to affirme that *God* sent the Letter: she knowes that her bonds of conscience to her *Saviour,* must exceed and give a law to those of her duty towards her husband; and therefore preferring Heaven before Earth, and God before her Husband, shee immediately cals for her Coach, and goes directly to *Baretano's* Vnkle, *Seignior Giovan de Montefiore,* and with sighs and teares shewes him the letter, who formerly, though in vaine, had most curiously & exactly hunted to discover the murtherers of his Nephew. *Montefiore* first reads the letter with tears, then with joy; and then turning towards the Lady *Clara,* he commends her zeale and Christian fortitude towards *God,* in shewing her how much the discovery of this murther tended to his glory, and so presently sends away for the *President Crimivell;* who immediately repairing thither, he acquaints him therewith, shewes him the Letter, and prayes him to examine the Lady *Clara* thereon; which with much modesty and equity he doth, and then returnes with her to her house, and there likewise examineth the Foole where he had the Letter: who out of his incivilitie and simplicity, takes the *President* by the hand, and bringing him to the Cupboard, tels him, *Here God sent the Letter, and here I found him:* when *Valerio* being present, and imagining by his Ladies heavie and sorrowfull countenance, that this Letter had perhaps brought her into some affliction and danger, beholding on the direction of the Letter, as also on the Seale, he reveales both to the *President* and his Lady, that hee received that Letter from one whom hee knew not, and that hee left it purposely on the Cupboard for his Master, against his comming. The *President* being fully satisfied herein, admires at Gods providence, revealed in the simplicity of this poore harmlesse Foole, in bringing this Letter, which brought the murther of *Baretano* to light, (when knowing that God doth many times raise up the foolish and weake, to confound the wise and mighty things of the world) hee presently grants out a Commission to apprehend *Albemare* who being then found in bed with *Marina,* one of the most famous Beauties, and reputed Curtezans of *Millan:* Hee, both astonished and amazed by the just judgements of God, is drawne from his beastly pleasures and adulteries to prison: where being charged to have hired *Pedro* and *Leonardo* to have murthered *Baretano,* he stoutly denies it. But *Leonardo's* Letter being read him, and he thereon adjudged to the Racke, his Soule and Conscience singing him many thundring peales of terrour, hee there at large confesseth it; when for this fact,

and bloudy fact of his, he the ſame afternoone is condemned to be hanged the next morning, at the common place of Execution, which adminiſtreth matter of talke, and admiration throwout all *Millan*; when Serjeants are likewiſe ſent away to *Pavia*, to bring *Leonardo* to *Millan*, who not ſo much as once dreamt or thought that ever this his letter would have produced him this danger and miſery.

And now *Albemare* advertiſed of the manner how this letter of *Leonardo* was brought to light, (without looking up to Heaven from whence this vengeance juſtly befell him for his ſinnes) hee curſeth the cruelty of his wife, the ſimplicity of the foole, but moſt bitterly exclaimeth againſt the remiſneſſe and careleſneſſe of his ſervant *Valerio*, in not retaining and keeping that letter, which is the onely cauſe of his death: yea, he is ſo farre tranſported with choller againſt him, as although he have but a few houres to live, yet hee vowes he will aſſuredly cry quittance with him ere he die.

Now the charity of his Judges ſend him Divines that night in priſon, to prepare and cleare his conſcience, and to confirme and fortifie his ſoule againſt the morne, in his laſt conflict with the world, and her flight and tranſmigration to heaven; who powerfully and religiouſly admoniſhing him, that if he have committed any other notorious offence or crime, hee ſhould now doe well to reveale it: He likewiſe there and then confeſſeth, how hee had cauſed his man *Valerio* to poyſon *Pedro* with wine in priſon, the very night before he was executed: whereupon this bloudy and execrable wretch (according to his helliſh deſerts) is likewiſe apprehended and impriſoned.

And now Gods mercy and juſtice brings this unfortunate (becauſe irreligious) Gentleman *Albemare*, to receive condigne puniſhment for thoſe his two horrible murthers, which he had cauſed to bee committed on the perſons of *Baretano* and *Pedro*, who aſcending the ladder in preſence of a world of ſpectators, who flocked from all parts of the City to ſee him take his laſt farewell of the world: The ſight and remembrance of his foule crimes, having now made him not onely ſorrowfull, but repentant, he briefly delivered theſe few words.

He confeſſed that hee had hired *Pedro* and *Leonardo* to kill *Baretano* in the ſtreet, and ſeduced his ſervant *Valerio* to poyſon *Pedro* in priſon; whereof with much griefe and contrition he heartily repented himſelfe, and beſought the Lord to forgive it him: he likewiſe beſought *Leonardo* and *Valerio* to forgive him, in reſpect he knew he was the cauſe of their deaths; becauſe he was ſure they ſhould not long ſurvive him. He likewiſe forgave his foole, as being aſſured, that it was not hee in the Letter, but God in him that had revealed the Letter for his juſt puniſhment and confuſion. And laſtly, he with many teares forgave his wife and Lady *Clara*, whom hee affirmed from his heart, was by farre too vertuous for ſo diſſolute and vilde a husband as himſelfe. He blamed himſelfe for neglecting to love her, and curſed his Queans and Curtizans, as being the chiefe cauſe of all his miſeries, when requeſting all that were preſent to pray for his ſoule, he was turned off.

But his Judges ſeeing that hee had added murther to murther, they held it juſtice to adde puniſhment to his puniſhment; and ſo he is no ſooner cut downe, but they cauſe his body to be burnt, and his aſhes to be throwne into the aire, which is accordingly performed.

Now becauſe the Lord in his Juſtice will puniſh as well the Agents, as the Authors of murther: whiles *Albemare* is acting the laſt *Scene* and *Cataſtrophe* of his *Tragedy*, his wretched hireling *Leonardo*, and his execrable ſervant *Valerio* are likewiſe arraigned, found guilty, and condemned to bee hang'd for their ſeverall murthers of *Baretano* and *Pedro*; and the very ſame afternoone they are brought to their

Executioners, where *Leonardo* his former life and profession having made him know better how to sinne than repent; he out of a souldier-like bravery, (or rather vanity) thinks rather to terrifie death, than that death should terrifie him; he begging pardon for his sinnes in generall of God and the world, and then bidding the hang-man doe his office, he takes his last adiew of the world.

When immediately *Valerio* ascends the ladder, who having repentance in his heart, and griefe and sorrow in his looks; as neare as could be observed and gathered, spake these words:

That being poore both in friends and means, the only hope of preferment under his master, made him at his request to poyson *Pedro* in prison; That many times since he hath heartily grieved for it, and now from his very soule repents himselfe of it, and beseeching the Lord to forgive it him, That hee was as guilty of this murther, as innocent of *Baretano's*; yea, or of the knowledge thereof, before his Master was imprisoned for the same, and that as this was his first Capitall crime, so sith he must nowdie, he rejoyced it was his last, and so praying all servants to beware by his miserable example, not to be seduced to commit murther, either by their masters or the devill; and beseeching all that were present to pray for his soule, he resigning and commending it into the hands of his Redeemer, was likewise turned off.

And these were the miserable (yet deserved ends) of these bloudy murtherers; and thus did Gods justice and revenge triumph over their crimes, and themselves, by heaping and raigning downe confusion on their heads from heaven, when the devill (falsely) made them beleeve they sate secure; yea, when they least dreamt thereof on earth: Oh that the sight and remembrance of their punishments may restraine and deterre us from conspiring and committing the like crimes! so shall we live fortunate, and die happy; whereas they died miserably, because they lived impiously and prophanely.

And here fully to conclude and shut up this Historie, and therein as I thinke to give some satisfaction to the curiosity of the Reader, who may perchance desire to know what became after of the faire and vertuous *Clara*. Why her sorrowes were so infinite, and her quality and Nature so sorrowfull, as being wearie of the world, and as it were weighed downe with the incessant vanities, crosses and afflictions thereof: she (notwithstanding the power and perswasions of her parents) assumes her former resolution, to retire & sequester her selfe from conversing with the world, and so enters into the *Nunnery of the Annuntiation* (so famous in *Millan*) where for ought I know, or can since understand to the contrary, she yet lives a pensive and solitary sister.

GODS

GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE CRYING AND Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XIII.

La Vaſſelay *poyſoneth her waiting maid* Gratiana, *becauſe ſhe is jealous that her husband* De Merſon *is diſhoneſt with her; whereupon he lives from her: In revenge whereof ſhee cauſeth his man* La Villete *to murther him in a Wood, and then marries him in requitall. The ſaid* La Villete *a yeare after riding thorow the ſame Wood, his horſe fals with him, and almoſt kils him, when he confeſſeth the murther of his maſter* De Merſon, *and accuſeth his wife* La Vaſſelay *to be the cauſe thereof: So for theſe their bloudy crimes, he is hanged, and ſhe burnt alive.*

HOw falſly, nay, how impiouſly doe wee tearme our ſelves *Chriſtians*, when under that glorious and ſanctified *Title*, wee ſeeke to prophane and deface the glory of *Chriſt*, in cruelly murthering our brethren his members; effects, not of *Zeale*, but of Rage; not of *Pietie*, but of Madneſſe, invented by the Devill, and perpetrated by none but by his Agents, lamentable effects; yea, I ſay, bloudy and infernall crimes, which ſtill ruine thoſe who contrive, and confound thoſe who finiſh them: For let us but looke from *Earth* to *Heaven*, from *Satan* to *God*, from *Nature* to *Grace*, and from our Hearts to our Soules, and wee ſhall aſſuredly finde it very difficult for vs to define, whether *Charitie* be a ſweeter *Vertue*, or *Malice* a fouler *Vice*; whether that be more ſecure, or this pernicious, fatall, & dangerous; whether that be a more apparant teſtimony of *Gods* ſaving *Grace* towards us, or this of our owne inevitable perdition and reprobation. And as it is an odious ſinne, and diſpleaſing ſacrifice in the ſight of *God*, for a ſtranger to kill another: O then how much more execrable and diabolicall muſt it be, for a *Gentlewoman* to poyſon her Waiting-maid, and for a ſervant to piſtoll his maſter to death, at the inſtigation of the ſame *Gentlewoman* his

his wife: for murthers, no leſſe ingratefull and cruell, doth this ſubſequent *Hiſtory* report and relate: wherein we ſhall ſee, that *God* in the *Triumphs* of his revenging *Iuſtice*, and out of his ſacred & ſecret providence, hath in all points made their puniſhments as ſharpe and ſevere, as their crimes were bloudy and deplorable: May we then reade it to Gods glory, and our owne conſolation, which we ſhall aſſuredly performe, if we hate the like crimes in others, and deteſt them in our ſelves.

IN the faire and pleaſant City of *Mans*, (being the chiefe and Capitall of the Province of *Maine* in *France*, in the very latter yeares that the *Marſhall* of *Boys-Dauphin* was Governour thereof, under the preſent King *Lewes XIII.* his maſter) there dwelt a *Gentlewoman*, (aged of threeſcore and three yeares) termed *La Vaſſelay*, being well deſcended, and left very rich, (as well in lands as moveables) by her late deceaſed husband *Monſier Froyſet*, who was ſlaine in the behalfe of the *Queene* Mother, in the defence of *Pont de Sey*, aſſaulted and taken by the *King* her ſonne. Now although this old widdow *La Vaſſelay* (in reſpect of her *Age*) was farre more fit to ſeeke *God* in the *Church*, than a new *Husband* in her bed; yet ſhee is weary of a ſingle life, although it be not fully ſix moneths ſince ſhee hath buried her ſecond husband; (for the Reader muſt underſtand, ſhe had formerly buried her firſt at leaſt five and twenty yeares before, and is now againe reſolved to take a third) and albeit ſhe knew that the civility of the widdowes in *France* was ſuch, that they ſeldome marrie, but almoſt never within the tearme of a whole yeare; yet her conceit and fancie thinks it not onely lawfull, but fit to breake this too auſtere cuſtome; and therefore ſhe peremptorily reſolves to live a wife, and not to die a widdow. But this reſolution of hers, were ſhee either in the *Summer* or the *Autumne* of her yeares, had beene as excuſable and praiſe-worthy, as now it ſavoured of undecencie and inconſtancie, ſith ſhe was in the Winter thereof: For *Age* deſpight of her *Youth*, and youthfull deſires, had throwne ſnow on her head, and new dyed the colour of her haire from blacke to white; yea, ſhee was ſo farre from retaining any ſignes or reliques of an indifferent beauty, as the furrowes of her face could not juſtly ſhew any ruines or demolitions thereof; and yet (forſooth) ſhe will marry againe. Now her Birth and wealth, rather than her *Vertues* and perſonage, invite many old Widdowers, and ſome rich *Gentlemen* and Counſellours of the famous *Preſidiall* Court of that City to ſeeke her in marriage, and indeed both for lands and money, none her inferiours, but all at leaſt her equals, and ſome her betters: But in vaine, for the vanity of her thought ſuggeſt her, that either ſhee is too young for them, or they too old for her, and therfore ſhe will have none of them: yea, her luſt ſeemes ſo youthfully to give a law to her age, and the lye to her yeares, as ſhe caſts off her mourning attire, decks her ſelfe up in gay apparell, powders her haire, paints her face, with a reſolution (forſooth) to have no old *Dotard*, but a young Gallant to her husband, as if therein ſhe wholly placed, not onely her content, but her felicity: But wee many times ſee ſuch irregular deſires, and ſuch incontinent deſignes, met with unexpected miſery, and unthought of repentance.

Now during the time that the vaine carriage and deportment of this old *Gentlewoman* and widdow *La Vaſſelay*, made her ſelfe the laughter and by-word of all *Mans*; home comes a young *Gentleman* of this Countrey of *Maine*, termed *Monſier De Merſon*, from his travell in *Italy*, whoſe father dwelt betwixt *Le Vall*, and *Gravelle*, tearmed *Monſier De Manfrelle*, being a Gentleman well deſcended, and rich, and to whom *De Merſon* was ſecond ſonne, who in a yeares abſence in *Italy*, being purpoſely ſent thither by his father, to enrich his experience and capacity,

capacity, (which is the true eſſence and glory of a traveller, thereby to bee the more capable to ſerve his Prince and Countrey, as alſo to be a comfort to his age, and a ſecond prop to his houſe and linage) he had made ſuch poore and unprofitable uſe of his travels, as forgetting the obtaining of the language, and all generous exerciſes, perfections, and qualities, (ſo requiſite and gracefull in Gentlemen) he delighted in nothing ſo much, nay, in nothing elſe, but to paſſe his time with Curtiſans and ſtrumpets, eſpecially in *Venice*, *Rome*, and *Naples*, where for their ſakes, and his laſcivious pleaſures, hee built up the greateſt part of his Reſidence; where he ſo prodigally ſpent and exceeded his fathers exhibition, as he returnes into *France*, not loaden with *Vertues* and *Experience*, but with *Vices* and *Debts*; being otherwiſe ignorant in all things which he ſhould know, and knowing nothing but that wherein he ſhould be ignorant. Onely to the end he might thereby ſet the better counterfeit tincture on himſelfe, and falſe luſtre on his *Endowments* and *Proficiencie*, he ſuperficially brought away, or rather borrowed ſome *Italian* Phraſes and complements, which hee thought would not onely paſſe currant with the Gentlemen and Ladies of *France*, but alſo draw them into admiration, as well of himſelfe as them: When immediately upon his arrivall, that he might the better ſee and make himſelfe ſeene of the world, hee flaunts it out in brave apparell, both in *L'avall*, *Angiers*, and *Mans*; Yea, there is ſcarce any great feaſt or marriage in all thoſe parts, but if he be not invited, yet hee purpoſely invites himſelfe thereat, thereby to make himſelfe the more conſpicuous and apparant to the eyes of the world, eſpecially of the Ladies and Gentlewomen, in whoſe acquaintance and favour he not onely endevours to initiate, but ſtrives to ingraft himſelfe: But his old father *Manfrelle* judiciouſly obſerving the vaine behaviour, and light deportment and carriage of this his ſon, he exceedingly grieves thereat, becauſe he had well hoped, that his travels would have returned him as capable and diſcreet, as now he finds him ignorant, and which is worſe, deboſh'd; ſith he well knew that either of theſe two vices was enough ſufficient and powerfull, not onely to ruine his reputation, but his fortunes.

Againe, to adde more ſorrowes to his griefe, and more diſcontent to his ſorrowes, for the vanity and levity of this his ſonne, every weeke, nay, almoſt every day, brings him in new bills of his debts; a third falling in upon the necke of firſt and ſecond, and a fourth on the third; which being greater than his eſtate, or at leaſt his pleaſure would permit him to pay, hee takes his ſonne *De Merſon* aſide, and very ſharply checks him for his old and new prodigalities; vowes that hee will neither ſell nor morgage his lands to diſcharge his fooliſh debts; and therefore hee bids him looke to ſatisfie them, for that hee is reſolved not to ſee, much leſſe to ſpeake with any of his Creditors, how great or ſmall ſoever the ſummes bee he owes them. This cooling card of *Manfrelles* makes his ſonne *De Merſon*, not onely bite his lips for ſorrow, but hang his head for anger and vexation, yea, his folly doth ſo eclipſe and overvaile his judgement herein, as inſtead of making good uſe hereof, hee takes a contrary reſolution, and ſo reſolves to embrace and follow the worſt: for whereas hee ſhould have made his pride and prodigality ſtrike ſaile, and now rather ſeeke to reintegrate himſelfe into his fathers favours, than any way futurely attempt to incenſe or exaſperate him againſt him, he onely taking counſell of his *Youth*, *Paſſions*, and *Cheller*, (which as falſe and treacherous guides, moſt commonly lead us to miſery and repentance:) againe precipitates and ingulphs himſelfe afreſh in new debts, both with his *Vſurer*, *Mercer*, and *Taylor*: and no longer able to digeſt his fathers checks and frownes, hee very inconſiderately and raſhly packs up his baggage, leaves his houſe,

house, rides to *Mans*, and there resolves to passe his time that Winter: partly hoping that his father will discharge his debts in his absence, but more especially to become acquainted with the beauties of that City, thereby to obtaine some rich young heire, or old widdow for his wife, whose estate and wealth might support his pride, and maintaine his excessive prodigality and voluptuousnesse: and indeed although the two former of these his hopes deceive him; yet he shall shortly finde and see, that the third and last will not.

Living thus in *Mans*, the bravery of his apparell and equipage, the freenesse of his expences, his comely talke, personage, blacke beard, and sanguine complexion, makes him as soone acquainted and affected, as knowne of many Ladies and Gentlewomen, and farre the more, because they know his father *De Manfrelle*, to bee a very ancient and rich Gentleman of that Countrey of *Maine*, and although hee is not his heire, yet in regard hee is his second sonne, as also a Traveller, he was the more honoured and respected of all those he frequented: so that the very fame and name of *Monsier de Merson* beganne to bee already divulged and knowne in the City; yea, and because hee was a great *Balladine*, or *Dancer*, there was no solemne assembly, either publike or private, but still *De Merson* made one; and there was not a reputed beauty, or supposed courteous Lady in *Mans*, or thereabouts, but such was his vanity, as hee soone wrought and insinuated himselfe into her acquaintance and familiarity, the which he made not onely his delight, but his glory. And although that in a small time, the wiser sort of the *Gentlemen* and *Ladies* of the Citie found his wit and experience to come infinitely short of his brave apparell; yet the more illiterate & ignorant of them, (who esteeme all men by their lustre, not by their brave worth) as preferring gay apparell, and the comelinesse of the body, before the exquisite endowments and perfections of the mind; they hold him in so high a repute & esteeme, as they thinke him to be the most absolute Gallant, not onely of *Mans*, but of all the Country of *Maine*; so easie it is to captivate the conceits and judgements of those who onely build their judgements in their conceits, and not their conceits in judgement.

And of this ranke and number was our old widow *La Vasselay*, who having many times heard of *De Mersons* fame, and comely personage, and seene him once at a Sermon, and twice at two severall Nuptiall feasts, where his skill and agility proved him to be one of the prime dancers, she is so farre in love with him, as in her thoughts and heart, she wisheth she had given halfe her estate & dowrie, conditionally that she were his wife, and he her husband; yea, she is so ravished with the comelinesse of his feature, and the sweetnesse of his complexion and countenance, as all the world is not halfe so deare to her as *De Merson*, nor any man whatsoever by many thousand degrees, so delicious to her eye, and pleasing to her heart and soule, as himselfe. And although she be in the frozen *Zone* of her age, yet her intemperate lust makes her desires so youthfully intemperate, as forgetting reason and modestie, (that the best vertue of our soule, and this the chiefest ornament of our body) she a thousand times wisheth, that either *De Merson* were impaled in her armes, or she incloystred in his.

But doting (yea I may well neere truly say) dying old Gentlewoman, is this a time for thee to thinke of a young husband, when one of thy old feet is as it were in the grave? or being in thy *Climactericall* yeare of threescore and three, art thou yet so fraughted with levity, and exempt of continency, as thou wilt needs seeke to marrie one of five and twenty? Fooliſh *La Vasselay*, if it be not now time, yea high time for thee to sacrifice thy desires to continencie, when will it be, if ever be?

be? Didst thou resolve to wed a husband neere of thine owne age, and so to end the remainder of thy dayes with him in chaste and holy wedlocke, that resolution of thine were as excusable, as this in desiring so young a one, is worthy, not onely of blame, but of reprehension, and I may say of pitie. Consider, consider with thy selfe, what a prepostorous attempt and enterprise is this of thine, that when thou shouldest finish thy dayes in devotion and prayer, thou then delightest to begin them in concupiscence and lust. O *La Vasselay*, mocke at those rebellious and treacherous pleasures of the flesh, which seeme to mocke at thee, yea, to betray thee: and if there be yet any sparke of thy youth, which lies burning under the embers of thy age, why if thy chaste thoughts cannot, yet let modesty, or at least piety extinguish them. *God* hath already given thee two husbands, is it not now therfore time, yea, more than time, for thee to prepare to give thy selfe to *God*? Hitherto the chastity of thy youth hath made thee happy, and wilt thou now permit that the lust of thine age make thee unfortunate, or peradventure miserable? and that the purity and candeur of that be distained and polluted by the foulnesse and obscenity of this? *Alas, alas*, incontinent & inconsiderate *Gentlewoman*, of a grave Matron, become not a youthfull Gigglet; or if thou wilt not suffer the eyes of thy body, at least permit those of thy soule to look from thy painted cheeks, to thy snow-white haire, who can informe and tell thee, that thou art far fitter for Heaven than earth, sith those pleasures are transitory, and these eternall, for *God* than a husband, sith he onely can make thee blessed, whereas (in reward of thy lascivious lust) this peradventure may be reserved to make thee both unfortunate and wretched.

But the vanity of this old *Gentlewomans* thoughts and desires, doe so violently fix and terminate, on the youth & beauty of young, and (as she immodestly tearms him) faire *De Merson*, as the only consideration of her delight and pleasure, weighes downe all other respects; so that neither reason nor modesty, advice nor perswasion, can prevaile with her resolution, to divert her affection from him; but love him she doth, and (which is repugnant, as well to the instinct of Nature, as to the influence of modesty, and rules of civility) seeke him for her husband shee will: yea, she is already become so sottish in her affection, and so lasciviously fervent in her desires towards him, that her heart thinks of him by day, her soule by night; that admires him as the very life of her felicity, and thus adores him as the onely content and glory of her life: shee will not see the greatnesse of her owne estate and wealth, nor consider the smallnesse of his meanes and hopes, in that he is not an heire, but a second brother; she will not enquire after his debts and vices, to know what those may be, what these are; she will not thinke what a prepostorous disparity there is betwixt the fire of his youth, and the ice of her age; nor what a world of discontents and afflictions are incident to proceed thereof: shee will not consider, that in endowing him with all her wealth, that shee thereby impoverisheth many, as well of her owne kindred, as of those of her two former husbands, to whom in the right of *Nature* it more justly and properly belongs; and to conclude and shut up this point, she will not imagine or dreame, to how many laughters and scandals of the world she exposeth her selfe, who will not onely call her discretion, but her modesty in question, for matching with so young a *Gentleman* as *De Merson*, to whom for age, she may not only well be mother, but (which is more) grandmother: But contrariwise, this foolish old *Gentlewoman* having sent her wits a wooll-gathering on his sweet and comely personage; his youth and her affection, like two impetuous torrents, and furious inundations, beare downe all other respects and considerations before them: yea, they so submerge her reason, and quite drown her discretion, as she hath no eies unshut to see

the one, nor eares unstopped to heare the other, so that if she desire any thing in the world, it is (as formerly is observed) that shee live to see *De Merson* her husband, and her selfe his wife: which to effect and accomplish, she knowes no better nor fitter *Agent* to employ herein, than one *Mounseir de Pruneau*, an ancient *Councellor*, of the *Presidiall Court* of that City, who was the onely *Councellor* both to her last husband and her selfe, and of whose discretion, integrity and fidelity, she had all the reasons of the world to rest confident and assured.

Now although the *Wisdome* and *Experience* of *De Pruneau* suggested him what an extreame inequality there was betwixt *De Mersons* youth, and *La Vasselayes* age, which he could not more pertinently parallel and compare, than to Winter and Summer, the Spring and the Harvest: and therefore how many afflictions and miseries were subject to attend and wait on such preposterous marriages, whereof he had formerly seene divers lamentable examples, and wofull instances, as well of men as women, who had suffered shipwracke upon that *Sylla*, and this *Charibdis*, he like an honest man, and indeed a truer friend to her than she was to her selfe, produceth some of the former alleaged reasons to her consideration, thereby to divert the streame of her ill grounded affection from *De Merson*, and (in generall tearmes) to convey and conduct it to some elder personage, whose yeares (and therefore their dispositions and affections) might the better agree and sympathize. But when he sees that her love to *De Merson* was so firmly and immoveably setled, as that it not only appeared to him to be her griefe, but her torment to be any way crossed or contradicted therin: then he changeth his language, and because she will not hearken to his advice, he therefore gives way to her resolution, promising her his utmost power, and best endevours speedily to effect & compasse her desires, when taking leave each of other, at last *La Vasselay* remembring she had forgotten something, cals him againe, and prayes him that if *De Merson* be inquisitive to know her direct age, that he substract away at least ten yeares thereof: so that whereas she is sixty three, to affirme that she is very little above fifty: whereunto she her selfe blushing, *De Pruneau* not able likewise to refraine from smiling, promiseth her to be very mindfull thereof. To which end, he (with the first conveniencie) finds out *De Merson*, acquaints him how much he is obliged to *Madamoyselle La Vasselay*, for her affection to him, layes before him the Nobility of her descent and bloud, the greatnesse of her *Estate* and meanes, as also the excellency of her vertues; that fifty yeares is the most of her age, and that she is not by farre so old, as pleasing and lovely; that she affects him above all the men in the world, yea, and desires no man of the world for her husband but himselfe; and that when he pleaseth, she desires the honour of his company to her house, with many other intimations and insinuations conducing that way.

De Merson having formerly understood of *La Vasselayes* rich *Estate* and *Dowrie*, as also of the truth of her age, he likes the first well, and although he distaste, yet he will dissemble the second: he thanks *De Pruneau* for his paines, and *La Vasselay* for her love toward him; promiseth to requite the first, and if her wealth and vertues correspond with his relation to deserve the second; alleaging further, that although there be a great inequality in their age, yet sith he is no heire but a second brother, that it is rather likely than impossible for it to be a match betwixt them; and in the meane time to requite part of her affection, hee promiseth to Sup with her the night following at her house, where hee onely desires his company and assistance, that they may the more effectually and secretly consult of this businesse, which he hopes will so much import, as well her good and his content, as her content and his good; and so for that time they part.

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De Pruneau having received this pleasing and discreet answer from *De Merson*, hee returnes with the relation, and repetition thereof to *La Vasselay*, vowes that his exteriour feature is no way answerable, but comes farre short of his interiour Vertues and discretion; and that by all which, hee either can collect from his speeches, or gather from his deportment and behaviour, hee is in his conceit the most accomplished *Gentleman*, not only of *Maine*, but of *France*; and so bids her prepare her Supper, and her selfe to entertaine him the next night. Which answer of *De Merson's*, and relation of *De Pruneau*, is so pleasing to her heart and thoughts, as her age seemes to be already ravished with joy at the conceit of his Youth: when thinking every minute a moneth, and every houre a yeare, before shee bee made happy, and her house blessed with his presence, shee leaves no cost unspared, or unspent, to make his Entertainement answerable to his welcome: whereof whiles shee is not onely carefull, but curious in providing, let us cursorily speake a word or two how *De Merson* entertaines and digesteth this unexpected motion and affection of *La Vasselay*.

He laughes in his sleeue to see her youthfull affections so flourishing in this *Autumne*, nay, in this *Winter* of her age, as to desire and seeke so young a *Gentleman* as himselfe for her husband, but hee understands she is exceeding rich; and therefore resolves that this vertue is capable to overvalue and ransome that defect and error of hers. He sees that his father will not pay his debts, and that hee of himselfe cannot; that they growing more clamorous, will shortly become scandalous: which will not onely directly prevent, but infallibly ruine his fortunes. He considereth how displeasing her age will bee to his youth, as also that there is no hell comparable to that of a discontented bed, and then againe, his deboshe and lustfull thoughts, suggest him this remedy: That *Mans* hath beauties enough for him to recreate himselfe, and to passe his time with; and that although she have him sometimes in her bed, yet hee may have younger lasses and Ladies in his armes, both when, and where he pleaseth. He considereth that rich widowes are not so soone found, as sought, nor so soone obtained as found; and that if he refuse *La Vasselay* this day, hee may not onely repent it to morrow, but perchance all the daies of his life; and although his will may, his power shall not bee able to repaire or redresse this error of his, all his life after: Hee is not ignorant that *Gentlewomen* of her age and wealth, are subject to be as soone lost as won in a humour: and therefore then lost, because not then won. Againe that the elder she is, the sooner she will die, and he then is at liberty to marry as young a *Virgin* as hee pleaseth, and that her wealth would then prove a true proppe; and sweet comfort to his age. And to conclude and finish this consultation of his, she is without children to molest and trouble him, and therefore to be desired, shee is vertuous, discreet, and of an excellent fame and reputation, and therefore deserves to be accepted and not refused.

Vpon the grounds of which reasons and considerations, hee makes good his promise to *De Pruneau*, and comes the next night both to visite, and suppe with *La Vasselay*; who having purposely deckt her selfe up in her youthfull and gayest apparell; receives him, withall demonstrations of affection and joy. At his first arrivall he affords her two or three kisses, whereat she infinitely both rejoyceth and triumpheth: and in a word, hee findes that his welcome not only exceeds his deserts, but his expectation; and beleeve me it was worth the observation, to see how superficially his youth looked on her age, and how artificially and lustfully her age gazed on his youth. Now, by this time supper is served in, wherein her affection was againe discovered him in the curiosity and bounty thereof. Where *De Pruneau* to give life to their mirth, tels them both, that hee hopes this their first meeting and

enterview will produce effects answerable to both their contents and desires; Whereat *De Merson* cannot refraine from blushing, nor *La Vasselay* from smiling: They are all very pleasant and jocond at table, and she to give the better edge and relish to his affection, strives to seeme farre yonger then indeed she is, and then he knowes her to be; yea, she doth so cunningly entermixe and dispierce youthfull speeches amidst her aged gravity, as if she were not old, or at least, newly made yong. Now whiles she fealted her eyes on his fresh countenance and faire complexion, he sends his abread to looke on her plate, rich hangings, and housheld-stuffe, wherewith he saw her house was richly and plentifully furnished. Supper ended, and the cloath taken away, they are no sooner fallen from their Viands, but they fall to their talke. *De Merson* kindly and familiarly taking his new old *Mistris* in his *Armes*, as if hee had already given her a place in his heart and affections; which makes her beyond her self, both merry and joyfull. I will not trouble the Reader with the repetition of what speeches and complements here past betwixt them; because in this, and my future Histories I will follow the same Methode of brevity which I have proposed and observed in my former. Let then his inquisitive curiositie vnderstand, that they parted very lovingly and affectionately this first time: and *De Merson* although hee were a deboshed *Gentleman*, yet he is not so simple to omit, but rather so well advised to prie into the true depth, and naked truth of her estate; and the rather, for that he hath knowne many *Gentlemen* who have beene fetch'd over, and gull'd in this nature, and in marryinge one widow have match't themselves to two theeves, and credulously thinking her rich, have in the end found her a very begger: Whereupon he takes three dayes respite to resolve, and so with some kisses and many thanks for her affection, and her kind entertainment and great cheere, he for that night takes his leave of her, whose fayre carriage and discreet resolution in temporizing, *La Vasselay* applauds, and *De Prameau* approves: So *De Merson* having spent the first and second day in surveying the writings of her Dowry, the Leases of her lands and houses, and the Bonds and Bils of debts due to her, withall her ready Money, Plate, and other moveables: he finds her estate to answer his expectation and her report, and that she is really worth in land, six thousand Francks yerely, and her moveables worth at least eighteene thousand more, he the third day publiquely contracts himselfe to her; and having advertised his father thereof, who likes the wealth better than the widdow, within eight dayes after privately marries her, which administreth cause of speech and wonder in and about *Mans*: some blaming her of indiscretion and levity, to match so yong a *Gentleman*, others taxing him of folly to marry so old a widdow; some extolling and applauding his judgement, in enriching himselfe with so greate an Estate: which would not onely deface his debts, secure his youth and age from the stormes of want, and the tempests of necessity, but also in the one and the other maintaine him richly, prosperously, and gallantly. And others againe beleeving and presaging, that this their great inequality and disparity of yeares, would either of the one side or other, or both, produce many discontents, and afflictions, instead of hoped-for joyes and prosperities. Thus every one speakes differently of this preposterous match, according as their passions and fancies dictate them: but which of all these opinions and judgements speakes truest, we shall not goe farre to understand and know.

We have seene the consummation of this marriage, *Youth* wedded to *Age*; *May* to *December*, and yong *De Merson* to old *La Vasselay*; in which contract and nuptials, either of them are so vaine, and both so irreligious, as caring wholly for the pleasures of their bodies, they have not therein so much as once thought of their soules, or of Heaven: Yea, *God* is not so much as once nominated or remembered of

of them. All the ends of marriages are onely two; *Gods glory*, and the propagation of children; and because they cannot hope for the second, must they therefore needs be so impious, as to forget the first. *Aye me*, if his youth had attained no more Grace, could her age retaine no more goodnesse; or how can they flatter themselves with any hope, that this marriage of theirs can possible prosper, when only her ayme and end therein is lust, and his wealth. If a building can subsist and flourish, which hath a rotten and reeling foundation, then this match of theirs may prosper, otherwise cannot: for what more rotten than the beastly pleasures of her lustfull, and yet decayed age, and what more reeling and fickle, than the constant inconstancy of his lacivious youth, which make my thoughts justly feare, and my heart truly presage and apprehend: that repentance, not pleasure; affliction, not joy; misery, not prosperity, is at the heeles to attend and follow these their Nuptials: As marke we the sequell and it will briefly informe us how.

De Merson hath not been married two whole moneths to *La Vasselay*, but he begins to repent himselfe that ever he matched her, for he now sees, though before he would not, that it is impossible for youth to fedge and sympathise with her age, he sees that she hath a discrepit, sickely and decayed body, and that she is never free of the Cough and Rheume, as also of an Issue in her left arme, which is not only displeasing, but loathsome to him. Yea, when she hath taken off her ruffe and head attier, and dighted her selfe in her night habilements, then he vowes he is afraid of her Lambe-skin furred cap and waste-coate; and takes her withered face for a *Vizard*, or a *Commet*, which yeelds no delight but terror to his eyes: swearing that he serves onely for a bed-pan to heat her frozen body, which of it selfe is farre colder than a *Marble Statue:* Yea, he is so farre out of love with her, because, to write the truth, he never truely loved her, that her sight is a plague to him, her presence by day a Purgatory, and her company by night a very Hell.

But debosh'd and dissolute *Gentleman*, these vitious and impious conceits of thine, come immediatly from *Hell* and *Sathan*, and are no way infused in thy thoughts by *Heaven*, much lesse inspired in thy heart by *God:* Consider, consider with thy selfe; that if *La Vaslelay* be old, yet she is now thy wife, and that whatsoever *De Praneau* or her selfe informed thee of fiftie yeers, yet thou knowest she could not be lesse than sixtie three, and more she is not. In which regard marriage (the holy Institution of *Heaven*) having now made you of two, one; if thou wilt not love her age, at least thou shouldest reverence it; or if thou canst not affect her, thou shouldest not hate her. Hath she imperfections, what woman in the world lives without them? or is shee Pestered with diseases, who can be either exempted from them, or prevent them? Thou hast vowed in the Temple of the Lord, and in the presence of him and his people, not onely to love, but to honour her: and is thy inconstancy and impiety already such, as forgetting that promise and vowe of thine, thou dost now not onely dishonour, but despise and contemne her; and that thou onely madest that vow purposely to breake it: O *De Merson*, if thou art not capable of Counsel, yet do but beleeve the truth, and thou wilt find, that if thou wilt not love her, because she is too old to be thy wife; yet thou shouldest respect and regard her, because she is old enough to be thy Grandmother: for as it is incivility not to reverence *Age*; so it is impietie to disdaine and maligne it: and if in any man towards a meere stranger, how much more a husband to his owne wife? And because it is easier to espy our wives imperfections, than to finde out, or reforme our owne; if thy wife *La Vasselay* bee guiltie of any fault towards thee, it is because shee loves thee too well, and affects thee too dearely.

We have seene *De Mersons* distaste of his wife, *La Vasselay:* Let us now see how

she likes, or rather why she so soone dislikes him: for he beares himselfe so strangely, and withall, so unkindly towards her, as her desires of his youth comes farre short both of her expectation and hopes: for if he lye with her one night, hee wanteth six from her; is still abroad, and seldome or never at home with her; yea, hee is of such a gadding humour, and ranging disposition, as his thoughts and delights are transported elsewhere, not at home; with other young Dames of *Mans*, not with herselfe: and the vanity of his pleasures doe so farre surprize and captivate him, that hee is already become so vitious, as he makes day his night, and night his day, living rather like a voluptuous *Epicure*, than a temperate or *Civill Christian*: Neither, quoth she, is it Iealousie, but truth which makes her prie so narrowly into so lewd and lacivious actions, wherein the further she wades, the more cause she finds both of griefe and vexation, which makes her wish, that shee had beene blind when she first saw him; and either he or her selfe in *Heaven*, when they so unfortunately marryed each other here upon *Earth*.

How now fond and foolish olde *Gentlewoman*, are thy joyes so soone converted into sorrowes, and thy triumphs into teares? why, thou hast just cause to thanke none but thy selfe, for these thy crosses and afflictions; sith thy lustfull and lacivious desires were not onely the author, but the procurer of them: for hadst thou beene more modest, and lesse wanton, thou mightest have apparantly seene, and providently fore-seene, that *De Mersons* youth was too young for thy age, because thy age was too old for his youth; so that hadst thou beene then but halfe so stayed and wise, as now thou art sorrowfull: thou needest not now grieve for that which thou canst not redresse, nor repent for that which is out of thy power to remedy. But rash and inconsiderate woman, how comes this to passe, that thou art ready to entertaine jelousie, when death stands ready to entertain thee? Could all the course of thy former youth be so happy, not to be acquainted with this vice, and doth now thy frozen age thinke it a vertue to admit and imbrace it? Ay me, I grieve to see thy folly, and lament to understand thy madnesse in this kinde: for what is Ielousie, but the rage of our thoughts, and braines, the disturber of our peace and tranquility, the enemy of our peace and happinesse, the traitour of our judgement and understanding, the plague of our life, the poyson of our hearts, and the very bane and Canker of our soules? Ielousie, why, it is the daughter of frenzie, and the mother of madnesse; it is a vice purposely sent from hell, to make those wretched on earth, who may live fortunate and happy, and yet will not; yea, it is a vice which I know not whether it bee more easie to admit, or difficult to expell, being admitted. But *La Vasselay*, expell it thou must, at least, if thou thinke to live fortunate, and not to die miserable. Wert thou as young as aged, thy Ielousie might have some colour and excuse in meeting with the censures of the world; whereas now not deserving the one, it cannot receive the other. And as those women are both wise and happy, who winke at the youthfull escapes of their husbands: so thy Ielousie makes thee both meritorious, and guilty of thy afflictions, because thou wilt be so foolish to espy, and so malicious to remember these of thine. Is *De Merson* given and addicted to other women? why pardon him, because hee is a young man: and as hee is thy husband, and thou his wife, beleeve that hee is every way more worthy of thy praiers, than of thine envie.

Thus wee see upon what fatall and ominus tearmes these late married couple now stand; *De Mersons* youth scorning and spurning at his wife *La Vasselaye's* age, and wholly addicting himselfe to others; and her age growing infinitly jealous of his youth: so that for any thing I see or know to the contrary, these different vices have already taken such deepe and dangerous roote in them, as they

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threaten not onely the shipwracke of their content, but of their fortunes, if not of their lives.

Now for us to find out the particular object of *La Vasselayes* jealousie, as her foolish curiosity hath already the generall cause: we must know, that she hath a very proper young *Gentlewoman* who attends her, of some eighteene yeares of age, tearmed *Gratiana*, of a middle stature, somewhat inclining to fatnesse, having a fresh sanguine complexion, and bright flaxen haire, she being indeed every way exceeding lovely and faire; and with this *Gratiana*, she feares her *Husband* is more familiar than either modesty or chastity can permit; and yet she hath onely two poore reasons for this, her credulity and jealousie, and *God* knowes they are poore and weake ones indeed: The first is, that she thinkes her owne withered face serves onely but as a foyle, to make *Gratiana's* fresh beauty seeme the more precious and amiable in his eyes. The second is, that shee once saw him kisse her in her presence in the garden, when she brought him a handkercher, which his Page had forgotten to give him. Ridiculous grounds, and triviall reasons, for her to build her feares, or erect her jealousie on, or to invent and raise so foule a scandall and calumny: and yet not to suppresse, but to report the whole truth, *De Merson* was laciviously in love with *Gratiana*, had often tempted her deflouration, but could never obtaine her consent thereunto: for shee was as chaste as faire, and impregnable, either to bee seduced by his gifts and presents, or to bee vanquished and wonne by his treacherous promises, protestations, and oathes: for she told him plainely and peremptorily, when she saw him begin to grow importunate, and impudent in this his folly, That although she were but a poore *Gentlemans* daughter, yet she thanked *God*, that her parents had so vertuously train'd her up in the Schoole of *Honour*, that she would rather dye, than live to be a strumpet to any Gentleman or Prince of the world: which chaste answer, and generous resolution of hers, did then so quench the flames of his lacivious and inordinate affection to her, as thenceforth he exchanged his lust into love towards her, and vowed, that he would both respect and honour her as his sister. Now although they both kept the passage of this businesse secret from his wife her Mistris, yet notwithstanding, as it is the nature of Iealousie, not to hearken to any reason, nor approve of any beliefe but of her owne: therefore shee is confident, that he lyes with *Gratiana* more oftner than with her selfe; which shee vowes shee cannot digest, and will no longer tolerate. To which end, (with a most malicious, and strange kind of treachery) shee makes faire weather with *Gratiana*; and (thinking to coole her hot courage, and to allay the heat of her luxurious blood) looking one day stedfastly in her face, she tels her that she hath need to be let blood, to prevent a Fever: whereunto, although chaste and innocent *Gratiana* was never formerly let blood, she notwithstanding willingly consents thereunto; which to effect, *La Vasselay* (like a base mistris, and a treacherous stepdame) sends for an *Apothecary*, named *Rennee*, gives him a watch-word in his eare, to draw at least sixteene ounces of blood from *Gratiana*, for that she was strongly entred into a burning Fever: But he being as honest as shee was treacherous and cruell, told her, that the drawing of so great a quantity of blood from her, might not only impaire her health, but indanger her life. But she replies, it was so ordered by a *Doctor*: whereupon he opens her right arme veyne; and as he had neere drawen so much from this poore harmelesse young *Gentlewoman*, shee faints twice in a chaire betwixt their armes, and all the cold water they threw in her face, could very hardly refetch her, and keepe life in her: this old hard-harted hag still notwithstanding crying out, that it was not blood enough: having no other reason for this her treachery and cruelty, but that indeed she thought it not enough, or sufficient to quench the unquenchable thirst and flame of her jealousie: of which

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this is the first effect towards this innocent young Gentlewoman, but wee shall not goe farre to see a second.

Gratiana is so farre from dreaming of her mistris jealousie towards her master, and her selfe; or from once thinking of this her treacherous letting her blood, as shee thankes her, for her affection and care of her health: and now the very next day after *De Mersus* dyning at home with his old wife, (which he had not done in many dayes before) and seeing *Gratiana* looke so white and pale, demaunds her if she bee not well, and then questioneth his wife what ayles her Gentlewoman to looke so ill, which she seemes to put off with a feigned excuse: but withall (as if this care of her husband towards *Gratiana*, were a true confirmation of their dishonesty, and her jealousie) she retaynes the memory thereof deepely in her heart and thoughts: yea, it is so frequent, and fixed in her Imaginations, as she cannot, she will not any longer suffer or indure this affection of her husband to *Gratiana*; nor that *Gratiana's* youth shall wrong *La Vasselay's* age in the rites and duties of marriage. Wherefore casting sad aspects on him, and malignant lookes on her, she to please and give satisfaction to her jealousie (which cannot bee pleased or satisfied with any thing but revenge) resolves to make her know what it is, for a waiting maid to offend and wrong her mistris in this kinde: when not to deminish, but rather to augment and redouble her former cruelty towards her. Her husband riding one day abroad in company of divers other *Gentlemen* of the City, to hunt Wolves which abound in those vast and spacious woods of *Maine*: shee under pretence of some other businesse, calls *Gratiana* alone into her inner chamber, when bolting the doore after her, she with meager and pale envy in her lookes, and implacable fury and choller in her speeches, chargeth her of dishonesty with her husband; calling her whore, strumpet, and baggage: affirming that the time and houre is now come for her to be revenged of her. Poore *Gratiana* both amazed and affrighted at this sudden and furious (both unexpected and undefiled alarum of her *Mistris*, seing her honour, and (as she thinkes and feares) her life called in question; she after a world of sighes and teares, tearmes her accusers devils and witches, vowes by her part in heaven, and upon the perill of her owne soule, that she is innocent of that crime whereof she accused her, and that neither indeed or thought, she was ever dishonest, or unchast with any man of the world, much lesse with her Master: But this will not satisfie incensed *La Vasselay*, neither are these speeches or teares of *Gratiana* of power to passe current with her jealousie; but reputing them false and counterfeit, shee cals in her chamber-maid, and cooke-maid, when shee had purposely led there, and bids them unstrip *Gratiana* naked to her waste, and to bind her hand and foot to the bed post, which with much repyning and pitty, they are at last inforced to do. When commanding them forth the chamber and bolting the doore after them, she not like a woman, but rather as a fury of hell, flies to poore innocent *Gratiana*, and with a great burchen rod, doth not onely raze but scarifie her armes, backe and shoulders: when harmelesse soule, she (though in vaine) having no other defensive weapons but her tongue, and her innocency, cries aloud to heaven and earth for succour. But this old hag as full of malice as jealousie, hath no compassion of her cries, nor pitty of her sighes: yea, neither the sight of her teares, or blood, (which trickling downe her cheekes and shoulders, doth both bedew, and ingraine her smocke) are of power to appease her fury and envy, untill having spent three rods, and tyred and wearied both her armes, shee in the heat of her choller, and the height of her revenge; delivers her these bitter and scoffing words. *Minion, this, this is the way, yea the onely way to coole the heate of thy courage, and to quench the fire of thy lust*; When calling in her two maids, she commands them to unbinde *Gratiana*, and to helpe on her clothes. When triumphing in her cruelty,

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ſhe furiouſly departs and leaves them; who cannot refraine from teares, to ſee how ſeverely and cruelly their *Miſtris* hath handled this her poore *Gentlewoman*.

Gratiana the better to remedy theſe her inſupportable and cruell wrongs, holds it diſcretion to deſemble them, and ſo providing herſelfe ſecretly of a horſe and man, ſhe the next night ſteales away; rides to *La Ferte*, and from thence to her father at *Nogent le Retron*, where he was ſuperintendant of the *Prince of Condes* houſe and Caſtle in that Towne; and where the *Princeſſe Dowager* his mother built vp the greateſt part of her ſorrowfull reſidence, whence, whiles he was detained priſoner in the Caſtle of *Boys de Vincennes* neere *Paris*: *La Vaſſelay* grieves at this her ſudden, and unexacted departure, the which ſhe feares her husband *De Merſon*, and her father *Mounſieur De Bremay* will take in ill part; wherein ſhee is no way deceived, for the one grieves, and the other ſtormes thereat: yea, when *De Merſon* (through flattery and threats) had drawne from the Chamber-maid and Cooke-maid, the truth of his wives cruell whipping of *Gratiana*, as alſo the cauſe thereof, her jealouſie: He juſtly incenſed and inraged, flies to this his ſottiſh and cruell wife, tells her, that jealouſie comes from the devill, whoſe part he affirmes ſhe hath acted, in acting this upon innocent *Gratiana*, then whom there lives not a chaſter maid in the world, That although ſhe were poore, yet, that ſhe was aſwell deſcended as her ſelfe. In which regard, if ſhe did not ſpeedily right and redeeme her wrongs, and ſeeke meanes to pacifie and recall her, that he would forth-with leave her, yea, and utterly forſake her. which cooling card of his to his wife, makes her looke on her former erronious cruelty towards *Gratiana*, rather with outward griefe, than inward repentance. But ſeeing that her jealouſie muſt now ſtoope and ſtrike ſaile, to her husbands *Choller*, and that to enjoy his company, ſhe muſt not be exempted and deprived of hers: ſhe contrary to her deſires and will, (which ſtill retaines the fumes and flames of jealouſie as that doth of revenge) is inforced to make a vertue of neceſſity, and ſo to beare up with the time, feigning her ſelfe repentant and ſorrowful for what ſhe had formerly done to *Gratiana*: ſhe to reclaime her, buyes her ſo much wrought black Taffety for a Gowne, and ſo much Crimſon Damaske for a Petticoate, and with a bracelet of Pearle which ſhe accuſtomed to weare upon her right arme; ſhe ſends it to *Nogent* to her by *La Violette*, a *Gentleman* of her husbands, and accompanieth it with a letter to her father, *Mounſieur de Bremay*, which contained theſe words.

La Vasselay to De Bremay.

HAving vindicated Truth *from* Error, *and metamorphoſed* Iealouſie *into* Iudgement, *I find that I have wronged thy daughter* Gratiana, *whereat I grieve, with contrition, and ſorrow with repentance, ſith my husbands vowes and oathes have fully cleared her* Honour *and* Chaſtity, *which my fooliſh incredulity and feare, raſhly attempted, both to ecclips and diſparage: In which regard, praying her to forgive, and thy ſelfe to forget that wrong; I earneſtly deſire her ſpeedy returne by this bearer, and yee both ſhall ſee, that I never formerly hated her ſo much, as henceforth I will both love and honour her: I have now ſent her ſome ſmall tokens of my affection; and ere long ſhe ſhall find greater effects and teſtimonies thereof; for knowing her to be as chaſt as faire; In this* De Bremay *I requeſt thee to reſt confident, that as ſhe is now thy daughter by* Nature, *ſo ſhe ſhall be henceforth mine by adoption.*

La Vasselay.

De Bremay having received this letter, and his daughter *Gratiana* theſe kind tokens from her *Miſtris La Vaſſelay*: his choller, and her griefe and ſorrow is ſoone defaced and blowne away: ſo hee well ſatisfied, and ſhe content and pleaſed, he ſends

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her backe from *Nogent* to *Mans* by *La Villette*, by whom he writes this ensuing letter to his *Mistris La Vasselay* in answer of hers.

DE BREMAY to LA VASSELAY.

THy Letter hath given me so much content and satisfaction, as thy undeserved cruelty to my daughter Gratiana *did griefe and indignation. And had shee beene guilty of that crime, whereof thy feare made thee jealous, I would for ever have renounced her for my daughter, and deprived her of my sight: for as her* Vertues *are her best wealth, and her* Honour *her chiefest revenew: so if shee had failed in these or faltered in this, I should then have joyned with thee to hate her, as I doe now to love her: But her* Teares *and* Oathes *have cleared her innocencie, and in hers, thy husbands. In which regard, relying upon her owne merits, and thy professed kindnesse; shee forgetting, and I forgiving things past, I now returne her thee by thy servant* La Villette; *hoping that if thou wilt not affect her as thy adopted* Daughter, *yet that thou wilt tender her as thy obedient and observant handmaid.*

DE BREMAY.

Gratiana's hopes, and her fathers credulity of *La Vasselaye's* future affection towards her, as also her giftes and promises, so farre prevaile with them, as she is now returned to her, from *Nogent* to *Mans*; But I feare she had done farre better to have still remained with her father; for she might consider, and he know, what little safety, and apparant danger, there is to rely upon the favour of an incensed jealousie: *La Vassolay* (in all outward shew) receives and welcomes *Gratiana* with many expressions of love, and demonstrations of joy, thereby to please her husband; who indeed likes so well of her returne, as he likes his wife the better for procuring it. And now to the eye of the world, and according to humane conceit and sense, all three parties are reconciled and satisfied, as if *La Vasselay's* jealousie had never heretofore offended her husband, nor her cruelty wronged *Gratiana*: or as if hee had never knowne the one, nor she felt the other. But wee shall not goe farre to see this calme ore-taken with a tempest, and this Sunne-shine surprised with a dismall and disasterous showre.

For three moneths were not fully expired, since *Gratiana's* returne to *Mans*, but *La Vasselayes* old jealousie of her, and her husband *De Merson*, which seemed to be suppressed and extinguished, doth now flash and flame forth anew with more violence and impetuosity; yea, he cannot looke on *Gratiana*, much lesse to speake to her, but presently this old jealous Beldame in her heart and thoughts, proclaimes them guilty of Adultery: whereat she indiscreetly suffers her selfe to be so farre transported with *Indignation* and *Envy*, as she vowes she will no longer tolerate or digest it. And now it is, that like a fury of hell she first assumes damnable and execrable resolutions, not onely against the Innocency, but against the life of innocent and harmelesse *Gratiana*; who poore soule is the neerer her danger, in respect shee holds her selfe farthest from it: yea, this jealous old Hagg, this Fury, nay, this she-Devill *La Vasselay*, hath not only consulted, but determined and concluded with her bloody thoughts, that she will speedily send *Gratiana* into another world; because her youth shall no longer abuse and wrong her age in this. When forgetting her selfe, her soule, and her God, thereby purposely to please her senses, her Ielousie, and her Tutor the Devill, shee vowes, that no respect of reason nor Religion, no consideration of Heaven or Hell, shall bee capable to divert her from dispatching her: yea, and as if shee not onely rejoyced, but glorified in this her pernitious and bloody designe, shee thinkes

every houre a yeare before she hath performed it: To which end, providiug her selfe of strong poyson; and watching, and catching at the very first opportunity, as soone as ever *Gratiana* found her selfe not wel, she under a colour of much affection and care to her, makes her some white broath, wherein infusing and intermixing the aforesaid poyson, she (gracelesly and cruelly) gives it her, the which within six daies fainting and languishing, makes a perpetuall divorce and separation betwixt her soule and her body, leaving this to descend to earth, and that to ascend to heaven, to draw downe vengeance to this hellish and execrable *La Vasselay*, for so inhumanly and cruelly murthering this her harmelesse and innocent waiting Gentlewoman *Gratiana*.

De Merson understanding of *Gratiana's* death, almost as soone as of her sicknesse, he very sorrowfully bites the lip thereat: for considering this accident in its true nature, his thoughts suggest him, and his heart and soule prompts him, that his wife *La Vasselay* had undoubtedly occasioned her death, and so metamorphosed her jealousie into murther; yea, and notwithstanding the faire and sorrowfull shew which she puts thereon to the contrary, yet the premisses considered, he is very confident in this his beleife and feare: when grieving at the cruelty of this disaster, and abhorring the author of so monstrous and bloody a fact; the very sight of this his old wretched wife is odious, and the remembrance of this her cruell crime, detestable and execrable unto him. Againe, when he considereth *Gratiana's* beauty and chastity, and that she was sent to her untimely grave for his sake, this doth not only redouble his sorrowes, but infinitely augment and increase his afflictions: so that beginning to feare his wives envy, as much as he hated her jealousie, in that it was not onely possible, but likely, that it might also futurely extend, and reflect on him, as well as it already had on harmelesse and innocent *Gratiana*, he assumes a resolution to leave and forsake her, the which we shall shortly see him put in execution; when the better to curbe and vex her, hee secretly packes up all her Bills, Bonds, Leases, and Conveyances, as also, all her Money, Plate, Iewels, and richest Housholdstuffe; and so giving out a prohibition to all the Tenants, not to dare to pay her any rent, he allowing her only a bare maintenance, very suddenly (when she least expected or dreamt thereof) takes horse, and rides home to his fathers, where he resolves, to make the greatest part of his residence; and all the reares and prayers of his wife, are not of power to reclaime or retaine him.

La Vasselay seeing the unkindnesse of her Husband *De Merson*, in making her a widdow, almost as soone as a wife; as also his ingratitude, in depriving her of the use and fruition of her owne estate and meanes, and leaving her so poore an allowance, as could scarce warrant her a competent maintenance, shee is almost ready to die for meere griefe and sorrow thereof, but how to remedy it, she knowes not: And now she repents her folly and indiscretion, in matching her aged selfe to so young a man as *De Merson*: now shee doth not only accuse, but condemne her owne jealousie, which drew her to this foule fact of murthering her harmelesse, and as shee now beleeves, her innocent Wayting-maid *Gratiana*; for which, this ingratefull departure, and hard usage of her husband, is but the least, and as she tearmes it, but the fore-runner of greater punishments, which *God* hath ordained and reserved for her: yea, it is not onely a griefe to her thoughts, but a vexation to her heart and soule, to see her selfe made the mocking-stocke and laughter of all *Mans*, and *Maine*, who rather excuse her husbands youth, then any way pitty or commiserate her age; and to see that the friends of her prosperity turne their backes and faces to her, in her affliction and poverty: and if she have any hope yet left, to assist and comfort her in these her calamities, it is by endeavouring to reconcile and reclaime her husband to her by

Letters:

Letters: when taking pen and paper, ſhe within a moneth of his departure, ſends him theſe few lines:

LA VASSELAY to DE MERSON.

SInce at thy requeſt I both recanted my Iealouſie *to thy ſelfe, and repented my* crueltie *to my maid* Gratiana, *what have I committed or done, that ſhould deſerve this thy ingratefull, and as I may truely ſay, Heart killing departure? for having made a moſt exact* Scruteny *in my thoughts and ſoule, either of them informe me, and both aſſure me, that the freeneſſe and fervency of my affection, towards thee, deſerved not ſo cruell, but a farre more courteous requitall. If my Age be any way diſpleaſing to thy youth, yet deprive me not of the felicity of thy ſight and preſence, wherein I not only delight, but glory. And although I can be content that thou ſurfet with my wealth, yet make me not ſo miſerable, as to ſtarve both in and for thy preſence. If any have given thee any ſiniſter or falſe impreſſions, either of my ſelfe or actions; why if thy affection to mee will not deface them, at leaſt let thy pitty: Yea, returne my ſweet and deare* Husband, *and what errors or faults ſoever thou ſaieſt I have committed, I will not onely redeeme them with kiſſes, but with teares.*

LA VASSELAY.

De Merſon hauing received this his wives Letter, it workes ſuch poore effects in his affection, as he doth rather rejoyce then commiſerate her eſtate and ſorrowes; yea, he ſo ſleights her and her remembrance, as once he hadthought to have anſwered her Letter with ſilence; but at laſt he (ſome eight daies after) returnes her this anſwer:

DE MERSON to LA VASSELAY.

WHat hope can I have of thy Affection, *when I ſee thou art inviolably conſtant to thy* Iealouſie; *and if the* Scruteny *of thy thoughts and ſoule be as true as thou pretendeſt, yet I feare that this Iealouſie of thine, is not the greateſt, but the leaſt of thy crimes. Thou writeſt to me, that I give a cruell requitall to thy affection, but pray* God, *thou have not given a more ſharpe and inhumane one to* Gratiana's *ſervice and* Chaſtity: *Neither is it thy* Age, *but thy* Imperfections *and* Vices, *which are both diſpleaſing and odious to my youth: for I could brooke that with as much patience, as I can digeſt theſe with impoſſibilities. If thou want meanes, I will grant thee more; but for my preſence, I have many reaſons to deny thee. I know none but thy ſelfe, which hath given me any impreſſions of thy actions; and if thoſe were falſe, they would prove thy true happineſſe, as now they doe thy miſery, which, my affection doth pitty, though cannot redreſſe. It is but in vaine for thee, either to expect or hope for my returne; and ſith thy faults and errors are beſt knowne to thy ſelfe, let thy repentance redeeme them towards* God: *for neither thy kiſſes nor teares, can or ſhall to me.*

DE MERSON.

This Letter of *De Merſon* to his wife *La Vaſſelay*, is ſo farre from comforting, as it doth moſt extreamely afflict her: And although his diſcontents be ſuch, as ſhe ſees it almoſt impoſſible to reconcile and reclaime him: yet being exceedingly perplexed and

and grieved with this her solitary and discontented life, she yet hopes that a second Letter may obtaine that of him, which her first could not: when six moneths time being now slipt away since his departure, shee faigning herselfe sicke, writes unto him againe to this effect.

La Vasselay to De Merson.

THy absence hath so deprived my joyes, and engendred my sorrowes, that Sicknesse threatens my life to bee neere her period: So among a world of discontents, let mee yet beare this one Content to my grave, that I may once more see thee, whom so tenderly I both desire, and long to see: and if I cannot bee so happy as to live, at the least make mee so fortunate, as to dye in thine Armes: which I know not whether it be a greater Charity for thee to grant, or a Cruelty to deny mee this request of mine: For my Deare De Merson, *if thou wilt not bee pleased to be my Husband, yet bee not offended to remember that I am thy wife; and withall, that as I desire thy returne, so that I have not deserved thy departure: But if thou wilt still be inexorable to my requests, these Lines of mine, which I write thee rather with Teares then Inke, shall beare witnesse betwixt thy selfe and me, of my Kindnesse, of thy Cruelty, and how my Life sought thy Affection, though my Death could neither finde, nor obtaine it.*

La Vasselay.

De Merson reades this Letter with laughter; yea, hee is so insensible of her Lines, Requests, and Teares, as if another had sent him newes of her Death, as shee her selfe did of her Sickenesse, it had beene farre more pleasing, and better welcome to him. But thinking how to gall her to the quicke, to the end he might henceforth save her the labour to write him any more Letters, and himselfe to receive and peruse them, hee returnes her this sharpe and bitter answer:

De Merson to La Vasselay.

IT is thy Errour, not my Absence, which hath exchanged thy Ioyes into Sorrowes; and if thy life draw neare her period, they cannot bee farre from theirs. My sight is a poore content for thee to beare to thy grave, sith as a Christian, *thou shouldest delight to see none but thy* Saviour, *nor bee Ambitious to live in any armes but his: and if thou hold not this to be Charity, I know others cannot repute it Cruelty. That I am thy* Husband *I graunt, and that thou art my* Wife, *I not deny: But yet I feare thy heart knowes, though thy Pen affirmes the contrary, that I have farre more reason for my departure, then thou to desire my returne. And if thou wilt yet know more, if the Inke wherewith thou writest thy Letter be Teares, pray* God *thou diddest not bedeawe* Gratiana's *Winding-sheete and Coffin, both with her Teares, and Blood: for haddest thou not beene cruell, yea, inhumane to her, I would never have beene unkinde to thee: And to conclude, live as happy, as I feare her death will make thee dye miserable.*

De Merson.

The receit and perusall of this Letter doth not only grieve but afflict and torment *La Vasselay:* for the very remembrance of *De Merson* his suspition and apprehension, that she had a hand in the death of *Gratiana*, doth as it were pierce her heart,

as well with feare as sorrow: for as her poverty lay before at his mercy, so now shee knowes doth her life; and that fith hee will not love her, hee may chance so maligne and hate her, as to reveale it. Whereupon to secure her feare, and to warrant the safety of her life, she soone exchangeth her love into hatred, and her affection and jealousie, into envy towards him; yea, her inraged and incensed thoughts, engender and imprint such bloody designes of revenge in her heart, as abandoning the feare and grace of *God*, she impiously concludes a match with the Devill, to dispatch and murther him; and from which bloody and damnable designe, no regard of *God*, or her *Soule*, nor respect of *Heaven* or *Hell*, can or shall divert her: when overpassing a small parcell of time, wherein shee ruminated and pondered, how shee should send him from this life to another: at last her malicious curiosity makes her thoughts fall on *La Villette*, being his Gentleman, who still followed him, as holding him a fit Agent to attempt, and instrument to finish this bloody businesse, which so much imported her content and safety; grounding her reasons upon the greatnesse of his heart and mind, and the weakenesse of his purse and meanes, as if poverty were a sufficient cause, and priviledge to commit so treacherous and bloody a fact: When knowing him to bee then in *Mans*, receiving up his Masters Rents, she sends for him, to whom (the doore bolted) she tells him she is to request his secrecy in a businesse which infinitely tends to his good. He promiseth it her: but she will have him sweare thereunto, which he doth: when with sighes and teares making a bitter invective, and recapitulation of her Husband, his master undeserved indignity and cruelty towards her; she then and there makes a proposition to him, to murther him for her, and that shee will give him a thousand crownes to effect it. *La Villette* seeing the greatnesse of the danger, in that of the crime, seemes not only discontented, but amazed hereat: for although he love gold well, yet he will not purchase it at so deare a rate, and base and damnable a price, as that of his masters blood: when seeing she could not prevaile, she againe puts him in minde of his oath to secrecy; which he againe vowes never to infringe or violate: and withall, like a good servant, seekes to disswade and divert her from such bloody thoughts and attempts. Had *La Villette* remained in the purity and candeur of this his Religious and Christian Resolution, not to imbrue or distaine his hands in the innocent blood of his Master, it would have made him as happy, as wee shall shortly see him miserable in attempting and executing the contrary: for as a propension and resolution to *Vertue*, breeds not only *Honour*, but safety; so the contrary effects thereof, produce not onely shame, but misery. To foresee sinne, is a pious wisdome; but to prevent and eschew it, is alwayes a most wise and blessed piety.

And whereas *Time* should rather decrease then increase, and rather root out, then plant *Malice* in our thoughts, and *Envy* in our Resolutions; yet directly contrary, that of *La Vasselay* to her husband *De Merson*, doth not dye, but live, will not fade but flourish: for a moneth or two more being run out, and expired, and *La Villette* againe in *Mans*, her malice unto her husband is so inveterate and implacable, as shee againe sends for him to her house, where (in great secresie and intended affection) she tels him, that if he will murther his master, she within six moneths will marry him in requitall, and not onely live his faithfull wife, but dye his obedient and constant handmaid. Now although her first proffer of a thousand crownes could not procure of *La Villette*, these her sugred speeches, which she intermixeth with kisses, and the consideration of so many thousands, which her estate not onely promiseth, but assureth, doth; so as forgetting his former vertue, to remember his future vice, hee (like a damnable villaine) sweares to her to effect it: which wretched Verball contract, they enterchangeably seale with oathes and kisses, which (if they

they had had any feare of God, or care of their ſalvations) they ſhould have deteſted with horror, and abhorred with deteſtation: neither will his malice (or the Devill the Author thereof) give him leave to protract or deferre it: for having reſolved to murther him as hee rides abroad; his maſter on a time being invited to a generall hunting, by the *Baron* of Saint *Suſanna* (ſonne and heire to *Mounſieur de Varennes*) at his ſaid Towne of *Suſanna*, as hee came riding homewards towards his Fathers houſe of *Manfrelle*, he in the midſt of a great wood, neere unto the ſmall village of Saint *Georges*, riding behind his maſter, diſchargeth his Piſtoll, loaden with a brace of bullets thorow his reynes, which makes him inſtantly fall off dead from his horſe to the ground. When this helliſh ſervant *La Villette*, ſeeing his maſter devoyd of breath, and groveling and weltring in his blood, hee having acted the part of a ſinfull Devill in committing this cruell murther, now reſolves to aſſume, and repreſent that of a ſubtill Hypocrite in concealing it: when determining to report that they were both aſſaulted, and his maſter ſlaine by theeves; he to make all his actions conduce and looke that way, chargeth his Piſtoll againe with another brace of bullets, and ſhoots thorow his owne hat, gives himſelfe a cut ore his left hand, and then breakes his Rapier, takes his owne Piſtoll, and his Maſters Rapier, and throwes it into a Pond cloſe adjoyning; takes likewiſe his maſters purſe and watch forth his pocket, and hides it ſecretly: and then the more cunningly and knaviſhly to bleare and deceive the eies of the world thereby to make this his hypocriſie paſſe the currenter, he having purpoſely provided himſelfe of two ſmall cords, with the one he binds both his owne feet, and with the other (by a pretty ſleight) ſlips therein his armes behind his backe, and then ſetting himſelfe againſt a tree, he very pittifully weepes, groanes, and cryes out upon the theeves and murtherers of his Maſter *De Merſon*: when three *Gentlemen* of Brittaine, travelling that way toward *Paris*, repaire to his aſſiſtance, whom they finde out by his cryes: to whom he relates that five theeves had aſſaulted his maſter and himſelfe, that he fought in the defence as long as his ſword held, that his maſter was kild with a Piſtoll, then robd, and himſelfe ſhot thorow, and wounded, and bound as they ſaw. When theſe three *Britiſh Gentlemen*, grieving at this mournefull accident, and bloody ſpectacle, they inſtantly cut the cords wherewith hee was bound, and ſo having conveyed the dead corps to the next Cottage, they runne up and downe the wood to find out theſe theeves and murtherers, but in vaine: ſo *La Villette* having thanked theſe *Gentlemen* for their affection and charity toward his dead maſter, and living ſelfe: He with a wonderfull exteriour ſhew of ſorrow, takes care for the ſpeedy and decent tranſporting home of his breathleſſe Maſter to *Manfrelle*: where his mournefull Father receives, and buries him with infinite griefe, lamentation, and teares.

In the meane time, this murtherous *La Villette* gives private intelligence thereof to the bloody *La Vaſſelay*, who although ſhe inwardly receives this newes with extreame content and joy, to ſee her ſelfe freed of ſo unkind and ingratefull a husband; yet publikely to the eye of the world (thereby the better to delude and deceive the world) ſhe contrarywiſe takes on blackes, ſeeming to be exceedingly mournefull, penſive, and ſorrowfull thereat: but *God* will ſhortly diſcover the falſhood of theſe her teares,; and in the triumphes of his revenge, pull off the maske of this her diſſembling and treacherous Hypocriſie: For as *Mans*, *Lavall*, *Angiers*, and all the adjacent Townes and Countryes, grieve at this lamentable murther of *De Merſon*: ſo they as much admire and wonder to ſee his old widow *La Vaſſelay* ſo ſhortly married and eſpouſed to his *Gentleman La Villette*, whoſe Nuptials are celebrated and conſummated far within the tearm of ſix moneths after. For the curious wits of theſe Cities and Countryes, conſidering what a prepoſterous courſe and reſolution this

was

was for her to marry her husbands man, and withall, so soone; as also that there was none other present but himselfe, when his Master *De Merson* was murthered, it is ambragious; and leaves a spice of feare, and sting of suspition in their heads; that there was more in the wind then was yet knowne, and therefore knowing no more, they deferre the detection thereof, to the providence and pleasure of *God*, who best, yea, who only knowes in *Heaven*, how to conduct and mannage the actions here below on *Earth*: and now indeed the very time is come, that the Lord will no longer permit these their cruell and bloody murthers to bee concealed, but will bring them foorth to receiue condigne punishment; and for want of other evidence, and witnesses, they themselves, shall be witnesses against themselves. And although *La Vasselay's* poysoning of *Gratiana*, and *La Villette* pistolling of his master *De Merson*, were cunningly contrived, and secretly perpetrated; yet we shall see the last of these bloody murthers occasion the discovery and detection of the first, and both of them most severely and sharpely punished for these their bloody crimes and horrible offences. *The manner is thus.*

These two execrable wretches, *La Villette*, and *La Vasselay* have not lived married above some seaven or eight monthes, but he being deepely in Law with *Monsieur De Manfrelle*, his *Predecessors* father, for the detention of some lands and writings, hee takes an occasion to ride home to his house of *Manfrelle* to him, to conferre of the differences, and by the way falls into the company of some *Merchants* of *Lavall*, and *Vitry*, who were returning from the faire of *Chartres*: when riding together for the space of almost a whole dayes journey; the secret providence, and sacred pleasure of God had so ordained, that *La Villettes* horse who bore him quietly and safely before, on a Sunday, first goes back-wards in despight of his spur or swich, and then standing an end on his two hind legges, falls quite backe with him, and almost breakes the bulke and trunke of his body: when having hardly the power to speake, his breath fayling him, and hee seeing no way but death for him, and the hideous image thereof apparantly before his eyes, the Spirit of *God* doth so operate with his flintefell soule, as hee there confesseth how his wicked wife *La Vasselay* had caused him to murther his master *De Merson*, whom he shot to death with his Pistoll; that shee first seduced him with a thousand Crownes to performe it, which he refused; but then her consent to marry him, made him not onely attempt, but finish that bloody businesse, whereof now from his very heart and soule he repented himselfe, and beseeched the Lord to forgive it him.

But here before the *Readers* curiosity carry him further, let me in the name and feare of God, both request and conjure him, to stand amazed, and wonder with me, at his sacred providence, and inscrutable wisdome and judgement, which most miraculously concurres and shines in this accident, and especially in three essentiall and most apparant circumstances thereof: For it was on the very same horse, the same day twelve moneth, and in the very same wood, and place, where this execrable wretch *La Villette* formerly murthered his master *De Merson*: Famous, and notorious circumstances, which deserve to be observed, and remarked of all the children of God; yea, and to be imprinted and ingraven in their hearts and memories, thereby to deter vs from the like crimes of murther.

Now these honest Merchants of *Lavall*, and *Vitry* (as much in charity to *La Villettes* life, as in execration of that confessed murther of his Master *De Merson*) convey him to an Inne in Saint *Gorges*, when expecting every minute, that he would dye in their hands, they send away post to advertise the *Presidiall Court* of *Mans* hereof, (within whose Iurisdiction Saint *Gorges* was) who speedily command *La Villette* to be brought thither to them alive or dead. But *God* reserved him from that natural, to

more infamous death, and made him live till he came thither; where againe he confesseth this his foule murther of his master *De Merson*, and likewise accuseth *La Vasselay* to bee the sole instigator thereof, as we have formerly heard and understood. Whereupon he is no sooner examined, but this bloody old Hagge is likewise imprisoned: who with many asseverations and teares, denies, and retorts this foule crime from her selfe to him. But her Iudges are too wise to beleeve the weakenesse and invalidity of this her fooliſh justification: So whiles they are consulting on her; *De Bremay* having notice of all these accidents, but especially, of *La Vasselay's* imprisonment; he (still apprehending and fearing, that she undoubtedly was the death of his daughter *Gratiana*) takes Poste from *Nogent* to *Mans*, where hee accuseth her thereof to the *Cryminell Iudges*, of the *Presidiall Court*: who upon these her double accusation, adjudge her to the Racke, when at the very first torment thereof, shee at last (preferring the life of her soule, before that of her body) confesseth her selfe to be the Actor of her first crime of *Murther*, and the *Author* of the second: when, and whereupon the *Iudges* (resembling themselves) in detestation, and for expiation of these her foule crimes, condemne him to be hangd, and she to be burnt alive; which the next day, at the common place of execution (neere the *Halles* in *Mans*, is accordingly executed, in the presence, and to the content of a world of people of that City, who as much abhorre the enormity of these their bloody crimes, as they rejoyce and glorifie God, for this their (not so severe, as deserved) punishments.

As for *La Villette* he (like an impious Christian) said little else, but that which he had formerly spoken and delivered in the wood, at the receiving of his fall: onely hee said, That he had well hoped, that his great wealth which hee had with *La Vasselay*, would have sheltred and preserved him from this infamous death for murthering her Husband, and his master, *De Merson*.

But as for this bloody Beldam, and wretched old Fury, *La Vasselay*, she was content to grieve at *Gratiana's* death, though not to lament or pity that of her Husband *De Mersons*: yea, and although she seemed to blame her jealousie towards her; yet her age was so wretchedly instructed in piety, as she could not find in her heart either to make an *Apologie*, or any way to seeme repentant for her inhumane cruelty towards him: For as she demanded pardon of *De Bremay* for poysoning his daughter, so she spake not a word tending that way, to *Manfrelle*, for causing his sonne to be pistoll'd; only in particular teatmes, she requested *God* to forgive the vanity of her youth; and in generall ones, the world to forget the offences and crimes of her age: And so conjuring all old Widdowes and Wives, to beware by her mournful and execrable example; her flames and prayers made expiation for the offence of her body, and her soule mounted and fled to *Heaven*, to crave remission and pardon of *God*, who was the only *Creator* of the one, and *Redeemer* of the other.

And such were the deplorable, yet deserved ends of this bloody, and wretched couple, *La Vasselay* and *La Villette*, for so cruelly murthering harmelesse *Gratiana*, and innocent *De Merson*: And thus did *Gods* all-seeing, and sacred Justice, justly triumph ore these their crying and execrable crimes. O that their examples may engender and propagate our reformation; and that the reading of this their lamentable *History*, may teach us, not only how to meditate thereon, but also how to amend thereby.

GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE CRYING AND Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XIV.

Fidelia *and* Cælestina *cause* Carpi *and* Monteleone, *with their two Laquays*, Lorenzo *and* Anselmo, *to murther their Father Captaine* Benevente, *which they performe.* Monteleone, *and his Laquay* Anselmo *are drowned*, Fidelia *hangs her selfe*, Lorenzo *is hanged for a robbery, and on the gallowes confesseth the murthering of* Benevente, Carpi *hath his right hand then his head cut off*; Cælestina *is beheaded and her body burnt.*

OUr best parts being our Vertues, and our chiefe and Soveraigne Vertue, the purity and sanctity of our selves; how can we neglect those, or not regard this, except we resolve to see our selves miserable in this life, and our soules wretched in that to come: and as charity is the cyment of our other vertues, so envie (her opposite) is the subversion of this our charity; from whence flowes rage, revenge, and many times murther, (her frequent (and almost) her inseperable companions:) but of all degrees of malice and envie, can there be any so inhumane and diabolicall, as for two graceless daughters to plot the death of their owne father, and to seduce and obtaine their two lovers to act and performe it; whereof in this insuing History, we shall see a most barbarous and bloody president, as also their condigne punishments afflicted on them for the same. In the reading whereof, O that we may have the grace by the sight of these their fearefull crimes and punishments, to reforme and prevent our owne; that wee may loathe all their cruelty with charity, on their rage with reason, on their errors with compassion, on their desperation, with pitty, and on their inhumanity with pious; that the meditation and contemplation thereof, may terrifie our mother, quench both the fire of our lust, and the flames of our revenge; so shall our faiths be fortified, our passions

reformed,

reformed, our affections purified, and our actions eternally both blessed and sanctified: to which end, I have written and divulged it. So Christian Reader, if thou make this thy end in perusing it, thou wilt then not faile to receive comfort thereby: and therefore faile not to give God the Glory.

MAny yeeres since the Duke of *Offuna* (under the command of *Spaine*) was made *Viceroy* of the Noble Kingdome of *Naples*, the which hee governed with much reputation and honour, although his fortunes or actions (how justly or unjustly I know not) have since suffered and received an Eclipse. In the City of *Otranto*, within the *Province* of *Apulia*, there dwelt an ancient rich and valiant *Gentleman*, (nobly descended) tearmed Captaine *Benevente*, who by his deceased Lady *Sophia Elianora*, (Niece to the Duke of *Piombino*,) had left him two daughters and a sonne, he tearmed *Seignior Richardo Alcasero*, they two, the Ladies *Fidelia* and *Cælestina*, names indeed, which they will no way deserve; but from whom they will solely dissent and derogate, through their hellish vices, and inhumane dispositions to blood and murther: wee may grace our names, but our names cannot grace us. *Alcasero* lives not at home with his father, but for the most part at *Naples*, as a chiefe *Gentleman* retayning to the *Viceroy*: where he profiteth so well in riding and tilting (a noble vertue and exercise, (beyond all other *Italians*) naturall and hereditary to the *Neopolitans*,) that he purchased the name of a bold and brave Cavalier, but for *Fidelia* and *Cælestina*, the clockes of their youth having stroke twenty, and eighteene, the Captaine their father, (thinking it dangerous to have Ladies of their yeeres and descent farre from him) keepes them at home, that his care might provide them good husbands, and his eye prevent them from matching with others. It is as great a blessing in children to have loving Parents, as for them to have obedient children, and had their obedience answered his affection, and their duty his providence: wee had not seene the Theatre of this their History so besprinckled, and gored with such great effusion of blood.

This Captaine *Benevente* their father, (for his blood, wealth, and generosity) was beloved and honoured of all the Nobility of *Apulia*, and for his many services, both by sea and land, was held in so great esteeme in *Otranto*, that his house was an *Academie*, where all the Gallants both of City and Country reforted to backe great Horses, to run at the Ring, and to practise other such Courtly and Martiall Exercises, whereunto this old *Captaine*, as well in his age, as youth, was exceedingly addicted: so as the beauty of his two daughters, *Fidelia*, and *Cælestina* could not be long, either unseene, or unadmired,: for they grew so perfectly faire, of so sweet complexions, and proper statures, that they were justly reputed and held to be the *Paragons* of *Beautie*, not only of *Apulia*, but of *Italy*: so as beauty being the Gold and Diamonds of *Nature*; this of theirs (so sweet in its influence, and so excellent and delicious in that sweetnesse) drew all mens eyes to love them, many mens hearts to adore them: so had they beene as rich in Vertue, as in Beauty, they had lived more fortunate, and neither their friends nor enemies should have lived to have seene them die so miserably; for now that proves their ruine, which might have beene their glory. They are both of them sought in marriage, by many *Barons* and *Caviliers*, as well at home as abroad, but the *Captaine* their father will not give care, nor hearken to any, nor once permit that such motion be moved him: They are so immodest, as they grieve hereat, and are so extreamly sorrowfull, to see that a few yeares past away, makes their Beauties rather fade than flourish: where *Vertue* graceth not *Beauty*, as well as *Beauty*, *Vertue*, it is often a presage and fore-runner of a fortune as fatall, as miserable.

But

But as their thoughts were too impatient and immodest, to give way to such incontinent and irrigular conceits; so on the other side, the *Captaine* their father, was too severe, and withall too unkind, I may say, cruell, to hinder them from *Marriage*, sith their beauty and age had long since made them both meritorious and capable of it: It was in them immodestie; in him, unkindenesse, to propose such ends, to their desires and resolutions: for as hee hath authority to exact obedience from them, so have they likewise reason to expect fatherly affection, and care from him. But hee is more affected and addicted to his wealth and covetousnesse, then inclined to regard his daughters content; and therefore is fully resolved, not as yet to marry them, which is a resolution better left then imbraced, and infringed then kept of him; sith it may bring foorth effects contrary both to his hopes and desires. It is commonly dangerous for *Parents*, to content themselves with their childrens discontents: for where *Nature* is crossed, it many times degenerates, and prooves unnaturall, as the *Cataracts* of *Nilus* make it submerge and wash *Egypt* with her inundation: But *Fidelia* and *Cælestina*, will make triall of one invention and conclusion more before they will give way to their distaste, or strike saile to their choller or revenge. They see their father is resolute, and severe in nipping their hopes, and crossing their desires of marriage; and yet they hope, that although they cannot prevaile with him, that their brother *Alcasero* may: to which end, the sooner to obtaine and crowne their desires with content, they consult together, and so by a confident friend of theirs, send him this Letter to *Naples*.

FIDELIA and CÆLESTINA to [redacted]. *Alcasero.*

DIspayring of our Fathers resolution to marry vs, we have no other refuge or recourse, but to thy selfe, and thy affection, in requesting thee powerfully to solicite him herein that hee may not preferre his gold before our content, and consequently his hopes before our dispaire: neither could our hearts or thoughts perswade vs, either to imploy or acquaint any other but thy selfe with these our desires, which Modestie *would have suppressed, but that* Truth *contradicted and opposed it: for his severity and cruelty is such towards us, that although wee are sought in marriage by divers* Cavaliers *our Superiours, yet he will not permit us to be seene, much lesse to bee wedded of any. Ioyne then thy power to our wishes and prayers, and thy affection to the procuring of our contents; and we then doubt not, but to be as happy in a* Brother, *as otherwise we feare, we shall see our selves unfortunate, yea, miserable in a* Father: *and as thou canst not forget our descent and Blood; so we zealously pray and beseech thee to remember, if not our Beauty, our Youth.*

FIDELIA.

CÆLESTINA.

Their Brother receives this their Letter: he is toobrave, generous, and courteous, to be unkind to any, especially to young Ladies, & most especially to his sisters, whose content he makes and reputes his owne. He comes to *Otranto*, deales effectually with the *Captaine* his father herein, who gives them this answer: That he hath provided the *Baron* of *Carpi* for *Fidelia*, and the Knight *Bartholomeo Monte-leone* for *Cælestina*, and that within fifteene dayes they are to come to *Otranto* to see them: which newes doth exceedingly rejoyce first himselfe, then his sisters: but their joy shall not last long, but be buried as soone as borne. Within the prefixed time these two Noble men come, but they are hatefull, and not pleasing to *Fidelia* and *Cælestina*, for the *Baron* of *Carpi* is crook-backt, and squint-eyed, and *Monte-leone* is lame of one leg. These

Ladies

Ladies valew their beauty at too high a rate, to bestow it on such deformed husbands; and although *Venus* accepteth of *Vulcan*, yet they will have none of these; because they deeme no hell to that of a discontented bed: heretofore they wished for Sutors, and now they wish they were well ridde of these; and so sacrificing to their owne contents, they set up this resolution in their hearts and soules, that they will rather dye maidens, then live to see themselves wives to such husbands. Their father receives *Carpi* and *Monte-leone* curteously, and entertaines them nobly, according to their ranke and merits: he tells his daughters plainely, that they shall marry these, and none others. Thus the Barke of these their resolutions, are surprisd and beaten with two cantrary winds: he will bee obeyed of his daughters, and they will be commanded of their father in all things, but not in this of their Marriage.

It is never good for parents, to force the affections of their children in their marriages, sith it is a businesse which not only lives, but dies with them; but withall, their owne wills must neither be their law, nor their guide: for their Parents have, (or at least should have) more experience and judgement then they, to see who are, and who are not fit matches for them: But where authority opposeth affection, or affection, reason, there such marriages are still ushered on with discontent, and wayted and attended on with misery. Likewise, there is a great respect and consideration to be observed by Parents, in the inclinations and natures of their children: for some will be perswaded, or reproved with a word, whereas others will become more headstrong and rebellious with menaces and threats. Had this Captaine attempted and practised the first, and not the second towards these two Ladies his daughters, peradventure they had never leapt from reason to rage, from obedience to contempt, nor from hope to despaire; yea, I dare presume to averre with truth and safety, that wee should have seene them all as happy, as I now feare wee shall see them miserable.

But to proceed with their History, they are pressed by the Captaine their father, and importuned by the two noble men their Sutors, to finish and confirme these contracts. But *Fidelia* and *Cælestina* with a true semblance of distaste, and yet a false shew of curtesie, give the deniall to their father in particular tearmes, and to them in generall: He stormes at their disobedience, and they impute this excuse of theirs, to modesty, rather than unkindnesse: They flatter themselves with this hope, that sith they are faire, they must be courteous, and cannot be cruell: or if the contrary, that the Captaine their father will so manage his daughters affections, as all things shall sort to their desires and expectations; but they shall come too short of their hopes: for they are neither reserved for the Ladies, nor the Ladies for them: but whiles thus they are busie in advancing the processe of their affections, *Fidelia* and *Cælestina* attempt a contrary enterprise: for they with teares and prayers, request their brother *Alcasero*, importunately to solicite their Father in their behalfe: that he will not enforce them to marry those whom they cannot affect, much lesse obey: which like a noble and deare brother hee performes with much zeale and perswasion: but he cannot prevaile with him, nor bring them any other answer, then that they must and shall marry them, and onely them.

Had this resolution of their father beene more courteous and lesse rigorous towards his daughters, this History of theirs had not deserved so much pitty, and compassion, nor would have drawen so many sighes from the hearers, or teares from the Readers: for now seeing their father cruelly resolved to offer violence to their affections, they begin to hate him, because he will not better love them. And here (O here) they enter into devillish machinations, and hellish conspiracies against him: for as hee plots their discontents, so doe they his destruction. *Fidelia* and *Cæle-*

stina see their blood, and cause one, and therefore so they pretend shall be their fortunes: they would reveale their intents and designes each to other; but the fact is so foule and unnaturall, as for a whiles they cannot but they need no other Oratory then their owne sullen and discontented lookes, for either of them may read a whole Lecture of griefe and choller in each others eyes, till at length tyred with the importunity of their father, and the impatiency of *Carpi*, and *Monteleone*: *Fidelia* as the more audacious of the two, first breakes it to her sister *Celestina*, in this manner. That shee had rather die, then bee compelled to marry one whom shee cannot affect: that the *Baron* of *Carpi* is not for her, nor shee for him; and that sith her father is resolute in this match, (although shee bee his daughter) shee had rather see him laid in his grave, then her selfe in *Carpies* bedde. There needs not many reasons, to perswade that which we desire, For *Celestina* tells her sister plainely, that shee (in all points) joynes and concurres in opinion with her, adding withall, that the sooner their father is dispatched, the better; because shee knowes they shall never receive any content on *Earth*, till he be in *Heaven*: and so they conclude he shall dye.

But *alas*, what hellish and devillish daughters are these, to seeke the death of their father, of whom they have received their lives? who ever read of a *Parracide* more inhumanely cruell, or impiously bloody? so if ever murther went unrevenged, this will not; for wee shall see the Authors and Actors thereof most severely punished for the same. Men and women may be secret in their sinnes, but *God* will be just in his decrees, and sacred in his judgements: what a religious resolution had it beene in them, to have retyred, and not advanced in this their damnable attempt; but they are too prophane, to have so much pitty, and too outragious to hearken to this religious reason: yea, they are too impious to hearken to *Grace*, and too revengefull and Bloody minded, to give eare either to *Reason*, *Dutie*, or *Religion*. So now like two incensed and implacable furies, they consult how and in what manner they may free themselves of their father: *Fidelia* proposeth divers degrees and severall sorts of murthers, but *Celestina* likes none of them; in some she finds too much danger, in others too little assurance; and therefore as young as she is, she invents, a plot as strange as subtil, and as malicious & diabolicall as strange: she informes her, that to be rid of her father, there cannot be a securer course then to engage the *Baron* of *Carpi*, and the Knight of *Monteleone* to murther him: *Fidelia* wonders hereat, saying, it will be impossible for them to be drawne to performe it, sith they both know and see, that the *Captaine* their father loves them so well, as will or nill, they must be their husbands. But *Celestina's* revengefull plot is further fetcht, and more cunningly spunne: for she hath not begun it, to leave it raw and unfinished; but is so confident in her devillish industry, as shee affirmes she will perfect and make it good. *Fidelia* demands how. *Celestina* answereth, That they both must make a feigned and flattering shew, to change their distaste, and now to affect *Carpi*, and *Monteleone*, whom before they could not: that having in this manner drawne them to their lure, when they attempt to urge marriage, they shall both agree to enforme them, that it is impossible for them to obtaine it, whiles the Captaine their father lives, sith albeit in outward appearance hee make a faire shew to make them their husbands; yet that he meanes and intends nothing lesse; for that he hath given them expresse charge and command (at any hand) not to love or affect them; which is the maine and sole cause, that hath so long withheld them from making sooner demonstrations of their affections towards them: and this (quoth shee) will occasion and provoke them to attempt it; adding, that by this meanes, they may give two strokes with one stone, and so not onely be rid of our father, but likewise of *Carpi* and *Monteleone*,

one, who peradventure may bee apprehended, and executed for the fact; and for our safegard and security, wee will powerfully conjure and sweare them to secresie.

There is no web finer then that of the *Spider*, nor treachery subtiller than that of a woman, especially if she contemne Charity for Revenge, her Soule for her Body, *God* for *Sathan*, and consequently *Heaven* for *Hell*: how else could this young Lady lodge so revengefull a heart in so sweet a Body, or shroud such bloody conceits and inventions under so faire and so beautifull complexion.

But the *Panther*, though his skinne bee faire, yet his breath is infectious: and we many times see, that the foulest Snake lurkes under the greenest and beautifullest leaves. *Fidelia* gives an attentive eare to this her sisters bloody *Stratagem* and designe: shee findes it sure, and the probabilities thereof apparant and easie, and therefore approves of it. So these two beautifull, yet bloody sisters vow, without delay, to set it on foot, and in practise. It is the Nature of *Revenge*, to looke forwards, seldome backewards: but did wee measure the beginning by the end, as well as the end by the beginning, our affections would savour of farre more Religion, and of farre lesse impiety, and we should then rejoyce in that which we must now repent, but cannot remedy. They take time at advantage, and pertinently acquaint *Carpi*, and *Monteleone* with it. The passions of affection proove often more powerfull then those of Reason, they suffer themselves to be vanquished and led away by the pure beauty and sweet *Oratory* of these two discontented and treacherous Ladies, without considering what poyson lurkes under their speeches, and danger under their tongues. They commit a grosse and maine error, in relying more on the daughters youth, then the fathers gravity; on their verball, then his reall affection; and so they ingage themselves to the daughters, in a very short time to free them of the *Captaine* their father. It was a base vice in Gentlemen of their ranke, to violate the Lawes of Hospitality, in so high a degree, as to kill him, who loved them so dearely, and entertained them so curteously; and it is strange, that both their humours were so strangely vitious, as to concurre and sympathize in the attempt of this execrable murther: But what cannot vice performe, or Ladies procure of their Lovers, at least if they love Beauty better then Vertue, and Pleasure, then Piety.

Captaine *Benevente* is many times accustomed after dinner to ride to his Vineyard, and now and then to *Alpiata*, a neighbour village, where hee is familiarly (if not too familiarly) acquainted with a Tennants wife of his, whom he loved in her youth, and cannot forsake in her middle age: perseverance in vice never makes a good end: a single sinne is distastefull; but the redoubling thereof, is both hatefull and odious to God. *Carpi* and *Monteleone* take their two Lacquaies, *Lorenzo* and *Anselmo* with them, assoone as they know the *Captaine* to be abroad, onely accompanied with his confident Gentleman *Fiamento*; and disguising themselves, they watch him at the corner of the wood; where of necessity he must passe. The event answereth their bloody expectations and desires: they see *Benevente* and *Fiamento* approaching, riding a soft trot; when like so many Fiends and Devils, they all foure rush forth the thickets, and (without any other forme) with their Swords and Pistols, (after some resistance) kill them dead to the ground: but this is not the end of their hellish malice and envie; neither is the unsatiable thirst of their revenge yet quenched: for they take these two murthered bodies (who are a fresh reeking and weltring in their blood) and carry them to a neighbour hill, and so throw them down into a deep quarry full of thicke bushes & brambles, wheras they thought no mortall eye should ever have seene them more, and then and there they consult upon their flight

flight. *Carpi* resolves to take poast for *Naples*, and there for a time to shroud himselfe among the multitude of the *Nobility* and *Coaches*, which grace and adorne that Citie: And *Monte-leone* resolves to hye towards *Brundusium*, with intent, that if these murthers were revealed, and himselfe detected and accused, he would there embarque himselfe either for *Venice* or *Malta*: but hee hath not as yet made his peace and reckoning with God.

Leave wee *Carpi* and his Laquay poasting for *Naples*, and let vs see what accident will speedily befall *Monte-leone*. It is impossible for murther to goe long unpunished; *Monte-leone* and his Laquay *Anselmo* shall ere they ride farre, see this position verified in themselves: He is provided of two faire Gennets, one for himselfe, the other for his Laquay, and having taken his leave of *Carpi*, away he goes for *Brundusium*; but hee hath not ridden past twelve miles before his owne horse fell downe dead under him, which doth something afflict and amaze him; but this is but the least part of his misery, and but the very beginning of his misfortune; hee is enforced to make a vertue of necessity, so he rides his Laquayes horse, and he followes him on foot. It is impossible for a guilty conscience to be secured from feare: he rides narrow lanes, and by-wayes, but at last neare the Village *Blanquettelle* he meets with a swift Ford, which is passable for horse, but not for foot: Here *Monte-leone* is constrained to take up his Laquay *Anselmo* behinde him, which he doth; but being in the midst thereof, the horse stumbles, and fals with both of them under him; which is done so suddenly, that *Monte-leone* had no time to cast off his Laquay, and so they are both drowned; and have neither the *Grace* nor power to breathe, or speake a word more.

Gods judgements are secret and inscrutable: had they had time to repent, they had onely lost their lives, whereas now it is rather to bee feared, than wished, they likewise runne the hazard of their soules. But as it is a vertue to thinke and censure charitably of the dead, so it must needs bee a vice to doe the contrary. Heretofore they thirsted for bloud, and (loe) now they have their fill of water. All Elements are the servants of *God*, but these two of fire and water, are the most terrible, the most impetuous. Wee have but one way to come into the world, but divers to goe out of it: This is a testimony of our weakenesse, and of Gods power.

By this time Captaine *Benevente*, and his man *Fiamento* are found wanting, and no newes to be heard of them: his house rings and resounds with sorrow, all his servants and friends mourne and lament for his absence, and his two accursed daughters, they seeme to be all in teares hereat: but we shall shortly see this their hypocrisie and dissimulation both detected and revenged. They lay all the Country to purchase newes of their father, and speedily by poast advertise their brother *Alcasero* hereof at *Naples*, who amazed hereat, comes away with all possible speed and expedition: His two sisters and himselfe wonderfully mourne and lament for the absence of their father; and now seing five dayes past and no newes of him, they beginne to suspect and feare, that he is made away and murthered; and because *Fiamento* was alone with him, they suspect him of the fact, which they are the sooner induced to beleeve, in regard he is fled, and not to be found: but they shall soone see the contrary, and that as hee was a faithfull servant to their father his master, during his life, so hee was a true companion to him in his death. And although *Alcasero* his sonne use all possible zeale and industry to finde out his father, yet sith Earth cannot, now Heaven will reveale the newes and sight of him. For as some neighbouring Gentlemen (his kinsfolkes and friends) are hunting of a Stagge neare *Alpiata*, they pursue him on horseback some

five or six houres, and at last being tired, hee runnes for refuge and shelter, thorow the bushes and bryers, into the same old Quarry, where the dead bodies of Captaine *Benevente*, and his man *Fiamento* were throwne. The Gentlemen Hunters descend from their horses, and with their Swords drawne, enter purposely to kill the Stagge, which they performe; when casting aside their eyes, they see two dead mens bodies, one neere the other, whose legges, hands, and faces, the Crowes had pitifully mangled and defaced. They are amazed at this mournfull and unlooked for spectacle, when approaching to discerne them, they by their clothes finde, and know them to bee Captaine *Benevente*, and his Gentleman *Fiamento*. They are astonished and amazed hereat; and so one of them rides backe poast to *Otranto*, to acquaint *Alcasero* his sonne hereof; who melting into teares, returnes with him neare to *Alpiata*, where, to his unspeakable griefe, hee sees the dead bodies both of his father and *Fiamento*, which before all the Hunters hee caused to bee searched, and findes that his father (with a Pistoll bullet) was shot thorow the head in two places, and run thorow the body with a Rapier in three; and that *Fiamento* had five deepe wounds with a Rapier, and once shot thorow the head. *Alcasero*, and the whole company grieve and lament at this sorrowfull newes; they know well that *Fiamento* did not set upon the Captaine his father, and that neither of them had Pistols: and though they might imagine it done by theeves, yet they were quickly cleared of that jealousie and suspition, because they finde rich Rings on his Masters fingers, and store of gold in his pockets: So they referring the discovery of this bloudy and damnable murther to Time, and to God, the Author and giver of Time, *Alcasero* causeth the dead bodies, first of his father, then of *Fiamento* to be laid in a Coach, which hee had purposely caused to bee brought thither; and so accompanied with all the Gentlemen, returnes with it to *Otranto*, where all the whole City lament and bewaile his tragicall disaster: and because these dead corps of theirs have received wrong in being so long above ground, *Alcasero* that night gives them their due burials, interring *Fiamento* decently, and his father honourably, according as the necessity and strictnesse of the time would permit him.

It is now *Alcasero's* curiosity and care to seeke out the murtherers of his Father; and for his sisters, they are so irreligious and wretched, as they thinke to mocke God, and delude the world with their immoderate, yet counterfeit mourning; but it proceeds not from their hearts, much lesse from their soules. The morrow after their Fathers buriall, they are all three informed, that *Monte-leone* and his Laquay *Anselmo* are drown'd as they past the River *Blanquettelle*, whereat he wonders, and his two sisters rejoyce and triumph, especially *Cælestina*, who now sees her selfe freed, not onely of the Captaine her father whom shee hated, but also of the Knight *Monte-leone* her Sutor, whom she could not love: Shee is so impious and graceleese, as shee doth rejoyce, but will neither repent nor pity at these accidents; yea, shee so sleightly and trivially passeth over the remembrance of her fathers untimely and bloudy death, as if murther were no sinne, or that God had ordained no punishment for it: Shee weares her mourning attire and weeds, more for shew than sorrow: for her father was no sooner laid in his grave, but she builds many Castles of pleasure in the aire of her extravagant and ambitious thoughts, vowing that ere long she will have a Gallant of her own chusing to her husband: but she may come too short of her hopes, and perchance find a halter for her necke, before a wedding Ring for her finger. As for her brother *Alcasero*, his thoughts are roaving and roamiug another way: for he finds it strange that the Baron of *Carpi* comes not to condole with him for his father, and

continue his ſute and affection to his ſiſter *Fidelia*, whereat hee both admires and wonders, and not onely takes it in ill part, but alſo beginnes to ſuſpect, and to caſt many doubts and jealouſies thereon; and what the iſſue thereof will bee, or what effects it will produce, wee ſhall ſhortly ſee. But a moneth or two being blowne away, *Carpi* hearing no ſuſpition or talke of him, and thinking all things in readineſſe for him to be aſſured and contracted to his Lady and Miſtris *Fidelia*; hee takes a new Laquay, and apparelling him in a contrary Livery, ſends him ſecretly to *Otranto* with this Letter to her:

CARPI to FIDELIA.

THere are ſome reaſons that ſtay me for not comming to Otranto, *to condole with thee for the death of thy Father, which what they are, none can better imagine than thy ſelfe: when thy ſorrowes are overblowne, I will come to thee, in hope to be as joyfull in thy preſence, as thy abſence makes me miſerable. I have given thee ſo true and ſo reall a proofe of my affection, as thou ſhouldeſt offer me palpable injuſtice, and to thy ſelfe extreme injurie to doubt thereof. For what greater teſtimony canſt thou futurely expect, than to beleeve I will ever preferre thy love before mine owne life: if thy conſtancy anſwer mine,* Heaven *may, but* Earth *cannot croſſe our deſires. I pray ſignifie me how thy brother ſtands affected to our affections; thy anſwers ſhall have many kiſſes, and I will ever both honour and bleſſe that hand that writ it.*

CARPI.

The Laquay comes to *Otranto*, and findes out *Fidelia*, to whom (with much care and ſecrecie) hee delivers his Maſters Letter, and commends, and requeſteth an anſwer. *Fidelia* receives the one, and promiſeth the other: but ſhee is perplexed and troubled in minde. Here her thoughts make a ſtand, and conſult whether ſhee ſhall open this Letter or no. Her Conſcience hath heretofore yeelded to the death of her Father; and now Religion beginnes to worke upon the life of her Conſcience, which indeed is that of her Soule. Had ſhee perſevered in this courſe of pietie, her repentance might have pleaded for her diſobedience, and her contrition redeemed her crime; but ſhee forſakes the Helme that might have ſteered her to the Port of happineſſe and ſafety; and ſo fills the ſayles of her reſolutions with the wind of deſpaire, which threaten no leſſe than to ſplit the Barke of her life on the rockes of her deſtruction and death. Shee now beginnes to hate company which before ſhee loved, and to love ſolitarineſſe, which before ſhee hated; yea, the living picture of her dead Father doth ſo haunt her thoughts, and frequent her imaginations, that whereſoever ſhee is, it is preſent with her. Remorſe, as a *Vulture* gnawes at her heart and conſcience; yea, though nothing doe feare her, yet ſhee feares all things. Shee ſees no man running behinde her, but ſhe thinks he purpoſely followes her to dragge her to priſon: ſhee is afraid of her owne ſhadow, and thinks, that not onely every tower, but every houſe will fall upon her: ſhe will not come into any Boat, nor paſſe any River, Brooke, or Well, for feare of drowning. This deſpaire of hers cauſeth her to be cold in her Religion, and frozen in her Prayers, which ſhould be both the preſervative and *Antidote* of the ſoule: her ſpeeches for the moſt part are confuſed and diſtracted, and her looks, ſullen, fearefull, and ghaſtly (the proper ſignes & ſymptomes of deſpaire.) *Carpi's* Laquay having ſtayed two daies in *Otranto* for his anſwer, holds it his duty to importune *Fidelia* to be diſpatched, the which that night ſhe promiſeth him, and now in a ſad & melancholly humour ſhe breaks

off *Carpi's* Letter, and perusseth it; which not onely renewes, but revives the remembrance of her fathers death; whereat she enters into so strange, and so implacable a passion, as she once had thought to haue throwne his Letter into the fire, and her selfe after. Now shee is resolued to write backe to *Carpi*, and then presently shee changeth her resolution, and vowes she will answer him with silence. But the Devill is as subtill as malicious; and so shee cals for Pen and Inke, and out of the dregs of discontent, and the gall of despaire, writes and returnes him this answer:

FIDELIA to CARPI.

MY Fathers death hath altered my disposition; for I am now wholly addicted to mourning, and not to marriage. I pray trouble not thy selfe to leaue Naples, *to come to condole with me in* Otranto: *for the best comfort that I can receive, is that it is impossible for me to receive any: I never doubted of thy affection, nor will give thee any just cause to suspect, much lesse to feare mine. If this will not suffice, rest assured I haue resolved, that either my grave, or thy selfe shall bee my Husband. How my brother stands affected to thee, is a thing difficult for me to understand or know, sith I am only his* Sister, *not his* Secretary, *but in all outward appearance, I thinke he neither loves thee for my sake, nor my selfe for thine. Liue thou as happy, as I feare I shall die miserable.*

FIDELIA.

What a fearefull Letter is this, either for *Fidelia* to send, or *Carpi* to receive: but her distempered and distracted spirits can afford no other; and therefore shee dispatcheth away the Laquay with this. And now (as if her thoughts transported her to hell) shee cannot bee alone, for the Deuill is still with her: hee appeares to her in the shape of an *Angell* of Light, and profers her mountaines of *Wealth*, and Worlds of *Honour*, if shee will fall downe and adore him. To rebell against God is a sinne; but to perseuere in our rebellion, is not onely a contempt, but a treason in the highest degree against God. The best of Gods people are commonly tempted; but those are, and prove the worst, who are overcome with temptation. *Fortitude* is a principall and *soueraigne vertue* in *Christians*; and if wee vanquish the Deuill, it is good for vs that he assaulted us, sith those Victories (as well spirituall as temporall) are ever most glorious and honourable, which are atchieved with greatest danger. Had *Fidelia* followed the current of this counsell, and the streame of this advise, shee had never beene so weake with *God*, nor so unfaithfull to her selfe, as to destroy her selfe: but forsaking *God*, and contemning prayer, which is the true way to the truest felicity, what can shee hope for but despaire, or expect but destruction? Her brother *Alcasero*, and many of her kinsfolks, neighbours, and friends (with their best zeale, and possible power) endevour to perswade and comfort her; they exhort her to read religious bookes, and continually to pray: Shee hearkneth to both these counsels, but neither can, or will not follow either: Her sleepes are but broken slumbers, and her slumbers but distracted dreames; and ever and anon it seemes (to the eyes of her minde and body) that the *Captaine* her father doth both speake to her and follow her. In a word, she is weary both of this world, and of her life; yea, despaire, or rather the Devill hath reduced her to this extreme misery, and miserable extremity, that she is ready to kisse that hand that would kill her, or that *Death* which would giue her death: Shee never sees a knife in the hands of another, but shee wisheth it in her owne heart: her Conscience doth so terribly accuse her, and [illegible] thou

thoughts give in such bloudy evidence against her conscience and selfe, for occasioning her fathers murther, that she resolves she must die, and therefore disdaines to live. And now comes her sister *Celestina* to her, to perswade and conferre with her, but she will prove but a miserable comforter. *Fidelia* sees her with hatred and detestation, and when shee begins to speake, very peremptorily and mournfully cuts off her speeches thus; *Ah sister, would we had slept when we plotted our fathers death, for in seeking his ruine, we shall assuredly finde out our owne: Provide you for your safety, for I am past hope of mine; and so get you out of my sight.* I know not whether the beginning of this her speech savoured more of *Heaven*, then the end thereof doth of *Hell:* for sure If we passe hope we come too short of salvation; and if we forsake that, this infallibly will forsake us.

This poore, or rather this miserable *Gentlewoman*, having always her murthered father before her eyes, (which incessantly haunts her as a ghost, and yet shee enforced to follow it as her shaddow) is powerfully allured and provoked by the instigation of the Devill, in what manner, or at what rate soever, to dispatch her selfe, being so wretchedly instructed in faith and piety, and shee addes and beleeves, that the end of her life will prove not onely the end of her afflictions, but the beginning of her joyes. But O poore *Fidelia*, with a thousand pitles and teares, I both pitie and grieve to see thee beleeve so infernall an Advocate: for what joyes either will he, or can he give thee? Why, nothing but bondage for liberty, torments for pleasures, and tortures for delights: or if thou wilt have me shew thee whereat his flattering oratory, or sugred insinuation tendeth, it is onely to have thee destroy thy body in earth, that (as a triumph and *Trophee* to the enlargement of his obscure kingdome) he may dragge thy body and soule to hell fire. But *Fidelia* is as constant in her sinne, as impious in her resolution; and so (all delayes set apart) shee seekes the meanes to destroy her selfe: shee procures poyson, and takes it, but the effect and operation thereof answers not her desires. I know not whether shee be more impatient to live, than willing to die. We never want invention, seldome meanes to doe evill: a little pen-knife of hers, shall in her conceit performe that which poyson could not: shee seeks it, and now remembers it is with her paire of knives in the pocket of her best gowne: she flies to her Ward-robe, and so to her pocket, but finds not her knives, onely she finds her *Naples* silke girdle in stead thereof. The Devils instruments are never farre to seeke; she thinks it as good to strangle her throat, as to cut it: And here comes her mournfull and deplorable *Tragedy*, she returnes swiftly to her chamber, bolts the doore, and so (which I grieve and tremble to relate) fastens it to the teaster of her bed, and there hangs her selfe; and as it is faithfully reported, at that very instant, and for the space of an houre, it thundred and lightned so cruelly, as if *Heaven* and *Earth* were drawing to an end, that not onely the chamber where she hung, but the whole house shaked thereat. The thunder being past, and the skies cleared, dinner is served on the Table, and *Alcasero* and *Celestina* ready to sit, they call for their sister *Fidelia*, but she is not to be found. One goes to her chamber, and returnes, that her key is without side, and the doore bolted within, and yet shee answers not. They both flie from the Table to her chamber, and call and knocke, but no answer. *Alcasero* commands his men to breake open the doore, which they doe, and there sees his sister *Fidelia* hanging to the bed-steed starke dead. They cry out as affrighted and amazed at this mournfull and pitifull spectacle, and with all speed take her downe; but she is breathlesse, though not cold; and they see all her face and body, which were wont to be as white as snow, now to be coale blacke, and to stinke infinitely. These are the wofull effects,

and lamentable ruins both of *Despaire* and *Murther*; O, may *Christians* of all ranks, and of both sexes, take heed by *Fidelia's* mournfull & miserable example, and withall remember that murther will still be revenged and punished, especially that which is perpetrated by *Children* towards their *Parents*, a sinne odious both to God and man, sith it not onely opposeth Nature, but Grace; Earth, but heaven.

No sooner (with griefe and mourning) hath *Alcasero* buried this his naturall, yet unnaturall sister *Fidelia*, but as his other sister *Celestina* weeps for her death, so he againe, rejoyceth that her sister hath no way revealed the great businesse, which so much concernes her, I meane the murther of the *Captaine* her father. But *time* will detect and revenge both it and her. And that wee may not seeme extravagant in the narration and unfolding of this *Historie*, flie wee from *Otranto* to *Naples*, and leave we the fatall and wofull Tragedy of *Fidelia*, to speake a little of the *Baron* of *Carpi* her Lover, who hath yet a great part to act upon the *Theatre* of this *History*.

He hath no sooner received *Fidelia's* Letter by his Lacquay, but he much wonders and grieves at the contents thereof: he sees her cold in her affection towards him, and hot in despaire to her selfe, and thinks, that as it is in her power to rejoyce him with her affection, so it may be in his to comfort her with his presence: but her request and his Conscience informe him, that it is yet too soone to leave *Naples* to see *Otranto*; and yet that hee may not faile in the complement and duty of a Lover, he resolves to visit her by Letter, though not in person, and so writes her these few lines.

CARPI to FIDELIA.

WEre thy request not my Law, I would see Fidelia *to comfort her, and comfort my selfe to see her: But sith I must be so unfortunate, as in one Letter to receive two different sorrowes, my refusall, and thy despaire: what remedie (or* Antidote) *can I more aptly administer, than* Patience *to the first, and* Prayer *to the second. If thou weigh matters aright, I have more occasion of sorrow than thy selfe, and yet I am so farre from despairing, as I hope* Time *will give thee consolation, and me* Content. *Endeavour to love thy selfe, and not to hate me; so shalt thou draw felicity out of affliction, and Security out of danger. I hope thy brother will not follow thy fathers steps, his affection to thee, shall be mine to himselfe; Let thy second Letter give me halfe so much joy, as thy first did griefe, and I shall then triumph in my good fortune, as much as I now lament and pity thine, and in that mine owne.*

CARPI.

He sends this Letter of his to *Otranto*, by his Lacquay *Fiesco*, who carried his first; but he must goe into another world if hee meane to deliver it to *Fidelia*: He comes to *Otranto*, and repaires to Captaine *Benedetto's* house: whereas hee is walking in the second Court. *Alcasero* being very solitary and pensive at a window, leaning his head on his hand, and deeply and seriously thinking what two fatall disasters were befallen his house, as the losse of his father and sister, hee by chance espies this Lacquay *Fiesco*; at whose sight his heart beats, and his bloud very suddenly flasheth up in his face: hee exceedingly wonders hereat, and attributing every extraordinary motion in himselfe, a step or degree to the discovery of his fathers murther, whereon his thoughts were alwayes fixed, and could never be withdrawne: hee sends a Gentleman of his named *Plantinus*, to enquire

whose

whose Lacquay it was, and what was his businesse. *Plantinus* descends and examineth him, but he is close, and will reveale nothing. Hee entreats him to enter and taste the Wine, the which he doth; when ingaging, and leaving him in the Celler, he trips up to his Master, and acquaints him with his answer, adding withall, that some fifteene dayes since hee saw him here before. *Alcasero* commands this Lacquay to be brought before him, he examines him, but he will not discover himselfe; he threatens him with the whip, and imprisonment, but he cannot prevaile. It is a vertue in a servant to conceale his masters secrets. *Alcasero* is angry at his silence and fidelitie, yet commends him: he bethinks himselfe of another course and subtilty, as well knowing that faire words may obtaine that which threats cannot; he prayes him to dine with his servants, and enjoyneth *Plantinus* to bring him to him in the Garden after dinner, the which he doth: *Alcasero* takes him apart, and tels him, that some fifteene dayes past he saw him here: *Fiesco* answereth him with silence. *Alcasero* finds much perturbation in his heart, and distraction in his looks and speech; he thinks this boy can reveale something which he ought to know, and therefore thinks to surprise him with a silver hooke; he profers him twenty *Duckets*, and layes it downe before him, to discover himselfe and his businesse.

Gold is, but ought not to be a powerfull bait to indiscretion and poverty. It is a small point of small wisdome in *Noblemen* to commit secrets of importance to those who have too much folly, and too little judgemeut to conceale them. The sight of this gold doth not onely dazle *Fiesco's* eyes, but eclipse his fidelity; so he holds it no sinne towards God, nor treachery towards his master to reveale it; but takes it, and informes him, that hee is the *Baron* of *Carpi* his Lacquay, who sent him from *Naples* thither, with a letter from him to the Lady *Fidelia* his sister. *Alcasero* growes pale hereat, and is very curious and hasty to see the Letter: *Fiesco* delivers it him, who steps aside, and reads it: whreon hee plucks his hat downe his fore-head, and so making three or foure paces, reads it ore againe. He is perplexed to know as much as he sees, and grieved, not to see and finde as much as he desireth to know: hee now confirmes his former suspition of *Carpi*, and beleeves that he is a chiefe Actor or Agent in his fathers *Tragedy*. But hee knowes it wisdome to use silence in the discovery of a crime of this nature; and therefore cals *Fiesco* to him, bids him stay that night, and to speake with him in the morning before he depart.

Alcasero withdrawes himselfe from the Garden to his Closet, and there againe peruseth this Letter of *Carpi's*: he finds it full of suspition and ambiguities, and perceives it hath a relation to former letters; yea, there is a mystery in this Letter, the which he must unlocke and finde out ere hee bee satisfied: for although *Carpi* be squint-eyed, yet he feares he hath looked too right on his father. Hee flies to *Fidelia's* Closet, Trunke, and Casket, and findes a former Letter of *Carpi's* to her, and the copie of one of hers to him; and the perusall of these two Letters are so farre from diminishing his suspition, as it doth augment and increase it; for now hee verily beleeves that *Carpi* and his sister *Fidelia* have joyntly had a great hand in his fathers mutther. But all this while hee doth not once so much as suspect or imagine that his other sister *Celestina* hath played any part in this *Tragedy*: but *Time* is the daughter of *Truth*, as *Truth* is that of *Heaven*. In the morne he cals for *Fiesco*, to whom he gave this farewell: *Tell the* Baron *of* Carpi *thy Master, that my sister* Fidelia *is in another world, and not in this, and that shortly I resolve to see him at* Naples, *and that in the interim I will reserve his Letter.* *Fiesco* departs, but knowes, hee hath so highly betrayed and wronged his Master, as

he

he dares not see him, and so shewes him a faire paire of heeles. Such Laquayes farre better deserve a halter than a Livery. *Carpi* wonders at his Laquayes long stay: In which meane time *Alcasero* comes to *Naples*, where hee is yet irresolute, whether to accuse *Carpi* by the order and course of Law, or to fight with him: but he resolves to doe both; and that if the Law will not right him for the murther of his father, his sword shall. He goes to the *Criminell Iudges*, and with much passion and sorrow accuseth the *Baron* of *Carpi* for murthering of the Captaine *Benevente* his father; and for proofe hereof produceth his two Letters to his sister *Fidelia*, and the copie of one of hers to him. Whereupon the Judges grant power to apprehend *Carpi*, so hee is taken and constituted prisoner; and now hee hath leasure to thinke on the baseneſse and foulenesse of his fact. But he is so farre from dejecting himselfe to sorrow, or addicting himselfe to repentance, as hee puts a brazen face on his lookes and speeches, and so peremptorily intends and resolves to deny all. Had he had more grace, or lesse impiety, he would have made better use of this his imprisonment, and have shewen himselfe at least humble, if not sorrowfull, for his offence and crime. But hee holds it wisdome in greatest dangers to shew most courage and resolution, and so makes himselfe fit to grapple and encounter with all accidents and occurrences whatsoever.

Men may palliate their sinnes, but God will finde them out, and display them in their naked colours. *Alcasero* is an importunate solicitor to the Judges to draw and hasten on *Carpi* his arraignment: But they (resembling themselves) proceed therein modestly and gravely: they consult, and consider the three Letters: they finde conjecturall sentences enow to accuse, but no solide proofe to condemne him: they hold, that their opinions ought not to bee swayed with the wind of every presumption, and that it is not fit so trivially to set the life of a man at six and seven. Besides, as they approve of *Alcasero* his affection to his father, so they dislike of his impetuosity and vehemencie towards *Carpi*. They all resolve to lay the Sword of *Iustice* in the ballance of *Equitie*, and then ordaine that *Carpi* shall bee rackt, to see whether they can draw more light from his tongue, than from his pen. But he endures these his tortures and torments with wonderfull constancie, and still denies all. Had his cause beene more religious and humane, and not so bloudy, this fortitude and courage of his had beene as praise-worthy, as now it is odious and execrable. The *Court* by sentence (pronounced in open *Senate*) acquit and cleare *Carpi* of this murther; whereat *Alcasero* exceedingly repines and murmures.

It is not enough that *Carpi* hath now escaped this danger; for *Alcasero* remaines still constant in his conceit, that he is the murtherer of his father, and therefore vowes and resolves to fight with him: He lets passe some six weeks time, till he be found of his limbs, and then resolves to send him a challenge. Had *Carpi* beene innocent, it had beene more honourable and requisite, that hee had challenged *Alcasero*, than *Alcasero* him: but his cause being unjust, and his conscience fearefull, he dares not runne the hazard, to be desirous or ambitious to fight with *Alcasero*: the which if hee had attempted, *Alcasero* will anticipate and prevent him; who making *Plantinus* his second, hee out of the ashes of his sorrow, and the fire of his revenge, sends him to *Carpi* with this Billet of Defiance.

ALCACERO to DE CARPI.

ALthough the Law have cleared thee for the murther of my Father, yet my Conscience cannot, and my Rapier will not. I should be a monster of Nature, *not to seeke revenge*

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for his death, of whom I have received my life. Could I give peace to my thoughts, or unthinke the cauſe of my diſaſter, I would not ſeeke to bereave thee of thy life, with the hazard of mine owne. But finding this not onely difficult, but impoſſible, pardon me if I requeſt thee to meet me ſingle, at eight of the clocke after ſupper, at the Weſt end of the Common Vineyard, where I will attend thee with a couple of Rapiers, the choice whereof ſhall be thine, and the refuſall mine: or if thou wilt make uſe of a Second, he ſhall not depart without meeting one to exchange a thruſt or two with him.

ALCASERO.

Whiles the *Baron* of *Carpi* is triumphing to ſee how hee hath bleared the eyes of his Judges, and ſo freed himſelfe from the feares and danger of death, behold, *Plantinus* finds him out, and delivers him *Alcaſero* his Challenge. Hee takes it, and with a variable countenance reads it, whereat hee finds a reluctation and combate, not onely in his thoughts, but his Conſcience, whether hee ſhould accept or refuſe it. His *Honour* bids him doe the firſt; but his Conſcience wills him to performe the ſecond: it were better to be borne a Clowne than a Coward. Beſides if he ſhould refuſe to fight with *Alcaſero*, he upon the matter makes himſelfe guilty of the *Captaine* his fathers death. He knowes he hath an unjuſt cauſe in hand, but he preferres his *Honour* before his *Life*, when ſetting a good face upon his reſolution, he adreſſeth himſelfe to *Plantinus* thus:

Sir, I preſume you know this buſineſſe: for I take you to bee *Alcaſero's* Second. He hath (replyed *Plantinus*) done me the honour to make choice of mee, in ſtead of a more worthy. Well (quoth the *Baron* of *Carpi*) tell thy maſter from mee, That although I have not deſerved his malice, yet that I accept his challenge, and will performe it, onely I muſt fight ſingle, becauſe I am at preſent unprovided of a Second. *Plantinus* (as full of Valour as Fidelity) prayes him, that hee may not ſee his hopes and deſires fruſtrated, but that hee may enjoy part of the feaſt. But *Carpi* gives him this anſwer, which he bids him take for his laſt reſolution: That hee will hazard himſelfe, but not his friend. So *Plantinus* returnes with joy to his maſter, and diſcontent to himſelfe: when nothing proving of power, to quench the fire of theſe two *Gentlemens* courage and revenge, they meet at the time and place appointed. *Carpi* fights with paſſion and vehemencie; *Alcaſero* with judgement and diſcretion. *Carpi* lookes red and fiery with choller, and *Alcaſero* pale and ghaſtly, not for feare of his cauſe, but for the remembrance of his ſorrowes: and to conclude and ſhut up this combate in the iſſue thereof, *Juſtice* is not now pleaſed to ſhew the effects of her power and influence; nor *God* that of his Juſtice, onely it is reſerved for another time, and for a more ſhamefull manner: ſo *Carpi* hath the beſt of the day, for he is onely hurt in his right hand, and ſcarred over both his lips, as if the providence and pleaſure of *God* had ordained, that that hand which committed the murther, and that mouth which denied it, ſhould bee purpoſely puniſhed and no part elſe. As for *Alcaſero*, hee had five ſeverall wounds, whereof one being thorow the body, made *Carpi* beleeve it was mortall, and the rather, for that hee fell therewith ſpeechleſſe to the ground: ſo leaving him groveling and weltring in his bloud, hee departs, reſting very confident, that hee was at his very laſt gaſpe of life, and point of death. But *Carpi* his *Chirurgeon* (being more humane and charitable than his maſter) leapes over the next hedge, and comes to his aſſiſtance: Hee leanes him againſt a banke, binds up his wounds, and wraps him in his cloake, and ſo runnes to a Litter, which he ſaw neere him, and prayes the Lady that was in it, that ſhee would vouchſafe to take in *Don Alcaſero*, who was there extreamly and dangerously wounded:

wounded: and this did *Carpi* his *Chirurgion* performe, in the abſence of *Alcaſero's* owne *Chirurgion*, who out of ſome diſtaſte or forgetfulneſſe, came not at the houre and place aſſigned, according to his promiſe. It was the Lady *Marguerita Eſperia*, who out of her noble and charitable zeale to wounded *Alcaſero*, preſently deſcended her Litter, commanding her ſervants to lay him in ſoftly, and to convey him to his lodging, and ſhee her ſelfe is pleaſed to ſtay in the fields till her ſervants returne it her. It was a *courteſie*, and a *charity* worthy of ſo *Honourable* a Lady as her ſelfe: and in regard wherof, I hold it fit, to give her remembrance and name a place in this Hiſtory. All *Naples*, yea, the whole Kingdome rings of this combate; the *Baron* of *Carpi* and *Alcaſero* are (joyntly) highly commended and extolled for the ſame; the laſt for his affection and zeale to his dead father; the firſt, for giving *Alcaſero* his life, when it was in his power and pleaſure to have taken it from him. But God will not permit *Alcaſero* to die of theſe wounds, but will rather have him live to ſee *Carpi* die before him, though in a farre more ignoble and ſhamefull manner.

As ſoone as *Alcaſero's* wounds are cured, and hee prettie well recovered, hee leaves *Naples*, and returnes to *Otranto*, where his ſiſter *Cæleſtina* did as much ſhake and tremble at the impriſonment of the *Baron* of *Carpi*, as ſhee now rejoyces at his liberty; eſpecially, ſith ſhee is aſſured, that hee hath no way accuſed her, nor uſed her name for the death and murther of her father, which indeed makes her farre more pleaſant and merry than before, and within ſix moneths after marries with *Seignior Alonſo Loudovici*, whom ſhee ever from her youth had loved and affected, and with whom ſhee lives in great pleaſure, ſtate, and pompe; and no leſſe doth her brother *Alcaſero*, who for the courteſie which *Dona Marguerita Eſperia* ſhewed him when he was ſo dangerouſly wounded, in requitall thereof doth now marrie the faire *Beatina*, her onely daughter, with whom hee lives in the higheſt content and felicity, as any *Gentleman* of *Italy*, or of the whole world can either deſire or wiſh.

But this *Sunne-ſhine* of *Carpi's* proſperity, and *Cæleſtina's* happineſſe and glory ſhall not laſt long: for there is a ſtorme breaking forth, which threatneth no leſſe than the utter ruine, as well of their fortunes as lives. Where men cannot, God will both detect and puniſh murthers; yea, by ſuch ſecret meanes and inſtruments, as we leaſt ſuſpect or imagine. They are infallible *Maximes*, that we are never leſſe ſecured, than when wee thinke our ſelves ſecure; nor neerer danger, than when we eſteeme our ſelves fartheſt from it. And if any be ſo incredulous, or as I may ſay, ſo irreligious, as not to beleeve it, haue they but a little patience, and they ſhall inſtantly ſee it verified and made good in the *Baron* of *Carpi*, and the Lady *Cæleſtina*, who thinkiug themſelves now ſafe and free from all adverſe fortunes, and fatall accidents whatſoever, and enjoying all thoſe contents and pleaſures, which their hearts could either deſire or wiſh to enjoy, or which the world could proſtitute or preſent them; they in a moment ſhall be bereaved of their delights and glory, and enforced to end their dayes on a baſe ſcaffold, with much ſhame, infamie, and miſery. The manner is thus:

God many times beyond our hopes and expectations, doth ſquare out the rule of his Juſtice, according to that of his will: all men are to bee accountable to him for their actions, but he to none for his decrees and reſolutions: it is in him to order, in us to obey; yea, many times hee reprives us, but yet with no intent to pardon us. Curioſity in matters of Faith and Religion, proves not onely folly but impiety; for as we are men, we muſt looke up to *God*, but as we are *Chriſtians*, we muſt not looke beyond him. Hee oftentimes makes great offenders accuſe themſelves

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themselves for want of others to accuse them; and when hee pleaseth, hee will punish one sinne by another, the which wee shall now see verified in *Lorenzo* the *Baron* of *Carpi* his Laquay; that wretched and bloudy *Lorenzo*, who as wee have formerly heard, assisted this his Master to murther Captaine *Benevente* and *Fiamento*, neere *Alpiata*; who ever since being countenanced and authorized by his Masters favour, in respect of this his foule fact, wherein his bloudy and murtherous hand was deeply and joyntly embrewed with him; he from that time becomes so debaush'd and dissolute in his service, as he spends all that possible he can procure or get, yea, and runnes likewise extreamly in debt, not onely with all his friends, but also with all those whom he knowes will trust him: so as his wants being extremely vrgent, and enforced to see himselfe reduced to a miserable indigence and poverty. He being one day sent by the *Baron* his Master to the *Senate* house with a Letter to his Councellor, hee there in the throng and crowd of people cut a purse from a Gentlewomans side, wherein was some five and twenty Ducketons in Gold, was taken with the manner, and apprehended, and imprisoned for the fact, and the next morne his Processe was made, hee found guilty, and condemned to bee hanged: So hee is dealt withall by a couple of Fryers in prison, who prepare his soule for *Heaven*: Hee sees the foulnesse of his former life, and repents it. The *Baron* of *Carpi* his Master, no sooner understands this newes, but he shakes and trembles, fearing lest this his Laquay should reveale the murther of the Captaine and his man: whereupon he resolveth to flie; but considering againe, that if his Laquay accuse him not, his very flight will proclaime and make him guilty: hee stayes, and as hee thinkes, resolves of a better course. Hee goes to the prison, and deales with his Laquay to bee secret in the businesse hee wots of; protesting and promising him, that in consideration thereof, hee will enrich his mother and brothers. *Lorenzo* tels him, that he need not feare; for as hee hath lived, so hee will die his faithfull servant: But wee shall see him have more grace, than to keepe so graceless a promise. *Carpi* flattering himselfe with the fidelity and affection of his Laquay, resolves to stay in the City: but hee shall shortly repent his confidence. Hee was formerly betrayed by *Fiesco*, which mee thinks should have made him more cautious and wise, and not so simple to entrust and repose his life on the incertaine mercy of *Lorenzo's* tongue: but Gods Revenge drawes neare him, and consequently he neare his end; for he neither can nor shall avoid the judgement of Heaven.

Lorenzo on the gallowes, will not charge his soule with this foule and execrable sinne of murther: but Grace now operating with his soule, as much as formerly Satan did with his heart, hee confesseth, that hee, and the Baron of *Carpi* his Master, together with the Knight *Monte-leone*, and his Laquay *Anselmo*, murthered the Captaine *Benevente*, and his man *Fiamento*, and threw them into the Quarrie, the which hee takes to his death is true: and so using some Christian-like speeches of repentance and sorrow, he is hanged.

Lorenzo is no sooner turned over, but the *Criminall Iudges* advertised of his speeches delivered at his death, they command the Baron of *Carpi* his lodging to be beleagred, where he is found in his study, and so apprehended, and committed prisoner, where feare makes him looke pale; so as the Peacocks plumes both of his pride and courage strike saile. He is againe put to the Racke, and now the second time hee reveales his foule and bloudy murther, and in every point acknowledgeth *Lorenzoes* accusation of him to be true: So he is condemned, first to have his right hand cut off, and then his head, notwithstanding that many great friends of his sue to the *Vicroy* for his pardon. The night before he was to

die

die the next morne, one of his Judges was sent to him to prison, to perswade him to discover all his complices in that murther, besides *Monte-leone* and his Laquay *Anselmo*; yea, there are likewise some Divines present, who with many religious exhortations perswade him to it: So *Grace* prevailes with Nature, and *Righteousnesse* with Impiety and sinne in him; that he is now no longer himselfe, for contrition and repentance hath reformed him; hee will rather disrespect *Celestina*, than displease God: whereupon he affirmes, that she and her deceased sister *Fidelia*, drew him and *Monte-leone* to murther their father, and his man *Fiamento*, and that if it had not beene for their allurements and requests, they had never attempted either the beginning or end of so bloudy a businesse: and thus making himselfe ready for *Heaven*, and grieving at nothing on *Earth*, but at the remembrance of his foule fact, he in the sight of many thousand people, doth now lose his head.

This *Tragedy* is no sooner acted and finished in *Naples*, but the Judges of this City send away poast to those of *Otranto*, to seize on the Lady *Celestina*, (who in the absence of her husband for the most part lived there:) A Lady whom I could pitie for her youth and beauty, did not the foulenesse of her fact so foulely disparage and blemish it. She is at that instant at a *Noblemans* house, at the solemnitie of his daughters marriage, where she is apprehended, imprisoned, and accused to bee the authour and plotter of the *Captaine* her fathers death; neither can her teares or prayers exempt her from this affliction and misery. She was once of opinion to deny it, but understanding that the *Baron* of *Carpi* and his Laquay *Lorenzo* were already executed for the same in *Naples*, shee with a world of teares freely confesseth it, and confirmes as much as *Carpi* affirmed: whereupon in expiation of this her inhumane *Paracide*, she is condemned to have her head cut off, her body burnt, and her ashes throwne into the ayre; for a milder death, and a lesse punishment the Lord will not (out of his Justice) inflict vpon her, for this her horrible crime, and barbarous cruelty committed on the person of her owne father, or at least seducing and occasioning it to be committed on him; and it is not in her husbands possible power to exempt or free her hereof. Being sent backe that night to prison, she passeth it over (or in very truth the greatest part thereof) in prayer, still grieving for her sinnes, and mourning for this her bloudy offence and crime; and the next morne being brought to her execution, when she ascended the scaffold, she was very humble, sorrowfull, and repentant, and with many showres of teares requested her brother *Alcasero* and all her kinsfolkes to forgive her, for occasioning and consenting to her fathers death, and generally all the world to pray for her; when her sighs and teares so sorrowfully interrupted and silenced her tongue, as she recommending her soule into the hands of her *Redeemer*, whom she had so heynously offended, shee with great humility and contrition, kneeling on her knees, and lifting up her eyes and hands towards heaven, the Executioner with his sword made a double divorce betwixt her head and her body, her body and her soule; and then the fire (as if incensed at so fiery a spirit) consumed her to ashes, and her ashes were throwne into the ayre, to teach her, and all the world by her example, that so inhumane and bloudy a daughter, deserved not either to tread on the face of this Earth, or to breathe this ayre of life.

She was lamented of all who either knew or saw her, not that she should die, but that she should first deserve, then suffer so shamefull and wretched a death: and yet shee was farre happier than her sister *Fidelia*, for shee despaired, and this confidently hoped for remission and salvation. Thus albeit this wretched and execrable young *Gentlewoman* lived impiously, yet she died *Christianly*: wherefore let vs thinke on that with detestation, and on this with charity. And here wee see

how

how ſeverely the murther of Captaine *Benevente* was by Gods juſt revenge puniſhed, not onely in his two daughters who plotted it, but alſo in the two Noblemen and their two Laquayes who acted it. Such attempts and crimes, deſerve ſuch ends and puniſhments, and infallibly finde them. The onely way therefore for Chriſtians to avoid the one, and contemne the other, is with ſanctified hearts, and unpolluted hands, ſtill to pray to *God* for his *Grace*, continually to affect *prayer*, and inceſſantly to practiſe *piety* in our thoughts, and *godlineſſe* in our reſolutions and actions, the which if wee be carefull and conſcionable to performe, *God* will then ſhrowd us under the wings of his favour, and ſo preſerve and protect us with his mercy and providence, as we ſhall have no cauſe to feare either *Hell* or *Satan*.

GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE CRYING AND Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XV.

Maurice *like a bloudy villaine, and damnable sonne, throwes his Mother* Christina *into a Well and drownes her: the same hand and arme of his wherewith he did it rots away from his body; and being distracted of his wits in Prison, he there confesseth his foule and inhumane murther, for the which he is hanged.*

IF we did not wilfully make our selves miserable, *God* is so indulgent and mercifull to us, as hee would make us more happy; but when with high and presumptuous hands wee violate the Lawes of *Nature* and *Grace*, of *Earth* and *Heaven*, in murthering through Envie those, whom through *Duty* and affection wee are bound to obey, honour, cherish, and preserve: then it is no marvell, because we first forsooke God, that he after abandoneth us to our selves, and sins, and to the fruits thereof, Calamity, Misery, Infamy, and Perdition; and that we may see humane cruelty to be justly met with and punished by Gods upright and divine Justice, Loe here in this ensuing History we shall see a wretched sonne kill his harmlesse and deare mother. A very fearefull and lamentable *Parracide*, a most cruell and execrable fact, for the which we shall see him rewarded with condigne punishment, and with a sharpe and infamous death, although not halfe so deplorable as deserved. It is a bitter and bloudy *History*, the relation and remembrance whereof, in the most barbarous and flinty hearts is capable, not only to ingender compassion, but compunction; yea, not onely contrition but teares, at least if we have any place left in us for *Pitty*, or roome for *Piety*; the which if we have, doubtlesse the end of our reading will not onely blesse, but crowne the beginning, and the beginning the end thereof.

VPon the North-eaſt ſide of the Lake *Leman*, vulgarly knowne and called the Lake of *Geneva*, (becauſe it payes its full tribute, and makes its chiefeſt *Rendezvous* before that City, whereof it invironeth at leaſt one third part.) There ſtands a pretty ſmall and ſtrong towne, diſtant a little dayes journey from it, termed *Morges*, which properly belongs to the juriſdiction of *Berne*, one of the chiefeſt *Cantons* of that warlike people and Country of *Swiſſerland*, wherein of very late yeares, and recent memory, there dwelt a rich and honeſt Burger, or Burgemaſter (for of Gentry thoſe parts and people are not, becauſe they will not bee capable) named *Martin Halſenorſe*, who by his wife *Chriſtina Snuyſaren*, had one only childe a ſonne, named *Maurice Halſenorſe*, now of ſome fourteene yeare old; whoſe father although hee were by profeſſion a ſouldier, and enrolled a Lieutenant to one of thoſe *Auxiliary* Bands of that Countrey which are in pay to the *French King*; yet nevertheleſſe his chiefeſt ambition and care was, to make this ſonne of his a ſcholler, becauſe the Ignorance and illiterature of his owne age, made him to repent it in himſelfe, and therefore to provide a remedy thereof in his ſonnes youth, ſith hee now knew and ſaw, that a man without learning, was either as a body without a ſoule, or a ſoule without knowledge and reaſon, which are her chiefeſt vertues, and moſt ſacred *Ornaments* and *Excellencies*: So hee brings him up to their owne *Grammar* Schoole in *Morges*, where in ſome three or foure yeares his affection and care to ſtudy, makes him ſo good a *Proficient*, as hee becomes not onely skilfull, but perfect therein, and almoſt as capable to teach his Schoole-maſter, as hee was to inſtruct him: yea, and to adde the better *Grace* to the *Grace* of that *Art*, hee was of ſo milde and ſo modeſt a carriage, and the bloſſomes of his youth were ſo ſweetly watred with the *Heavenly* dew of *Vertue* and *Piety*, as if his manners and himſelfe were wholly compoſed thereof; ſo that for *Learning* and *Goodneſſe* hee was, and was juſtly reputed, not onely the *Mirrour*, but the *Phœnix* of all the youth of *Morges*; and as he eſteemed himſelfe happy in his Parents, ſo they reciprocally hold themſelves, not onely happy, but bleſſed in this their ſonne; but becauſe the inherent corruption of our Nature, and the perverſeneſſe and multiplicity of our ſinnes are ſuch, as they cannot promiſe us any true joy, much leſſe aſſured and permanent felicity: ſo the Sunne-ſhine of this their Temporary content, equally divided in thirds betwixt the Father, Mother, and Sonne, will ſhortly receive a great Eclipſe, and a fatall diſaſter, which will bee to them ſo much the more bitter and mournfull, ſith both the cauſe and effects thereof were of each of them unthought of, of them all unexpected.

For *God* in his ſacred decree and providence, ſeeing *Martin Halſenorſe* the father, his ſtrength arrived at his full *Meridian* and height, and his dayes to their full number and period: He, as he ſate at dinner jocund and merry with his wife and ſonne, is ſuddenly taken with a deadly ſwoone, which preſently deprives his body of this life, and ſends his ſoule to enjoy the ſweet felicity and ſacred joy and immortality of the life to come: A *Document* which may teach us not to relie upon the rotten privileges and ſtrength of youth, but ſo to prepare our lives, that death at all places, and in all times, may ſtill finde us armed and ready to encounter it. A *Document* which may teach us with the erected eyes, as well of our faith as body, ſo to looke from *Earth to Heaven*, that our ſoules be not onely ready, but willing to forſake this ſtinking Tabernacle and priſon of our mortality, to flie and be admitted into *Heaven*, that *Heavenly Ieruſalem*, and Celeſtiall City, where they may enjoy the bleſſed *Communion* of the *Saints*, and the greateſt bleſſings of all joyes, and

and the most soueraigne joy of all blessings, then to see our *Creator* and *Saviour*, *God* the Father, and *Christ Iesus* his Sonne face to face, wherein indeed all the joyes and blessings of our soules are comprised and included.

The death of *Holsewrse* the father, is not onely the *Argument*, but the cause of his widdow *Christina's* griefe, of his sonne *Maurice* his sorrow, of her teares and groanes, of his sighs and afflictions; yea, and not to derrogate from the Truth, I may step a degree farther and say, that this his death is a fatall herauld, and mournfull harbinger, which portends and prepares both of them many disasterous calamities, and wofull miseries, the which in a manner are almost ready to surprise and befall them.

This sorrowfull widdow being thus deprived of her deare Husband, who was both her comfort and her joy, her stay and her Protector, her Head and her glory; although hee left her a good Estate, sufficient enough to warrant her against the feare of poverty, and to secure herself against the apprehension of worldly Indigence; and wherewithall to maintaine both her and her sonne, with somewhat more than an indifferent competency: yet she saw her friends forsake her, and her Husbands familiar acquaintance abandon her, as if their friendship died with him, and that their remembrance of him was wholly raked up, and buried in the dust of his grave. A most ingratefull disease and iniquity of our time, rather to be pitied than cured, and reproved than reformed, so fading & inconstant are the unfriendly friendships of the world, who for the most part are grounded on profit, not on Honour, on avarice, not on Vertue, on their owne gold, not on the want of their Christian neighbours and brethren: *But enough of this, and againe your History.*

Now if *Christina* (for onely by that name I will henceforth intitle her) have any comfort or consolation left her, to sweeten the bitternesse of her Husbands death, it is onely to see him survive and live in her sonne *Maurice*, in whose vertues and yeares, her hopes likewise beginne againe to bud forth and flourish; when remembring what an earnest care and desire her husband had to see him a Scholler, as she inherits his goods, so shee will assume and inherit that resolution of his: and although she love her sonnes sight, and affect his presence tenderly and dearely, yet shee can give no peace to her thoughts, nor take any truce of her resolutions, till shee send him from *Morges* to the *Vniversity* of *Losanna*, some three leagues distant thence, there to perfect his studies and learning, the seeds whereof already so hopefully blossomed forth, and fructified in him. To which end, her deepest affection and care having hearkned out one *Deodatus Varesius*, a Bachelor of *Divinity* of that *Vniversity*, whom fame (though indeed most falsly) had enformed her to be an expert *scholler*, and an excellent *Christian*, shee agrees with him; when allowing her sonne an honest exhibition, and furnishing him with Bookes, a Gowne, and all other necessaries, shee sends him away to *Losanna*, charging him at his departure to bee carefull of his Learning, carriage, and actions, and aboue all, to make piety and godlinesse in his life and conversation, the *Regent* of all his studies; when with teares of naturall affection, they take leave each of other.

Maurice being arrived at *Losanna*, findes out his Tutor *Varesius*, who receives and welcomes this his Pupill courteously and kindly: but, *alas*, the hopes of *Christina* the mother, are extreamly deceived in the vertues of *Varesius*; because his *Vices* will instantly deceive both the merites and expectation of her *Sonne*, or rather change nature and qualities in him, and thereby shortly make him as vitious in *Losanna*, as formerly hee was vertuous in *Morges*: for I write with

griefe and pity, that to define the truth aright, it was difficult to say, whether he were more learned or deboshed, a more perfect Scholler, or prophane *Christian*: for albeit the dignity of his Bachelorship of *Theologie*, did hide many of his dissolute pranks, and obscene imperfections, yet his exorbitant deportment and industry could not so closely overvaile and obscure them, but his intemperate affection to drinking, and beastly inclination to drunkennesse, began now to become obvious and apparant to the eyes and Heads of his *Colledge*, yea, to the whole *University*: A most pernitious and swinish *Vice*, indeed too too much incident and subject to these people the *Swissers*; but if it had beene immured and confined within these Rocks and Mountaines of *Germany*, it had proved not onely a happinesse, but a blessing to the other Westerne parts of the *Christian* world, where it spreads its infection like an uncontrolable and incurable *Gangrene*, yea, like a most contagious and fatall pestilence: so as in *Varesius* there was nothing more incongruous and different, than his doctrine and his life, his profession and conversation, his *Theorie* and his *Practice*, his knowledge and his will. But if the head-springs and fonntaines be corrupted with this vice and drunkennesse, no marvell if the Rivers and Streames of *Common-weales* bee infected and poysoned therewith; yea, if it be not debarred, but have admittance and residence in the *Schooles* and *Classes* of *Universities*, from which Nurses and Gardens of the Muses, both the *Church* and *State* fetch their chiefest Ornaments and Members; how can wee expect to see it rooted out from the more illiterate Commons, whose grosse ignorance makes them farre more capable to learne *Vice*, than *Vertue*; or rather *Vice*, and not *Vertue*; sith there is no shorter nor truer art to learne it, than of their *Art Masters*, because the example and president of ill doings in our Teachers and Superiours, doth not onely plant, but ingraffe and root it, not onely priviledge, but as it were authorize it in us, still with a fatall impetvosity, with a dangerous violence, and pernitious event and issue: for if remedies be not to bee found in learned *Physitians*, it is then in vaine to seeke them in the rude and unlearned people; and if the *Præceptor* himselfe bee not sanctified, it is rather to be feared than doubted, that his *Disciple* will not. This (yea this) is a most mournfull and fatall rocke, whereon divers vertuous and religious parents have even wept themselves to death, to see their children suffer shipwracke: yea this beastly and brutish sinne of Drunkennesse, is still the Devils *Usher* and *Pander* to all other sinnes; and therefore how cautious and carefull ought the Heads of *Schooles* and *Universities* bee, to expell and root it out from themselves, and to hate and detest it in others, sith in the remisse winking thereat, I may (with as much truth as safety) affirme, that toleration is confirmation; and connivency, cruelty; as we shall not goe farre to see it made good, and verified in this ensuing mournfull History; the which in exacting Inke from my Pen, doth likewise command bloud from my heart, and teares from mine eyes, to anatomize and unfold it.

Difficultly hath *Maurice* beene three moneths in *Losanne* with *Varesius*, but his vertues are eclipsed and drowned in vice; yea, he not onely thinks, but holds it a vertue to make himselfe culpable and guilty of this his Tutors *Vice* of *Drunkennesse*, wherein within lesse than three moneths hee proves so expert, or indeed so execrable a *Scholler* in his beastly Art, as both day and night, hee makes it not onely his practise, but his delight, and not onely his delight, but his glory. Hee who before was so temperate in his drinke and conversation in *Morges*, as for the most part hee wholly dranke water, not wine; now hee is so vitiously metamorphosed in *Losanne*, as contrariwise, hee onely drinkes wine, no water; yea, and which is lamentable to remember, and deplorable to observe in this young

young *Scholler*, hee drinks (or to write truer, devoures it) so excessively, as his Cups are become his Bookes; his Carrowsing, his Learning; the Taverne, his Studie; and Drunkennesse the onely Art he professeth: which filthy and infectious disease, spreding from the *Praeceptor* to the *Pupill*, from old *Faresius* to young *Maurice*, hath so surprised the one, and seized on the other, as it threatens the disparagement of the first his reputation, and the shipwracke of the seconds fortunes, and it may be of his life.

Now *Faresius*, who will not bee ashamed to pity this beastly *Vice* in himselfe, doth yet pity it with shame to behold it in his Scholler *Maurice*, and yet hath neither the *Grace* to reforme it in himselfe, nor the will or power to reprove it in him; but in stead of stopping and preventing it, doth in all things give way to the current and torrent of this swinish sinne, which inevitably drawes after it these threefold diseases and miseries: The poyson of our bodies, the consumption of our purses, and the Moath and Canker of our reputations; or if you will, these three not farre different from the three former: The bane of our wits, the enemie of our health and life, and the consumer of our Estates and friends: And within the compasse of one whole yeare, to all those diseases and miseries doth the drunkennesse of our debolhed young Scholler *Maurice* subject and reduce him; so as it being the nature of sinne (not checked and vanquished with repentance) rather to grow than wither, to flourish than fade or decay with our age: the longer *Maurice* lived in *Losanna*, the deeper root this beastly vice of drunkennesse tooke in him, and he the dearer affection to it, so as that competent exhibition which his mother yearely allowed him, became incompatible with this his excessive prodigality and intemperancie: Yea, his extreame superfluity in this kinde, was without intermission so frequent, as three quarters of his yeares pension could not discharge one of his expences and debts, so strong a habit (converted now to a second Nature) had this bewitching beastly sinne of drunkennesse exacted and gotten of him, as if this were his felicity, and that hee onely triumphed to become a slave to this his slavish appetite, and swinish profession, which to support and maintaine, he not onely feeds, but furfets his mother wirh variety of subtill and insinuating Letters, thereby to draw divers summes of moneyes from her, as indeed he doth; some under pretext of his necessitie to buy new bookes, which hee affirmed hee wanted; others under pretence of his weaknesse and sicknesse, and such like colourable excuses: which unthrifty prodigality of his, doth as fast empty her purse and store, as her industrious frugality can possibly fill them; whereof having all the reasons of the world to become sensible, shee at last making her judgement consult with her affection, begins now to feare, that her sonne was become lesse vertuous, and more debolhed than shee hoped of, and that these his letters and petitions for money, were but onely tricks to deceive the hopes, and betray the confidence shee reposed in his vertuous carriage, and godly inclination; whereof being in fine enformed and certified, from such *Students* and *Burgers* of *Losanna*, whom shee had set as *Sentinels*, to have *Argus*, yea, *Lynceus* eyes over his actions and deportments, shee at last with few thanks to his Tutor *Faresius*, many complaints and exclamations to her sonne, and inexpressable griefe and sorrow to her selfe, cals and commands him home from *Losanna* to *Morges*, where with much bitternesse and secrecy, shee taxes and rates him for his drunkennesse and prodigality, in that he had vainly spent in one yeare, more than either his father or her selfe could collect or gather up in many.

But

But see the lewd subtilty, and wretched deceitfulnesse of this dissolute sonne towards this his deare and tender mother: for then and there seasoning his speeches with vertue, and his behaviour with obedience and piety, he modestly seemes not onely to tax her credulity, conceived against the candour and integrity of his actions, but also with a kinde of racite choller, to maligne and traduce those who unjustly and falsly had cast so foule an aspersion on his vertues and innocency; and the better to make those his speeches, and this his *Apologie* and *Iustification* passe current with his mother, his discretion now prescribes to his faire a Law to his *Vanity*, and his reason to his intemperate & irregular desires, as to the eye of the world, and to her more curious and observant judgement, he seemes to be the very picture and statue of *Vertue*, although *God* and his foule soule and conscience well knowes, that hee is the true, essentiall, and reall *Image* of *Vice*; and the better to cloake and overvaile this his dissimulation from the eyes of God and his mother, although he continue to take his Cups by night, yet in *Morges*, and especially in his mothers house and sight, hee casts them off by day; and the better and more firmly to reintegrate himselfe into her approbation and favour, he mornings and evenings is seene at his prayers, and spends the greatest part of his time in hearing and frequenting of *Sermons*; the which affords such sweet content to her conceits and thoughts, as shee repents herselfe of her unkindnesse towards him, and not onely acquits him of his drunkennesse, prodigality, and dissolutenesse, but also accuseth his accusers, whom she now as much condemnes for *Envy* and *Malice* towards her *Sonne*, as she highly (and as she thinks justly) applauds him for his religious piety towards *God*.

But sith Hypocrisie is worse than Prophanenesse, as making us rather Devils than Saints; or indeed not Saints but Devils; and that no sacrifice is so odious, nor object so hatefull to *God*, as hee who denies and dissembleth it in his looke, and yet professeth and practiseth it in his heart and soule: so wee shall see to our griefe, and this wretched *Hypocrite* finde to his misery, that thinking to deceive *God*, he shall in the end deceive himselfe; and in attempting to betray his mother through his false *Vertue*, his true *Vice* will at last betray him, and make him as miserable, as he flattereth himselfe it will make him fortunate.

Now the better to root and confirme this opinion of his temperancy in his mothers conceits and minde, and so the more secretly to overvaile his excessive affection and addiction to *Drunkennesse*, hee under the pretence of some necessary and profitable occasions, gets leave of her, sometimes to ride over to *Berne*, *Soleure*, *Fribourge*, *Apenfall*, and other capitall townes of the *Cantons*, where hee fals afresh to his cups, and there continually both day and night swils his braines, and stuffes up his belly with wine, as if hee tooke no other delight or glory, but to drowne his wit and learning with his money, and his health with both; and yet againe when hee returnes to *Morges*, hee makes such faire weather with his mother, and casts so temperate a cloake and colour on his speeches and actions, as if it were impossible for him to drinke more than would suffice *Nature*, or to desire more than would meerely quench his thirst. And thus by his hypocriticall policy, having againe wrought himselfe into his mothers good opinion and favour, as also some store of money out of her purse and coffers; he with a fained shew of *Humility* and discretion, takes leave of her, and to perfect his studies and learning, returnes againe to *Losanna*, where he is no sooner arrived, but upon his new returne, hee findes out his old carrowsing companions, who like so many pestilent Vipers, and contagious Moaths and Caterpillers, are vitiously, and therefore fatally resolved, not only to eat out the bottome of his purse, but also the

heart

heart of his happineſſe, and as I may juſtly terme it, to devoure the very ſoule of his felicity: and with theſe tippling brats of *Bacchus*, doth our lewd and deboſhed *Scholler*, *Maurice*, continually drinke drunke, not onely forgetting his learning but himſelfe; and which is worſe, his *God*, having neither the power to remember to repent, or grace to pray, nor to remember any thing but his cups; ſo beaſtly is hee inclined, ſo ſwiniſhly and viciouſly is hee affected and addicted; and what doth this either prognoſticate, preſage, or promiſe to produce in him, but inevitable affliction, miſery, and ruine of all ſides?

As the ſhorteſt errours are beſt, ſo thoſe *Vices* which have longeſt perſeverance and predominance in us, prove ſtill the moſt pernicious and dangerous: It is nothing to cruſh a Serpent in the egge, but if we permit it to grow to a Serpent, it may then cruſh us: a plant may be removed with eaſe, but an old tree difficultly: To fall from ſinne to repentance, is as great a happineſſe, as it is a miſery to fall from repentance to ſinne; and indeed to uſe but one word for the affirmation and confirmation of this truth, there can no greater miſery befall us, than to thinke our ſelves happy, when (through our ſinnes) we are miſerable.

Here in *Loſanna Maurice* eſteemes this his beaſtly ſinne of drunkenneſſe to bee a *Vertue* not a *Vice* in him; yea, in paying for all ſhots and reckonings in Tavernes, hee ſottiſhly and fooliſhly thinkes it the ſhorteſt and trueſt way to bee beloved and honoured (though indeed to bee contemned) of all; and therefore without feare or wit, yea, without the leaſt ſparke of *Grace*, or ſhadow of conſideration, his ſtomacke (like the Devils ſponge) and his inſatiable throat (like a bottomleſſe gulfe) ſo devoures his wine, and his wine his money, as that which ſhould bee the *Argument* of his glory, hee makes the cauſe of his ſhame; and his money which ſhould fortifie his reputation, hee converts and turnes to ruine it. But as poverty (in a juſt revenge of our *Vanity*) rejoyceth to looke on us, becauſe we firſt diſdained, either to looke on, or regard it; ſo he having ſpent the fragrant Summer of his folly and prodigality, in waſting the moneyes his mother gave him, in wine; now the deprivation thereof makes him feele the froſty Winter of that want, which hee can better remember than remedy, rather repent than redreſſe. The Fellowes and Students of his Colledge looke on him and his drunkenneſſe, ſome with the eyes of pity, others with thoſe of joy, according as their friendſhip or malice, their Charity or Envy either conduct their paſſions, or tranſport and ſteere their reſolutions and inclinations. As for his Tutor *Vareſius*, how can hee poſſible ſeeke or reclaime this his Pupill from *Vice* to *vertue*, when hee is ſo wretchedly diſſolute, as by the publike vote and voyce of the *Univerſity*, hee himſelfe is already wholly and ſolely relapſed from *Vertue* to *Vice*.

In which reſpect this vitious young Student *Maurice*, having neither *Vertue* nor *Tutor*, money nor credit, diſcretion nor friend to ſecure him from the ſhelves of Indigence, or the rockes of Poverty and Miſery, whereon hee is raſhly and wilfully ruſhing; hee like a true deboſhed Scholler, or indeed as a Maſter of Art in the Art of deboſhednеſſe, firſt ſels away his bookes, then his gowne and cloaths, and next his bed, being deſirous to want any thing but wine; and confidently (though vainly and fooliſhly) aſſured, that if he have wine enough, that then he wants nothing. A miſerable conſideration and condition, a wretched eſtate and reſolution, onely tending and conducing to direfull miſerie, and to deplorable poverty and deſolation.

But to repleniſh his purſe, to repaire his credit and apparell, and to continue his cups and drunkenneſſe, hee hath no other hope nor refuge, than againe to caſt himſelfe

himselfe on the affection and courtesie of his mother whom hee re-visits with severall Letters, which are onely so many humble insinuating petitions, againe to draw and wrest moneyes from her. But hee is deceived in his hopes and expectation, or at least they distinctly and severally, and his mother joyntly with them conspire to deceive him. For I write it with griefe, because (by an uncontroulable relation of the truth) shee dictates it to my penne with teares; that as well by all those of *Morges*, who came from *Losanna*, as by all those of *Losanna* who came to *Morges*, she is most certainly and sorrowfully advertised of her sonnes deboshed and dissolute life, of his neglect of Learning, and too frequent affecting and following of drunkennesse, of the sale of his clothes, bed, and bookes; of the irreparable losse, both of his time, moneyes, and reputation; and withall, how the dregges and fumes of wine hath metamorphosed his countenance, and not graced, but filthily disgraced it with many fierie Rubies, and flaming Carbunkles; as also how it hath stuffed and bombasted vp his belly and body, as if the dropsie and hee contended who should first seize each on other; and therefore shee being (with a mournfull unwillingnesse) enforced, not onely to take notice, but sorrowfully to rest assured and confident of these diasterous premises, the infallible predictions and *Symptomes* of her Sonnes utter ruine and subversion: Shee peremptorily and absolutely refuseth his requests, answereth his Letters with many sharpe complaints, and bitter exclamations against his foule sinne of Drunkennesse; which threatens no lesse than the ruine both of his Reputation, Friends, Learning, Fortune, and Life, if not of his Soule.

Maurice, seeing himselfe wholly abandoned of his Mother, he knowes not how to live, nor yet how to provide the meanes to maintaine life, which not onely surpriseth his thoughts, but amazeth and appaleth his cogitations with feare; yea, hee takes this discourtesie of hers so neare at heart, and withall is so extreamly impatient to see himselfe forsaken of her, whom hee knowes the Lawes of Nature hath commanded to affect and cherish: as forgetting himselfe to bee her Sonne, and shee his Mother; yea forgetting himselfe to bee a man, and which is more, a *Christian*; his wants and *Vices* so farre transport him beyond the bounds of *Reason* and *Religion*, of *Nature* and *Grace*, as hee impiously and execrably degenerates from them all, and secretly vowes to his heart and soule, or to say truer to the Devill: (who inchanteth the one, and infecteth and intoxicateth the other) that hee will speedily send her into another world in a bloudy Coffin, if shee will no releeve his wants and maintaine him as her Sonne in this. So alas here it is, that hee first gives way to the Devill to take possession of his thoughts and heart, and here it is, that hee first assumes bad bloud, and suggests bloudy designes, against the safety and life of his deare and innocent Mother. When like a miserable wretch, and a wretched and impious villaine, his thoughts and studies (like so many lines running to their centre) are now in continuall action and motion, how to finish and bring this deplorable Tragicall businesse to an end: yea the better to feed this his insatiable bloudy appetite, and to quench the quenchlesse thirst of his Matracidious revenge, hee forgets all other projects and affaires, to follow and hasten on this; which (to give one word for all) takes up both his study and his time in *Losanna*, casting away his bookes which would seeme to divert him from it, as if hee courted *Pluto* not *Apollo*; *Proserpina* not *Pallas*; *Erynnis* not *Vrania*; the *Furies* not the *Muses*: and as afflictions seldome come alone, but many times (as the waves of the sea) fall one in the necke of another; so to make him rather advance than retire, in the execution of this

this his unnaturall and damnable attempt, his excessive and frequent drunkennesse makes him so notoriously apparant to the Heads of the University in generall, and of his owne Colledge in particular, that they give him his *Conge*, and (without lending any eare to his *Apologie* or Justification) expell him thence. So that being now destitute of all friends and meanes, he is enforced to see himselfe reduced to this point of misery, that hee must either begge or starve, which to prevent (because he as much disdaines the first, as hee is resolved to provide a remedy for the second) he leaves *Losanna* (where his vices and debts have made the stones too hot for him) and on foot goes home to his Mother to *Morges*, hoping that his presence may prevaile more with her than his absence; and his tongue make that easie, which his pen (in his Letters) found not onely difficult but impossible.

Being arrived at *Morges*, his loving and indulgent Mother receives him with teares, not of joy, but of griefe, for his drunkennesse hath so deformed his face and body, as at the first sight shee difficultly knew him to bee her sonne; and although he take paines to conceale that beastly vice of his, and so to plaister and varnish it over with a fained shew of repentance and reformation; yet she sees to her affliction, and observes to her misery, that he loves his Cups better than his life, and that as soone as she once turnes her backe from him, he fals close to them, and so tipleth and carouseth from Morning to Night. Three dayes are scarce past before he makes two requests to her, the one for new clothes, the other for money; when to the end that her wisdome might shine in her affection, as well as her affection in her wisdome, she cheerefully grants him the first, but peremptorily denies him the second, because shee well knowes it would bee so much cast away on him, sith he would instantly cast it away on Wine; and to write the truth, the grant of his apparell doth not so much content him, as the refusall of her money doth both afflict and inflame him: He is all in choller hereat, and the fumes of revenge doth so implacably take up & seize upon his thoughts, and they on it, as now without the feare of God, or care of his soule, hee like a damnable villaine, and an execrable Sonne, swaps a bargaine with the Devill, to destroy and make away his mother: Hellish resolutions, and infernall conceits, which will not onely strangle those who embrace, but confound those who follow them: his impietie made him formerly assume this bloudy fact, and now his necessity & want of mony (in that he cannot as it were drowne himselfe in the excesse of drunkennesse) enforceth him to a resolution to finish it. His faith is so weak towards God, and so strong with the Deuill, as hee will not retire with Grace, but advance with impiety, to see as well the end, as the beginning of this bloudy businesse: He consults hereon with his delight, not with his reason; with his *will*, not with his Conscience; with his heart, not with his soule. Hee sees hee hath no money, and knowes, or at least beleeves, that his mother hath enough, and therefore concludes, that if shee were once dead, it were impossible that his life should want any. So these two wretched Councellors, *Covetousnesse* and *Drunkennesse*, (or rather Covetousnesse to maintaine his Drunkennesse) like two infernall fiends and furies, haule him on head-long to perpetrate this bloudy and mournfull murther of his deare and tender Mother, the end whereof, will bring him as much true misery and infamy, as the beginning doth flatter and promise him false content and happinesse; his youth hath no regard to her age, and lesse to her Life, neither will he vouchsafe to remember, that he first received his of her: yea, all the bloud which flowes in his heart, and streames in his veines and body, cannot any way have the power to prompt him, that it is derived and descended

from

from hers. And if *Morges* will not divert him, *Losanna* should; if his yeares cannot instruct him, yet his bookes might; and if *Nature* prevailed not with his heart, yet mee thinkes *Grace* should with his Conscience, to represent him the foulenesse of this attempt, and the unnaturall cruelty thereof, in resolving to embrew his diabolicall hands in her innocent bloud; or if the influence of these earthly considerations could not allay the heat of his malice, or quench the fire of his revenge towards her, yet me thinks looking from prophaneneſſe to piety, from Earth to Heaven; from the time present to the future; from the corruption of his Body, to the immortality of his Soule; from Sin to Righteousneſſe, from Revenge to Religion, and consequently from Satan to God, he should hate this bloudy designe and project of his as much as now he loves it, and seeke the preservation of his Mother, with as much obedience and affection, as now he contrives and pursues her untimely end with impiety and detestation. But his Vices will still triumph over his Vertues; and therefore it is rather to bee feared than doubted, that they will in the end make him too miserable, ever to see himselfe so happy.

Miserable *Maurice* therefore, (as the shame of his time, the disgrace of his sex, and a prodigious monster of Nature) having hellishly resolved on the matter, now with a devillish fortitude and hellish assurance passeth on to the manner of her Tragedy. Hee will not give eare to God, who seekes to divert him from it, but will hearken to the devill, who useth his best Oratory to perswade and entice him to it. But as the devill is malicious in his subtilty, so should we be both wise and cautious in our credulity; for if we beleeve him, he will betray us; but if we beleeve God, we shall then betray him: he is impatient of delayes, yea, his malice is so bloudy, and his revenge so cruell, as hee thinkes every houre a yeare, till he hath sent her from Earth to Heaven. He proposeth unto himselfe divers wayes to murther her, and the devill who is never absent, but present in such hellish occasions, makes him as well industrious as undictive and implacable in the contriving and finishing thereof. Now he thinks to cut her throat as she is in bed: Then to poyson her at table, either in her meat or drinke. Then againe hee is of opinion to hire some to kill her as shee is walking in her vineyards; or else to cause two Watermen to drowne her, as shee is taking the ayre in a Boat on the Lake, which twice or thrice weekly she is accustomed to doe; but yet still he is irresolute, either which, or which not to resolve on, till at last after a weekes dilatory protaction, having with a fatall and infernall ratiotination banded and rebanded these severall bloudy projects in his braines and contemplations, hee rejecteth them all, as more fuller of difficulty and apparant danger, than of warrantable safety, when considering there was a deepe Well in the outer yard, adjoyning to the Garden, he holds it fittest for his purpose to drowne her therein, whereon the devill and he strikes hands, and set up their rest and period.

Whiles thus this gracious mother *Christina* endevours with her best care and Prayers to divert her graceleſſe sonne *Maurice* from this his intemperate and beastly sinne of Drunkenneſſe, hee (as if hee were no part of her, but rather a limbe of the Devill) with a monstrous and inhumane ingratitude, sets his inventions and braines on the tenter-hookes, to espie out the occasion and time to dispatch her. When burning with a flaming desire, to quench the insatiable thirst of his revenge in her bloud, he (taking time and opportunity at advantage) seeing all his mothers people abroad to gather in the Vintage, the Well open, and she with a Prayer booke in her hand, walking in the Garden next adjoyning, the Devill infuseth such courage to his heart, his heart such cruelty and inhumanity

to

so his resolutions, that all things seemed then to conspire to see an end to this his so long desired and affected businesse of murthering and dispatching his mother, he taking on him the part of a madman, whom it seemed sorrow had suddenly afflicted, and griefe distracted, he with his hat in his hand, hastily and furiously rusheth into the Garden to his mother, and cryes out to her, that there is one of the neighbours children fallen into the well, which hee espied from his chamber window: whereunto (harmelesse good woman) she adding beliefe to his false and perfidious speeches; and being (beyond her selfe) afflicted and amazed with this sodaine and sorrowfull newes, she throwes away her Booke, and hand in hand with him, (her sighes interrupting her words, and her teares her sighes) shee (as if pitty added wings to her feet) trips away to the well, both to see this mournefull spectacle, and chiefly to know, if it any way lay in her possible care to assist, or power to preserve the said childe from death: when bringing her to the well, he better like a fury, then a man, and rather resembling a meere Devill, then a sonne, fastneth his left hand on the well-post, and as shee lookes into the profundity thereof, hee with his right hand tips and throwes her in; and so without any more doing, claps downe the cover thereof; when rejoycing in his heart that he had sent her to death, because he sees and knowes it now, not in the power of the whole world to save her life. He (the better to overvaile this his impious villany, and to obscure this his barbarous and bloody fact) ascends her chamber, breakes open her cupbords, trunckes, and chests, takes away most of her money, and silver plate, which hee privately hides away for his owne behoofe and use, and so scattereth a few pieces of money, and some of her clothes and apparell in the floore, thereby subtilly to insinuate and intimate to the world, that it were theeves who had robbed and drowned his mother; when stealing a horse out of the stable, he with much secrecy gets him out of the backe doore, which he leaves open, and from thence rides away to his mothers people in the Vineyards, to whom hee relates hee hath beene all that morne abroad to take the aire, and is now come to passe the remainder of the day with them, and to be merry: to which end (in his mothers name) hee sends for wine from the skirts of the towne; and so (as well men as maids) they carouse and frollike it till towards night, and then they all returne home, where they find both doores open, his mother their Mistris wanting, and no creature whatsoever in the house, whereat they much admire and wonder. So the servants and himselfe seeke and call her in the Orchards and Gardens, but in vaine, for they find no newes of her; when the maids one way, and he and the men-servants another way, seeke her as well in the roomes and chambers, as in the streets and neighbours houses, where she is accustomed to frequent, but to no purpose; for they can neither see nor heare of her; till at length the maidens rushing into her bed-chamber, they find her Cupboard, Chests, and Trunks broken open, and some of her money and apparell strewed here and there on the floore; whereat amazed, they lamentably cry out at the windowes, that theeves have beene there and robbed their Mistris her Chests and Trunkes: which *Maurice* and the men-servants of the house over-hearing, they ascend, and admire at the sight thereof; neither doth his outward feares, or their inward apprehensions, stop or stay at the meere losse of the goods, but they joyntly apprehend, and feare the absence of his mother, and their Mistris *Christina*, and are already become jealous and umbraginous of her safety, and very fearefull, that the theeves have offered her some violence and cruelty. Whereupon late at night, hearing no newes of her, her sonne (because chiefly interressed in this disastrous accident) goes and acquaints the *Bayliffe* of *Mayne*, and the rest of the *Criminall Officers* therewith, who on all sides inquire for her, and make a secret and curious search in the towne, to finde out the theeves; and

in the meane time (together with *Maurice* and the servants) leave not a roome nor place of the house unsought for her: but their diligence proves vaine, for they can purchase no newes of her, much lesse of the theeves. They remaine in the house all night, and they all with sorrowfull and watchfull eyes, every minute of an houre, expect her, or newes of her. Eight of the clocke the next day strikes, but as yet she is not so much as seene or heard of: So they againe, in presence of the *Bayliffe*, revisite and search all places and corners both in the House, Gardens, Orchyards, and Yards; but still to no effect or purpose: when behold the sacred and secret providence of God, in revealing her to be drowned in the well, not onely beyond the expectation, but also beyond the beliefe of all that were present: for as they are in the middest of their doubts and feares, yea in the very depth of their research and perquisition, loe, one of the servant Maids, named *Hester*, who was neerest in the favour, and deareſt in the affection of her *Mistris*, having that very instant morning taken a nappe of an houres sleepe, or thereabouts in a chaire, starts suddenly out of her sleepe and rest, trips to them, and saies, she then and there dreamt, that her *Mistris Christina*, was cast into the well and drowned; the which shee affirmed with many words, and more sighes, out-cries, and teares; which piercing into the eares and thoughts of the Bayliffe and Servants, and into the very heart and Conscience of this our execrable *Maurice*, they looke pale with griefe and amazement, and he straineth the higheſt key of his Art and pollicy to keepe his cheekes from blushing for shame thereat, and the better to hood winke their eyes and judgements, from the least sparke or shaddow of this his guiltinesse herein; he with many showres of hypocriticall teares, prayes the Bayliffe that upon *Hesters* dreame and report, the Well may be searched, adding withall, that it was more probable then impossible; that those theeves who robbed his Mothers house, might likewise bee so devillishly malicious to murther her and throw her into the Well: which the Bayliffe seriously considering, as first the maides dreame, then the Sonnes request and teares, hee instantly in presence of all those of the house, as also of many of the next neighbours whom hee had purposely assembled: Caused the Well to bee searched and sounded, where the hooke taking hold of her cloathes, they instantly bring up the dead body of his Mother and their Mistris *Christina*: the skull of whose head, was lamentably broken, and her braines pittifully dashed out with her fall. All are amazed, her servants greeve, and her hellish Sonne *Maurice* weepes and cryes more then all the rest at this mournefull spectacle. The Bayliffe carefully and punctually againe examines *Hester*, if God in her dreame revealed her not, the manner how, and the persons who had thus throwne her Mistris into the Well; She answereth negatively according to the truth, that she had already delivered as much as shee knew of that mournefull businesse. When *Maurice* to shew his forwardnesse and zeale, for the detection and finding out of his Mothers murtherers, he pretends that he suspects *Hester* to be accessary, and to have a hand herein. But the Bayliffe & common Councell of *Morges*, having neither passion nor partiality to dazle and inveagle the eyes of their judgement, finding no reason or ground of probability to accuse her, or which might tend or conduce that way; They free her without farther questioning her, and so (as it hath beene formerly remembred) they all concurring in opinion that the theeves who robbed her, had undoubtedly throwne her into the Well: They give leave to *Maurice* to bury his breathlesse mother, which hee doth with the greatest pompe and decency, requisite as well to her ranke and quality, as to his affection and duty; and the better to fame off the least dust or smoake of suspition, which might any way fall upon the lustre of his Innocency, hee at her

her Funerall (to the eye of the world) sheds many rivolets of teares. But alas what is this to this his foule and execrable sinne of murthering his mother; for although it bleere the eyes, and inveigle the judgements of the Bayliffe and his associates, the Criminall Judges of *Morges*, yet *God* the Great and *Soveraigne* Judge of *Heaven* and *Earth*, will not bee thus deluded, cannot be thus deceived herein. No, no, for albeit he be mercifull, yet his Divine *Majesty* is too Just to let crimes of this hellish nature goe either undetected or unpunished.

We have seene this execrable sonne so bloudy hearted and handed, as with a devillish rage, and inhumane and infernall fury, to drowne his owne deare and tender Mother; and with as much cruelty as ingratitude, to throw her from the world into a Well, who with many bitter gripes and torments (to the hazard and perill of her life) threw him from her wombe into the world: and the providence and Justice of *God* will not lead the curiosity of the Reader farre, before we see this miserable miscreant overtaken with the impetuous stormes of *Gods* revenge, and the fiery gusts and tempests of his just indignation for the same, notwithstanding that his subtill malice, and malicious subtilty, have so cunningly contrived, and so secretly acted and compacted it with the devill, that no earthly person, or sublunary eye, can any way accuse, much lesse convict him thereof; as marke the sequell, and it will briefly and truly informe thee how.

As soone as he hath buried his Mother, his blacke mourning apparell doth in his heart and actions worke such poore and weake effects of repentance and sorrow for her untimely death, as where divers others lament and grieve, he contrariwise rejoyceth and triumpheth thereat, and by her decease being now become Lord and Master of all, he like a graceleese villaine fals againe to his old carrowsing companions, and veine of drunkennesse, wherein hee takes such singular delight and glory, as he makes it not onely his pastime and exercise by day, but his practise and recreation by night: And as God hath infinite meanes and wayes to scourge and revenge the enormity of our delicts and crimes, so we shall shortly see for our instruction, and observe for our reformation, that this ungodly and beastly vice of drunkennesse of his, which is his most secret bosome and darling sinne, will in the end prove a ravenous *Vulture* to devoure, and a fatall *Serpent* to eat out the bowels, first of his wealth and prosperity, and then of his life; for it not onely takes up his time, but his studie, in so much as I may as truly averre to my griefe, as affirme to his shame, that hee levelleth at nothing more, than to make it his felicity, which swinish excesse and intemperancy, (as a punishment inseparably incident & infallibly hereditary to that sin) doth within three months make him sell away all his Lands, yea, and the greatest part of his plate and houshold-stuffe; so his drunkennesse first, but then chiefly Gods Justice and revenge pursuing his foule and inhumane crime of drowning his Mother, makes him of being left rich by her, within a very short time become very extreame poore and miserable; so as he runnes deeply into debts, yea, his debts are by this time become so exceedingly urgent and clamorous, as contrary to his hopes and feares, when hee least dreames thereof; hee is imprisoned by his Mercer and Draper, for the blacks of his Mothers Funerall, to both whom he is indebted the summe of three hundred crownes, which is farre more than either his purse can discharge, or his credit and Estate now satisfie. When abandoned of all his friends, his meanes spent and consumed, and nothing left him to exercise his patience in Prison, but Despaire; nor to comfort him, but the terrours of his bloudy and guilty Conscience; Hee is clapt into a stinking Vault or Dungeon, where (in horrour and detestation of his bloudy crime) the glorious Lampe of

Heaven, the Sun, disdaines to send his radiant and glittering beames to comfort him, so as he who was before accustomed to fare deliciously, and as it were to swill and drowne himselfe in the best and most curious Wines, now hee must content himself be only with course bread and water; and yet his misery is so extreame, and that extremity of his so miserable, as hee hath hardly enough to maintaine and sustaine life: But we shall see that this first affliction of his, will instantly bee followed and overtaken by a second.

Whitsunday being arrived, he petitioneth his Gaoler (for that day) to have the liberty of the yard, and the freedome of the ayre, which is granted him, when at night descending the staires, againe to be pent up in his obscure Dungeon, his foot slips, and hee receives a fearfull fall, whereof the bone of his right arme is broken in two peeces, and having no Chirurgion to looke to it, it putrifies and rots, so as for the preserving of his life, hee within fifteene dayes is enforced to have it cut off a little below the shoulder; and this was the very same hand and arme which threw his mother into the Well. A singular act of *Gods* revenging Justice, and Just Revenge shewen herein. O that it may be deeply imprinted in our hearts, and engraven in our soules, that the Reader hereof, of what sex or quality soever, may as it were stand amazed at the consideration of *Maurice* his impious sinne towards *God*, and of *Gods* due and true revenge and requitall thereof in his just judgement and affliction towards him.

But this is not enough for *Maurice* to suffer, nor for *God* to inflict on him for this his bloudy and inhumane crime, in murthering his Mother; nor to say the truth, it is but the *Prologue* to the deplorable, yet deserved punishment, which is immediately ready to surprise and befall him. For to the end, that the truth may informe our curiosity, and our curiosity us, of the *Catastrophe* of this Tragedy, we must understand, that it was the pleasure and providence of God, that the breaking and cutting away of *Maurices* his arme, proved the breake-necke of his patience, and the cutting away of his content and judgement. The devill caused him most inhumanely to drowne his Mother, the which he might have refused to perpetrate, but would not; and now God in expiation thereof sends him Rage for Reason, Despaire for Comfort, and Madnesse for Sobriety, the which he would flie and eschew, but cannot. He hath committed this execrable crime beyond the rules and Lawes of *Nature*; and therefore God hath ordained, that hee should feele many degrees of punishments, and this is not onely the Law, but the rule of *Grace*. Of all degrees of afflictions, madnesse is the most to be pitied, and the worst to be cured, sith it makes a man goe farre beyond reason, and therefore to come farre too short of himselfe: it is held by some to be a sicknesse of the Liver, of others, an over-turning of the bloud, and of others a debility of the braine: But in this our execrable wretched *Maurice*, it was the infectious malady of his soule, which God sent purposely into his braines, to bee revenged of his heart, for so inhumanly drowning his Mother: For although his divine Majesty hath infinite more wayes to punish murther, than man hath to commit it, yet that he might make the detection of this of wretched *Maurice* as strange as the complotting and fulfilling thereof was cruelly inhumane, and inhumanely cruell, he purposely sends it him; for although since his imprisonment, hunger had so taken downe his stomacke, and quelled his courage, as his former volubility of speech was now reduced to a kinde of sorrowfull and pensive silence; yet as soone as his braine and senses were possessed and captivated with this prodigious Lunacy, and outragious phrensie, then his fits were so violent, and that violence so implacable, as his speech was so many fearefull outcries and howlings, and his words so many

many uncouth and unheard of ravings; so that whosoever either heard or saw him, he might justly conceive and affirme, that he had thunder in his tongue, and lightning in his eyes: For his crime made this his affliction and phrensie of his so miserable, so impetuous, as he spake non-sense perfectly, and looked rather like a Furie than a Man; yea, his foule conscience and polluted soule erring him so many *panicke* feares and terrors of despaire, as he was afraid of all things, and angry with himselfe, because hee could bee no more afraid of himselfe; So as that Dungeon which could imprison his body, was not capable to containe his thoughts, much lesse to immure his feares; and in this miserable plight and perplexity he remained for the space of ten dayes and nights, without any intermission or hope of remedy, which infinitely disturbed his fellow prisoners, and chiefly his Gaoler, whose eares had never beene accustomed to heare such discordant tunes, much lesse to be taken up with such distastefull and fearfull melody.

He acquaints the common *Counsell* of the towne hereof, and importunately solicites them, that they will remove his distracted prisoner *Maurice* to some more fitter and more convenient place. Who remembring what *Maurice* had beene, and now considering and seeing what he is, they who heretofore would not be so charitable to releeve his poverty, are yet now so religiously compassionate, as they pity his madnesse; so they command him from a Dungeon to a Chamber, from his pallat of straw to a featherbed, from his bread and water, to wholesome meats and broths; but all this will not suffice; and to shew themselves not onely good men, but good Christians, they to restore him to his wits and senses, make yet a further progression in charity. They cause him to bee conferred with by many good Divines, who are not onely eloquent, but powerfull to perswade him to pray often, and to practise other Christian duties and offices; but his cries are so outragious, and his ravings so extravagant, as hee is as uncapable to relish their reasons, as they are to understand his rage: When the very immediate finger and Providence of God, makes them yet so sensible of his unparrell'd misery, as they are resolved to remove him from his Prison to an Hospitall, thereby to take the benefit of the ayre in the Gardens, Walks, and Fields, hoping that they might prevaile with him, to recall his wits, and re-establish his senses in their proper seats of *Understanding*, and stations of *Judgement*. When here, (oh here) I conjure thee Christian Reader, to stand amazed and wonder with me, at the sacred and secret Justice of the *Lord*, expressed and demonstrated in this accident: For as his under Gaoler (by the *Magistrates* command) takes him by the hand, with an intent to conduct him forth from the Prison to an Hospitall, his bloudy crime (like so many Bloud-hounds) pursuing his guilty Conscience and Soule; his thoughts so enform'd his knowledge, and his knowledge so confirme his beleefe, that the drowning of his Mother is detected, and thus they now draw him from his Prison to the place of execution to suffer death for the same. Which apprehension and feare, God putting into his conceits and heart, in despite of his madnesse, he wanting an accuser, loe here he himselfe both accuses and condemneth himselfe for the same. For the very Image of that conceit redoubling his feare, as his feare did his phrensie and madnesse; hee in the anguish of those fits, and the height of that Agony and Anxietie, cries out with a loud voyce, *I have drowned my Mother in the Well, I have drowned my mother in the Well, and will have no man suffer for me before be suffer you to hang me; I speake it on Earth, and by my part of Heaven, what I now confesse is true.* Which words no sooner escaped his tongue, but he instantly returnes againe to his out-cries of phrensie and madnesse. His Gaolers and the rest are amazed at these fearefull speeches, and bloudy confession of his; which notwithstanding

that

that they attribute to madneſſe, yet they lead him to the Hoſpitall, he ſtill raving and crying as hee paſſeth the ſtreets: But oh! Let us here further, admire with wonder, and wonder with admiration, at the providence and mercy of God here againe miraculouſly made apparent and manifeſted in this execrable wretch *Maurice*, for he who outragiouſly cryed in his priſon, and licentiouſly raved in the ſtreet, is no ſooner entred into the Hoſpitall, but the pleaſure of God had ſo ordained it, as his Madneſſe fully fals from him, and he abſolutely recovereth againe his wits and ſenſes, in ſuch firme and ſetled manner, as if he had never formerly beene touched or afflicted therewith.

His Gaolers make report to the Magiſtrates, firſt of his confeſſion of drowning his Mother, and then of his ſudden and miraculous recovering of his perfect memory, judgement and ſenſes, as ſoone as hee ſet foot within the Hoſpitall: Whereupon they as much aſtoniſhed at the one, as wondring at the other, doe inſtantly repaire thither to him, and there arraigne and accuſe him, for that inhumane and bloudy fact of his, whereof his owne Evidence and Confeſſion hath now made him guilty. But they take him for another, or at leaſt, hee will not be the ſame man: He denies this horrible and bloudy crime of his, with many oaths and aſſeverations, which they maintaine and affirme he hath confeſſed, ſayes, that they either heard a dreame, or ſaw a Viſion, whereof hee neither dreamt nor thought of, and that hee was ready to loſe all the bloud and life of his body, to finde out, and to be revenged of the murtherers of his mother.

But the Magiſtrates are deafe to his *Apologie*, and conſidering the violence of his madneſſe by its ſudden abandoning him, as alſo his free and uninforced confeſſion of drowning his Mother; they conceive that Gods providence and Juſtice doth ſtrongly operate in the detection of this foule and inhumane murther; and therfore contemning his requeſts and oaths, (in the vindication of his innocency) they cauſe him to bee refetched from the Hoſpitall to the Priſon, and there adjudge him to the Racke, when although his heart and ſoule bee terrified and affrighted with his apprehenſion and accuſation: Yet the devill is ſo ſtrong with him, as he cannot yet finde in his heart to relent, much leſſe to repent this foule and inhumane crime of his; but conſidering that he acted it ſo ſecretly, as all the world could not produce a witneſſe againſt himſelfe, except himſelfe, hee vowes he will bee ſo impious and prophane in his fortitude and courage, as to diſdaine theſe his torments, and to looke on them and his Tormentor, with an eye rather of contempt than feare: But God will be as propitious and indulgent to him, as he is rebellious and refractory to God; for here we ſhall ſee both his Conſcience and reſolutions taught another rule, and preſcribed a contrary Law; yea, here we ſhall behold and obſerve in him, that now *Righteouſneſſe* ſhall triumph over *Sinne*, *Grace* over *Nature*, his *Soule* over his *Body*, *Heaven* over *Hell*, and GOD over *Satan*; for at the very firſt ſight of the Racke, the ſight and remembrance of his bloudy crime makes him ſhake and tremble extremely, when his ſoule being illuminated by the reſplendant Sun beames of Gods mercy, and the foggie miſts of Hell and Satan expelled and baniſhed thence, he fals to the ground on his knees, firſt beats his breſt, and then erecting his eyes and hands towards Heaven, he (with a whole deluge of teares) againe confeſſeth, that hee had drowned his mother in the Well, from and for the which he humbly craveth remiſſion, both from Earth and Heaven.

And although there bee no doubt but God will forgive his Soule for this his foule murther, yet the Magiſtrates of *Monget*, who have Gravity in their lookes, Religion in their hearts and ſpeeches, and Juſtice in their actions, will not pardon his

his body; so in detestation of this his fearefull crime, and inhumane parracide, they in the morning condemne him, that very after-noone to be hanged. At the pronouncing of which sentence, as he hath reason to approve the equity of their Iustice in condemning him to die, so he cannot refraine from grieving at the strictnesse of the time, which they allot him fot his preparation to death. *But as soone as wee forsake the devill, we make our peace with God.*

All *Morges* and *Losanna* rings of this mournefull and Tragicall newes, and in detestation of this mournefull, inhumane and bloody crime of our execrable *Maurice*, they flocke from all parts and streets to the place of execution, to see him expiate it by his dearh, and so to take his last farewell of his life.

The Divines, who are given him for fortifying and assisting his soule, in this her flight and transmigration from Earth to Heaven, have religiously prevailed with him, so as they make him see the foulenesse of his crime, in the sharpenesse of his contrition and repentance for the same; yea, hee is become so humble and withall so sorrowfull, for this his bloody and degenerate offence, as I know not whether hee thinke thereof with more griefe, or remember it wirh detestation and repentance. At his ascending the Ladder, most of his Spectators cannot refraine from weeping, and the very sight of their teares prooves the *Argument* of his; as his remembrance of murthering his Mother, was the cause.

Hee tells them hee grieves at his very soule, for the foulenesse of his fact, in giving his Mother her death, of whom he had received his life. He affirmes, that Drunkennesse was not onely the roote, but the cause of this his beggery and misery, of his crime and punishment and of his deboshed life and deserved death, from which with a world of sighes and teares hee seekes and endevours to divert all those who affect and practise that beastly Vice. He declares, that his Mother was too vertuous so soone to goe out of the world, and himselfe too vitious (and wirhall too cruell) any longer to live in it; that the sinnes of his life had deserved this his shamefull death; and although he could not prevent the last, yet, that he heartily and sorrowfully repented the first. Hee prayed God to be mercifull to his soule, and then besought the world to pray unto God for that mercy; when speaking a few words to himselfe, and sealing them with many teares, and farre fetched sighes; he lastly bids the world farewell, when enviting the Executioner to doe his Office he is turned over.

And such was the vitious life, and deserved death of this Execrable Sonne and bloody Villaine *Maurice:* wherein I must confesse, that although his end were shamefull and sharpe; yet, it was by farre too too milde for the foulenesse of his crime, in so cruelly murthering his deere Mother *Christina*, whom the Lawes both of *Nature* and *Grace* commanded him to preserve and cherish: Yea, let all Sonnes and Daughters of all ages and rankes whatsoever looke on this bloody and disasterous example of his, with feare; and feare to commit the like by the sight of his punishment. It is a History worthy, both of our meditation and detestation, whether we cast our eyes on his drunkennesse, or fix our thoughts and hearts, on his murther: Those who love and feare God, are happy in their lives, and fortunate in their deaths; but those who will neither feare nor love him, very seldome proove fortunate in the one, never happy in the other; and to the rest of our sins, if wee once consent and give way to adde that scarlet, and crying one of Murther; that blood which we untimely send to Earth, will in Gods due time draw downe vengeance on our Heads from *Heaven*; *Charity* is the marke of a *Christian*, and the shedding of Innocent blood, either that of an *Infidell*, an *Atheist*, or a *Devill*. O therefore let us affect and strive to hate it in others, and so wee shall the better know how to detest and abhorre it in our selves, which that we may all know to our comforts, and remember to our consolations, direct us O Lord our God, and so we shall bee directed.

FINIS.

FINIS.

THE TRIVMPHS OF GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE CRYING AND Execrable Sinne of Murther.

Expreſſed

In thirty ſeverall Tragicall Hiſtories, (digeſted into ſix Bookes) which containe great variety of mournfull and memorable Accidents, Amorous, Morall, and Divine.

Booke IV.

Written by IOHN REYNOLDS.

LONDON,
¶ Printed by *Iohn Haviland* for WILLIAM LEE, and are to be ſold at his ſhop in Fleetſtreet, at the ſigne of the Turks-Head, neere the Mitre Taverne. 1634.

THE

TRIUMPHS

OF

GODS REVENGE

AGAINST

THE CRYING AND

Execrable Sinne of Murther.

Expressed

In thirty Several Tragicall Hiſtories,

(Digested into Six Bookes) which do stirre up great

variety of Pleasant and Morall Accidents,

Concerning Moral and Civill.

Book IV.

Written by Iohn Reynolds.

LONDON

Printed by Iohn Haviland for William Lee, and

are to be sold at his shop in Fleetstreet, at the signe of the Turkes

Head, neere the Mitre Tavern. 1634.

TO THE RIGHT HONOVRABLE, PHILIP, EARLE OF PEMBROKE

and *Montgomery*, Lo. Chamberlaine to the King, one of the Lords of his Majesties most Honourable Privie Counsell, and Knight of the most Noble Order of the Garter.

RIGHT HONOURABLE;

Having formerly dedicated the third Booke of these my Tragicall Histories (of Gods Revenge against Murder*) to your Incomparable Lord and Brother,* William *Earle of* Pembroke *(who now lives with God) I therefore held my selfe bound (by the double obligation of my duty and your own generous merits) likewise to present this Fourth Booke to your Protection and Patronage, because as* England, *so* Europe *perfectly knowes that you are as true an heire to his Vertues, as to his Fortunes, and to his Goodnesse, as to his Greatnesse, and that therefore it may properly be said he is not dead, because they (as well as himselfe) do still survive and live in you, with equall lustre and*

glory, as having made either a happie Metamorphosis, or a blessed Transmigration into your Noble breast and resolution: and therefore as it was my sincere respects and zeale to his Honour that then drew me to that ambition; so it is entirely the same which hath now both invited and induced me to this presumption to your Lordship, having no other ends or object in this my Dedication, but that this booke of mine having the honour to be countenanced by so great a personage, and the felicity to be protected by so honourable a Mecænas, may therefore encounter the more safely with the various humors it shall meet with, and abide more securely the different censures of this our too fastidious age.

How these Histories (or the memorable accidents which they containe and relate) will relish with your Lordships palate or judgement, I know not; Only because you are a Noble Son of Gods Church, and an Excellent Servant to your Prince and Countrey, I therfore rather hope than presume, that your Honor will at least be pleased to see, if not delight to know and consider, how the Triumphs of Gods Revenge and punishments doth herein secretly and providently meet with this crying and scarlet sinne of premeditated Murther, and with the bloudy and inhumane Perpetrators thereof, who hereby (as so many mercilesse Butchers, and prodigious Monsters of mankind) doe justly make themselves odious to Men, and execrable to God and his Angels.

God hath (deservedly) honoured your Lordship with the favour of two great Earthly Kings your Soveraignes, as first of our royall King Iames, the father, and now of our present most Renowned King Charles his Son, and yet this externall Honour and favour of theirs is no way so glorious to you, as that (maugre the reigning vices of the world) you serve the true God of heaven, in the purity of your heart, and feare and adore him in the integrity of your Soule. And to represent you with

naked

naked Truth, and not with Eloquence or Adulation. This Heavenly Piety of yours I beleeve is the prime reason, and true Essentiall cause of all this your earthly Honour, and sublunary Greatnesse, and that this is it likewise which doth so rejoyce your heart, and inrich and repleniſh your House with so numerous and Noble an Issue, of hopefull and flouriſhing Children, who (as so many Olive branches of Vertue, and Syents and Plants of Honour) doe both inviron your Bed, and surround your Table, and who promiſe no lesse than futurely to magniſie the bloud, and to perpetuate and immortalize the Illuſtrious Name and Family of the Herberts, *to all Posterity.*

Goe on resolutely and constantly (Noble Lord) in your religious Piety to God, and in your Candide and unstained Fidelity to your Prince and Countrey, that your life may triumph o're your death, and your Vertues contend to out-shine your Fortunes, and that hereafter God (of his best favour and mercy) may make you as blesſed and as glorious a Saint in Heaven, as now you are a great Peere and Noble Pillar here on Earth, which none shall pray for with more true zeale, nor desire or wish with more reall and unfained affection, than

Your Honours devoted

and

Most humble Servant,

John Reynolds.

The Grounds and Contents of these Hiſtories.

Hiſtory XVI.

Idiaques *cauſeth his ſonne* Don Ivan *to marrie* Marſillia, *and then commits Adultery and Inceſt with her; She makes her Father in Law* Idiaques *to poyſon his old wife* Honoria, *and likewiſe makes her owne brother* De Perez *to kill her Chamber-maid* Mathurina; Don Ivan *afterwards kils* De Perez *in a Duell*; Marſillia *hath her braines daſht out by a horſe, and her body is afterwards condemned to be burnt*; Idiaques *is beheaded, his body conſumed to aſhes, and throwne into the ayre.*

Hiſtory XVII.

Harcourt *ſteales away his brother* Vimoryes *wife* Maſſerina, *and keepes her in Adulterie; She hireth* Tivoly (*an Italian Mountebanke*) *to poyſon* La Precoverte, *who was* Harcourts *wife*; Harcourt *kils his brother* Vimory, *and then marries his widdow* Maſſerina; Tivoly *is hanged for a robbery, and at his execution accuſeth* Maſſerina *for hiring him to poyſon* La Precoverte, *for the which ſhee is likewiſe hanged*; Noel (*who was* Harcourts *man*) *on his death-bed ſuſpecteth and accuſeth his ſaid Maſter for killing of his brother* Vimory, *whereof* Harcourt *being found guilty, he is broken alive on a wheele for the ſame.*

Hiſtory XVIII.

Romeo (*the Laquay of* Borlary) *kils* Radegonda, *the Chamber-maid of the Lady* Felliſanna *in the ſtreet, and is hanged for the ſame*; Borlary afterwards *hireth* Caſtruchio (*an Apothecary*) *to poyſon her husband* Seignior Planeze, *for the which* Caſtruchio *is hanged, and his body throwne into the River, and* Borlari *is beheaded, and then burnt.*

Hiſtory XIX.

Beaumarays, *and his brother* Montaigne *kill* Champigny, *and* Marin (*his ſecond*) *in a Duell*; Blancheville (*the widdow of* Champigni) *in revenge thereof hireth* Le Valley (*who was ſervant to* Beaumarays) *to murther his ſaid Maſter with a piſtoll, the which he doth, for the which* Le Valley *is broken on a wheele, and* Blancheville *hanged for the ſame.*

Hiſtory XX.

Lorenzo *murthereth his wife* Fermia; *He ſome twenty yeares after (as altogether unknowne) robbeth his (and her) ſonne* Thomaſo, *who likewiſe (not knowing* Lorenzo *to be his father) doth accuſe him for that robbery, for the which he is hanged.*

GODS

GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE CRYING AND Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XVI.

Idiaques *causeth his sonne* Don Ivan *to marry* Marsillia, *and then commits Adultery and Incest with her; She makes her Father in Law* Idiaques *to poyson his owne old wife* Honoria; *and likewise makes her owne brother* De Perez *to kill her Chamber-maid* Mathurina; Don Ivan *afterwards kils* De Perez *in a Duell*; Marsillia *hath her braines dasht out by a horse, and her body is afterwards condemned to be burnt*; Idiaques *is beheaded, his body likewise consumed to asher, and throwne into the ayre.*

LEt Malice be never so secretly contrived, and the shedding of Innocent bloud never so wretchedly perpetrated, yet as our Conscience is to us a thousand witnesses, so God is to us a thousand Consciences, first to bring it to light, and then their Authours to deserved punishments for the same, when they least dreame or thinke thereof. For as there is no peace to the wicked, so they shall finde no peace or tranquility here on Earth, either with God, or his creatures, because if they would conceale it, yet the very Fowles of the ayre, yea, the stones and timbers of their chambers will detect it; For the Earth or Ayre will give them no breath nor being, but they shall hang betweene both, because by these their foule and deplorable facts, they have made themselves unworthy of either. A powerfull example, and a pitifull precedent whereof we shall behold in this ensuing History, where some wretched miscreants, and graceless creatures, making themselves guilty of those bloudy crimes (by the immediate Revenge and Justice of God) received exemplary and condigne punishments for the same: May we reade it to Gods glory, to the comfort of our hearts, and the instruction of our soules.

In

IN the City of *Santarem* which (by tract of time, and corruption of ſpeech) ſome tearme Saint *Aren*, and which (after *Lisbon*) is one of the richeſt and beſt peopled of *Portugall*; there dwelt a Gentleman of ſome fifty five yeares old, nobly deſcended, and of a great eſtate and meanes, named *Don Sebaſtian Idiaques*, whoſe wife and Lady being aged, of well neere fifty yeares, was termed *Dona Honoria*, and well ſhe deſerved that honourable name, for all ſorts of Vertues and honours made her youth famous, and her age glorious to all *Portugall* and *Spaine*. They had lived together in the bonds of Matrimony almoſt thirty yeares, with much Honour, content, and felicity, and for the fruits of their affection and mariage, they had two ſonnes and foure daughters; but God in his pleaſure and Providence, (for ſome reſerved reaſons beſt knowne to his All Divine Majeſty) tooke from Earth to Heaven all their daughters, and one of their ſonnes, ſo as now they have left them but one ſonne, named *Don Ivan*, a gallant young Gentleman, of ſome twenty five yeares old, of diſpoſition brave and generous, who after his firſt youthfull education under his father, had his chiefe breeding under the Duke of *Braganza*, to whom he was firſt a Page, and then a chiefe Gentleman retaining to him, whom (in regard of the death of his brother and ſiſters) his father called home unto him, to be his comfort and conſolation, and the prop and ſtay of his age, as alſo of the Lady his mother, who had formerly acted a great part in griefe, and a mournfull one in ſorrow for the death of her children; and indeed *Don Ivan*, this ſonne of theirs, for all regards of Courtſhip, was held to be a compleat Gallant, and one of the prime Cavalliers of *Portugall*.

As for *Idiaques* the father, though in all the courſe and progreſſe of his life, and in all the life and conduction of his actions, he bewrayed many morall and generous vertues, yet as one diſcordant ſtring marres the harmony of the beſt tuned Inſtrument, and the concent of the ſweeteſt melody and muſicke; and as one foule Vice is naturally ſubject, and fatally incident to ecclipſe and drowne many rich and faire vertues, ſo (in this his old age, when time had honoured him with white haires) he deboſhed himſelfe ſo much, and ſo ſottiſhly ſacrificed his irregular affections to heart-killing concupiſcence, and his exorbitant deſires to ſoule-deſtroying adultery, that hee very often made himſelfe a falſe and inconſtant husband to his wife, and a true, yea, too true a friend to Curtiſans and Strumpets. His vertuous Lady *Honoria* extreamly grieves hereat, that now in his later years he ſhould thus laſciviouſly forget himſelfe, both towards her, and towards God. She uſeth all ſweet perſwaſions, prayers and teares, to diſwade and divert him from it, but ſeeing that all proves vaine, and that he rather prooves worſe then better thereat, her diſcretion makes her brooke it with as much patience as ſhe can, and therefore ſhe ſeemes not to ſee, or know that whereof (to her griefe and diſcontent) ſhe cannot be ignorant; But here comes an accident which will breed both of them, and their Sonne *Don Ivan* miſery of all ſides.

Some ſix leagues from *Santarem* was a wonderfull faire young Gentlewoman being a widdow, aged but of Twenty two yeares, named *Dona Marſillia* well deſended, but by her late deceaſed Husband left but ſmall meanes, yet ſhe beares out her port bravely, and maintaines her ſelfe highly and gallantly; and indeed ſhee is the prime young Lady for beauty in all thoſe parts; Now the baſe Ambaſſadors, and Emyſaries of *Idiaques* his beaſtly and obſcæne luſt (the true Vipers and Cankers of Common weales) give him notice of her, and of her ſingular beauty, as well foreſeeing and knowing that it would bee ſweet and pleaſing newes unto him. He viſits and courts her, but as young as ſhe is ſhe puts him off with peremptory

tory refusals, and in vertuous and modest tearmes checks his age for this his lascivious suit and motion to her: But he is as constant in his affection to her, as she is disdainfull to him; for his heart is so insnared and intangled in the fetters of her fresh and delicate beautie, that although shee refuse him, yet he will not forsake her; but after many pursuits and visits, she at last well perceiving that he loved her tenderly and dearly, and that hee still most importunately frequented her house and company, she as a subtill and cunning young Gentlewoman, tels him plainly and privately, that she will acquaint him with a secret of her heart, and a request of her minde and affection, which if hee will cause to be performed, shee then vowes she will for ever be at his disposing and command; *Idiaques* thinking that she will crave some summe of money of him, or some yearely pension or annuity; he constantly promiseth to grant and performe her request; so she (taking time at advantage) and first swearing him to secrecie, then (with many smiles and blushes) shee tels him, that if ever he thinke to enjoy her love and her selfe, hee must use the meanes to marry his sonne *Don Ivan* to her, which being effected, shee with much pretended shew of piety and affection, religiously sweares to him, that shee will never have the power or will to deny him any thing, but that his requests shall bee to her as so many commands, and (but onely for himselfe) if his sonne *Don Ivan* bee her Husband, shee with many imprecations and asseverations sweares, that shee will sacrifice her best bloud and life, rather than distaine his bed, or offer him the least shadow of any scandall or dishonour whatsoever. *Idiaques* wondreth with admiration, and admires with wonder at this her strange proposition, the which hee findes so knotty and intricate, as measuring Grace by Nature, his Judgement by his Lust and Concupiscence, and his Soule by his Affections, hee knowes not what to say or doe herein; so hee answereth her with more love than wisdome, and for that time leaves her in generall tearme. Hee goes homes, walkes pensively in his Garden, and there consults *Pro* and *Con* on this businesse; faine hee would preserve his sonnes honour, and keepe the honour of his bed immaculate, but then the sweet Roses and Lillies of *Marsillia's* youth and beauty act wonders in his heart, and beares downe all other reasons and considerations before it: Hee visits her againe and againe, but hee findes her inviolably constant in her former resolution. All the favour and courtesie which he can gaine from her, are a few extorted kisses, which so inflame and set on fire his aged heart and affections, as at last like a graceless father, hee faithfully promiseth her to use his best art and power to procure his sonne to marrie her. To which end hee takes him aside, and in the softest and sweetest tearmes hee can devise, paints out *Marsillia's* praises and Vertues to him in the purest and rarest colours, adding withall, that although shee bee not exceeding rich, yet that her personage is so exquisite, and her perfections so excellent, as that shee every way merriteth to bee wife to a Prince. *Don Ivan* (by what fatall fortune I know not) relisheth this motion of his father, to seeke the Lady *Marsillia* for his wife, with much delight and joy, and farre the more and the sooner, in regard hee (in divers companies) hath formerly heard the fame of her beauty extolled, and the glory of her Vertues advanced to the Skie, so hee takes time of his father to consider hereof, and rides over sometimes with him to Saint *Estiene* to visit her; Hee findes her wonderfull faire and beautifull, and wonderfull coy; of a very sweet and Majesticall carriage, and of a delicate and curious speech, fit baits to ensnare the heart, and to betray the judgement of a more solide understanding than that of *Don Ivan*. Shee acts her part as wisely

as

as he doth amarously and passionately; For the more she makes shew to retire and conceale her affection from him, the more he is provoked to advance and discover his to her; but he cannot be so much enamoured of her beauty, as shee is with the great Estate of Lands and Demaines whereunto God and his father have made him heire.

Whiles thus the father privately, and the sonne publikely are seeking to make *Marsillia* his wife, the old Lady *Heneria* the mother, by many strong reasons seeks to divert him from her. Shee hath perfect notice of her husbands long and often frequenting of *Marsillia's* house and company, and therefore fearing the vanity of his age, and doubting the frailty of her youth and chastity, her jelousie and judgement at last findes out and concludes, that his familiarity with her is farre greater than honour can warrant, or honesty allow of; Upon which foundation shee in her discontented lookes and silence, bewrayes unto her sonne *Don Ivan*, her constant and resolute aversnesse from him to marry her, the which she peremptorily and religiously forbids him upon her blessing, adding withall, that if he marry her, there will infallibly more miseries and calamities attend their nuptials, than as yet it is possible for him either to know or conceive; the which shee prayes him to read in her lookes and silence, to remember it when he sees her not, and to take it as the truest advise, and secureſt Counsell of a deere Mother to her onely Sonne. Don *Ivan* ruminates on these speeches and advise of his Mother, as if there were some deepe abstruse mysterie or ambiguous Oracle contained and hidden therein, the which becauſe he hath equall reason as well to feare that this match of his with *Marsillia* may prove fatall, as to hope and beleeve that it may prove fortunate, he makes a stand thereat, as vowing to proceed therein with advisement, and not with temeritie and precipitation; and so forbeares for a month or two to visit her: But the more the Sonne flyes off in his affection from *Marsillia*, the more doth shee doe the like from his father in requitall, whereat he grieves with discontent, and shee seemes to bite her lippe with sorrow. *Idiaques* chargeth his son to tell him from whence this his sudden strangeneſse and unkindneſse towards *Marsillia* proceedeth; the which hee answereth with a modest excuse, as favouring more of discretion than disobedience, but yet wholly concealeth his Mothers counsell and advise to him from his Father, the which notwithstanding hee vehemently suspecteth it proceeds from her and her Jealousie. *Marsillia* is enraged to see her selfe deprived of *Don Ivan*, whom in her ambitious thoughts, hopes, and wishes shee had already made her Husband; and howsoever *Idiaques* his Father seekes to conceale and palliate this businesse towards her, yet shee beleeves it is his fault, and not his Sonnes. Shee layes it to his charge, and knitting her browes, shee conjureth him to tell her from whence his Sons unkindneſse to her proceeds: He tels her, he is confident, that it is his old Mother who hath diverted him from her, whereat shee is exceedingly enraged; When seeing this old Letcher so open and plaine with her, shee soothing him up with many kisses, tels him that this old Beldam his wife must first be in heaven, before he can hope to enjoy her, or she his Son here on Earth; when (being allured and provoked by the treacherous suggestions and bloody temptations of the Devill) she proffers him to visit her, and so to poyson her, which hee opposeth and contradicteth; and contrary to all reason & sense, and repugnant to all Humanity and Christianity, yea, to Nature and Grace, (as a Husband fitter for the Divell, than for this good old Lady his Wife) hee undertakes and promiseth her speedily to performe it himselfe; yea, the Divell is now so strong with him, and he with the Divell, that becauſe hee loves *Marsillia*, therefore hee must hate his

owne deare wife, and vertuous Lady *Honoria*, and becauſe he hates her, therefore he muſt poyſon her; A lewd part of a man, a fouler one of a Chriſtian, but a moſt helliſh and bloody one of a Husband to his owne wife, who ought to be neere and deere unto him, as being his owne fleſh and blood, Yea the other halfe of himſelfe. Hee cannot content himſelfe to ſeeke to abuſe and betray his Sonne, but hee muſt alſo murther the mother, So wanting the feare of God before his eyes, and repleate with as much impiety and Cruelty, as hee was devoyd of all Grace, he is reſolute in this his helliſh rage and malice againſt her, and ſo to pleaſe his young Strumpet, hee will ſend this good old Lady his wife to *Heaven* in a bloody Coffin, ſo without thinking of *Heaven* or *Hell*, or of God, or his ſoule, hee procures ſtrong poyſon, and acting the part of a fury of Hell, and a member of the Devill, he as a wretched and execrable Husband, adminiſtreth it to her in preſerved Barbaries, which he ſaw her uſually to love and eat, whereof within three daies after ſhe dies, to the extreame griefe and ſorrow of her Sonne *Don Ivan*, who bitterly wept, for this his mothers haſty and unexpected death, but the manner thereof he knowes not, and indeed doth no way in the world either doubt or ſuſpect thereof.

His Father *Idiaques* makes a counterfeit ſhew of ſorrow and mourning to the world, for the death of his wife, but God in his due time wil unmaske this his wretched hypocriſie, and detect and revenge this his execrable and deplorable murther. Now as ſoone as *Marſillia* is advertiſed of the Lady *Honoria's* dearh, ſhe not able to containe her Ioyes, doth infinitely triumph therein, and within leſſe than two moneths after her buriall, *Idiaques* and *Marſillia* worke ſo politiquely with *Don Ivan*, as hee marries *Marſillia* although his mothers adviſe to him in the garden, doe ſtill runne in his mind and thoughts, and now hee brings home his luſtfull Spouſe and Wife to his lewd and laſcivious Fathers houſe at *Sentarem*, where (I write with horrour and ſhame) hee moſt beaſtly and inhumanly very often commits Adultery and Inceſt with her, and they act it ſo cloſe that for the firſt yeare or two, his Sonne *Don Ivan*, hath no newes or inkling thereof, and now *Marſillia* governeth and rules all, yea her incontinency with her Father *Idiaques* makes her ſo audacious and impudent, as ſhee commands not onely his houſe, but himſelfe, and domineeres moſt proudly and imperiouſly over all his Servants. Her waiting maid *Mathurina* obſerves and takes exact and curious notice, of her young Ladies luſtfull, and unlawfull familiarity, with her Father in Law *Idiaques*, the which her miſtris underſtanding, ſhee extreamely beats her for the ſame; and twice whippes her ſtarke naked in her Chamber, and dragges her about by her haire, although this poore young Gentlewoman, with a world of teares and prayers, beggs her to deſiſt and give over.

God hath many wayes and meanes to ſet forth his glory, in detecting of Crimes, and puniſhing of offenders, yea he is now pleaſed to make vſe of this young maidens diſcontent and choller againſt her inſenſed Lady and Miſtris, for we ſhall ſee her pay deare for this cruelty and tyranny of hers towards her, for *Mathurina*, being a Gentlewoman by birth, ſhe takes thoſe blowes and ſevere vſage of her Lady in ſo ill part, and lodgeth it ſo deepely in her heart and memory, as ſhe vowes her revenge ſhall requite part of that her cruelty and tyranny towards her; Whereupon (with more haſte then diſcretion, and with more malice then fidelity) ſhe in her hot blood, goes to *Don Ivan* her young maſter, tels him of this foule buſineſſe betwixt his young wife and old Father, to the diſgrace and ſhame of nature; and makes him ſee and know his owne diſhonour, in their bruti ſh and beaſtly adultery and inceſt. *Don Ivan* extreamely grieves hereat, yea hee is both amazed and aſtoniſhed at the report of this unnaturall crime as well of his young wife as aged Father. Hee cannot re-

straine from choller and teares hereat, to see himselfe thus infinitely abused by her beauty, and betrayed by his lust; and if it be a beastly, yea a prophane part, for one man, and friend to offer it to another, how much more for a father to offer it to his owne, yea to his onely Sonne. Hee expected more goodnesse from her youth and grace from age, but as his wife hath hereby infringed her vow, and oath of wedlocke, so hath his wretched father exceeded and broken those rules and precepts of Nature; yea, he is so netled with the report, and inflamed with the consideration and memorie hereof, that he abhorres her infidelity, and in his heart and soule detesteth his inhumanitie; so as the knowledge hereof doth so justly incense him against her, and exasperate himselfe against him; that resolving to right his owne honour, as much as they have blemished and ruined it, and therein their owne, he scornes to be an eye-Witnesse, much lesse an accessary of this his shame and their infamy: So he here enters into a discreet and generous consultation with himselfe, how to beare himselfe in this strange and dishonourable accident; when perceiving and finding that both his wife and father, had by this their beastly Adultery and Incest, made themselves for ever unworthy of his sight and companie; he here for ever disdaining henceforth to see her, or speake with him, very suddenly (upon a second conference, and examination of *Mathurina*, who stood firmely and vertuously to her former deposition and accusation against them) takes horse and rides away from *Santarem* to *Lisbone*, where providing himselfe of monies and other necessaries, hee takes poast for *Spaine*, and there builds up his residence and stay at the Court at *Madrid*, where wee will for a while leave him, to speak of other accidents which fall out in the course of this History.

Idiaques seeing the sudden departure of his Sonne, and *Marsillia* of her Husband, *Don Ivan*, and being both assured that he had some secret notice and intelligence of their lascivious dalliances and affection, he exceedingly grieves, and shee extremely stormes thereat, because they know that this foule scandall will wholly reflect and fall upon them; and now by this his sudden and discontented departure from them, will be made notorious and apparent to all the world. But how to remedy it they know not; because he hath neither signified him where he is gone, nor when he will returne; the which the more bewrayeth his small respect, and discovereth his implacable displeasure towards them. But as there is no malice and revenge to that of a Woman, so *Marsillia* assuring her selfe that it was her Maid *Mathurina* who (to the prejudice and scandall of her Honour) had unlocked this mysterie to her Husband *Don Ivan*, shee enters into so furious a rage, and so outragious a fury against her, as shee provides her selfe of rods, and intends the next morne e're shee bee stirring out of her bed, to wreake her fierce anger and indignation upon her: But this sharpe and severe resolution of hers, is not so closely carried by her, but *Mathurina* hath perfect notice thereof, and to prevent this intended correction and crueltie of her incensed Lady and Mistris, shee the night before takes horse, and so rides home to the Towne of St. *Saviours* to her father; and there, from point to point relateth him all which had past betwixt her Lady and her selfe, and betwixt her Husband, her selfe, and her father in Law; and that now disdaining any more to serve her, as her body, so her tongue is at liberty; for she is not, and she will not be sparing to publish her Mistris, and her father in law's shamefull familiarity and adultery together. But this indiscretion, and licentious folly of her tongue will cost her farre dearer than shee thinkes of, or expecteth.

For her late Lady and Mistris, *Marsillia*, being now perfectly certified of *Mathurina's* infidelitie and treachery towards her in the point of her dishonour and shame, shee (to salve up her reputation, and to provide for her fame (will not wholly relye upon

upon her owne judgement and discretion herein, but resolves to acquaint *Don Alonso De Perez*, her owne onely brother herewith, and to crave his ayd and assistance, as also his advice, betwixt whom and her selfe there was soone a league and simpathy of affection, that (if reports be true) I write it to their shame, and mine owne sorrow, it exceeded the bounds of Nature and Honour, and of Modesty and Chastity; onely the presumption hereof is great and pregnant: for if there had not beene some extraordinary tyes and obligations betwixt them, it is rather to be beleeved than doubted, that for her sake and service, he would never have so freely exposed himselfe to such eminent feares and dangers, as we shall immediately see him doe; and although (of honour and disposition) he were brave and generous, yet I beleeve he would not have undertaken it. For the Reader must understand that to this brother of hers, *Don Perez*, *Marsilia* speedily acquaints the infidelity and treachery of her Maid *Mathurina's* tongue against her Fame and Honour, which had so unfortunately occasioned her Husbands, *Don Ivans*, discontented departure from her. Shee protesteth most seriously and deepely to him of her and her father in Law *Idiaques* innocency in this pretended crime and scandall: Tels him that *Mathurina* is the onely author and reporter thereof, and therefore till that base and lewd tongue of hers be eternally stopped and silenced, shee shall never enjoy any true content to her heart, or peace to her thoughts and mind either in this world, or this life: When his affection to her makes him to yeeld such confidence to her speeches, vowes, and complaints, that hee holds them to bee as true as Scripture; yea, and the undoubted Oracles of Truth and Innocency; when to please and satisfie her, hee bids her be of good cheare and comfort, and that he will speedily take such order that *Mathurina's* scandalous tongue shall not long eclipse her fame, or any further blemish the lustre of her reputation: When this base and bloody Gentleman, *De Perez*, to make good this his promise to his execrable Sister, he secretly rides over to St. *Saviours*, and there by night wayting neere her fathers doore, when *Mathurina* would chance to issue forth; he in a darke night espying her (without any more ceremony or further expostulation) runnes her thorow the bodie two severall times, whereof poore harmlesse innocent soule shee sals downe dead to his feet without once speaking or crying. So *De Perez* seeing her dispatched, he presently takes horse (which his man there led by him) and poasts away to *Santarem*, being neither seene nor discovered. And thus this bloody villain most deplorably embrued his guilty hands in the innocent blood of this vertuous young Gentlewoman, who never offended him in thought, word, or deed in all her life; and albeit that her father *Signeor Pedro de Castello* makes curious enquiry and research for the Murtherer of his Daughter, yet *De Perez* (mounted at advantage) hath recovered *Santarem* in safety. But God will in due time finde him out to his shame and confusion; yea, and than when his security and courage little dreames thereof.

As soone as he comes to *Santarem*, hee acquaints his sister *Marsilia* of his dispatching of *Mathurina*, who is infinitely glad thereof, and extremely thankefull to him for the same, and now her malice and revenge lookes wholly on her Husband *Don Ivan*, for offering her this unkind and scandalous indignity of his departure, and for tacitely taxing and condemning her of incontinency with his father *Idiaques*, which her adulterous heart, and incestuous soule and conscience doth inwardly confesse and acknowledge, though the perfidiousnesse and hypocrisie of her false tongue doe publikely deny it; yea, with her best art and policy, and with her sweetest smiles and kisses, shee hath by this time so exasperated this her bloody brother against him, that (out of his vanity and folly) hee prophanely vowes unto God, and seriously protests and sweares unto her, That if he knew where he were, hee (for the vindica-

tion of her honour and innocencie, would ride to him and fight with him, except he would resolve to give him & her some valuable reparation, and honourable satisfaction to the contrary, which he seales and confirmes to her with many amarous smiles, and lascivious kisses. But as we are commonly never nearer danger than when we thinke our selves farthest from it: So God being as secret in his decrees, as sacred in his resolutions, we shall shortly see *De Perez* to verifie and confirme it in himselfe; for as in the heat of this his sottish affection to his sister, he is ready to fight with her Husband *Don Ivan*, if he knew where he was; loe the newes of his residence in *Madrid*, when he least thinkes thereof, is accidentallie brought him by a Seruant of his owne whom hee purposely sends to *Santarem* with these two ensuing letters, The one sent and directed from him to his Father the other to his wife *Marsillia*. That to his Father spake thus.

Don Ivan to Idiaqvis.

WAs there no other woman of the whole world for you to abuse but my wife, and was your faith so weake with God, or you so strong with the Devill, that you must therefore make her your Strumpet, because shee was my wife? If Nature would not informe you that I am your Son, yet you are my Father, and it should have taught you to have beene more naturall to me, more honourable to the world, more respectfull to your selfe, and more religious to God, and not to have made your selfe guilty of these foule crimes of Adultery and Incest with her, the least whereof is so odious to God, and so detestable to men, that I want tearmes, nor teares to expresse it. For hereby as you have made my shame infinite, so likewise you have made your owne infamie eternall, the consideration whereof gives me so much griefe, and the remembrance sorrow, that holding you for ever unworthy of my sight, and she of my company, I have therefore left Portugall *for* Spaine, *and forsaken* Santarem, *to live and die here in* Madrid. *And when hereafter God shall be so mercifull to your soule, so let you see that the winter of your age makes you fitter for your grave than for my bed, and for your winding-sheet, than for my wife, you will then hold this resolution and proceeding of mine towards you as honourable, as this your crime to me is unnaturall, the which if you henceforth redeeme not with an Ocean of bitter teares, and a world of repentant and religious Prayers to God, I rather feare than doubt, that his Divine Majestywill make you as miserable, as you have made me unfortunate.*

Don Ivan.

His Letter to his Wife spake this language.

Don Ivan to Marsillia.

WHat Devill possessed thy heart with lust, and thy soule with impiety, to make thee violate thy vow which thou gavest me in marriage, by committing those damnable sinnes of Adultery and Incest with my naturall father: And if the consideration that I was thy Husband could not in Grace deverre thee from it, yet (me thinks) the remembrance that hee was my father should in Nature have made thee both to abhorre and detest it. And although my tender affection to thee, and filiall obedience to him, made mee expect more goodnesse from thy youth, and Grace from his age, yet God is a just Iudge, and your hearts are true witnesses of these your unnaturall crimes and foule ingratitude towards me, which hath cast so great a blemish and scandall on mine honour, and dashed my joyes with so many untimely afflictions, and unmerited sorrowes, that I have abandoned Portugall *and* Santarem *for thy sake, and betaken my selfe to live and die in* Madrid

in Spaine *for mine; where I will strive to make my selfe as contented as discontent can make mee, and so leave this thy enormous crime, and the punishment thereof to God, in whom thou mayest bee happy, but without whom thou wilt assuredly be miserable. And thinke to what just calamities and miseries thine inordinate lusts, and lascivious desires and delights have already deservedly reduced and exposed thee. Sith henceforth I will no more esteeme thee my Wife, or my selfe thy Husband, and that God will assuredly looke on thee with an eye of indignation, and the world, of contempt.*

DON IVAN.

Idiaques having read and perused that Letter of his sonne, and *Marsillia* this of her Husband *Don Ivan*, they are therewith so touched in heart with shame, and stung in conscience with sorrow for their foule crimes of Adultery and Incest, that they blush each at other, and both of them most bitterly curse the name and memory of *Mathurina*, who was the first authour of this report to him, and which so suddenly incensed him, and occasioned his departure. So to beare up their reputations to the world, and their fames to him, they resolve (without either asking leave or pardon of God) to justifie their innocencie hereof to him, and so to pursue and solicite his returne. To which effect they write and returne him (by his owne servant) their two severall Letters in answer of his, whereof that of *Idiaques* his father carried this message.

IDIAQUES TO DON IVAN.

THou doest wrong thy selfe and the truth, God and thy Conscience, and thy wife and me, in so basely taxing us of those foule sinnes of Incest and Adultery, whereof we are as truly innocent, as thou falsely and malitiously deemest us guilty. For I have not abused her nor made her my Strumpet, although not God, but the Devill (in the slanderous tongue of Mathurina) *hath made thee to beleeve so. For Nature hath taught mee more Grace and goodnesse, not so little impiety, for that I know they are sinnes more odious to God, and detestable to the world, than either thy sorrowes can expresse, or thy anger depaint me. Neither have I made thy shame infinite, or canst thou make my infamy visible, much lesse eternall, although herein thou shew me thy indignation, together with thy disobedience, by leaving* Portugall *for* Spaine, *and* Santarem *for* Madrid, *whereof because thou wilt not make thy duty, I will content my selfe to make thy discretion I udge betwixt us, If thou have not done me more wrong, than either thy selfe, and the truth right herein, and offered a scandall likewise to thy wives honour, who made thy company her chiefest joy, as now shee doth thy absence her sharpest miserie and affliction. How then can I goe to my grave with content, when thou forsakest her bed with malice, and my house with disdaine. My innocencie in thy accusation hath no way irritated or offended God, and, if therefore with teares and Prayers thou wilt resolve to aske God, thy wife, and me forgivenesse for this thy foule crime, and monstrous ingratitude towards us, then mine armes shall bee as open as ever they have beene to receive, and my house to welcome thee, and therein thou shalt make thy selfe as truly happy, as thou falsly and uncharitably thinkest that God will make mee miserable.*

IDIAQUES.

The answer of his wife *Marsillia* to him was couched in these teames.

MARSILLIA to DON IVAN.

IT is neither Lust nor the Devill which can make me infringe or violate my Vow given thee in marriage, although thou art as far from the truth as from God to beleeve it. But how shall I hope that thy tongue will excuse me of these thy pretended foule crimes of Adultery and Incest, when to my astonishment and griefe I see thou likewise condemnest thy old father to be guilty thereof with me? And if this be any way affection to me, or obedience to him, let all other Husbands judge, and all Sons define and determine. But to returne thee truth for thy falshood; His are expected and deserved more grace, and my youth and Vertues more affection and goodnesse from thee, than to have beleeved those false calumnies and impostures upon the bare report and malitious relation of my hand-maid Mathurina, *which are now dead with her, and are as false as thy rashnesse and her revenge makes thee beleeve them true; for it is neither I nor thy father who have any way blemished thine honour, or vanquished thy joyes, but rather thy selfe, and thy too too unkinde and hasty departure from* Santarem *to* Madrid, *which (to the prejudice of the truth, and of my consent and honour) hath occasioned it. For my heart and soule will testifie both with me and for mee, that my affection and constancy is both as spotlesse, firme, and true to thee, as thy jealousie is false towards my selfe, and therefore as thou leavest my pretended crime, so will I thy reall ingratitude both to time and to God, and if yet thou wilt be so wilfully cruell to live from me, and consequently not to esteeme me thy wife, yet as it is my zeale and duty to begge and pray thee to returne to me, so I will make it my Integrity and Conscience still to hold and love thee for my Husband, and so preserving my heart for thee, as I doe my soule for God, I hope with assurance and confidence that I shall have no cause to feare either his indignation, or the worlds contempt, in regard I have neither merited the one, nor deserved the other.*

MARSILLIA.

Upon the writing and contents of these two Letters of *Idiaques* to his sonne, and of *Marsillia* to her Husband *Don Ivan*, the Reader may please to observe and remember with how much policie, and with how little Piety they seeke to over-vaile and deny these their Adulteries and Incest towards him, thereby to make their actions and themselves appeare as innocent, as they are guilty both to him and to God. But God being the Authour of Truth, and the Father of Light, and whose Sacred Throne and Tribunall is environed with more glorious Sunnes than we see glistering Starres in the Firmament, He will one day unmaske this their hypocrisie, and bring their foule sins of Adultery and Incest, both to light and punishment. Now as *Marsillia* is exorbitantly lascivious in her affection to her brother *De Perez*, and he reciprocally so to her, so with a world of false sighs & teares she shewes him her Letter, and her fathers in law *Idiaques*, which they had sent to her Husband *Don Ivan* to *Madrid*, and with many female oaths and asseverations protesteth to him of both their innocencie herein, which her brother beleeves, yea, her fained sorrowes and false teares had so farre trenched and gained upon his cruelty, that in contemplation and commiseration of her wrongs, hee was then so vaine and impious, as once hee thought to haue carried these two Letters himselfe into *Spaine*, and there to have fought with *Don Ivan* for the reparation of his sisters honour. But at last leaving passion to consult with reason, and temerity againe to bee vanquished and swayed by judgement, first that these Letters of theirs should see *Spaine*, and then to attend his brother in Law *Don Ivan* his answer to them, and as he shall there-

in finde him either perverse or flexible to his wives desires, and his fathers expectations, hee will then accordingly beare himselfe and his resolutions towards him, and hereon both himselfe and his sister *Marsillia* doe joyfully determine and conclude. So *Don* [redacted] owne servant returnes these two aforesaid Letters from *Santarem* to *Madrid* to his Master, who breaking up the seales, and perusing them, he doth not a little wonder at his wives impudency, and his fathers impiety, in so strongly denying these their foule crimes to him: But hee is not a little astonished, and withall afflicted and grieved, when he falls upon that point and branch of his wives Letter, which reports the death of her maid *Mathurina*, for in his heart and conscience he now verily thinks and beleeves, that his wife in her inveterate malice and revenge to her, hath caused her to be murthered, and sent her to Heaven in a bloudy winding sheet. But alas, if it bee so, how to revoke or remedy it he cannot. Once therefore hee was minded to have neglected these their Letters, and so to have answered them with perpetuall oblivion, and a disdainfull silence: But then againe considering with himselfe that this might rather increase than extenuate their hopes of his returne, he betakes himselfe to his Study, where taking pen and paper, he, neglecting his father, traceth his wife this Letter in answer of hers, and againe sends it her into *Portugall* by his owne servant, which assureth them of his resolution not to returne.

DON IVAN to MARSILLIA.

THe receit of thy second Letter hath not diminished but confirmed and augmented my confidence of my fathers shame, and thy infamy, in your foule sinnes of Adultery and Incest, perpetrated against me, and which is worse, against God, so that I am fully resolved for ever to forsake his house, and thy company, and to live and die here in Madrid, *as griefe and disconsolation will permit me; For I prize the (unjust) Apologie of thy (pretended) Innocencie at so low a rate, and value it at so base an esteeme, as I disdaine it for thy sake, and thy selfe for thine owne. I do as much grieve, as I both doubt and feare, thou rejoycest at thy maid* Mathurina's *death, and as I am ignorant of the manner, so if my father and thy selfe have beene the cause thereof, you have then all the reasons of the world to beleeve, that God (who is as just in his resolutions, as sacred in his decrees) will in the end revenge it to his glory, and punish it to your confusion.*

DON IVAN.

This Letter of his doth inflame his wife with malice and indignation, for now her father and she see these their lustfull and lascivious crimes seated and confirmed in his beleefe, and his stay in Spaine fixed in his anger, and eternized in his resolution: When as close as they beare it, yet knowing full well that the world will take notice of it, and ere long make it their publike scandall and infamie. He is so devoid of Grace, and shee of goodnesse, that to prevent it, hee wisheth his sonne in Heaven with his mother, and shee her old father in law in grave with her young maid *Mathurina*. But these vaine hopes of theirs may deceive them, which as yet they two are not so wise to thinke of, nor so cautious or religious to consider, but rather more resembling bruit beasts than Christians, they still continue their obscene and incestuous pleasures, the which I take small delight or pleasure to mention in regard of modesty, or to repeat in respect of Nature and Honour. Here *Marsillia* againe repaires to her brother *De Perez*, as to her Oracle and Champion; she shewes him both these two last Letters of her husband to his father and herselfe, and conjureth his best advice and speediest assistance for the recovering of her honour, in that of her husbands affection and company, or else that she were freed from him, and he out of this life and this world, that so her

ſcandall and wrongs might die with him, and for ever bee raked up in the duſt of his grave, and buried with him in eternall oblivion and ſilence. *Don Perez* (in heart and minde) is ſo much his ſiſters, as he is no more himſelfe, when making his affection doe homage to her beauty, and his judgement and reſolution to pay tribute to his affection, he prayes her to referre this charge and buſineſſe to the care of his diſcharge; when giving her many kiſſes, and willing her to read his heart in his eyes, he gives her the good night; and the next morning being impatient of all delayes, he takes one *Seignior Gaſpar Lopez*, a noble Gentleman, and a valiant intimate friend of his with him, and relating him his intent to fight with his brother *Don Ivan*, and the cauſe thereof: They undertake this journey of *Spaine*, and ſo arrive at *Madrid*, where *Lopez* prayes *Perez* to make him his Second in that Duell; *De Perez* thanks him for this his affection, but tels him hee will hazard himſelfe but not his friend; ſo writing a Challenge to *Don Ivan*, hee ſeales it up, and requeſteth *Lopez* to deliver it to him, and the ſame night to returne him his anſwer. *Lopez* accordingly findes out *Don Ivan* in his owne chamber, and gives it to him in faire and diſcreet tearmes, who wondring it came from his brother in law *De Perez*, but farre more to underſtand that he was now in *Madrid*, he no way dreaming of a Challenge, but rather thinking that his wife his ſiſter had ſent him thither to him to worke her reconciliation, and conſequently his returne to her to *Santarem*, he haſtily breakes up the ſeales thereof, findes it charged with this language.

De Perez to Don Ivan.

I Have ſeene thy inveterate malice to thy Wife my ſiſter, in thy falſe and ſcandalous Letter to her, and Portugall *hath read it in thy ſudden and chollericke departure from her into* Spaine, *wherefore conſidering what ſhe is to thee, and I to her, I hold my ſelfe bound (both in Honour and Bloud) to make her wrongs and quarrels mine. To which end I have left* Santarem *to finde thee out here in* Madrid, *purpoſely to pray thee to meet me to morrow betwixt ſix and ſeven in the morning, at the fartheſt Weſt end of the* Prado, *with thy Rapier, a confident Gentleman of thy friends, and thy Chirurgeon, without a Second, where thou ſhalt finde me to attend thy comming, and relying upon the equity of my cauſe, and the ingratitude and infamy of thine, I make no doubt but to teach* Don Ivan *what it is for him (without ground or truth) to caſt a baſe aſperſion and wrongfull blemiſh upon the luſtre of his Wife, and my Siſter, the Lady* Marſillia's *honour, whoſe deſcent and extraction is as good as thine, and her education and Vertues farre more ſublime and excellent. Thy generoſity obligeth thee to the honourable performance hereof, and mine honour reciprocally to performe this Obligation.*

De Perez

Don Ivan having received and peruſed this Challenge of his brother in law *De Perez*, and finding his furious reſolution to exceed his judgement, hee knowing himſelfe innocent, his cauſe good, and his courage and valour every way to bee ſuperiour to the others, highly diſdaining to bee out-braved by any Nobleman or Gentleman breathing, in the point of Honour and generoſity, hee with a cheerefull countenance returnes *Lopez* to his brother *De Perez* with this accepting anſwer.

De

DON IVAN to DE PEREZ.

MY hatred to Marsillia, *and departure from her was justly occasioned through her treachery and infidelity to mee, and therefore my Letters to her to that effect are as true as she is false in denying it; notwithstanding sith she is thy sister and my wife, I as much approve of thy affection to her, as I condemne thy temerity to me, and thy indiscretion to thy selfe, in making her quarrell thine, and by forsaking* Santarem, *to fight with me here in* Madrid. *And because thou shalt see and finde that I have as much courage as innocency, I therefore accept of thy Challenge, and am so farre from learning anypoint of valour of* De Perez, *as to his shame and my glory, I hope to teach him, that I have no way cast a false aspersion or blemish on the lustre of her reputation, but she on herselfe, and consequently that I will neither affect her, nor feare thee. For God lending me life, I will to morrow breake fast with thee at thine owne time and place appointed, where my honour and generosity invites me to come, and thine to meet me.*

DON IVAN.

These two inconsiderate Gentlemen having thus embarqued themselves in the strong resolution of this weake quarrell and rash Duell, which earthly honour cannot as justly approve and allow of, as divine Religion and Christian Piety and charity disavow and execrate. Their malice and revenge each to other is so violent and impetuous, that without any thought either of God or their Soules, or of Heaven or Hell, they passe over the night, if not in watchfulnesse, yet in broken and distracted slumbers, yea the morne no sooner peeped from Heaven through their windowes to their chambers, but they leape from their beds to the Prado, where *De Perez* with his friend *Lopez* come first on horse-backe, and immediately after them *Don Ivan* in his Coach, with a young Gentleman his friend, tearmed *Don Richardo De Valdona*: So these two Duellists disdaining to be tainted with the least spice of dishonour, or shadow of cowardise, they at first sight of each other, throw off their doublets, and in their silke stockings and pumps, with their Rapiers drawne, they without any further complement or expostulation approach each other; But here before they beginne to reduce malitious contemplation into bloudy action, I hold it fit to informe my Reader with a circumstance that now past betweene them, wherein doubtlesse the Providence of God was most conspicuous and apparant; For as by the Law and custome both of *Spaine* and *Portugall*, all Rapiers should bee of one length, yet *De Perez* curiously casting his vigilant eye upon that of *Don Ivan*, either his feare, or his judgement, or both, informe him that that Rapier is longer than his, whereat *Don Ivan* grieves farre more than *De Perez* can possible either rejoyce or wonder, for he is so farre from any way blemishing his honour with this, or with any other point or shadow of dishonour, as now he gives his Rapier to measure, and to write the truth, his is found one inch longer than that of *De Perez*, when biting his lip for anger, he (resembling himselfe) proffers to fight with that either of *Lopez* or *Valdona*, which was sufficient reason for one Gentleman of Honour to give, and for another to take; but when he sees that this proffer of his will neither secure *De Perez* feare, nor confirme his content, then as a Noble and generous Gallant, he freely exchangeth Rapiers with him, gives *De Perez* the longer, and contents himselfe to fight with the shorter, whereat *De Perez* rests satisfied, and well he may, sith this action and his receit thereof, doth as much testifie *Don Ivans* glory, as his owne dishonour and shame, and now they againe approach each other to fight.

At

At their firſt comming up *Don Ivan* runnes a firme thruſt to *De Perez* breaſt, but hee (bearing it up with his Rapier) runnes *Don Ivan* in the cheeke towards his right eare, which drawes much bloud from him, and he in exchange runnes *De Perez* thorow his ſhirt ſleeve without hurting him: At their ſecond meeting they againe cloſe without hurting each other, and ſo part faire without offering any other violence: At their third aſſault *De Perez* runnes *Don Ivan* thorow the brawne of his left arme, who in exchange requites him with a deepe wound in his right ſide, from whence iſſued much bloud, and now they breathe to recover wind, and to the judgements of *Lopez* and *Valdona*, (as alſo of their Chirurgions) they hitherto are equall in valour, and almoſt in fortune; ſo although theſe ſpectators doe of both ſides earneſtly entreat them to deſiſt and give over, yet they cannot, they will not be ſo eaſily or ſo ſoone reconciled each to other; So after a little pauſing and breathing, they (with courage and reſolution) fall to it afreſh, and at this their fourth encounter *Don Perez* gives *Don Ivan* a deepe wound in his left ſhoulder, and he requites him with another in exchange, in the necke; and although by this time their ſeverall wounds hath engrained their white ſhirts with great effuſion of their ſcarlet bloud, yet they are ſo brave, ſo generous, or rather ſo inhumane and malitious, that they will not yet give over, as if they meant and reſolved rather to make death feare them, than they any way to feare death; But their fifth cloſe will proue more fatall; for now after they had judiciouſly traverſed their ground, thereby to deceive each other of the diſadvantage of the Sunne, whiles *De Perez* directs a full thruſt to *Don Ivans* breaſt, hee bravely and skilfully warding it, in requitall thereof, runnes him cleane thorow the body, a little below his right pap, when cloſing nimbly with him, and purſuing the point of his good fortune, hee whips up his heeles, and ſo nailes him to the ground, when he had the ſtrength to begge his life of *Don Ivan*, and God knowes he much grieved that it was not then in his power to give it him, for this his laſt wound being deſperately mortall, hee preſently died thereof, having neither the remembrance to call on God, much leſſe to begge mercy of him for his ſinfull ſoule; but as hee lived abominably and prophanely, ſo he died miſerably and wretchedly: And although I confeſſe it was too great an honour for him to receive his death from ſo brave a noble Gentlemans hands as *Don Ivan*, yet it is a moſt ſingular providence, and remarkable puniſhment of God, that hee died by the hands of his owne laſcivious ſiſters Husband, and which is yet more, by his owne ſword, as if God had formerly decreed, and purpoſely ordained, that the ſelfe ſame ſword ſhould give him his death, wherewith ſo lately and ſo cruelly hee had bereaved that harmleſſe innocent young Gentlewoman *Mathurina* of her life, although in regard of this his foule and lamentable murther, hee (with leſſe honour and more infamy) every way deſerved to have died rather by a halter than a ſword; But Gods Providence is as unſearchable as ſacred.

Don Ivan having rendred thanks to God for this his victory, he out of his noble courteſie and humanity, lends *Lopez* his Coach to tranſport the dead body of his brother in Law *De Perez* into the City, and taking his horſe in exchange, he by a private way gets home to his lodging. But this their Duell is not ſo ſecretly carried, but within three houres after all *Madrid* rattles thereof; who knowing the Combatants to be both of them noble Gentlemen of *Portugall*, it gives cauſe of generall talke, and argument of univerſall envie and admiration in all Spaniards, eſpecially in the nobler ſort of Souldiers and Courtiers. When the very day after that *Don Ivan* had cauſed this his brother to be decently buried, *Lopez* repaires to his chamber to him, and in a faire & friendly manner enquires of him if he pleaſe to

returne any Letter of this his friends death, and of his owne victorie to *Santarem* to *Don Idiaques* his father, or the Lady *Marsillia* his wife, and that his best service herein shall attend and wait on his commands: *Don Ivan* thanks *Lopez* for this his courtesie, but tels him that for some reserved reasons he will send no Letter to either of them, but otherwise wisheth him a prosperous returne to *Portugall*; so *Don Ivan* remaines in *Madrid*, and *Lopez* returnes for *Santarem*, and there from point to point relates them the issue of that Combat, as the victory of his sonne *Don Ivan*, and the death and buriall of *De Perez*, adding withall, that he was so reserved and strange, that he would write to neither of them hereof. At the relation and knowledge of this mournfull newes, *Idiaques* cannot refraine from much sorrow, nor *Marsillia* from bursting forth into bitter teares and lamentations thereat; for seeing her deare and onely brother thus slaine by the hand of her owne unkinde Husband; by losing him shee knowes she hath lost her right arme, and he being dead shee knowes not to whom to have recourse either for counsell, assistance, or consolation. And yet as much as hee sorrowes and she grieves at this diasterous accident, they notwithstanding are yet so farre from thinking it a blow from Heaven, or from looking either up to God, or downe to their owne sinfull hearts, consciences, and soules for the same, that without making any good use, or drawing any divine or profitable morall thereof, they still continue their beastly pleasures and damnable Adultery and Incest together, as if there were no God to see, nor no deserved torments or miserie reserved to punish it. But they and we shall immediately see the contrary.

To the griefe of our hearts, and compunction of our soules, wee have in this History seene wretched *Idiaques* (by the instigation of the devill) to poyson his wife the Lady *Honoria*; and likewise his daughter in Law *Marsillia* to have caused her brother *De Perez* to have cruelly murthered her waiting-maid in the street; as also by the Providence of God *Don Ivan* to have slaine the said *De Perez* in the field, and our curiosity and expectation shall not goe far, before we shall see the just Revenge and punishments of God condignly to surprise wretched *Idiaques*, and graceless *Marsillia* for the same; for his Divine Justice contending with his Sacred Mercy, it hath at last prevailed against these their foule and bloudy crimes; so now when they are in the middest, yea, in the height & jollity of all these their foule delights & security, like an unlooked for storme and tempest, it will suddenly befall them. Life hath but one way to bring us into this world, but death hath infinite to take us from it, and what is this but a true argument & reason of Gods glory and our miserie, of his power, and of our frailty and weaknesse, and therefore because wee are as repleat of sinne as he is of sanctity, and as subject to imperfections, as all perfections are both properly co-incident and subject to him: It will be an act of morall wisdome, and of religious piety in us, rather to glorifie than examine his sacred Providence, and rather to admire than pry into his divine Decrees and resolutions. And because his correction and punishment of all sinnes, especially of this crying and scarlet sinne of Murther, is as just as secret, and as inscrutable as just; therefore to draw towards the period of this deplorable History, God is first pleased to exercise and beginne his Judgements on miserable *Marsillia*, and then to finish it in wretched *Idiaques*. But his divine Majestie is likewise pleased and resolved both to impose and make as great a difference in their punishments, as he found a parity and conformity in their crimes.

It is *Marsillia's* pleasure (or to say more truly, the providence and pleasure of God) that she rides from *Santarem* to *Coimbra* to visit a sicke Gentlewoman her Cousin German, who dwelt there, being only accompanied with her man *Ludan*

on horse-backe, and her foot boy *Piscator* to attend her, and as shee comes within a small halfe league of that towne, having sent away her man *Andrea* before, and her foot boy *Piscator* being a very little distance behinde her, there suddenly starts up a Hare betweene (or close to) her horse legges, which so amazed her horse, (which was as hot and proud as the Gentlewoman his Mistresse whom he bore) as comming off with all foure, he throwes her to the ground, and kicking her with his hinde feet at her fall, hee strikes her in the fore-head, and so dasheth out her brains; God so ordaining, that she had not the power to speake a word, much lesse the grace or happinesse to repent her of her horrible sinnes, Adultery, Incest, and Murther. And thus was the lamentable and fearfull end which God gave to this graceless young Lady, the which I cannot as yet passe over, without annexing and remembring one remarkable point and circumstance therein, in which the Justice and Mercy of God to both sexes, and all ages and degrees of people, doth miraculously resplend and shine forth; for that very horse which threw and killed her was the verie same which shee formerly lent to her Brother *De Perez*, and whereon he rid to Saint Saviours when he (by her instigation) killed her waiting maid *Mathurina*. Good God, how just, and wonderfull are thy decrees, Deere Lord, how immense and sacred is thy Iustice.

But this is but the forerunner, and as it were but the enterance in to a further progression of this History. For as her foote boy *Piscator*, extreamely wept and bitterly cryed, at the sight of this mournefull and tragicall death of his Lady and Mistris, God had so decreed and provided, that the next that passed by, and who were sorrowfull spectators thereof, were two Corigadors (or Officers of Iustice) of the Citie of Coimbra riding that way in their Coach to take the aire. Who in compassion of the deplorable death of this faire unknowen young Gentlewoman, they descend their Coach, and having enquired and understood of her sorrowfull Foote boy what shee was, they then with much respect and humanity cause her dead Corps to be decently layd into their Coach, which they shut, and so mounting their Servants Horses they returne againe to Coimbra. From whence they send her Man *Andrea*, in all possible post haste to Santarem to acquaint his Master and her Father in law *Don Idiaquez* with this lamentable death of his daughter in Law *Marsilia*, and to pray him to repayre speedily thither to them to take order for her Buriall. *Andrea* is no sooner departed for his Master, but these two Corigadors consult on the fatality of this accident, and very profitably consider for themselves, that the horse who killed her, and all her apparell and jewels, by the custome and royalty of their City were devolved and forfeited to their jurisdiction; to which effect they cause herrings, chaines, and bracelets to be taken from her, and then her pockets likewise to bee carefully searcht for gold and jewels, so as murther cannot belong concealed or undetected; wee may therefore here behold the wonderfull Providence and singular Justice of God, for in one of her pockets they finde, folded up in a rich cut-worke handkerchiefe, the last Letter which her Husband *Don Ioan* had written and sent her from *Madrid*; at the sight of this Letter one of these Corigadors is desirous to have it read publikely, but the other (being more humane and respective to the concealing of Ladies secrets, which many times prove that of their honours) hee contradicts it, till at last God enlightning their judgements, and prompting and inspiring their hearts, that the perusall of this letter might (peradventure) import and report something which might tend to his service, and conduce to his glory, they fall then on a *medium* betwixt both their opinions, and so withdrawing themselves to a private chamber, they there secretly o're reade this Letter, wherein with admira-

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tion and amazement they understand of the obscene Adultery and Incest of *Don Idiaques* with this his daughter in law *Marsillia*, which was the cause of her Husband *Don Ivan* his absence from her in *Spaine*: But at length when they proceed farther therein, and so fall upon these words of *Don Ivan* to her in this his Letter; *I doe as much grieve as I both doubt and feare thou rejoycest at thy hand-maid* Mathurina's *death, and as I am ignorant of the manner, soif my father and thy selfe have beene the cause thereof, you have then all the reasons of the world to beleeve, that God will in the end punish it to your confusion*; then (led by the spirit of God) they both concurre in one opinion, that this their Adultery, and this Murther of *Mathurina* did not only firmly reflect, but equally take hold both on *Idiaques* and *Marsillia*, and therefore that this her late deplorable and disasterous end, was only a blow from God, and the very true fore-runner, and undoubted Harbinger of his owne to come: When resolving to seize and imprison *Idiaques* as soone as he should arrive thither to *Coimbria*; They hushing up this Letter and businesse in their owne bosomes, doe then hold it fit to send for *Marsillia's* foot-man *Piscator* to come to them, which he speedily doth. They carefully enquire of him if his dead Lady had not sometimes a waiting Gentlewoman named *Mathurina*, hee answered them yes, and that she was lately murthered in the streets of *Saint Saviours*, and that her murtherers were as yet unknowne: They demand of him againe whose daughter she was; hee informes them that her father is a Gentleman who dwels in *Saint Saviours*, and that his name is *Seignior Pedro de Castello*, which being as much as they sought for; putting their servants to watch ouer this foot-man, that he might not escape to give the least inkling of their demands to his old Master *Idiaques*, they presently send away poast to *Saint Saviours* for *Castello*, and (in honour to Justice) these two Corigadors as Christian Magistrates, having put all things in order for the vindication of the truth of these deplorable matters, that very night *Idiaques* arrives at *Coimbra*, and descends from his Coach to the house of one of these Corigadors, where the dead body of his daughter *Marsillia* lay; at whose mournfull sight, as soone as his passionate griefe and sorrow had caused him to shed and sacrifice many rivolets of teares, when hee least dreames or thinks therof, these two Corigadors cause him to be seized on, and instantly commit him close prisoner, without acquainting him with the cause hereof; where all that night his guilty heart and conscience (as so many Fiends and Furies) assuring him that it was for poysoning of his owne Lady *Honoria*; there horror and terrour, griefe and despaire, and sorrow, and anguish, doe act their severall parts upon the Theatre of his soule.

The next morne *Castello* (*Mathurina's* father) likewise arrives to *Coimbra*, to whom the Corigadors communicate this Letter of *Don Ivan* to his wife, which he sent her from *Spaine*, wherein they tell him the murther of his daughter *Mathurina* seemes probably and strongly to reflect upon *Idiaques*, and his daughter in law *Marsillia*; when they farther acquainting him with her tragicall death, as also with his imprisonment; *Castello* (with a world of teares and cries) exclaimes that undoubtedly they were the authours, if not the actors of his daughters lamentable murther, and so very passionately and sorrowfully craves justice of them on *Idiaques* for the same, which they are as willing to grant and performe, as hee to desire: So after dinner in the publike Tribunall of Justice, they send for *Idiaques* legally and juridically there to appeare before them; where this sorrowfull father (with much passion, and more teares) doth strongly accuse him for the murther committed and perpetrated on his daughter *Mathurina*; the which *Idiaques* with many high and stout answers denieth; he alleageth many cyllie words, and

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ſugred and ſilken phraſes, to juſtifie and Apologize his innocencie: Which theſe Corigadors (led by the finger of God) hold rather to be far more ayrie than ſolide, and farre more plauſible than reall or true; ſo they (ſtill remembring his ſonne *Don Ivans* Letter to his wife *Marſilia*) doe (without regard to his quality or age) adiudge him to the Racke. The which *Idiaques* (fearing infinitely more the murther of his owne Lady *Honoria*, than that of *Mathurina*) endures the tortures and torments thereof, with a fortitude and reſolution farre beyond his ſtrength and age, and with an admirable conſtancie ſtands firmly to the deniall of this fact and accuſation; ſo ſeeing the Racke taken away, and himſelfe from the Racke, he is therefore very confident and joyfull, that his danger is likewiſe o're paſt and o're blowne: But theſe vaine hopes of his will yet both deceive, and in the end betray him, for as yet his conſcience hath not made peace with God. For the griefes & ſorrowes of this mournfull father for this lamentable murther of his daughter, have now made him both induſtrious in his ſolicitation, and religious in this his proſecution againſt *Idiaques* towards theſe Corigadors, to whom againe he becomes an earneſt, and yet an humble Petitioner, that they will give him eight dayes time more to fortifie his accuſation, and that all that time he may ſtill remaine priſoner without Baile or Surety; which they finding reaſonable, and conſonant to all equity and law, they freely grant him. When *Caſtello* having God for his Councellor, and whom in a ſmall time *Idiaques* ſhall finde for his Judge, calling to minde ſome words of his deceaſed daughter touching the ſuſpition of poyſoning her old Lady by her Husband, to make way for this march with *Don Ivan*, hee doth no more accuſe him for murthering of his daughter *Mathurina*; but ſome two dayes after he frames and preſents a new Inditement and accuſation to his Judges againſt him, for poyſoning his old wife the Lady *Honoria*. Which theſe Judges admiring and wondering at, they then partly, nay almoſt confidently beleeve, that there is ſome great crime, and foule fact in this buſineſſe againſt *Idiaques*, which God will in fine detect and bring to light, by the ſolicitation and induſtry of this honeſt poore Gentleman *Caſtello*. So they admit againe of his ſecond Inditement againſt him, and by vertue hereof convent him before them at their Tribunall of Juſtice.

Idiaques underſtanding hereof, his guilty conſcience now denounceth ſuch thundering peales of feare and amazement to his appalled heart and trembling ſoule, as they will give no peace either to himſelfe or them; and the Devill who had ever heretofore promiſed him his beſt aid and aſſiſtance, now flies from him, and leaves him to ſtand or fall to himſelfe: And here it is that his courage begins to faile him, and that his feare and ſhame is almoſt reſolved and ready to proclaime himſelfe guilty of this his laſt and worſt accuſation, the poyſoning of his owne wife the Lady *Honoria*: But againe the hope of life is yet ſo ſweet to him, as the feare of death is diſpleaſing and bitter, and therefore (with a wretched reſolution, and a miſerable confidence) he againe artificially endevoureth to bleare the eyes of theſe his Judges, with his chiefeſt Eloquence, and ſweeteſt Oratory; who having given him his full carreer to ſpeake in his owne defence and juſtification, when they perfectly knew he yet ſpake not one valuable word or reaſon, either to defend or juſtifie himſelfe; Then one of theſe cleere-ſighted Corigadors (in the behalfe of both of them) returnes him this grave reply and pious exhortation.

That as they have not the will to accuſe him, ſo they have not the meanes or powes to excuſe him, for being (at leaſt) acceſſary to both, or either of theſe murthers, of his Lady *Honoria*, or *Mathurina*; that the ſudden death of the firſt, and the violent and untimely one of the laſt, the voluntary abſence of his ſonne

Don Ivan in Spaine, with his killing of *De Perez* there, and now the feareful and lamentable end of his daughter in law, *Marsillia* (whose body is yet unburied, and her blood scarce cold) left a dangerous reflexion, and a pernitious suspition on his life and actions at least of Adulterie and Incest if not of Murther (whereof his Sonne *Don Ivans* Letter which hee writ to his wife *Marsillia* which they have there to shew, is a most strong and pregnant witnesse) and that the least of these crimes are capable to ruine a greater personage than himselfe. That he could cast no mist of delusion before Gods eyes, though he artificially endevoured and laboured to cast a vaile before theirs. That the shedding of innocent blood was a crying Sinne, which despight of sorcery and of Hell would (in Gods due time) draw downe vengeance to Earth from Heauen on their Authors. That if he were guiltie of his accusation, he had no better plea than confession, nor safer remedie than repentance. That contrition is the true marke, of a true Servant of God, and though we fall to Nature and sinne as being men yet wee should rise againe to grace and righteousnesse as being Christians. That to deny our Crimes, is to augment them and consequently the impunishments, both in Earth, and in Hell, and that he was not a Christian, but an Infidell, who would attempt to save his life with the losse of his soule, with many other religious exhortations concurring and looking that way.

But all this, notwithstanding, *Idiaques* his Faith and Conscience, was yet so strong with Sathan, and therefore so weake with God, that he left no excuse, policy or evasion uninvented to bleare the eyes of these Corigadors, and so to make his innocency to passe current with them. But his eloquence and asseverations cannot prevaile with the solidity of their Iudgements, for God will not suffer them to bee led away with words nor seduced or deluded with shadowes: But from the circumference of circumstances, they now flie to the centre of truth, and to the Authour and giver, yea to the life and soule thereof, God. So they againe adjudge him to the rack for his second accusation of Murther, as they formerly had done to him for his first. At the pronouncing of which sentence, if wee may judge of his heart by his face, hee seemed to be much afflicted, appaled and daunted, which his Iudges perceiving before they expose him to his torments, they in Honour to his Age and qualitie, but farre more to Truth and Iustice (whom they know to be two Daughters of Heaven) they now hold it a point of Charity and Piety to send him two Diuines to his prison to worke upon his Conscience and Soule, which they doe: And God in the depth of his goodnesse, and the richnesse of his mercy, was so mercifully propitious and indulgent to him, that hee added such efficacy to their perswasions and power to their exhortations, as at the very sight of the racke, hee with teares in his eyes, then and there confessed unto them, That hee was innocent of *Mathurinaes* murther, but guiltie of poisoning his owne wife, the Ladie *Honoria*, for the which he said he most heartily and sorrowfully repented himselfe. Whereupon his Iudges (and the rest present) admiring with wonder and praising God with admiration for the detection of this his foule bloody and lamentable crime, they pronounce sentence against him. That for expiation thereof, hee at eight of the clocke the next morning shall have his head cut off at the place of common execution in that Towne. When *Idiaques*, who (yet adhered so much to Sathan) that hee could never be devested of his mortall sinnes before he were first deprived of his sinfull life, doth yet still flatter himselfe with some further hope of life, and so hee appeales from the judgement and sentence of this Court of *Coimbra* to that of *Santarem*, as being native and resident thereof, as also because he committed his murther there for which they (not his competent Iudges) adjudged him to death. Whereat although the

Corrigadors of *Coimbra* for the preservation of the priviledges of their Court and Towne, doe obstinately expose and vehemently contest it, yet at last well knowing, and being conscious with themselves, that smaller Townes and Courts in *Portugall* are bound and subject to depend of the greater; They therefore making a vertue of necessitie, and contenting themselves to give way to that which they cannot remedie, doe ordaine that *Idiaques* should bee conveighed and tryed at *Santarem*.

But yet before they suffer him to depart their Towne, they in honour to Iustice, in wisedome to themselves, and in reputation to their Towne and Court, doe seriously and religiously charge him in the name and feare of God to declare truly to them, whether his unburyed Daughter in Law *Marfillia* were not likewise accessary with him in poysoning his Wife, the Lady *Honoria*, which at first he strongly denies to them. But then they send away for the two Divines who had formerly dealt with him and his Conscience in Prison, who exhort him to carrie a white and candyd soule to Heaven, and threaten him with the torments of Hell fire if hee doe not. When with sighes and teares, he confesseth that to them, and that it was hee himselfe who administred that poyson to his wife, but that his daughter in Law *Marfillia* bought it for him. So these Iudges (upon the validity of this free and solemne confession) in detestation of this her lamentable crime, doe reverently resolve to second, and glorifie God in his Iudgements towards her, and therefore they presently condemne her dead body to bee burnt that afternoone in their market street, the common place of execution, which accordingly is then and there performed in presence of a great concourse of people, who infinitly rejoyce that God so miraculously destroyed the life, and their Iudges the body of so execrable a female Monster.

By this time we must allow, and imagine that our old Lecher, and new murtherer *Idiaques* (by vertue of his appeale) is brought to his owne City of *Santarem*, and I thinke either with a ridiculous hope or a prophane and impious resolution to see whether God will punish him there with death, or the Divell preserve and save him from it. Hee hath many friends in this Court, who are both great and powerfull, and therefore builds all his hopes of life, on this reeling quicksand, this snow, this nothing, that his great estate of money and lands will undoubtedly act wonders with them for his pardon. But still he hopes, because still the divell deceives him; He is arrived here at *Santarem*, where this faire Citie which might heretofore have proved his delight and glory, is now reserved for his shame and appointed and destined for his confusion; They cannot brook the sight, much lesse the cohabitation and company of such monsters of nature, and divels incarnat of men, who glory in making themselves guilty of these foule sinnes, and crying crimes, Adultery, Incest, Murther. So that *Idiaques* (who hath made himselfe a principall of this number, and a monster of Art in these sinnes) thinking here in *Santarem* to find more mercy and pity during his life, shall find lesse of both of them after his death. For the criminall Iudges of this Court who reverence and honour Iustice because Iustice doth daily and reciprocally performe the like to them, doe confirme the sentence of *Coimbra*, that the next morne he shall lose his head, but in detestation and execration of these his foule and bloody crimes, they adde this clause and condition thereto, that both his head and body shall be afterwards burnt, and his ashes throwne into the ayre, which gives matter of talke and admiration, not onely to *Santarem* but to all *Portugall*. And thus most pensively and disconsolately is *Idiaques* reconveyed to his prison where Church-men are sent him by the Iudges of that court, to direct his soule in her flight and transfiguration from earth to Heaven whom they finde (or at least they make) very humble, mournefull, and repentant. According to which sentence

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he is the next morning brought to the place of execution, which for the greater example and terrour to others, and of ignominy to himſelfe, was before his owne houſe, wherein he had acted and perpetrated all his enormous crimes. Where the ſcaffold is no ſooner erected, but there flocke an infinite number of people from all parts of the City, to be ſpectators of this laſt ſcene of his Tragedy. He came to the ſcaffold (betweene two Friers) in a ſute of blacke Taffeta, a gowne of blacke wrought tuffe Taffeta, and a great white ſet ruffe, which yet could not be whiter than his broad beard: At his aſcent on the ſcaffold, his grave aſpect and preſence engendred as much ſorrow & pity, as his beaſtly crimes did deteſtation in the hearts and tongues of the people, to whom (after hee had a ſhort time kneeled downe and prayed) he made a ſhort ſpeech to this effect.

That although the poyſoning of his owne wife, and his adultery with his ſons wife, were crimes ſo odious and execrable, as had made him unworthy any longer either to tread on earth, or to look up unto Heaven, yet although he deſerved no favour of his Judges for his bodie, he humbly repented and begged ſome of God for his ſoule, and for the more effectuall obtaining thereof, hee zealouſly prayed all thoſe who were preſent to joyne their prayers to his. Hee confeſſed that it was *Marſillia's* beauty which firſt (at the inſtigation of the devill drew him to that adultery with her, and this poyſoning of his owne wife *Honoria*, whereof from his heart and ſoule, he now affirmed hee implored remiſſion of God, of the Law, of his ſonne *Don Ivan*, and of all the world, and prayed them all to be more godly and leſſe ſinfull by his example, and ſo kneeling downe, and praying a little whiles to himſelfe, he roſe up, and putting of his gowne, ruffe, and doublet, which hee gave to the Executioner, hee binding his head and eyes with his handkerchiefe, bade him doe his office, which he preſently performed, and with one blow of the ſword, made a perpetuall double divorce betwixt his head and his ſhoulders, his body and his ſoule; when preſently according to his ſentence, both his head and his body were then and there burnt and conſumed to fire, and his aſhes throwne into the ayre.

And this was the deplorable life and death of *De Perez*, *Idiaques*, and *Marſillia*, of whom the ſpectators (according to their ſeverall humours and affections) ſpake diverſly, all condemning the bloudy cruelty of *De Perez* towards innocent *Mathurina*, and of *Idiaques* towards his vertuous wife *Honoria*. Againe, ſome pitied, and others execrated *Marſillia's* youth, beauty, and luſt; but both ſexes, and all degrees of people (as ſo many lines terminating in one Center) magnified the providence and Juſtice of God, in ſo miraculouſly and condignly cutting off theſe monſters of nature, and bloudy butchers of mankinde.

And if the curioſity of the Reader will yet farther enquire, what afterwards became of *Don Ivan*; The reports of him are different, for as firſt I heard that his diſcontent and griefe was ſo great, yea, ſo extreame for the death of his Parents and wife, that he cloiſtered himſelfe up a *Capuchin* Fryer in their Monaſtery at *Madrid*: So contrariwiſe I have ſince credibly beene enformed, that he ſhortly after theſe diſaſters left *Spaine*, and ſtill lives in *Santarem* in *Portugall* in great honour, welfare, and proſperity; But which of theſe his reſolutions are moſt inclining and adherent to the truth, it paſſeth beyond my knowledge, and therefore ſhall come too ſhort of my affirmation.

GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE CRYING AND Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XVII.

Harcourt *steales away* Masserina, *his brother* Vimoryes *wife and keepes her in Adulterie*; *She hireth* Tivoly *(an Italian Mountebanke) to poyson* La Precoverte, *who was* Harcourts *wife*; Harcourt *kils his brother* Vimory, *and then marries his widdow* Masserina; Tivoly *is hanged for a robbery, and at his execution accuseth* Masserina *for hiring him to poyson* La Precoverte, *for the which shee is likewise hanged*; Noel *(who was* Harcourts *man) on his death-bed suspecteth and accuseth his said Master for killing of his brother* Vimory, *whereof* Harcourt *being found guilty, he is broken alive on a wheele for the same.*

Man being the Workemanship, and figurative Image of God, what an odious sinne, yea what an execrable crime is it therefore for one (out of the heate of his malice or fumes of his revenge) to poyson, or murther another, sith Nature doth stronglie impugne, and Grace (with a high hand) infinitely contradict it. Therefore were not our hearts and understandings either wholly deprived of Common sence or our soules of the gratious assistance and favour of God, wee would not thus so furiously and prophanely make our selves guilty of these infernall sins, but rather (with our best endevours) would seeke to avoid them as Hell, and (with our most pious resolutions) to hate and detest them as the Divell himselfe who is the prime Authour and Actor thereof, But some such monsters of Nature, and Disciples of Sathan there are here on Earth. A fearefull and lamentable Example whereof this ensuing History will shew us. The which may all good Christians read to Gods glory, and remember to the instruction of their Soules.

THere is a parish tearmed Saint *Symplicius* a mile from the Citie of *Sens* in the Dutchy of *Burgundy* (which is honoured with the title and See of an Archbishop) where (within these few yeares) there dwelt and died an aged Gentleman, (more Noble by birth, than rich in Estate and Demaynes) termed *Monsieur De Vimory*, who left onely two sonnes behinde him, the eldest named *Monsieur De Harcourt*,

Harcourt, and the second *Monsieur De Hautemont*, who were two very proper young Gentlemen, excellently well bred and qualified, as well in Arts as Armes, or in any other vertue or perfection which was requisite, both to shew and approve themselves to bee the sonnes of their father. And (to content my Reader with their characters) *Harcourt* was tall, but not well favoured, but of a milde and singular good disposition; *Hautemont* was of a middle stature, neatly timbred, of a sweet and amiable countenance, but by nature hasty and head-strong; *Harcourt* had a light Aubrun beard, which (like a Countrey Gentleman) he wore negligently after the Ovall cut; *Hautemont* had a coale blacke beard, which (Courtier-like) he wore in forme of an invaled Pyramides; *Harcourt* was thirty two yeares of age, very chaste and honest; *Hautemont* was twenty five, but many times given to women, and ready to bee deboshed and drawne away by any, though but of an indifferent quality and complexion. To *Harcourt* (the eldest son) their father gave his chiefest Mannor house, with eight hundred Crownes of yearely Revenew, and all his Goods and Chattels. To *Hautemont* (his second son) he gave his second Mannor house, worth foure hundred Crownes yearely, and fifteene hundred Crownes in his purse, by his Testament: Estates, which though it came short of their bloud, yet it exceeded that of most of the Gentlemen their neighbours, and is held in *France* at least the double, if not the triple of as much here with us in *England*. So having neither the happinesse, or the care to be accompanied with any sister or other brothers, they interchangeably sweare a strict league of brotherly love and deare affection each to other, which by their Vertues and Honours they sweare shall never receive end, but with the end of their lives: They many times consult together for the conduction and improving of their Estates, which they promise to manage with more frugality than lustre, and with more solide discretion than vaine ostentation or superfluity, and not to live in *Paris*, or to follow the Court, but to build up their residence in the Countrey. To which end they cut off many unprofitable mouths, both of servants, horses, and hounds, which their father kept. They likewise vow each to other to bee wonderfull charie and carefull in their mariages, as well fore-seeing and knowing it to be the greatest part of their earthly felicity or misery. So here we may see and observe many faire promises, rich designes and resolutions, and many sweet covenants voluntarily drawne up betweene these two brothers, which if they make good and performe, no doubt but the end thereof will bee successefull and prosperous unto them, or if otherwise, the contrary.

But before I wade farther in the streame and current of this History, I must first declare, that by the death of *Vimory* the father, and by the custome of *France*, we must now wholly abandon and take away the title of *Hautemont* from the second brother, futurely to give him that of *Harcourt* the eldest, and that from *Harcourt* the eldest, to give him that of *Vimory* their father, for (by the right and vertue of the premised reasons) these are now become their proper names and appellations, which the Reader is prayed to observe and remember.

A yeare and halfe is not fully expired and past away since their father past from Earth to Heaven, but the eldest brother *Monsieur De Vimory* being extreamly ambitious and covetous of wealth, and understanding that a rich Counsellour of the Court of Parliament of *Dijon*, named *Monsieur De Basigni* was dead, and had left a very rich widow, (of some forty yeares of age) named *Madamoyselle Masserins*, he earnestly seekes her in marriage. Shee is of short stature, corpulent and fat, of a coale-blacke haire, and if fame towards her bee a true and not a tatling goddesse, she hath, and still is, a lover of *Venus*, and a Votaresse who often sacrificeth

ficeth to *Cupids* lascivious Altars and Shrines. *Harcourt* is very averse and bitter against this match for his brother. They have many serious consultations hereon: Hee alleageth him the inequality of her age and birth in comparison of his, her corpulency, the ill getting of her Husbands goods, who was held a corrupt Lawyer, and (as the voyce of the world went) who gained his wealth by the teares and curses of many of his ruined and decayed Clients; and when he saw that nothing would prevaile to disswade his brother from her, he rounds him in his eare, that it was spoken and bruted in *Dijon*, that she was not as chaste as rich, nor so continent as covetous; *Vimory* is all enraged hereat, and chargeth *Harcourt* his brother to name the reporters of this foule scandall vomited forth (quoth he) against the vertues and honour of chaste *Masserina*; *Harcourt* replies, that hee speakes it wholly upon fame, no way upon knowledge, much lesse upon beleefe; so *Vimory* being wilfully deafe to his brothers advice and requests, (and preferring *Masserina's* wealth to her honesty) hee marries her. But shee is so wise for her selfe, as first (both by promise and contract) shee ties him to this condition; that he shall receive all her rents, which are some twelve hundred Crownes *per Annum*, she to put her ready money to Use into whose hands she pleaseth, and he also to have the one halfe of the interest money, but the principall still to remaine in her owne right, propriety, and possession, and as well in her life as death, to be wholly at her owne disposing.

Not long after *Harcourt* being at a great wedding (of a Gentleman his Cousin Germaine) at the City of *Troyes* (in *Champagne*) he there at the balles (or publike dancing) espies a most sweet and beautifull young Gentlewoman, whom he presently fancieth and affects for his wife: He enquires what shee is, and findes her to be named *Madamoyselle La Precoverte*, daughter to an aged Gentleman of that City, tearmed *Monsieur de la Vaquery*. *Harcourt* courts the daughter, seeks the father, finds the first willing, and the second desirous; but at last he plainly and honestly informes *Harcourt*, that his daughters chiefest wealth, are her vertues and beauties; that he hath not much land, and lesse mony; that hee hath two great suits of Law for store of Lands depending in the Parliament of *Dijon*, which promise him store of money, and that he will futurely impart a great part thereof to him, if he will marrie his daughter, the which (for the present) he tels him, he is content to make good & confirme to him both by bond & contract. *Harcourt* loves his faire young Mistresse *La Precoverte* so tenderly and dearly, as he is ready to espouse her on those tearmes, but he will first acquaint his brother *Vimory* therewith, and take his advice therein. *Vimory* informes his brother *Harcourt*, that he knowes *Monsieur De Vaquery*, of *Troyes*, to be a very poore Gentleman, that most of his lands are morgaged out, and in great danger never to be redeemed; that his law suits are so uncertaine, as the following thereof chargeable. *Harcourt* extols the beauty of *La Precoverte* to him to the skie, *Vimory* replies, that beauty fades and withers with a small time, and that those who preferre it to wealth, are many times enforced to feed on repentance in stead of content and joy, and to looke poverty in the face in stead of prosperity. But *Harcourt* having deeply setled his affection on *La Precoverte*, he rejecteth this true and wholsome counsell of his brother, and so marries her: When forgetting his former promise to his brother, hee in a small time turnes a great Prodigall, abandoneth himselfe to all filthy vices, and beastly course of life, and as a most debosht and graceless Husband (within one yeare) hee for no cause quarrelleth very often with this his faire and deare wife, then whom neither *Champagne* nor *Burgundie* had a more beautifull or vertuous young Gentlewoman; shee was of stature tall and slender, of a bright flaxen haire, a

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gratious eye, a modeſt countenance, a pure Lillie-roſeat complexion, of a milde nature, and ſweet diſpoſition, reſpectfully courteous to all the world, and exceedingly devout and religious towards God, as perpetually making it her practiſe, delight, and glory, to conſume a great part both of her time and of her ſelfe in prayer, and in the ſervice of God.

And although ſhe were formerly ſought for in mariage by many as good Gentlemen as *Harcourt*, yet ſhe could fancie none, nor affect any man for her husband but himſelfe. Never wife was more carefull or more deſirous to pleaſe a husband than ſhe, and as (for one whole yeare) it was her former content and joy to ſee him to be a provident, kinde, and loving Husband to her, ſo now it is her matchleſſe griefe and calamity, to ſee his good nature perverted, his reſolutions tranſported, and his affections drowned in deboſhed and vitious company. She leaves no ſweet advice, nor courteous requeſts and perſwaſions unattempted to reclaime him from theſe his foule vices of drunkenneſſe, ſwearing, dicing, evill company, and whoredome; for of no leſſe ſinnes in quality, nor fewer in number, ſhe (with extreame griefe and ſorrow) ſees him to be guilty: But all this will not prevaile, no nor her infinite teares and ſighs which many times ſhe ſpends and ſheds to him both at boord and bed, yea, and ſometimes on her knees, but ſtill (with a wretched violence, and ſinfull impetuoſity) he goes on in his vitious courſes, and ungodly life and converſation; neither caring for his health, or his eſtate and meanes, but wilfully neglects the firſt, and prodigally waſtes and conſumes the ſecond, whereat ſhe wonderfully grieveth and lamenteth. She often requeſteth *Vimory* his brother, and *La Vaquery* her father to perſwade and divert him from theſe his ungodly Courſes and enormious vices, which threatens no leſſe than the vtter ruine, and inevitable ſhipwracke of all their fortunes: but they likewiſe cannot preuaile, although his Brother *Vimory* (with whom they live and ſojourne) every houre and time he ſees him, doe ſtrongly deale and labour with him to that effect: For now he giving no limits to his vices and prodigalities, he ſels away his lands peece-meale, whereat his brother *Vimory* ſtormeth and rageth againſt him, and his vertuous ſweet wife moſt pitifully weepeth and lamenteth. But as a baſe Gentleman, and a moſt unkinde and ungrateful Husband, he laughs at her teares, ſmileth at her ſighes, and contemneth & ſcorneth both them and her ſelfe. And it now falling out, that *La Vaquery* her father loſing both of his Law ſuits at *Dijon*, where they (by the votes & ſentence of that Court of Parliament) are adjudged againſt him, whereby he was vtterly ruined both in his hopes and eſtate for ever; *Harcourt* he eat ſo ſlights & neglects his wife, as he tearmes her beggers brat, threatneth to ſend her home to *Troyes* to her Father, and ſetting all at randome, cares not what becomes either of himſelfe or her, who poore ſweet Gentlewoman is ſo extreamely afflicted, and as it were weighed downe with all theſe calamities and miſeries (eſpecially with the vices and diſcourteſies of her husband) as in her heart ſhe daylywiſheth, and in her ſoule hourely prayeth vnto God, that ſhe were out of this life, and in Heaven, infinitly lamenting and a thouſand times a day repenting that ever it was her hard fortune to ſee her Husband, and her woefull chance to marry him. But how no remedie or redreſſe theſe her miſeries ſhee knowes not.

For now doe her Husbands vices and prodigalities make him daily grow poorer and poorer, in ſo much (as in leſſe than three yeeres) hee is become the ſhame of himſelfe, the contempt of his enemies, the pittie of his friends and Kinſfolkes, and the extreame griefe of his ſweet and deare wife, ſo that hee hath well neere ſpent all, and almoſt left nothing to maintaine himſelfe, much leſſe to maintaine her

her, whose griefes are so great, and sorrowes so infinite, as her rosiat cheekes now looke thinne and pale, her sweet eyes are become obscure and dim, yea, and in so pitifull and lamentable a manner, that she fals exceedingly sicke, and her discontent and disconsolation is almost so remediless, as she would, but cannot be comforted, for that her Husband whom she thought would have proved the argument of her joy and prosperity, is now become the cause of her endlesse griefe, and the object of her matchlesse calamity and misery. Thus leaving her sorrowes, sighs and teares, to bee diminished through time, or dissipated and defaced by God, The order of our History invites and conjures me now againe to speake of this her base and debosht Husband, who hath many beastly and bloudy parts to act herein.

Whose lewd life and prodigalities enforcing him now to behold poverty, because heretofore he disdained to looke on frugality and providence: Seeing his wealth wasted, his lands either sold or morgaged, himselfe forsaken of his brother and friends, his reputation lost, his debts great, his creditors many, and who now began to grow extreame clamorous and scandalous to him: Hee knowes not which way to looke, or how or where to turne himselfe, to finde out some invention and meanes to repaire the decayes and ruines of these his miserable fortunes, and so to beare up and screw himselfe againe into the eye and repute of the world. When his necessity gaining upon his heart and nature, and Satan upon his Conscience and Soule, he knowing his brothers wife *Masserina* to be rich and wanton, hee will become so unfaithfull to his owne wife, so ingratefull and treacherous to his owne brother, and so dishonourable and ignoble to himselfe, as to attempt to gaine her affection from him, and to draw her to his owne lewd and lascivious desires, whereon his irregular hopes did more than partly grow confident, because he flatters himselfe with this true, yet foolish beleefe, that as he was seven yeares the younger, so hee was twice seven times a properer man than his brother. When taking time at advantage, as his brother and her husband *Vincent* were rid to *Dijon*, he finding her in a wonderfull pleasant humour, and exceedingly disposed to be merry, when (God knowes) his owne sweet and sorrowfull wife, was (according to her frequent custome) disconsolately at her prayers and booke in her owne chamber, and her doore shut to her, then, then I say, hee taking his said sister in law *Masserina* to a window in a private Parlor, hee there (for himselfe, or the devill for him!) breaks his minde to her, and is so farre from shame, as he glories to make her acquainted with his deepe affection, & lascivious suit to her: Neither doth he faile of his hopes, or they of his voluptuous desires, for he findes this his sister in law so dishonestly prepared, and so lustfully resolved and disposed to grant him his desires, that sealing her affection to him with many smiles, as he did his to her with more kisses, she is so impudent, so graceless, as at this his very first motion, she vowes to him she hath not the power to deny him any thing, and therefore most cheerfully and willingly gives him her heart and her selfe, and hee doth the like to her, which they mutually ratifie and confirme betweene them with many private kisses, and amarous dalliances, as also with many secret protestations, and solemne oaths: But because Satan is, therefore God will not be present at this their vitious contract, and lascivious combination.

Thus *Harcourt* and his sister in law *Masserina*, having no regard to their honours or reputations, to their hearts or consciences, to their soules or to God, he pollutes his brothers bed in possessing his wives body, and makes it both his delight and practise to defile and contaminate his glory, in that of her shame, and of his

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owne infamy. And now his pockets and purse are againe fill'd and cramm'd with coine, for he gives her kisses for her gold, and she returnes him gold for his kisses. Hereupon he puts himselfe againe into new and rich apparell, but yet is so base, unkinde, and ingratefull to his owne sweet and vertuous wife, that hee will give her neither gold nor new apparrell, but permits her to goe in her old. But to adde more misaries to her misery, and more new griefes and calamities to her old (because shee is equally an eye sore both to himselfe and to her) hee will no longer permit her to live with him, that he may the more often and the more freely and securely familiarize with his old sister, or rather now with his new love *Messerina*: So (without any regard to her birth, or respect to her youth and vertues, or without considering that God had made her his wife, and therefore the other halfe of himselfe) he sends her home to her father at *Troyes*, giving her but a poore little nagge, and a ragged foot-boy, onely with so much money as could hardly carry her thither, giving her neither money nor apparell, nor any thing else which was becoming or fit for her, although through the blacke and obscure clouds of his vices and ingratitude, the bright and relucent Sun-beames of her excellent perfections and vertues in her selfe, and of her constant affection to him, will for ever most radiantly resplend and shine to all the world, especially to those who had the honour to know her living, or who shall now or hereafter reade her History after her death. And never were those her sweet perfections and vertues either more conspicuous and glorious in her, than now at her enforced exile, and sorrowfull banishment and departure from her Husband: For although he were cruelly unkinde, or unkindely cruell to her, yet knowing and considering him to be her Husband, shee therefore holds it her duty and conscience still to attend and wait on him as his wife, and not, either so soone or so suddenly to separate her selfe from him. When her eyes see, her judgement knowes, her heart doubts, and her soule feares, that then more than ever his vices wanted her prayers, and his sins her vertues & presence, to seeke to rectifie and reforme them. But although she descended so low from her selfe to him in her affection and humility, as with bitter sighs and teares to cast her selfe on her knees to begge and request him, that (as by the lawes of mariage and nature, and of conscience and grace) she was obliged and bound, so that she might enjoy the content and happinesse to live and die with him, being infinitely contented, and extreamly desirous, as she then affirmed, (and againe and againe repeated and confirmed to him) to participate and beare her part and share, as well in his poverty as prosperity, yet hee (as an ignoble Gentleman, and a base and vitious Husband) having wholly taken away his heart and affection from this his sweet and vertuous wife *La Precoverte*, and fully and absolutely given it to his lascivious sister in law *Messerina*, hee (I say) is so hard hearted, ingratefull and treacherous towards her, as (without any respect to her teares, or regard to her prayers) hee will no way permit her to live with him in St. *Symplician* or *Sens*, at his brothers, nor yet vouchsafe to bee pleased to goe and live with her to *Troyes* at her fathers: But here we may observe his malice in his disdaine, and his disdaine in his malice towards this deare and sweet young Gentlewoman his wife, (of whom God knowes, and the world sees, he is no way worthy) for he will grant her neither of these her two most reasonable & loving requests, but indeed (rather as a devill than a man, and a tyrant than a Husband) he with thundring looks and speeches, commands her away his sight & presence, without once giving her so much as one poore kisse, as he was bound in affection, or (which is yet lesse) a poore farewell at their parting, as hee was obliged both in conscience and christianity. So this

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sweet disconsolate Gentlewoman (in a manner breaking her breast with her sighes and drowning her cheeks with her teares) only with her poore little nag and ragged footboy, is by her flinty hearted Husband turned out of his Brother *Vimories* house at Saint *Simplician*, and so in this slender manner, and base equipage enforced sadly, discontendedly, and sorrowfully to ride home to the poore Gentleman her Father at *Troyes*, yea and such was the malice, and pollicy of *Harcourt*, her cruell Husband, that this sodaine departure of hers was purposely acted when his Brother *Vimorye*, and his wife *Masserina* were at another mannour house of his some eight leagues off, to the end, that they might not see, or take leaue of her nor she of them, so allowing our sweet and sorrowfull *La Precoverie* by this time at *Troyes* with her aforesaid Father; I will for a time there leave her, to the exercise of her patience, to the pietie of her prayers, and to the pleasure and providence of God.

Now doth our disloyall and treacherous *Harcourt*, at his pleasure frolique it out in Saint *Simplician* with his lacivious Sister in Law, and Strumpet *Masserina*, yea they are now growne so impudent, so careless, so graceless, in these their obscæne Dalliances, that if *Vimorye* the Husband and Master doe not, yet his Servants cannot choose but take deepe notice and exact and perfect Knowledge thereof; Onely he observes a late alteration in his Brothers fortunes, that he is become farre braver in his apparell then accustomed, and hath more store of Crownes in his pocket at his command then heretofore, both to play and spend at his pleasure. Onely from whence this his golden Myne should proceed hee knowes not; except having heretofore made some progression, and experiments in the Chymicall Science (or mistery of Alchymy) he had now found the *Elixar* of the Philosophers Stone, but his curiosity in this *Quere* proceeds no further, much lesse his Iudgement, but least of all his Suspition or Ielousie.

But the graceless Vanity and Ambition of *Harcourt* will yet flye a pitch and degree higher in the ayre of Ingratitude and treachery towards his Brother *Vimorye*, For a little gold cannot redeeme his Lands, nor make vp the mony and great breaches of his former prodigalities, neither will a few kisses and embraces of that lustfull Dame his Sister *Masserina* appease his unchaste appetite, or satisfie his insatiable lust, and lascivious desires. Wherefore at one time and cast, to set nature and honour at stake, and so commanding his heart and thoughts to trample on both of them, without any respect or regard to either, he contrives and assumes this vitious and treacherous resolution, that having already taken the actuall possession of her body, hee should then likewise doe so of her gold, yea of all her whole Estate, and so flye away with her, whose Estate (through his long dishoneſt familiarity with her) hee now knowes to bee great, yea farre greater then his Brother *Vimorye* her husband either ever knew or dreamt of; Wherefore with much superficiall affection, and artificiall flattery and insinuation, he no sooner breakes this motion to her, but her lustfull heart corresponding with his, and her lascivious desires likewise aymeing and intending that way, she freely gives him her consent thereunto, and to that end shee very secretly drawes in all her monies and gold, together with all her plate, Rings, and Iewels most carefully, and privatly packes it up, and so they flye away together; In a morning when her Husband and his Brother was with his servants gone forth a hawking and hunting for all that day, he without ever making his wife, or she her husband once acquainted therewith. *Vimorye* is amazed, and *La Precoverie* extreamely perplexed and afflicted at the strangeness of their (undreamt of) base clandestine departure; And although (in regard of his affection to his wife) he were once resolved, to send and make after them for their stay and apprehension,

yet

yet at last, to avoid the universall scandall of the world (which thereby instead of stopping one tongue, would assuredly let loose many,) hee leaves the successe of this treacherous Accident to Time, and the due reward and true punishment thereof to God. Now the first place of safety and shelter which *Harcourt* and *Masserina* flye unto, is the strong citty of *Geneva* (which depends not of *France*, or *Savoye*, but of God, and it selfe) where they take two chambers, and live together, having no servant at all to attend or follow them, but only *Noell*, who for many yeares before had beene, and still was his man. But to live here in *Geneva* with the more privacy and assurance (because they observe it to be a Citty, exceeding politiquely, vertuously and religiously governed) they finde out this excuse for their stay, that hee is heire to some lands (which by the death of an vnkle of his) is devolved and fallen to him in the estate, and dutchy of *Millan* (betwixt *Pavia* and *Alexandria*) whether hee goes to sell it away, in regard (as he falsly alleageth) that both this Gentlewoman (whom hee resolves to leave there, and presently upon his returne to marry) and himselfe are Protestants, and for a moneth or six weakes, this false glosse, and true imposture passeth current with those of *Geneva*, whom all that time they freely permit and suffer to enjoy the lawes and previledges of Hospitality in their city, and the sooner, (and with far lesse suspition & doubt) because they observe, that they very often frequent their Sermons, and Churches, although in their hearts and devotions, God knowes, they both are directly Roman Catholiques. But at the end of this small time, understanding that the two Syndicks and the rest of the Magistrats of that City beganne to pry more narrowly into their stay, and more neetely into their actions; Then they thinking to mocke with God and their soules, and so make Religion onely to be a cloake to overvaile their villany, he then and there resolves to marry her before he goe to *Millan*, (which indeed affords sweet musicke to the heart, and melody to the thoughts and minde of this lascivious dame *Masserina*, the which shee esteemed to be the chiefest felicity she could desire upon earth) excusing the alteration of this his resolution upon her sickenesse and indisposition (which also was as false and counterfeit, as the pretence of their protestant Religion was feigned and hipocriticall) and to that end he acquaints the Ministers and the Ancients of the Church therewith; But they being as regular in their actions as hee was exorbitant, and as pious in their intentions as he was prophane in his, question him to shew some authenticall certificat from that Protestant Church or Churches in *Poitou* (where they aver they formerly dwelt) that they were both of them Protestants by religion, and that their marriage was honourable and no way clandestine; affirming to him, that it was against the rules of their religion, the Constitutions of their Church, and the lawes of their City, to doe otherwise, either to them, or to any strangers whatsoever; Which *Harcourt* well perceiving, He now comes too short in his arithmeticke, and having none to shew them in that nature, hee sweats under the saddle; and so slackes his importunacy therein, and puts it off with a specious excused dilatory delay; When acquainting his *Masserina* therewith, they both are equally afflicted and grieved, thus to see their hopes nipt, and their expectations and desires of marriage frustrated, and blasted in the very bud and blossomes; and now they see that their abode and stay in *Geneva*, neither can, nor must be long. But here betides them another unlooked for accident which will speedily transport them thence;

It is the pleasure and mercy of God, that *Noell* (*Harcourts* man) is not a little grieved in heart, and afflicted in mind, to see his master guilty of this foule and treacherous crime, in stealing away *Masserina* his Brothers wife, and entertaining and using her as his owne. Hee knowes how infinitely this their adultery is displeasing

to God, and odious to men, and how oppoſite and repugnant it is to Grace and Nature. Wherefore holding it a trouble to his minde, a vexation to his heart, and a ſcruple to his conſcience any longer to attend and follow them, becauſe he is aſſured, that the divine Juſtice and vengeance of God, will never permit them to goe long either undetected or unpuniſhed, He calling to his remembrance the ſweet vertues and chaſtity of his Miſtris *La Precoverte*, and (by oppoſition and Antitheſes) comparing them to the foule vices and whoredomes of *Maſſerina*, hee out of his duty to the firſt, and deteſtation to the ſecond, though a bad Servant to his Maſter, yet was a good Chriſtian to God, gives his Miſtres *La Precoverte* very ſecret intelligence, of his maſters laſcivious reſiding and living here in *Geneva* with *Maſſerina*, whereof he ſends her word, he is a very ſorrowfull and unwilling eye witneſſe, and ſo leaves the reformation thereof, firſt to God, and then to her ſelfe. Our vertuous ſweet Gentlewoman *La Precoverte*, is wonderfully afflicted and grieved, at this foule crime of adultery betwixt her Husband, and his Siſter *Maſſerina*, whereat her chaſte heart towards him, and her pure and religious ſoule towards God, makes her ſend many teares to earth, ſighes to heaven. Once ſhe thought to acquaint her brother *Vimory* herewith, but then fearing that his juſt choller might peradventure exaſperate him againſt her Husband, ſhe againe as ſoone forſakes that opinion and intent, as holding it more diſcretion and ſafety to be ſilent herein towards him. And yet conſulting her griefes and afflictions with God (whoſe ſacred adviſe and aſſiſtance how to beare her ſelfe in this action and accident, ſhee religiouſly implores) ſhe at laſt deemes it a part both of her affection, duty, and conſcience, to uſe her beſt zeale and endevours to reclaime them from this their abhominable, and beaſtly courſe of life. And in regard her poverty, weakneſſe, and ſickneſſe will not (according to her deſires and wiſhes) permit her to ride over to them in perſon to *Geneva*, ſhee therefore commits and impoſeth that charge to her pen, to write both to her Husband *Harcourt*, as alſo to his lewd Siſter, or rather his laſcivious Strumpet *Maſſerina*, to ſee if her letters (by the permiſſion and providence of God) may prevaile with their hearts and ſoules to reforme and draw them home, the which ſhe purpoſely, and expreſly ſends by a confident meſſenger, and with the greateſt ſecreſie ſhe poſſibly can deviſe.

Her Letter to her Husband intimated this?

LA PRECOVERTE TO HARCOVRT.

YOur flight and Adultery with that graceles Strumpet Maſſerina, is ſo diſpleaſing to God, as I cannot but wonder that his divine Juſtice wil permit Geneva, *or any other place of the world to containe you without puniſhing you for it: yea when in this foule crime of yours, I conſider her by my ſelfe, and you by your Brother* Vimorye, *I finde that his griefe proves my ſhame, and my ſhame his griefe, and that you and her are the true cauſes of both. I have examined my thoughts and actions, my heart and ſoule, and cannot conceive that I have any way deſerved this your ingratitude towards me, and therefore faile not to certifie me why and wherefore you have undertaken this vitious and lewd courſe of life, which in the end will aſſuredly produce thy miſery, as now already it doth your infamy, except your contrition to God, doe ſpeedily redeeme it. And in regard that you are my Husband, and that I both hoape and beleeve it to be the firſt fault in this kinde and nature, I therefore hold you more worthy of my pitty than of my hatred, and of my prayers then of my curſes. So if you will abandon your deboſhed Siſter, and come home and live with me who am thy chaſte and ſorrowful wife, my armes and heart ſhall bee as open as ever they were, both to receive and forgive you, yea, I will wholly forget what is paſt, and prepare my ſelfe to welcome you home, with a thouſand ſmiles and Kiſſes, if you will reſolve and remember henceforth to love mee as much, as formerly*

merly (without cause or reason) you have neglected and hated me.

LA PRECOVERTE.

Her Letter to *Masserina*, bewrayd these passions.

LA PRECOVERTE to MASSERINA.

NOe longer Sister, but lewd strumpet, was it not enough for thee to abuse thine owne Husband, but that thou must likewise bereave me of mine, who is his owne and onely Brother, as if a single sinne and ingratitude, could not content thy lascivious lust, or satisfie thy inordinate desires: but that thy impiety to God, and prophaneness and obscenity to thy selfe, should make thee guilty of so foule a crime as Adultery, and which is worse, of such a foule and base Adultery as comes very neere to the worst kinde of Incest; wherof thy thoughts and heart can informe thee, and thy conscience and soule assure thee, it will hereafter make thee as truely miserable, as now thou fasly thinkest thy selfe happy. Wherefore triumph not, to have made my griefe thy glory, and my affliction thy felicity, for God (who is as just, as powerfull) will requite my wronges in thy Person, and when thou least dreamest thereof, his Divine punishments will sharpely scourge and revenge thy lascivious pleasures, except thou deject and prostrate thy selfe at the feet of his sacred mercy with true contrition, and at the Altar of his saving Grace with unfeined repentance for the same, by restoring my Husband to me, and thy selfe to thine, and by making thy peace with God, whom so highly and haincusly thou hast therein offended, which if thou doe, thou mayest then reestablish thy fortunes, and redeeme thy reputation, or els for ever assuredly ruine both them and thy selfe. So if I see thee to imbrace this chaste and to follow this vertuous and religious course, I will againe assume the name of a Sister and leave that of a strumpet towards thee, yea, I will wholly forget these thy (almost unpardonable) wrongs and disgraces which thou offerest mee, and for ever bury them in perpetuall silence, and eternall oblivion.

LA PRECOVERTE.

Her Messenger arriving at *Geneva*, he first findes out *Noell*, and then secretly delivers these two Letters to *Harcourt* and *Masserina*, who much musing and more wondring thereat, withdrawing themselves into their Inner Chamber, they there breake up the seales and peruse them; Whereat their hearts galled, and their Consciences so netled and stung as they cannot refraine from blushing for meere shame, and then againe, from not looking pale with meere anger thereat. Thus looking stedfastly each on other, their owne guiltinesse doth for the time present somewhat afflict and perplex them. *Harcourt* wondereth at his wifes boldnesse in writing to him; and *Masserina* is not a little dismaid and daunted to see that her husband hath not written unto her. *Harcourt* is discontented with his wifes peremptory Letter, *Masserina* is apprehensive and fearefull of her husbands silence, when againe changing their conceits and thoughts which inconstantly alter, and extravagantly range, without any intrinsicall peace, or tranquility. *Harcourt* thinking of his Brother *Vimoryes* silence, attributes it to contempt and hatred, and *Masserina* contemplating and ruminating on her sister *La Precovertes* choller, reputes it to extreame griefe, sorrow and Indignation; But at last consulting together hereon, they both of them concurre and fall upon this resolution; that to colour out their lascivious life, they by their answers to her, must overvaile it with much seeming chastity, and pretended sanctity and piety. And the better to prevent any danger which may proceed from *Vimories* silence, or revenge, they must remove from *Geneva* and speedily resolve to forsake and leave it; When feare giving life to their despaire, and despaire adding wings to their feare, they call for pen and paper, and each returne *La Precoverte* their severall answers by her owne messenger, who had strickt charge and command from her to see them, but not to dare once to speake

or

or exchange a word with either of them, the which (according to his duty) hee very honestly and punctually performed, onely to shew her gratefulnesse to honest *Noell*, she gave precise order to him to render him many hearty thanks from her for his true respect and fidelity towards her, which shee would never forget nor leave unrecompenced, and yet all this while neither *Harcourt* nor *Masserina* were any way suspitious that it was their man *Noell* which gave *La Precoverte* intelligence of their residence in *Geneva*.

Harcourts Letter to his wife was in these tearmes.

HARCOVRT to LA PRECOVERTE.

DOe not rashly and unjustly torment thy selfe with jealousie at my absence, for thou shalt finde as much joy thereof at my returne, as now thou beleevest and feareſt the contrary. I have vowed to accompany my sister in law Masserina *to our Lady of* Loreto, *which is the best Saint of the best Countrey of the world,* Italy, *(where we are now setting forwards from this towne of* Geneva;*) to which holy Lady and blessed Saint, her Orai-sons for her Husband, and mine for thee, are and shall be as repleat of pure affection and pitie, as thou imagineſt they are of iniquity and prophanesse. True it is, I committed an errour in not acquainting thee with my departure, which I perceive thou esteemest a crime; but when shortly I shall be so happy to enjoy thy sweet company and presence, then my just reasons will justly enforce thee both to know and acknowledge, that that pretended crime of mine is lesse than an errour, and this errour lesse than nothing. And if thou wilt yet be farther inquisitive why, or from whence our journey was first derived, I pray let these generall tearmes content thy feare, and satisfie thy jealousie, that it was her devotion and conscience to God, not my desire or affection to her which gave life and birth to it; therefore I hold it rather an unmerited cruelty, than a condign penance, either for my heart to be tied to aske forgivenesse of thee, or my soule of God for this thy pretended crime of mine, whereof I am as innocent as thy feare and jealousie deemes me guilty. Therfore I allow of thy piety, I accept of thy prayers, yea, and I rejoyce in thy affection to entertaine, and thy resolution to welcome me home with thy smiles and kisses when I come, the which shall be, if not sooner then as thou expectest or I desire, yet as soone as reputation and good speed shal permit.*

HARCOVRT.

Masserina's Letter to her sister in law carried these lines.

MASSERINA to LA PRECOVERTE.

MY departure and absence hath neither wronged mine owne Husband nor abused thine, for it is my pure zeale to God, and not any lascivious lust in my selfe which drew me to this devotion to see Loretto, *and him (through his goodnesse) to be resolution honourably to accompany me thither, and therefore my heart defies that foule sinne of Adultery, and my soule detests that odious one of Incest, whereof I am farre more innocent than thou thinkest me guiltie. I am sorry for thy griefe, and I grieve for thy affliction, and am so farre from triumphing in the one, or glorying in the other, as I have given that to my thoughts with passion, and this to my minde with compassion, although I confesse I have small reason to place it so neere me, in regard thy jealousie is the sole author, and my fidelity and chastity no way the cause thereof; wherefore I am so farre from fearing, as I love Gods justice, because as in other sinnes I have offended his Divine Majestie, so I am sure that in this I have no way incurred or merited his indignation, and doe most freely referre my fortunes and reputation to his sacred pleasure, but not to thy secret discontent, and ill grounded choller, from which*

(by the plea of a just proviso) I have all the reasons of the world to appeale, as also from that foule scandall and infamous Epithite of a Strumpet, which I thought thee too vertuous once to conceive, much lesse to name, but least of all for one sister in law (without cause or reason) to give to another: But thou art La Precoverte, *therefore I forget this ingratefull crime of thine, and I am* Masserina, *therefore I freely and absolutely forgive it, and to doe thee as much right as thou hast done me wrong, I will silence it in eternall obscurity and oblivion.*

MASSERINA.

And is it not worthy of our observation, or rather of our detestation, to see how impiously these prophane wretches deny this their Adultery towards God, and also to *La Precoverte*, whom they have so hainously offended therewith, and which to Heaven and Earth, to God and his Angels, and to their owne hearts and consciences are nevertheless as apparant as the Sunne in his brightest Meridian, yea, had they not wilfully fled from God, and presumptuously abandoned themselves to Satan, to contrive such irreligious excuses, and to frame such ungodly Apologies, for these their foule crimes and offences, and so to make Hypocrisie the veile of their Adultery, and the cloake to cover it from the light and sight of the world: And is it not a resolution worthy of a halter in this world, and of Hell fire in that to come, to attempt mariage, when the wife of the one, and the Husband of the other, are in perfect strength, and full of life and health, (especially *Masserina's* Husband *Vimory*) as but right now to their shame, not to their glory, they understand by *La Precoverte's* Letters to them. To the Magistrates of *Geneva* they are firme Protestants, and as they pretended, so they then (as they constantly affirmed) intended to live and die. To *La Precoverte* in their Letters they are found Roman Catholikes, and in the sublimity and singularity of their zeale travelling towards the Lady of *Loreto* in devotion. O wretched Christians, or indeed rather O miserable wretches, thus with your hypocrisie to think to deceive God, when therein you onely deceive your owne selves and soules. For can there bee a greater misery found by us on earth, or sent us by the devill from hell, to make Religion (which of it selfe is a precious and soveraigne Antidote) to become a fatall drugge, and a pernitious ingredient to poyson, not to preserve our soules, and so only to delight our earthly humours and affections, and to please our carnall desires and concupiscences? Of all sorts of men (after the Atheist and the murtherer) the Hypocrite is the verieſt devill upon earth, and hee is so much the more wretched and execrable, in that he guilds over his speeches, life and actions with the seeming shew of piety and devotion, when God and his ulcerated conscience know, that he is nothing lesse. To be lukewarme in religion, is to bee prophane, not religious: And as wine mixt with water is neither wine nor water, so he that is of two religions is of neither. For God who is still jealous of his owne honour, and of our salvation, will not onely have our soules, but our hearts to serve him, and not only our hearts, but also our tongues to glorifie him, that is to say, all our actions, and all our affections, not a peece of our heart, but he will have our whole heart, and not an angle or corner of our soule, but our whole soule: For in matters of his divine worship and service, (which consists in that of our faith, and of his glory) he will not admit of any Rivall or Competitor, nor bee served in any other manner, than as he hath taught us by his sacred Word and Commandements, and instructed us by his holy Prophets, and blessed Apostles.

But againe to *Harcourt* and *Masserina*, whose lascivious hearts and lewd consciences not permitting them to rest in assurance, or reside in security any where, the very day after they had dispatched the messenger with their Letters to *La Precoverte*,

verte, (holding *Geneva* no place for them, nor they for *Geneva*) they trusse up baggage, and so with much secrecie leave it, and direct their course to the great and famous Citie of *Lyons*, (some two and twenty leagues thence) and which is the frontier Towne of *France*, and there they thinke to shrowd themselves among that great affluence and confluence of people which inhabite and aboord there from divers parts, and they make choice to live in this frontier Citie, because it is neere to *Savoy*, where if any danger should chance to betide or befall them, they might speedily and safely retire themselves there, and so lay hold on the law and priviledge of Nations, which is inviolable throughout all the world. At their arrivall at *Lyons* they take their chambers and residence neere the Arsenall, though for the two first nights they lie in Flanders-street. They have not beene in *Lyons* fifteene dayes, but there befell them an accident very worthy both of our observation, and of their remembrance, which was thus; A Gentleman of the City of *Tholouse* named *Monseiur De Blaise*, having some five dayes before treacherously killed his elder brother *Monseiur De Barry*, in the high way as they travelled together upon a quarrell which fell out betweene them, for having deboshed and clandestine stollen away his said elder brother *De Barry's* wife from him, and conveyed and transported her away with them: There was a privie search then made in *Lyons*, when that same night *Harcourt* and *Masserina* were upon suspition apprehended for them, and laid in sure keeping. But the next morning before the Seneschall and Procureur Fiscall, they justified their innocencie, by many who knew *De Blaise*, and so were cleared; but yet it gave them both a hot Camisado and fearfull Alarum, and left an ominous impression in their hearts and minds, whereof (for the conformity of the circumstances of this action with their owne) had they had the grace to have made good use, they had not (hereafter) made themselves so famously infamous, nor consequently this their History so prodigiously deplorable.

Harcourt and *Masserina* whiles they stay here in *Lyons* (as guilt is still accompanied with feare) doe seldome goe forth their lodgings, and when they doe, they (for their better safety) disguise themselves in different apparell, and for her part shee goes still close masked, and muffled up in her Taffeta coyffe. Yea both of them make it their practise to frequent the fields often, but the Churches and streets seldome, as if their foule crime of Adultery had made them unworthy the communion of Gods Saints, and consequently all good company too worthy for them. He exceedingly feares his brother *Vimory's* silence and revenge, and she highly envieth and disdaineth her sister in law *La Precovertes* jelousie, and still that disgracefull word of Strumpet (which she upbraided her with, and obtruded to her in her Letter) strikes & sincks deeply in her heart and remembrance, in such sort, that it so possesseth her thoughts with malice, and takes up her minde with choller & fierce indignation, as she vowes to her selfe not thus to let it passe in silence, or to vanish and die away in oblivion, quite contrary to that which her late Letter to her sister *La Precoverte* promised and spake. And here it is that the devill first begins to take possession of her heart, and by degrees to seize upon her soule, and to make her wholly to forsake God. For knowing *La Precoverte* to be wife to her brother in law and lover *Harcourt*, (whom she affects a thousand times dearer than her owne Husband, yea, than her owne life) shee is therefore so great a beame to hereye, so sharpe a thorne to her heart, and so bitter a corrasive to her content, as shee not onely assumes bad thoughts, but bad bloud against her: For vowing that none shall share with her in his affection, shee forgetting her Conscience and Soule, Heaven and God, is speedily

resolved to cause her to be poysoned, her inraged malice being capable of no other excuse or reason but this, that it is impossible she can reape any perfect felicity or content in earth, till she have dispatch't and sent her to *Heaven*. To which end she insinuates her selfe into the acquaintance of two Apothecaries of that City, and deales with them severally and secretly to effect this hellish businesse, for the which she promised either of them a hundred crownes of the summe in hand, and as much more when they have effected it, and fifty more to defray the charge of their journey, But the devill hath made her so crafty and subtile, as she still retaines from them, the name *Masserina* and the place *Troyes* where the party dwelt; There are good, and bad men of all countryes, faculties, and professions, these two Apothecaries are as honest as she is wretched, and as religious and charitable as shee is prophane and bloody, so the one denies her request with disdaine and choller, and the other with charity and compassion, alleaging her many pious considerations and reasons to divert and diswade her from this foule and bloody act, the execution whereof, though tacitely, yet infallibly threatneth (saies hee) no lesse than the utter subversion of her fortunes, and the ruine and confusion of her life in this world, if not likewise of her soule in that to come; So shee being hereat a little galled and stung in Conscience, to see that this great City of *Lyons* affoords poyson but no poysoners, to act and finish this her bloody project; The devill hath yet notwithstanding, made her so curious in her malice, and so industrious, and resolute in her revenge, as enquiring whether there were any Italian Empericke or Mountebancke in that City, (whom she thought might bee made fit and flexible to her bloody desires and intents) she is advertised, that there departed one hence some eight daies since, who is gone to reside this spring of the yeare at the Bathes at *Pougges*, a mile from the city of *Nevers*, his name being *Signior Baptista Tivoly* (whom I conjecture may derive his surname from that pleasant small towne of *Tivoly*, some twenty small miles from Rome, wherein there are many Cardinalls, country Pallaces, or houses of pleasure) being very skilfull in Mineralls, and in attracting the spirits and quintessence of divers other vegitives; Of a vaine glorious, and ambitious humour and disposition, and yet of a very poore estate and meanes, and such a one, as indeed *Masserina* holdes every way a fit agent and instrument for her turne and purpose.

She is glad of this advertisement, and will neither give nor receive any truce from her heart, or her heart from her revenge before she have seene and spoken with *Tivoly*. The which to effect shee to *Harcourt* pretends a sodaine ach in her right arme, and so upon good advise tells him that she is very desirous to goe to the Bathes of *Pougges* by *Nevers*, there to stay some fifteene or twenty dayes at farthest; *Harcourt* (no way once dreaming, of her inveterate malice, and farre lesse of her revengefull and bloody intents towards the safety and life of his wife *La Precoverte*) approves of her resolution and journey, but intreats her to be wonderfull carefull of her selfe, her health and safety, and proffereth to accompany her himselfe: she with many kisses, deerely thankes him for his care of her and affection to her herein; answereth him that his stay in *Lyons* will make her journey the more safe & short, so she accepts of the man for the master, and only takes *Noell* along with her, who respects her so well, as he cares not for her sight, much lesse for her company: She arrives at *Nevers*, and (impatient of all delay) the next morning, findes out *Tivoly* at *Pougges*, being a very tall man, of a cole blacke beard, and of a wanne and sullen countenance, shee by his Phisiognomie judgeth that her hopes will not be deceived of him; The second day she breakes with him about her

her hellish businesse and findes him tractable to her devillish intents: They proceed to this lamentable bargaine, and shee is to give him one hundred Crownes in hand, and a faithfull promise of a hundred and fiftie more when he hath effected it as also fiftie Crownes for the Charge of his journey, the which she limits at fifteene dayes, so having settled this her businesse, she now names the party to *Tivoly* whom she will have him to poyson, *La Precoverte*, to be the woman who resides and dwels with her Father *Monsieur La Vaquery*, a poore Gentleman in the Citie of *Troyes* in *Champagne*, and shee a young Gentlewoman of some twentie yeares of age, of a flaxen haire, and very sickly. When giving him a small Saphir Ring from her Finger, she therewith sweares him both to the performance, and to the secrecie of this murther, the which, armed by the Divell hee doth. When being exceeding glad of this his bloody imployment, which brings him store of gold, the which hee esteemes the Elixar of his heart, and the felicitie and glory of his life, and which indeed, was the maine businesse that brought him on this side the Alpes, from *Italy* to *France*. Thus without any feare of God or thought of Heaven or Hell, these murtherous and damnable miscreants have concluded and shut up this their bloody bargaine.

Our poore sweet *La Precoverte*, having received her Husbands Letter from *Geneua*, and considering the contents thereof, as also that of her Sister in Law *Masserina*, she knowes not what to thinke either of their Letters or of themselves: she sees her letter to promise much zeale and devotion to God, and his much affection to her, and yet remembring his former unkindenesse, I may say crueltie, towards her; as also the manner of their base and clandestine departure, then she thinks the first to be false, and the second feigned, and therfore conceives she hath far more reasons to dispaire than to hope either of their Innocencie, or their returne; But this is her resolution, *Harcourt* is her Husband, therefore shee will still love him dearely; She is his wife, and therefore shee will for ever pray for him, and his prosperitie religiously. Thus hoping and many times (with many heavie sighes and bitter teares) wishing and desiring his happy returne, and vertuous reformation, she in his absence lives pensively and sorrowfully with her Father, rather as a widdow than a wife, and such is her miserable Estate; and poore and sorrowfull fortune, that she well knowes not, whether she may more grieve or rejoyce that God hitherto hath given her no Childe: For ah me, she is so invironed with afflictions, so incompassed with calamities; so assaulted with sickenesse, and so weighed downe with sadnesse and disconsolation, as shee reputes her life worse than death, and either wisheth her Husband athome with her, or her selfe in Heaven with God.

But Alas, alas, deere sweet young Gentlewoman; little doest thou thinke or dreame (now thou desirest death) what a hellish plot there is contrived and intended against thy life by these two bloody Factors and Agents of the Devill, *Tivoly*, and thy Sister *Masserina*: O *Masserina Masserina*, the disgrace of thy name, the infamy of thy family, the shame of thy time, and the scandal of thy sexe. O how I want words not teares, to condemne thy cruell rage, and to execrate thy infernall malice and fury, thus to resolve to imbrue thy guilty hands in the innocent blood of thy chast and vertuous Sister in Law *La Precoverte*; for was it not sinne and lust enough for thee to have heretofore bereaved her of the love and presence of her Husband, but that thou wilt now be so wretched and inhumane, as likewise to rob her of her life. O griefe, O shame, O pittie, that thou shouldest once dare to thinke thereof, much lesse to attempt it, I meane so lamentable a crime, and so bloody a fact, which assure thy selfe as there is a God in Heaven will never goe long unpunished in Earth.

But

But I must proceed in this our sad and mournefull History, and therefore with an unwilling and trembling resolution, I am enforced to declare that this limbe of the Divell *Tivoly*, rides away to *Troyes*, where he speedily and secretly makes profession of his Empery. When understanding that *Monseiur de la Vaquery* is constantly in the Citie he (with an Italian impudence and policy) soone skrewes and insinuates himselfe into his Company. And as it is the vanitie of our times, and the weakenesse and imbecility of our Iudgements, (in any profession whatsoever) still to preferre and respect strangers, before our owne Countreymen, so *Monseiur de la Vaquery*, hearing this Italian to devoure Latine at his pleasure, and rather to vomit than utter forth whole Catalogues of phisicall phrases which hee had stollen, not learnt from *Aristotle*, *Galen*, and *Parecellsus*, His ignorance beleeves him to be very learned, and therefore hee holdes him a most fit Phisitian, to cure his Daughter *La Precoverte* of her consumption, whereinto (as before) she was deeply and dangerously fallen, by the unparalleld griefes and sorrowes which she conceived, for her husbands former unkindnesse to her, but more especially, for his present absence and flight with his lascivious Sister *Masserina*. So (in a most unhappie hower) Her Father *La Vaquery* mentioneth it to *Tivoly*; Which (being the only occasion and opportunitie hee gaped for) he freely promiseth him his best art and skill for her recovery, and the next day goes home to his house with him, & visiteth his daughter. He findes her to be weake, leane, and pale, the which serves the better for his turne, to coulour out this his bloody purpose to her. When (if there had been any humanity in his thoughts, any Grace in his heart, or any sparke of religion or pietie in his Soule) the very sight of this sweet, this harmelesse, this beautifull young Gentlewoman would have moved him to compassion, and not with hellish crueltie to resolve to poyson her. But his sinnefull heart, his seared Conscience, and his ulcerated and virulent soule had (in favour of gold) made this compact with the Divell, and therefore hee will advance, and not retire in this his infernall resolution. Hee feeles her pulse, casts her estate in an Vrinall, receives thirty Crownes of her Father for her cure, and so bidding her to be of good comfort, he administreth her two pills, three mornings following, whereof (harmelesse sweet Gentlewoman) within three dayes after, shee sodainly dyes in her bed by night; *Tivoly* affirming to her sorrowfull Father and Friends, that before hee came to her, the violency, and inveteracy of her consumption, had turned all her blood into water, and exhausted and extenuated all the radicall humours of her life, which opinion of this base and bloody Italian Mountebanke past current with the simplicitie of his beliefe and their Iudgements: So he burieth his daughter and with her his chiefest earthly delight and ioy: Within three daies after that this sorrowful and lamentable tragedy was acted, This monster, this Divell incarnate *Tivoly*, leaves *Troyes*, and poasts away to *Nevers*, where he ravisheth *Masserina's* heart, with the joyfull newes and assurance of *La Precoverses* death and buriall, of whom he receives his other hundred and fifty Crownes, the which according to her promise shee failes not presently to pay him downe. And heere againe they solemnely sweare secrecie each to other of this their bloody fact.

Wretched *Masserina* feasting her heart with joy, and surfeiting her thoughts with content to see the rivall and competitor in her loves, *La Precoverte* thus dispatched and sent for heaven, Shee now thinking to domineere alone in her *Harcourts* heart and affection esteemes her selfe a degree neerer to him in marriage, that so of his Sister shee may become his Wife. For this is the felicity and content whereat her heart aymeth, and the delectation and ioy wherein her desires and wishes terminate. But her Husband *Vimeries* life doth dash these ioyes of hers in peeces, as soone as she

conceives

conceives them, and strangles them if not in their birth, yet in their cradle. She finds *Nevers* to bee a pleasant Citie and *Pougges* a delightfull little place to live in and when the Spring is past and the great confluence of people retired and gone home, to bee a place of farre more safety for them than *Lyons*. Yea, and shee affects and loves it farre the better, because here it was she first heard and understood of *La Precovertes* death, which as yet for a time she closely conceales to her selfe; Wherefore shee sends *Noell* (her man) to *Lyons* to his Master, and by her letter prayes him speedily to come and live with her at *Nevers*, which shee affirmes to him is a pleasant City, and that there she attends his arrivall and company with much affection and impatiencie.

Harcourt, to please his Sweet-heart-Sister *Masserina*, leaves *Lyons* and comes to her at *Nevers*, where with thankes and kisses, she ioyfully wellcomes him, telling him that these bathes of *Pougges*, have perfectly freed her of her ache, but in her heart and mind, shee well knowes, it is the death of *La Precoverte*, and not those bathes, which hath both cured her doubts and secured her feares. They have not lived in *Nevers* and *Pougges* above three weekes since his arrivall, untill they there (but by what meanes I know not) understand of *La Precovertes* death, whereat hee seemes nothing sorrowfull, but she extreamely glad and ioyfull. And by this time, which is at least a whole yeare since their flight and departure from Saint *Simplicia* and *Sens*, they in their Travells and other gifts and expenses, have consumed and expended a prettie Summe of their money. In all which time, wee must understand that *Vimory* hates his wife and Brother so exceedingly, as hee (in contempt of their crymes and detestation of their trecherous ingratitude) scornes either to looke or send after them; but the only revenge which he useth towards him in his absence he pretends a great Summe of money to bee due to him from him, and in compensation thereof, seizeth upon the remainder of his lands, and by Order of Iustice gathereth up, and collects his rents from his Tenants, to his owne use and behoofe. Which extreamely grieves *Harcourt*, and afflicts *Masserina*, who (by this time) seeing in what obscurity and considering in what continuall feare and eminent danger they live in, As their lascivious affections, so their irregular desires, and irreligious resolutions, looke one and the same way, which is to send her Husband, and his Brother *Vimory* to Heaven, after his wife *La Precoverte*, yea so resolute are they in this their bloody intentions and desires, as they wish and pray for it with zeale, and desire it with passion & impatiency. And now their malice is growen so resolute, and their resolution so graceless in the contemplation and conceiving of this bloody fact, as they bewray it each to other. *Masserina* vowes to him that she can reape no true content either in her life or conscience, before, of his sister he make her his wife; Nor I replies *Harcourt* before my brother *Vimorie* be in Heaven, and I marry thee & be thy husband here in earth. When (as a bloody Courtisan and Strumper) she gives him many thanks and kisses for this his affection to her, and malice to his Brother *Vimory* for her sake; when (working upon the advantage of time, occasion and opportunity) Shee tells him, that in her opinion, the shortest and surest way is to dispatch him by poison. *Harcourt* dislikes her judgement and plot, as holding it no way safe in taking away his brothers life, to entrust and hazard his owne at the courtesie of a stranger (at which speech of his, shee blusheth and palleth as being conscious and remorative of what she had lately caused to be perpetrated by *Tivoly*) Therefore he thinkes to acquaint and imploy his owne man *Noell* in this bloody businesse, and proffereth him two hundred Crownes, and fortie more of yeerely pension during his life, if hee will pistoll his Brother *Vimory* to death as he is walking in the fields. But *Noell* is too honest a man, and too good a Christian to stabbe at the majesty of God, in killing

ling man his creature and Image, and so absolutely denies his Master, and although he be a poore man, yet he rejects his offer, as resolving never to purchase wealth, or preferment at so deere a rate, as the price of innocent blood; whereat his Master bites his lip for discontent and anger. So he conjures him to perpetuall secrecie and silence of this proposition and businesse, which *Noell* promiseth but sweares not. Hereupon *Harcourt* to approach neerer to *Sens*, He and *Masserina* leave *Nevers*, and very secretly by litle Iournies (and the greatest part by night) come to *Mascon*, and there his heart strikes a bargaine with the Divell, and the Divell with his soule and resolutions, to ride over himselfe to *Sens*, and there with his owne hands to pistoll his Brother *Vimory* to death in the fields, or if his Bullets misse him, then to finish and perpetrate it with his owne Sword. O wretched Gentleman, O execrable Brother, thus to make thy Hope and Charitie prove bankrupt to thy Soule, and thy Faith unto God.

But nothing wil prevaile with *Harcourt*, to diswade him from this bloody businesse; Whereunto the damnable treacherie and malice of *Masserina* impetuously precipitates and hastens him onwards, although it be against her owne Husband. So he leaves *Mascon*, and in a disguised beard, and poore sute of apparell, comes to Saint *Symphorian* purposely leaving *Sens*, a litle on his left hand. Where waiting for his Brother *Vimory*, at the end of a pleasant wood of his, a litle halfe mile from his house where he knew he was accustomed to walk alone by himselfe solitarily; He personating and acting the part of a poore begging Souldier, and counterfeiting his tongue as wel as his beard and apparel, with his hat in his hand (espying his Brother) he goes towards him with an humble resolution, and requesteth an Almes of him. Which *Vimory* seeing and hearing, hee in meere charitie and compassion of him, because he saw him to be though a poore, yet a proper man, & which is more a Souldier, drawes forth his purse and whiles he lookes therein for some small peece of silver; *Harcourt* (as a Disciple of the Devill) very softly drawes out his litle pistoll out of his left sleeve (which he covered with his hat) and having charged it with two bullets, hee lets flie at him, and so shooteth him in the truncke of his body, a little under the heart, of which two wounds he presently fell dead to the ground, being as unfortunate in his death, as his brother was miserable & diabolicall in giving it him, for he only fetched two groanes, but had neither the power or happinesse to speake one word. And the Divell (in the catastrophie of this mournefull Tragedie) was so strong with *Harcourt*, as his malice towards his Brother *Vimory*, exceeded not onely malice but rage and fury it selfe, for fearing he was not yet dead, he twice ran him thorow the body with his sword. When leaving his breathlesse body all goring in his hot reeking blood, he with all possible celeritie takes his horse (which he had tied out of sight) to a tree not farre off, and so with all possible speed gallops away to his now intended wife *Masserina* at *Mascon*, who triumphs with ioy at his relation of this good newes, the which to her, yea to them both, is equally pleasing and delectable. But God will not permit that these wretched joyes and triumphes of theirs shall last long.

This cruell murther of *Monsieur Vimory* is some two houres after knowne at his house and Parish of Saint *Symphorian* as also in the City of *Sens*, and so dispersed over all *Burgundy*, and the murtherer narrowly sought after, but in vaine, *Harcourt* and *Masserina* meet with these reports at *Mascon*, but yet they hold it discretion and safetie, a small time longer, to conceale themselves secretly in that Towne, and so to suffer the heate of this newes to passe over, and bee blowne away. But at the end of two moneths, *Harcourt* (seeing a milke white face upon his bloody fact) arrives at *Sens*, and from thence to his manner house of Saint *Symphorian*, which now

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by the death of his Brother *Vimorye*, who died without iſſue, wholly devolved and fell to him. Who having formerly plaid the Devill in murthering his ſaid Brother, he now as infernally plaies the Hypocrite in mourning for his death making ſo wonderfull an outward ſhew and demonſtration of ſorrow for the ſame, as he and all his ſervants being dighted in blackes. A moneth after hee ſends for his good Siſter in Law *Maſſerina*, who comes home to him, and they ſeeme ſo abſolutely ſtrange each to other, as if they had never ſeene one another during all the long time of their abſence, and ſhee likewiſe ſeemes to drowne her ſelfe in her teares, and is likewiſe all in blackes for the death of her Husband; But God in his due time will pull off this their falſe maske, and detect and revenge both their horrible Sinnes of Adulterie and Murther. Now as cloſe as they conceale this their diſhonourable fleight and departure, yet it diſcovered and found out, and held ſo odious, ſo foule, to all the Gentlemen and Ladies their neighbours (who yet know nothing of their murthers) as they diſdaine to welcome them home, or (which is leſſe) to ſee them, which they both are inforced with griefe to obſerve, as holding it to be the reflection of their owne diſgrace and ſcandall, the which henceforth to prevent: they within two moneths after, ſends for their Ghoſtly fathers, as alſo for two Ieſuites, and the Vicar of their pariſh, and acquaint them with their deſires and reſolutions to marry: But theſe Eccleſiaſtiques affirme it to be directly oppoſite to the Rules and Canons of the holy Catholique Roman Church, for one Brother to marry the widdow of another, as alſo againſt the written law of God; and therefore they utterly ſeeke both to perſwade and diſwade them from it, as being wholly unlawfull, and ungodly, and ſo refuſe to Conſent thereto, much leſſe to performe it without a diſpenſation from the Pope, or his *Nuntio* now reſident at *Paris*. They cauſe the *Nuntio* to be dealt with about it, but hee peremptorily refuſeth it; But in favour of money, and ſtrong friends, within three monethes they procure it from Rome, and ſo they are ſpeedily marryed, now thinking, and withall, beleeving and triumphing, that this their nuptiall knot, hath power to deface and redeeme all their former Adulteries, and now wholly wiped off their diſgrace and ſcandall with the world. And therefore in their owne vaine and impious conceits, are ſecure, and abound in wealth delight, and pleaſure; But as yet they have not made their peace with God.

Come we therefore firſt to the detection and diſcovery of theſe their bloudy crimes of murther, and then to the condigne puniſhments which they received for the ſame: Whereof the manner briefly is thus. It is many times the pleaſure and providence of God, to puniſh one ſinne in and by another, yea and ſometimes one ſinne for another, the which wee ſhall now ſee apparant in this bloudy and helliſh Italian Mountebancke *Tivoly*, who repayring to the great Faire of *Sens*, and there beginning to profeſſe his Emperie to a rich Goldſmithes wife of that City named *Monſeiur de Boys*, hee the third day ſtole a ſmall casket of Jewels and Rings from him out of a cupboarde, (the locke whereof he cunningly pickt, and ſhut againe) vallued at foure thouſand Crownes, and the ſame night fled upon that robbery towards *Maſcon*, thinking there to put himſelfe on the River of *Soan*, and ſo to ſlip downe to *Lyons*, and from thence over the Alps into *Italy*. *De Boys* makes a ſpeedy, and curious reſearch for his thiefe, whom as yet he could not finde, or diſcover; When hearing of this Mountebancke *Tivolie* his ſodaine departure and flight, he takes him to bee his thiefe, purſues him in perſon and within foure leagues

leagues of *Mascon* apprehends him, (having to that end brought two Provosts (or Sheriffes) men with him in their Coats, with their pistolls at saddle bow, to assist him) *De Boys* findes many of the Iewels and Rings about *Tivoly*, and divers others wanting, the which he could never recover: So being brought backe to *Sens*, hee was first imprisoned, and then examined by the *Senshall* and the Procurer Fiscall: When having neither cause, nor colour to deny this robbery of his, hee therefore freely confessed it, the devill still assuring, or rather betraying his hopes, confidence, and Iudgement; That it is very possible, and he thinkes very probable and feaseable to corrupt his Iudges with some of the Iewels which hee had closly conceald and hid about him; But, he shall speedily see the contrary.

For, they seeing this Itallian Empericke (by his owne confession) guilty of this great and remarkeable robbery, they condemne him to bee hanged the very next day for the same. So having a Cordelier (or Gray) Fryer, sent him that night to pryson to prepare his soule for Heaven; Hee the next morning (according to his sentence of condemnation) is brought to his execution: Where on the Ladder, he (to free his Conscience and soule) doth constantly and sorrowfully Confesse, that hee had formerly poysoned *Madamoyselle La Precoverte*, daughter to *Monseiur de La Vaquery* of *Troyes*, and that he was hired to doe it by the Lady *Masserina* of whom at *Pougges* he received two hundred and fifty Crownes and a small Saphir Ring to performe it, as also fifty Crownes more, which she gave him for his charges from *Nivars* to *Troyes*, and so hee dies in the constant confession of this his foule and lamentable murder, and is hanged for his Robbery: and his body afterwards burnt for destroying and poysoning of this young Gentlewoman *La Precoverte*, whom many Gentlemen and Ladies there present well knew, and exceedingly bewayled, for the goodnesse of her sweet nature and pure beauty, as also for the excellencie of her honourable perfections and religious vertues; And although the Spectators of this wretch *Tivoly* his death expected some speech from him, at the taking of his last farewell of this world, yet (besides his former confession hee spake nothing, but mumbled out some few words to himselfe, which were not understood; And thus he lived wretchedly as he dyed miserably, giving no testimony of his contrition or sorrow to the World, or of any sparke of griefe, or repentance, towards God.

Now before his body was fully consumed to ashes. This our Wretched and bloudy Gentlewoman *Masserina*, together with her old Lover but new Husband *Harcourt*, are (by order of the Judges of *Sens*) apprehended and taken prisoners in their owne house of *Saint Simplician*, as they were walking and Kissing together, without any thought of danger, muchlesse of death. They hereat looke each on other with griefe and astonishment, especially *Masserina*, who understanding (by some of those that apprehend them.) That it was the Italian Mountebanke *Tivoly*, who at his execution accused her, but not her Husband *Harcourt* for having and causing him to poyson her Sister *La Precoverte*, shee then sees her selfe to bee a dead woman, and no hope left her in the world of her life, But every way a firme assurance and confidence of her death; yet seeing *Tivoly* dead, she resolves to stand upon her Iustification. Shee is all in teares at this her lamentable disaster, curseth the name and memory of *Tivoly* for ruining her, with himselfe, and now, when it is too late shee blames herselfe of indiscretion, for neglecting,

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and not dealing effectually with *Tivoly* in prison, to conceale this her fact and name. As for her Husband *Harcourt*, hee (knowing himselfe absolutely Innocent of this murther, hee grieves not for the death of his first wife *La Precoverte*, but now extreamely mourneth and lamenteth to thinke of this, of his second wife *Masserina*. for, live, hee feares she cannot. He bids her yet bee of good comfort, and whispereth her secretly in her eare that hee will give all his estate and meanes to save her life, or else that he will dye with her, shee thankes him with a world of sighes and teares, and rounds him as privately in his eare with many deepe oathes and asseverations, that her tongue shall never dare to speake any one word or sillable to her Iudges, which shall tend to the prejudice of his reputation, safety or life, and so they are by their apprehenders separated; and then severally conveyed to the prison of *Sens*: *Masserina* is first arraigned by the Iudges, where (according to her former resolution) she (not with teares, but with high words and speeches) stands upon her Innocency and Iustification, they informe her how strongly *Tivoly* at his death declared shee had given him two hundred and fifty crownes, a Saphir Ring, and fifty crownes more to pay his charges at *Pugges* and how he at her instigation, and in favour of this her gold poysoned *La Precoverte* at her father *Monsieur La Vaqueris* house at *Troyes*, She termes *Tivoly* witch and devill, yea worse then a thousand devils thus to accuse her fasly of this murther of her sister *Precoverte*, whereof she vowes to God and the world, to Earth and Heaven, that she is as Innocent as that damned Italian was guilty thereof; but the Iudges (notwithstanding all these her great fumes and crackes) doe presently condemne her to the racke, the which as soone as shee saw and considered the sharpe nature of those exquisite torments, then God was so mercifull to her soule by his grace, though shee was not so heretofore to her body by the perpetration of her foule sinnes, that shee would not permit her tender dainty limbes to be exposed to the misery of those cruell tortures, but then and there confesseth her selfe to bee the author of poysoning *La Precoverte* her sister, as *Tivoly* was the actor thereof, when being here by her Iudges farther demanded whether her last Husband *Harcourt* were not, likewise accessary with her in poysoning of his first wife *La Precoverte*, shee with much assurance and constancy cleeres him hereof, and is so kinde and loving to him, as shee speakes not a word to them, of his pistolling to death of her first Husband his Brother *Vimorey*: So for this her foule and bloudy fact of hers she is condemned to bee hanged the next morning, and for that night againe returned to prison, where shee and her sorrowfull husband, make great suit to the Iudges that they may for a short time see and speake one with the other, but it will not be graunted them: When *Harcourt* being as confident of his owne life, as hee was of his wifes death, makes secret proffer (by some friends of his) to the Iudges of all his lands and demaynes to save his wife, but they (resembling themselves) doe so much feare God, and reverence and honour the sacred Name of Iustice as they are deafe to his requests.

The next morning (according to her sentence) she is brought to the place of her execution, but (at her earnest and importunate request) so early, that very few people were present at her death, where being ascended the Ladder, she there againe cursed the name, and execrated the memory of that wretched Villaine *Tivoly*, and wished much prosperity and happinesse to her Husband *Harcourt*, when turning her eye about, and seeing a Cosen Germaine of his

there present named *Monsieur de Pierpont*, shee cals him to her, and is so vaine at this last period (as it were) of her life, as she takes off her glove and bracelet from her right hand and arme, and prayes him to deliver it to his Cosin and her Husband *Harcourt*, and to assure him from her that shee dyed, his most loving and constant wife, which *Monsieur Pierponte* faithfully promised her to performe, then a Subordinate officer of justice being there to see her dye, tells her that hee was now commanded by the Iudges his Superiours, to tell her, that shee being now to leave earth, and so ready to ascend into heaven, they prayed her in the name and feare of God to declare to all those who were present, if her Husband *Harcourt*, yea or no, had any hand, or were knowing or accessary, with her in the poysoning of his first wife *La Precoverie*, and that shee should doe piously and christianly to discover the truth thereof, which would undoubtedly tend to Gods glory, and the salvation of her owne soule: When she solemnely vowed to him and to all the people, that her Husband *Harcourt* never knew, nor in thought, word, or deed, was any way accessary knowing or consenting with her or *Tivoly* in poysoning of his wife, and this which shee now spake was the pure truth as she hoped for Heaven; And now after a few teares, shee most vainely and idely fell praysing and commending of him, especially how tenderly and deerely hee loved her; with other ridiculous and impertinent speeches tending that way, which I hold (every way) unworthy of my mention and repetition (but had not the grace, either to looke up to heaven, or to God with repentance, or the goodnesse to looke downe into her owne heart, conscience or soule, with contrition and sorrow for all those her foule Adulteries and Murthers.; Neither to pray to God for her selfe, or to request those who were present to pray to God for her; And so shee was turned over, all wondring and grieving at her bloody crime, and therefore some few lamenting or sorrowing for this her infamous death: But shee there speakes not a word, or the shadow of a word, either of her Husband *Harcourts* pistolling to death of his Brother her first husband *Vimory*, or of her knowledge thereof or consent thereunto.

Now though *Harcourt* seemed outwardly very sorrowfull for this shamefull death of his wife *Masserina*, yet hee is inwardly exceeding Ioyfull, that her silence at her death, of murthering his Brother *Vimory*, hath preserved his life with his reputation, and his reputation with his life; Whereupon being the same day freed and acquitted by the Iudges of *Sens*; both of his pretended cryme, as also of his imprisonment; Hee composing his countenance equally betwixt joy and sorrow, returnes to his house of *Saint Symphorian* where now thinking himselfe absolutely discharged and cleered of all these his former Adulteries, as also of his late cruell murthering of his Brother; Hee within two (or at most within three moneths after his wife *Masserinaes* Execution casts of his mourning apparell, (which he wore for her death) and neither thinking of his soule or his conscience, or of heaven or hell, he flantes and froliques it out in brave apparell, and because hee is now fortunately arrived to bee chiefe Lord and master of a great Estate both in Lands and money, therefore hee thinkes it not his pride, but his glory, and not his vanity but his generosity to dight and put himselfe now into farre richer apparell then ever formerly hee had done, whereof all the Gentlemen his neighbours yea all the Citty of *Sens*, (with no little wonder) tooke especiall notice therof; Yea hee is so farre from once dreaming or thinking either of his

his murthering of his Brother *Vimorye*, or of the deplorable and untimely ends of his two wives, as with much vanity, and with farre more haſte then diſcretion or conſideration, he now ſpeedily reſolves to take and marry a third. But his hopes will deceive them, becauſe God in his ſacred Iuſtice and Iudgements will deceive his hopes.

For, when he thinkes himſelfe ſecure and ſafe, not onely from the danger, but likewiſe from the ſuſpition of any fatall or diſaſterous accident which can poſſibly befall him; then, the triumphant power of Gods revenge will both ſuddenly and ſoundly ſurpriſe him. His honeſt man *Noell*, (with an obſervant eye, and a Conſcionable, and ſorrowfull heart) hath heard of *La Precevertes* poyſoning, and of *Vimories* piſtolling to death, and hath likewiſe ſeene the hanging both of *Tivoly*, and of his laſt Miſtris *Maſſerina*. In all which ſeverall accidents, as one way hee wondereth at the malice of Sathan: So another way hee cannot but infinitely admire and applaud the juſt judgements of the Lords: Hee likewiſe knowes what his Maſter *Harcourt* is to him and hee to his maſter, and in the time of his ſervice and attendance under him, what different and ſeverall paſſages of buſineſſe and ſecrets have paſt betweene them: Hee hath remarked farre more vices then vertues in his Maſter, whereat hee much grieveth, but hee was infinitely more enforced then deſirous either to ſee or know them, and this againe doth exceedingly rejoyce him: Hee well knowes that fidelity is the glory of a ſervant, and yet it is a continuall ſenſible griefe to his heart, and vexation to his ſoule, to ſee that his Maſter ſerves God no better: Hee doth not deſire to know things (which concerne his ſaid Maſter) whereof hee is ignorant, but doth wiſh and pray to God that he were ignorant of many things which hee knowes, and of more which he feares; and being very often perplexed in his minde with the reluctation of theſe different cauſes, and their as different effects. Hee cannot but in the end ſatisfie himſelfe with this reſolution: That as *Harcourt* is his Earthly Maſter, ſo God is his Heavenly Maſter; But here betides an unexpected and unwiſhed Accident to this *Noell*, which will ſpeedily try of what temper and mettall both himſelfe, his heart, his conſcience and his ſoule is made, and what infinite diſparity there is betwixt Earth and Heaven.

By the pleaſure and viſitation of God: Hee is ſuddenly taken extreame ſicke of a peſtilent Feaver, but not in his Maſter *Harcourts* houſe, but in his owne Fathers houſe, who dwelt ſome foure leagues thence at a pariſh called *Saint Lazare*, and his Phiſition yeelding him a dead man, hee as a religious Roman Catholicke, takes the extreame Vnction, and then prepares himſelfe to dye: But hee is ſo morall, and ſo good a Chriſtian, as (the premiſes conſidered) he reſolves to carry his conſcience pure, and his Soule white and unſpotted to Heaven. Hee prayes his Father therefore, that hee will ſpeedily ride to *Sens* (in whoſe Iuriſdiction *Saint Lazare* was) and to pray two of the three Iudges to come over to him, for that hee hath a great Secret to reveale them now on his death bed, which conduceth to the glory of God, the ſervice of the King, and the good of his owne ſoule. His Father accordingly rides to *Sens*, and brings two of thoſe Iudges ſpeedily with him to his Sonnes bed ſide, to whom (in preſence of three or foure more of his Fathers neighbours) hee very ſicke in body but perfectly ſound in minde, tells him, that his Maſter *Harcourt* would (heretofore) have had him piſtoll his Brother *Vimorye* to death, and proferred him two hundred Crownes

in mony, and forty Crownes Annuity during his life to performe it, but hee refuſed it, and knowing the ſaid *Mounſeiur De Vimorye* to bee ſince murthered by a piſtoll, hee therefore verily beleeves, that it is either his ſaid Maſter, or ſome other for him; which is guilty of that lamentable murther, the true detection whereof he ſaies he leaves to God and to them, and within halfe an houre after, (yea before they were departed his Fathers houſe) this *Noell* dies.

Hereupon, theſe Iudges wondring at the providence of God, in the evidence of this dying man for the diſcovery of this lamentable murther. They ſpeedily ſend away their officers who apprehend *Harcourt* in his owne houſe of *Saint Simplitian*, carowſing and froliking it in his beſt wine in Company of three or foure of his deboſhed conſorts and Companions, and ſo they bring him to *Sens*: Where lying in priſon that night, the next morning the Iudges of that City cauſe him to bee arraigned before them; and Charge him with piſtolling of his Brother *Mounſeiur De Vimorie* to death, which (fortified and armed by the Devill) hee ſtrongly and ſtoutly denies, they reade his man *Noells* dying Evidence againſt him, to prove it: So they adjudge him to the fiery torment of the Scarpines, for the vindication of this truth, the which hee endureth with a wonderfull fortitude and conſtancy, and ſtill denies it: When their hearts being prompted from Heaven, and their ſoules from God: That hee was yet the undoubted murtherer of his Brother, they the ſecond time adjudged him to the racke, whereon permitting himſelfe to bee faſtened, and the tormenters giving a good touch at him, God is more merciſull to his ſoule, then his Tortures are to his body, and ſo with teares in his eies, hee confeſſeth that it was hee which piſtolled his Brother *Vimorye* to death, and which afterwards ranne him twice thorow the body with his Rapier: Whereupon for this bloody and unnaturall fact of his: His Iudges (without any regard to his extraction or quality) condemne him the next afternoone betweene foure and five of the clocke, to bee broken a live on the wheele at the publike place of execution: Some few Gentlemen his kinsfolke ſolicite his reprivall, becauſe as yet they diſpaire of his pardon, but their labours proves vaine, and they purchaſe no reputation in ſeeking it, for now all *Sens* and the adjacent Country cry fie on him, and on his foule and enormous Crymes of Adultery and Fratricide.

So the next day, (at the houre and place appointed) hee is brought to his execution, where a mighty concourſe of people both of *Sens* and the adjacent Country flocke to ſee, this monſter of nature take his laſt farwell of this world: Being mounted on the Scaffold, in a Tawny Sattin ſute with a gold edge: Hee confeſſeth himſelfe guilty of murthering his Brother *Vimorye*, and yet hee grieves farre more for the death of his laſt wife *Maſſerina* then hee doth for that of his firſt, *La Precoverte*: Hee demands forgiveneſſe of God, and the world for this his foule crime of Fratricide and praies all who are there preſent to pray to Almighty God for the ſalvation of his ſoule, and that they become more charitable and religious, and leſſe bloudy and prophane by his example: So commending his ſoule unto God, his body to the Earth from whence it came, and marking himſelfe three or foure times with the ſigne of the Croſſe, hee willingly ſuffers the Executioner to faſten his Legges and Armes upon the wheele, the which

wheele, the which as ſoone, as he breakes with his iron barre; untill hee have ſeized upon death, and death on him.

And thus was the wretched lives, and miſerable, and yet deſerved deaths of theſe our cruell, and inhumane, graceleſſe Murtherers, and in this manner did the Triumphs of Gods Revenge juſtly ſurprize them to their ſhame, and cut them off to their Confuſion: May we read this Hiſtory to Gods glory, and as often meditate thereon to our owne particular reformation and inſtruction.

GODS REVENGE AGAINST, THE CRYING AND Execrable ſinne of Murther.

Romeo (*the Laquey of* Borlary) *kils* Radegonda, *the Chamber maid of the Lady* Feliſanna *in the Street, and is hanged for the ſame:* Borlari *afterwards hireth* Caſtruchio *an Apothecary to poyſon her Husband Seignior* Planeze, *for the which* Caſtruchio *is hanged, and his body throwne into the River and* Borlari *beheaded and burnt.*

IT is a thouſand griefes, and pities, to ſee Chriſtians who are honoured with that glorious title and appellation, ſhould ſo willfully and wretchedly loſe it, by imbrewing their guilty hands in the innocent bloud of their Chriſtian Brethren, and thereby to bereave our ſelves of that rich ornament, and ineſtimable Iewell, which God (in his Sonne *Chriſt Ieſus*) hath lent us for the planting of our Faith; and given us for the extirpation of our prophaneſſe, and the rooting out of our Impiety. But this is the ſubtle malice, and malitious ſubtilty of Sathan, (the profeſſed enemy, and Arch-Traytor of our ſoules) as alſo of his infernall Agents and Factors, who thereby prove and make themſelves to bee the firebrands and incendiaries of their owne felicity and ſafety. And becauſe the examples of the wicked, doe ſtrike apprehenſion and feare to the godly, and that the puniſhment and death of murtherers, doth fortifie the Charity, and foment and confirme the Innocency of the living. Therefore (for that Reaſon, and to this end) I have purpoſly given this next Hiſtory a place in my Booke, wherein wee ſhall ſee Choller, Malice, and Revenge, to act many deplorable and bloudy parts; Let us reade it with a zealous feare and a Chriſtian fortitude, and ſo wee ſhall aſſuredly hate this foule and crying Sinne in others, and religiouſly, and conſtantly avoid it in our ſelves.

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THe foundation of this History; is layd in the faire and famous City of *Verona*, (anciently a great Colony of the Romans, since a free estate of it selfe, but now dependant and subject to the Estate and Seignory of *Venice*) wherein their lately dwelt, an old Gentleman being a widdower, and one of the chiefest and noblest families of that City, named Seignior *Fabritius Minuta*, who was rich in lands, but exceeding wealthy in money, (whereof he had put a great and remarkeable Sum in the bank of *Venice*) he had one only Childe, a daughter of some eighteene yeares of age, named *Dona Felisanna*, who was wonderfull faire, and a most lovely sweet Creature, tall and slender of stature, of yellow golden haire, and sanguine damaske Rose Complexion; Now as her beautie was every way answerable to her birth and extraction, no lesse were her singular vertues and sweet perfections to her beautie, and as wealth, beautie, and vertue concurring and meeting together, are three powerfull lures and attractiue Adamants to draw the desires and affections of many Noble gentlemen to seeke her in mariage. So two of her chiefe Suitors and who cheifly flattered their hopes to enioy this sweet and pretious Jewell of nature, and who stood in best possibility to beare away her affection and her selfe, was *Seignior Thomas Planeze* a brave young gentleman of the neighbour citie of *Mantova* of a sweet presence, and proper comely feature of some twentie five yeares old, not verie rich, yet indued with competent meanes to maintaine himselfe like himselfe, but infinitly well bred and adorned and honored with all those generous parts and endowments which are requisit to make the gallants of our times compleat, and the other *Seignior Inan de Borlari*, a verie rich Gentleman, of the same citie of *Verona*, a proper man of countenance, but of personage some what crooke backed and much Camber legged and drawing towards fortie yeares of age, but of education, conditions, and qualities so ignorant and inciuill as hee seemed to bee rather a Citizen then a Gentleman, or indeed more a clowne then a citizen, and yet otherwise of mettall and courage enough: And that we may the more apparantly see and perfectly know upon what tearmes they both stand, aswell in the opinion of the Father as the affection of the Daughter; *Miniata* is infinitly desirous of *Borlari* for his Sonne in law but not of *Planeze*, and *Felisanna* is exceedingly affected to take *Planeze* for her Husband, but not *Borlari*; which they both perceiving, whiles *Borlari* intends to seeke the affection and consent of the Father before that of the Daughter; *Planeze* shapes a contrary course, resolues to seeke and prefer that of the daughter before the Father; the regard of *Borlari* his wealth and of *Planezes* poverty with covetous *Miniata* like a furious stream or impetuous Torrent beares downe all other regardes and considerations before it. But the consideration and respect of *Borlari* his deformed personage, and then that of *Planezes* sweet feature and deportment with amorous *Felisanna*, as a delicious charme and heart-ravishing extasy, sweepes away all other regards and respects whatsoever. The Father bids *Borlari* to be couragious and cheerfull, and then hee shall not faile to have his daughter for his wife; But the daughter wills *Planeze* to be discreet and constant, and then she will not faile to take him for her Husband; *Miniata* to shew his love to *Borlari*, forbids *Planeze* his house, and the company of his daughter; *Felisanna* to reveale her deere and fervent affection to *Planeze*, assureth him he shall often enjoy both her sight and company, but confidently if not peremptorily, prohibits *Borlari* to approach her presence. Thus whiles *Borlari* often frequenteth and converseth with

with the Father publikely, no lesse, or indeed farre other doth *Planeze* privatly, and whiles the first hath more cause to despaire, than reason to hope of her affection and consent to be his wife: the second hath all the reasons and causes of the world, not onely to hope but to assure himselfe thereof; But the patience of a little time, will shortly resolve our curiositie, whereunto these different affections will tend, and what the event and issue will bee of these their opposite intentions and resolutions.

But because the ambition and wisdome of *Borlari* will make it conspicuous and apparant to his Mistris. That there is as much difference betwixt him, and *Planeze*, as there is betweene her selfe, and her Chamber-Maid *Radegonda*. Hee therefore seeing that he cannot hitherto gaine her by the perswasion of her Father, now hopes and attempts it by this her maids solicitation; as holding her to be a fit instrument for the compassing of his desires, and a proper Agent for the perfecting and crowning of his wishes, because his best genius and intelligence informe him, that shee hath a great power and beares a great stroake and sway with her Mistres: But we shall shortly see, and he too soone finde the contrary, and that these his ill grounded hopes and undervalewing attempt of his, will both deceive his ambition and betray his wisdome and judgement. Now to gaine this her chambermaide *Radegonda* to his will, that thereby with the more facility and cheerefullnesse, shee may obtaine him her Mistris, her favour and affection: Hee bribes her with silver and Gold, and many other gifts, if not too costly for his giving, yet I am sure too rich for her receiving, and in requitall thereof she with her tongue promiseth him her best power and assistance towards her Mistris, but in her heart intendes the contrary which is directed to betray him; He sends likewise by her to his love, and her Mistris divers curious rich presents and two Letters and prays her to take time at advantage, and so to deliver them to her from him, the which likewise shee faithfully promiseth, but yet intends nothing lesse, so she holds it rather a vertue than a vice, to keep these presents for her selfe, and to give the letters to his Corrivall *Planeze*, to whom (by solemne oath) she had formerly ingaged her best art and power, and her chiefest assistance. Which policy, or rather which fallacy of hers, is not so secretly borne betwixt *Planeze* and herselfe, but *Borlari* (by some sinister accidental meanes) hath perfect notice therof, which he takes so unkindely at *Radegondaes* hands, as (consulting more with passion then reason) his heart is so inflamed with Choller, and his resolution with revenge against her, that (impatient of all delaies) he sends for her one afternoone to meet him at the Amphitheatre, and from thence goes with her to the next street to a friends house of his, where ascending a chamber and bolting the doore within side to him, he (with choller and threats) chargeth her with this her ingratefull infidelity and treachery towards him; when drawing all the truth from her, by making herselfe a witnesse against her selfe, aswell of the delivery of his letters to *Planeze*, as also of keeping her presents for her selfe, and that her Mistris and he are solemnely contracted each to other: He there in meere reuenge to her, and in malice and disdaine to her Mistris, puls off her head attire, and very basely and violently cuts away all her haire, and throwes it into the fire, notwithstanding that *Radegonda* first fell on her knees, and with infinite teares and prayers besought him to the contrary: But as he hath made it an act of his revenge to *Radegonda* and of his disdaine to her lady, his unkinde mistris *Felisanna*, so hee now likewise resolves to make it one of his justifications to the world. Poore *Radegonda* is all in teares and choller at this

this her disgracefull accident received of *Borlari*, and no lesse but rather farre more is her younge Lady and Mistris *Felissanna*, the griefe of the one engendring the choller of the other, yea this ignoble and malicious fact of his doth so deepely sticke in her heart and minde, and so extreamely exasperateth her, against him, as shee makes her lover *Planeze* acquainted therewith, who (notwithstanding her fathers prohibition) was then descended his Coach and assended the *Parlor* to visit her. *Planeze* wondreth and grieves at this incivill and base indignity of *Borlari* towards *Radegonda*, which hee every way sees, can no way but reflect on the other part of himselfe *Felissanna*, and so consequently on himselfe: When (being in her presence) the passions of his affection, and the fumes of his revenge so farre ecclipse and transport his Judgement, as hee freely profereth her his sword, and selfe, to right *Radegondaes* wrong on the person and life of *Borlari*, the which courtesie and noble affection and respect of his, *Felissanna* takes most lovingly and kindely of him, but yet loves him so tenderly and deerely, that by no meanes she will permit him to ingage, much-lesse to hazard himselfe in this triviall quarrell, which being (as she affirmed) more feminine then masculine, did therefore more properly belong to her owne deciding and requitall, the which (in that regard) she prayed him wholly to leave and referre to herselfe.

Borlari (by some of *Miniataes* domestique servants, whom in favour of money he hath made to be his friendly Spies and intelligencers) heares hereof, and especially takes notice of *Planezes* forwardnesse to fight with him for the quarrell of a poore chamber-maid, so seeing that hee could hope for nothing but for dispaire in his affection from *Felissanna*, hee takes this so ill from *Planeze*, (who although hee bee his rivall and competitor, yet being in a manner but a stranger to him) that he cannot, he will not be outbraved by this *Mantovesse* in any point of courage or valour, and therefore to prevent his insulting and daring Generosity, and to give him a touch and taste of his owne: Hee the next morning by his laquey *Romeo* sends him this challenge.

BORLARY to PLANEZE.

IN Regard thou couldest not content thy selfe to bereave me of the Lady Felissanna, *whose sweet beauty and vertues are by farre more deere and pretious to me then my life, but that (with much ostentation and malice thou likewise, makest it thy Trophees and Glory, to offer her the sacrifice of my death, onely for the triviall respect of her Chambermaids haire; Therefore because thou makest so small an esteeme of my life; My reputation invites, and mine honour conjures mee to see what care thou wilt have for the defence and preservation of thine owne. To which end, I pray thee to meet mee to morrow (betwixt five and sixe of the clocke in the afternoone) with thy single rapier without seconds, in the first meadow without the Vinsensa gate of this City, where I will attend thy arrivall, with much zeale and impatiency, Thou art Noble enough to bee so generous, and I generous enough to trie if thou wilt appeare, and approve thy selfe so Noble.*

BORLARY.

The Lady *Felissanna* well knowing *Romeo* to be *Borlari* his laquey, and seeing him deliver a letter to her lover *Planeze*, which she feareth to be some challeng, she thereat (adorning and beautifying her lilly cheekes with a Roseat blush) prayes him to tell her what *Borlari* his letter contained; When (his owne honour

honour getting the ſupremacy of his affection towards her) he tels her, that *Borlari* therein onely requeſted him, to meet him the next day in the Domo (which is the Cathedrall Church of that City dedicated to *Saint Athanaſius*) the which he is now going to grant him in his anſwer. But *Feliſanna*, ſtill jealous and fearefull) prayes him to ſhew her thoſe two letters which hee pleaſantly puts off with ſome kiſſes, and yet her bloud and heart ſo freezeth within her with feare, as ſhe uſeth the beſt power of her Art, and the chiefeſt Art of her affection, to conjure him not to fall out, muchleſſe to fight with *Borlary* at there meeting in the Church. *Planeze* tells her hee is too religious to bee ſo prophane, to diſtaine and pollute that ſacred place with the effuſion of Chriſtian bloud, becauſe it is the temple of prayer, the houſe of God, and therefore every way fitter for a peacefull attonement and reconciliation, then for a contentious quarrell, now (as the malice of men are finite, but of women infinite) *Feliſanna* ſeeing her *Planeze* going to write his letter revenge and choller being then extravagantly predominant in her lookes and reſolutions, ſhee haſtily ſteps downe into a chamber next to the garden, where ſhe ſends for *Borlaries* laquey *Romea*, and cauſeth three of her groomes (whom ſhe had purpoſely placed there by force and violence to cut off his right eare; which they preſently doe, notwithſtanding that he uſed a thouſand intreaties and prayers to her to divert her from this her unworthy and malitious fact, and then haſtily departing from him, ſhee ſpake this to him: Tell thy Maſter *Borlari*, that I have cauſed thine eare to be cut off, to requite the affront and diſgrace which he offered me in cutting off my chambermaid *Radegondaes* haire.

Planeze, having ſecretly to himſelfe reade *Borlari* his challenge: Hee thinkes ſo honourably of himſelfe, and ſo diſgracefully of him, as he not a little wondereth to ſee, that he hath the courage to write to him, muchleſſe the reſolution to fight with him; When grieving that hee cannot now have the felicity and honour to make tryall of his valour to himſelfe, and affection to his miſtris upon a more generous ſpirit, and nobler perſonage then *Borlari*, hee accepts his challenge, and in this anſwer promiſeth him to meet him and performe it, the which hee honourably conceales from *Feliſannaes* feare and jealouſie, and ſo ſealing up his letter, hee goes downe to deliver it to *Borlary* his Laquey, and reſolves to diſpeede and haſten his returne, but contrary to his expectation he findes this laquey *Romeo* bitterly ſtorming and weeping; and ſo demanding the cauſe thereof, hee then and there by a Gentleman his ſervant is firſt informed of the Laqueys diſgrace, and of the manner thereof as we have underſtood; *Planeze* is wonderfully grieved at this diſaſterous accident, but love preſcribes ſo powerfull a law to his diſcretion, as he is inforced to beare up with the time and ſo to diſſemble it, and when in the language of a victory and a triumph *Feliſanna* acquaints him therewith; hee holds it diſcretion, rather to winke at it, and diſſemble it with ſilence, then to remember it with choller or reprehenſion towards her; So hee to acquit his ignorance, reputation and honour herein towards *Borlari*, cals his laquey againe, and vowes and proteſteth to him, as hee is a Gentleman that hee is free from being any way knowing or acceſſary to this his diſgrace and diſaſter, and bids him to aſſure his Maſter from him that hee is every way Innocent hereof, the which hee would have ſignified to him in writing, but that his letter was ſealed before he knew it, and ſo giviug him ſome crownes to waſh downe his anger and ſorrow, he then takes leave of him.

Romeo ſayes little but thinkes the more, and as hee diſdaineth to bewray a-

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ny appearance of griefe hereat, so he cannot cloake that of his choller, nor overvaile or smother that of revenge, in their fatall effects, which time will too soone produce.

Romeo in great haste and more choller, arrives to his master *Borlaries* presence, gives him *Planezes* letter, who very speedily and hastily breaking up the seales thereof findes therein these lines.

PLANEZE TO BORLARY.

I Acknowledge it to bee rather thy misfortune then my merits that induceth the faire and vertuous Lady Felisanna *to give her affection to mee, and not to thy selfe, the which as a rich treasure and pretious Iewell I doe not onely esteeme equall to my life, but a thousand degrees above it, and therefore it was with much affection and zeale to her, and with no ostentation or malice to thy selfe, that I tendred her my best service, to right her of the ignoble wrong which thou didst offer to her Chamber-maide* Radegonde. *In which regard, because thou purposely givest a sinister construction to my intent therein, and art so ambitiously resolute to hazard thy honour and life in hope of the losse of mine, I doe therefore freely and cheerefullie accept of thy challenge, and my impatience and zeale shall anticipate thine before I perform it, wherein if my Rapier give not the lie to my blood, my misfortune to my Rapier, thou shalt finde me enough noble and generous to attempt this duell for thy sake, and to finish those of greater danger for the Lady* Felisannas *sake, who I freely professe is the Empresse of my affections, and till death shalbee the Queene Regent of my desires and wishes.*

PLANEZE'S.

Borlari hath no sooner perused and ore read this letter of *Planeze*, but finding his challenge accepted, he is exceeding glad and Ioyfull thereof, as if his glory consisted in his shame, and his safety in his danger: Then his laquey *Romeo* acquaints him with his disgrace acted, saieth he, wholly by *Dona Felisanna* and no way as hee vowes and thinkes, by the consent or knowledge of *Planeze*, and so relates all that he and shee charged him to report unto him: The which *Borlari* hearing and understanding, hee extreamely stormes to see his owne affront and disgrace, offered and brought home unto him in that of his Laquey: When having other affaires and businesse in his head, he contents himselfe for that time to give him some gold, thereby the sooner to make him forget the losse of his eare, which his lockes better then his lookes could now overvaile and cover.

These two inconsiderate Gentlemen, (being infinitely more ambitious to preserve their honours then their lives, and more carefull of their reputations towards the foolish people of the world, then of their soules towards God, are now fitting of their Rapiers and Chirurgions, to dispatch this their rash enterprise and irreligious businesse, and it is not the least part of *Planezes* discretion and care to play the Mercury and now to blinde the *Argus* eyes of *Felisannaes* feare and vigilancy, and how to see a beginning and end to this duell, with his generosity and fame, that he bee no way disturbed or prevented by her in the performance thereof: The prefixed houre being come, *Borlari* (with his Chirurgeon) as Challenger, comes first into the field, I meane into the meadow, the designed place and theatre where they intend to act this their bloudy Tragedy, and hee hath not stayed halfe a quarter of an houre, but *Planeze* the Challenged arrives there likewise with his Chirurgion: When there malice

is ſo furious, and their courages ſo inflamed each againſt other, as paſſing over their ſaluting ceremonies without a ceremony, they putting themſelves into their ſhirts, doe both of them draw, and ſo approach each other. At their firſt comming up, *Planeze* runnes *Borlari* through the left thigh, and *Borlari* him in the right ſhoulder, and the ſight of their ſcarlet bloud upon their white ſhirts doth rather revive than quench their courages: At their ſecond meeting *Borlari* runnes *Planeze* into the right arme of a large and deep wound, and *Planeze* dies not in debt for it, but requites it with a dangerous one in the ſmall of his belly, which went neere to prove mortall, for it fetcht much bloud from him, made him to beginne to faint and ſtagger, ſo being both of them well neere out of breath, they make a ſtand to breath and take the benefit of the aire, but their hearts and animoſity are ſo great as they will not as yet deſiſt or leave off but now begin a freſh to redouble their blowes and courages, and here they traverſe their ground to gaine the advantage of the Sunne: with far more adviſement and diſcretion then before. Now at this their third comming up, *Borlari* preſents *Planeze* a furious thruſt, but he very actively and nimbly wards it off him, and in exchange runnes *Borlari* into the necke, a little wide of his throat bole: whereat *Planeze* inſtantly cloſing with him, he fairely attempted to whip up his heeles, but that *Borlari* his ſtrength prevented *Planezes* agility: when each having the other by the coller of their doublets with one hand, and their rapiers in the other, as they are ſtriving and ſtrugling together, God (more out of his gratious goodneſſe and mercy, then of their deſires and wiſhes) is pleaſed that neither of them ſhall for this time dye. For the Earle of *Lucerni* riding poaſt (with three gentlemen in his company) from *Venice* towards *Turin*, chanced to eſpie and ſee them in the meddow, almoſt all covered over with ſweat, bloud, and duſt, when he and they leaping from their Horſes, hee very honourably and charitably runnes to them and parts them; offering them his beſt power and a pretty parcell of his time, to end and ſhut up their differences in a friendly attonement and reconciliation, but ſo inveterate and ſtrong (by this time) is their malice each to other, as he found it no way ſeaſeable but impoſſible to effect it: So this brave and honourable Earle contents himſelfe, to reconduct and ſee them ſafe into the City, where privately leaving them to their future fortunes, hee againe takes horſe and away. Our two Duelliſts having firſt thanked him for his noble Courteſie towards them, but otherwiſe they are exceedingly grieved to ſee the victory puld out of their hands, for the vanity and impiety of either of them flattered and bounded their hopes with no leſſe ambition and felicity, then each their owne life and either of them the death of his adverſary. But as they are gratefull to the Earle of *Lucerni* for this his honourable courteſie towards them; yet they are ſo irreligious as they looke not up to Heaven, nor once have the Grace to thinke of God, much leſſe to thanke his divine Majeſty, for now ſo mercifully and ſo gratiouſly withdrawing them as it were from out the very Iawes of death; but ſtill they retaine their malice and cheriſh and foment their revenge each to other, eſpecially *Borlary* to *Planeze*, for it is a Continuall private griefe and a ſecret Corraſive to his content and minde, to ſee that hee is inforced to weare the willow Garland, and that *Planeze* muſt beare away his faire and beautifull Miſtres *Feliſanna* from him: But we will for a little time, leave them to their thoughts and their thoughts to God, and ſo againe ſpeake of *Romeo*, the Laquey of *Borlari*, who as a wretched and moſt execrable villane comes now to act a bloody and wofull part in this Hiſtory.

For we must here understand, that this lewd Laquey *Romeo*, is so extreamly incensed with Choller and inraged with malice against the Lady *Felissanna* for the losse of his eare, as (being seduced and encouraged by the Devill) hee was once of the minde to have murthered her in the street, the very first time he had met or seene her: but then againe respecting his master *Borlari*, whom he knew affected her tenderly and deerely, hee forsooke that opinion of his, and resolved to wreake his wrath and indignation upon her three servants who were the Actors of cutting off his eare, as he was the Author therof. But then againe remembring that he knew them not, nor any of them for that they were all purposely masked and disguised, He then swaps a bargaine with the devill, and the devill with him, that the storme of this his malice and revenge should assuredly fall on *Radegonda* her Chambermaid, from whom it originally proceeded, and from this resolution hee is so execrably prophane and bloudy, as he vowes that neither Heaven or Earth God or man shall divert him.

But as Envy cannot prove so pernitious an enemy to others as to her selfe, so Revenge will in the end assuredly make us as miserable as first it fasly promised to make us happy.

Romeo continueth still resolute in his rage, and implacable in his revenge towards *Radegonda* (and yet poore innocent harmelesse soule, shee was not so much as guilty of a badde thought, muchlesse of a bad action or office towards him; and therefore least deserving this his revenge;) when waiting many Nights for her, as shee issued forth in the street in her Ladies errands, hee at last in a darke night found her, and there slew her with his rapier, giving her foure severall wounds, whereof he mought have spared the three last, because the verie first was mortall, and thereuppon betooke himselfe to his heeles and fled through the streets, where the people flocked together at the report and knowledge of this lamentable Murther, but God is so exasperated at this foule and lamentable fact of his, as (in his Starre-chamber of Heaven) he hath ordained and decreed that *Romeo* shall instantly receive condigne punishment for the same as not deserving to survive it, for running through the streets to provide for his safety and life: He at last tooke the river of *Addice*, neere the old castle, where thinking to swimme over to the other side, or to hide himselfe in some of the mill-boates, hee was discovered by the sentinells (for the watch was already set) and the newes of this murther was by this time resounding and ecchoing in all parts of the City. The Souldiours of the Castle suspected him to bee the murtherer, they send a boat after him and apprehend him: so by the criminall Iudges he is committed to prison for that night, and being the next morning accused by *Seignior Miniata* by way of torture, and by the Lady *Felissanna* his daughter by legall order for the murthering of her Chambermaid *Radegonda*, he without any thought of feare, or shew of sorrow or repentance, freely confesseth it, for the which he is presently condemned to bee hanged, and the same day after dinner hee was accordingly dispatched and executed, notwistanding that his master *Borlari*, used his best friends and power, yea and proffered two hundred zechines to save him. Thus wee see there was but one poore night betweene *Romeoes* taking away of *Radegondaes* life, and losing of his owne, and betweene her murthering and his hanging; At his execution hee spake not a word either of the losse of his eare by the Lady *Felissanna*, or of that of *Radegondaes* haire by his master *Borlari*, whereat both of them exceedingly rejoyce and no lesse doth *Planeze*: But for the other speeches which this bloudy footman delivered on the ladder at this execution they were

were either so ungodly, or so impertinent, as the relation thereof no way deserves my pen, or my Readers knowledge.

And here to leave the dead Servant *Romeo*, returne wee againe to speake of his living Master *Borlari*: who after he had spent much time and labour, and as I may say ran his invention and wit out of breath, to seeke to prevent that *Planeze* mought not marry the fayre *Felisanna*, hath notwithstanding, to his matchlesse griefe, and unseparable sorrow sees that it is al bootlesse and in vaine: for by this time she through the importunity of her teares and prayers hath obtained her father *Miniataes* consent, to take and enjoy *Seignior Planeze*, for her Husband: when to both their hearts delight and content, they are solemnely married in *Verona*, and in that height of pompe and bravery as is requisite to their noble ranke and quality: When *Planeze* the more to please his new wife leaves *Mantova*, and wholly builds up his residence in *Verona* with her and in her father *Miniataes* house, who never hated him so much heretofore, as now he deepely affects and loves him, and to say and write the truth, hee well deserved that affection or the rather, and this love of the daughter: sith the lustre and vertue of his actions made it apparant to all *Verona*, yea to all *Italy*, that hee proved a most kinde and loving Husband to the one, and a most obedient, and respective sonne in law to the other.

Now although *Felisanna* bee thus marryed to *Planeze*, yet the affection of *Borlari* to her, is still so far from fading or withring thereat, as it reviveth and flourisheth at the sight of her pure aud delicate beauty: for those golden tresses of her haire, those splendant raies of her sparkling eyes, and those delicious lilies and Roses of her cheekes doe act such wonders in his heart, and his heart in his resolutions: that his lust ecclipsing his judgement, and outbraving his discretion he cannot, he will not refraine, to trie if he can yet procure and get her to be his friend though not his wife; and so futurely to obtaine that curtesie from her by the eye, which formerly he knew it impossible for him to get by the maine. To which end his affection or rather his folly, giving no truce to his thoughts, nor peace to his minde, because both the one and the other were still ranging and ruminating on *Felisannaes* sweet Idea, and delitious feature, Hee enters into a consideration and consultation with himselfe, whether hee should bewray his amorous flame to her by himselfe or by some other, or either by his penne or his tongue, when after hee had proposed and exchanged many poore reasons and triviall Motives *Pro* and *Con*, hee at last resolves on the last, which is to doe it by letters, when hying himselfe to his closet, he traceth her these lines, which by a confident friend of his he forth with sends her.

Borlary to Felisanna.

I Will crave no other witnesse but thy selfe, of my fervent love and constant affection to thee; for none can better testifie, how I alwaies made it my chiefest Care and Ambition to make the dignity of my zeale answerable to that of thy beauty; and that this mought be as truely Immortall, as that is devinely rare and rarely excellent, which to confirme. I have sealed it with some bloud, but with more teares, so that although thou hast given thy affection from mee to Planeze, *yet my heart and soule tells me it is impossible to give mine to any but to the Lady* Felisanna. *And because thou canst not bee my wife, therefore I pray be pleased to resolve to live my friend, as in requitall I doe dye thy Servant. I confesse I am not worthy of thy affection, much lesse to enjoy the*

sweet fruit thereof, thy sweet selfe, yet because I cannot be more thine then I am, therefore I pray thee make thy selfe as much mine as thou mayest be. Thy heart shall not be a truer Secretary to our affections then my tongue, and for the times and places of our meetings, I wholly referre it to thy will and pleasure, which mine shall ever carefully attend, and religiously obey, I send the my whole heart inclosed in this Letter, and if thou vouchsafe to returne me a peice of thine in exchange, Heaven may, but Earth cannot crosse our affection.

BORLARY.

The Lady *Elisanna* receives this letter with much wonder, and ore reades it with more Contempt and Choller, for if she disdained *Borlari* and his affection when she was a maid, much more doth shee now when God and her Husband have made her a wife: Once shee was of opinion to have throwne this his Letter into the fire, and have answered it with disdaine and silence; But then againe considering the vainity of his thoughts, and the obscænity of his desire, shee conceived he thought (peradventure) repute her silence to a degree of consent: and therefore though not in affection to him, yet in discretion and love to her honour, she resolves to returne him an answer, when knitting her browes with anger, dipping her pen in gall and vinegar, and setting a sharp edge of contempt and Choller on her resolutions, she hastily frame her Letter, and gives it to his owne Messenger to deliver it to *Borlari*, whose heart steering his course betwixt hope and feare till hee receive it: he first kissing it, and then hastily breaking up the seales thereof, findes that it speakes this language.

ELISANNA to BORLARY.

IF thou want any witnesses of thy folly, not of thy affection, thy obstinate and vaine perseverance herein, of one makes me capable to serve for many. And if thou hadst been as truely carefull and ambitious of thine owne honour, as thou falsly pretendest to be of my poore beauty, thou wouldest not so often have sacrificed thy shame to my glory, nor so suttishly have cast away thy blood or teares on my contempt: How thou intendest to dispose of thy self, I neither desire to know, nor care to understand. But as I have given my soule to God, so God hath given my heart to my husband Planeze. *from whom neither the malice of Sathan or power of hell shall withdraw it, and therefore as I am* Elisanna *I detest thy lustfull suite, and as* Planezes *wife, I defie both it and thy selfe; And thus to bee thy friend thou shalt finde mee thy friend, but for such servants as thy selfe I leave them to their owne proper Infamy and Repentance. I make God the Secretary of my actions, and my husband of my affections, therefore it shall please me well when I understand that thy tongue wil recant thy folly, I repent thy indiscretion towards me, in seeking to erect the Trophees of thy lascivious lust, upon the ruines of my pure and candid honour: And I assure thee, that if hereafter thou inspire, and fortifie not thy heart with more religious, and lesse sinfull desires and affections, that Earth can and Heaven will make thee as truely miserable, as now thou falsly thinkest thy selfe fortunate.*

ELISANNA.

Borlari at the reading of this Letter of *Elisanna*, is so galled with griefe and netled with sorrow, to see his refusall sent him in her disdaine, as he knows not to what passion to betake himselfe for ease, or to what Saint for comfort, for the consideration of her coynesse and cruelty, makes his dispaire to gaine so

so much on his hopes, that once he was minded absolutely to forsake her, and to court her affection no more, but then againe his lustfull heart and desires, remembring the freshnesse of her beauty and the sweetnesse of her youth, hee held himselfe a coward, every way unworthy to enjoy so faire a Lady, and so sweet an Angell, if hee retyred upon her first denyall, especially because as those Cities and Castles, so those Ladies and Gentlewomen who entertaine a pearle, are already halfe wonne. In which consideration because it many times proves an errour in Nature; but still in judgement, to flatter our selves most, with that which we most hope for and desire, He therefore once more resolves to hazard another letter to her, as having some reasons to beleive, that his second may perchance obtaine that from her which his first could not, for that he knowes that most ladies and gentlewomen pride themselves with this felicity to be often sought and importunately sued unto by their lovers, wherefore resolving once more to try his fortune, and her courtesie, hee by his former messenger greets her with these lines.

BORLARY to FELISANNA.

THy sweet and excellent beautie hath enkindled so fervent a flame in my heart, that thy late disrespect and contempt of me in thy Letter, is not sufficiently prevalent to make mee, or so soone or so sleightly forsake thee. For although thou turne my love folly, and my affection obstinacy, yet untill thou cease to bee faire, finde it no strange, if it be impossible for me to cease to be affectionate: Neither doe I sacrifice my fame to thy Glory, or cast away my teares on thy contempt, sith I performe it more out of duty then complement, and rather out of true zeale then false hypocrisie. And as the strongest Cities and Castles by the rule of war, so the fairest beauties, by that of love, deserve to be honoured with more then one assault and siege; and that Cavillier cannot justly, be termed, either a Gentleman, a Souldier, or a Lover, who will resolve to be put off with the first repulse, especially from so sweet, and so beautifull an Enemy as thy selfe: Neither can it any way breed infamy or repentance in me to be servant to so deare, and slave to so faire a Mistris, because the excellency of thy beauty is every way capable both to confound sence, and to subvert and overthrow Reason. Bee then but as courteous as thou art faire, and as kinde as I am constant, and thou shalt finde that I onely desire to erect the Trophees of mine Honour and Glory upon those of thy content, to sacrifice my best life at the shrine and altar of thy beautie, and to devote and prostrate my best zeale and service to the feet of thy Commands, which if thou please to grant me: Earth will not make me miserable but Heaven fortunate.

BORLARY.

The Lady *Felisanna* having received and oreread this second Letter of *Borlari*, as one way shee laughes to see the constancy of his folly, and indiscretion, so another way shee stormes, and yet grieves to see her selfe to be both the object and the cause thereof: When returning to the party who brought it her, shee thinks, to vent part of her choller on him, taxeth his audacity and rashnesse herein, and strictly conjures him to bring her no more of *Borlari* his Letters: yea, shee is so farre transported with passion and choller against *Borlari* for sending them to her, as now shee resolves to answer this with silence, and hence forth to burne all other which are sent or brought to her from him, because if his folly make him culpable of sending, shee will not futurely make herselfe guilty of receiving any more. But here againe, her thoughts are taken

up with feare, and her heart surprised with resolution and doubt, whether (yea or no) shee should shewe these his two letters to her Husband: For her affection is soe tender, soe faithfull, soe constant to him; because shee likewise knowes that his is reciprocally so to her, that she will rather displease her selfe then any way discontent him, or administer him the least cause whatsoever, to runne the hazard of his displeasure or indignation, for as by concealing them from his knowledge, she knowes this businesse will be for ever husht up in silence, and perpetually buried in oblivion; So contrariwise if either through *Borlarie* his malice to her, or indiscretion to himselfe, it should any way come to her Husbands eare, then she thinkes she should give him a just cause of exception and offence against her; Wherein if the subtilty of the Devill should once put his foot, or the malice of any of his members, their tongues or fingers, then his jealousie might call her Honour and Fidelity in question, and make him suspect and feare her to bee dishoneſt, though heretofore (in heart and soule) he co fidently knowes and beleeves the contrarie, she farther knowes that there is nothing so easie as to entertaine jealousie, nor so difficult as to expell it, and therefore that it is not enough for us to prevent a scandall, but likewise to remove the originall cause thereof, faine she would conceale these foolish letters of *Borlari* from her husband, but yet she doubts it, and willing she is to accquaint him therewith and yet she feares it: And although her chastity, and innocency perswade her to performe the last, yet her discretion and judgement encourage and prompt her to execute the second: And here our Beautifull and Vertuous young Wife is perplexed as a traveller, who meetes with two different waies and knowes not which is the best for him to take, and her heart and thoughts here in this accident) is as a ship at sea at one time surprised and met with two contrary windes and tides; for preferring her honour to her life, and her affection to her husband, and his to her before any other earthly respect or felicity whatsoever; she in the intricacy and ambiguity of these doubts, wisheth that *Borlari* had slept when he writ and sent her those Letters, or she when she received and read them. But at last consulting with Reason and Religion, with her Soule and God, then her chastity gives a commanding law to her feare, and her innocency to her doubt, so first hoping and then praying that nothing herein might breed bad blood in her husband, or disturbe the tranquility and sincerity of her marriage; shee watching a fit opportunity shewes her husband the first letter of *Borlari* to her with her answer thereof, and then his second letter, the which she informes him shee answered with silence and contempt, adding withall: That had she a thousand lives as she hath but one, she would cheerefully sacrifice and lose them all, before she would be guilty of the leaſt thought to distaine the honour of his bed, or to breake her sacred vow of Love and Chastity, which in presence of God and his Church, she religiously made and gave him in marriage.

Planeze at the hearing of these speeches and the reading of these Letters, doth at one instant both blush and pale, for as hee lookes pale with Envy towards *Borlari*, to see how secretly and subtilly he endevoureth to ruine his honour in that of his wifes; so he blusheth for love towards her, to see how sweetly and chastly she had demeaned her selfe in her answer to him, as also what a wise and loving part it was in her so punctually and fully to acquaint him therwith, when in requitall hereof hee gives her many prayses and kisses, extols her chastity and vertues to the sky, and condemnes *Borlarie* his lustfull vices to Hell, and although (for the present) shee finde some incongruity in his

speeche

speeches, and obserue some perturbation in his lookes, yet he makes his affection so apparant to her, and dissembleth his hatred and choller towards *Borlari* so secretly and artificially: That his wife *Felisanna* wholly reposing herselfe upon her owne integrity, and her husbands discretion, shee (sweet innocent Lady) little dreames or thinkes of any disaster which will ensue hereof, muchlesse what dismall effects threaten to proceed from this inconsiderate act of hers, in acquainting her Husband with those Letters. But shee will haue time enough to see it to her griefe and know it to her sorrow, yea shee will finde occasions enough to repent, but never any meanes how to remedy it except it be too late, and which then will meerely prove phisicke after death.

Planeze (as wee haue formerly understood) is extreamely incensed against *Borlary* thus to attempt to bereaue him of his sweetest Joy, which is his wifes affection, and shee of her most pretious Iewell her chastity: And although (both in reason and religion) he had farre more cause to rejoyce then to grieue at this accident, in regard hee was both assured and confident that his wifes chastity triumphed ore *Borlaries* lust, and her glory was apparant in his shame, for as obiects to actions being best distinguished by their contraries, therefore through the obscure clouds of *Borlari* his obscene concupiscence, that of *Felisannas* Angelicall chastity, as a bright relucent Sunne, shined forth most radiantly and sweetly with farre more vigour and glory, yet *Planeze* being a man composed of corrupt flesh and bloud, and therefore subiect to passions, and those passions to errours and imperfections, So he takes a course and resolution herein contrary to all Iudgement and to all reason, yea diametrically opposite to the rules of Nature and precepts of Grace. For although his heart bee upright in the opinion of his wifes chastity and honour, yet as the deerest and purest affections cannot be exempted of some shadow or spice of feare, so although his heart looked directly on *Borlari* with malice, hee cannot possibly refraine nor retaine his thoughts, from glancing squint-eyed on his wife with iealousie. And although he knowes it to be a most ignoble ingratitude, and irreligious impiety in him thus to call her honour in question on (in the best sence) to reuoke it to doubt, by making any puplike shew of suspition or diffidence to her, or by seeking any private reuenge on *Borlari*, yet because her beauty and vertue is a thousand times deerer to him then his life; and the purity and integrity of her affection to him as deere as his soule: Hee therefore thinkes he shall not prophane his good opinion of her, nor offer her merits or his owne reputation any wrong, if he resolve to right both her, and himselfe on *Borlari* when consulting not with reason or charity, but with their opposites malice and reuenge, hee will not bee at peace with his heart, nor at truce with his thoughts before he haue fought with *Borlari*, albeit (indeed) his delict and offence towards him, more deserued his scorne then his Care, and was every way farre more worthy of his oblivion then of his remembrance. To which end (by a Chirurgion which he had made choice of) he sends him this challenge.

PLANEZE TO BORLARY.

THy crime is so foule, and so apparent to mee, in seeking by thy two lasciuious Letters to distaine my honour in that of my wifes chastity, as nothing but thy life is capable to expiate it, or mine to deface and forget it; wherefore if thou haue so much

much courage as thou wantest grace, bring thy selfe, thy Rapier, and thy Chirurgian with thee, to morrow at six a clocke in the morning, in the City Ditch, without the utter Gate, which looker towards Brescia, *and there my selfe and my Chirurgion (who is the bearer hereof, will silently and honourably wait for thee. And if thy obscene heart retaine yet any sparke of generosity, or thy vitious braine of judgement, thou wilt resolve to performe this my request, and to excuse my resolution herein, sith it is wholly derived from thy lasciviousnesse, and receives its life and birth from thy treachery.*

PLANEZE.

Borlary receiving and perusing this Challenge of *Planeze*, he is much grieved and sorrowfull, to see that *Felisanna* had so little discretion for her selfe, and so much hatred against him, to shew her husband these his Letters, and except she meant to make her selfe the present authour, and the cause of her future affliction and misery, he knowes not else what she intends hereby. But for *Planeze* his spleene and resolution against him, *Borlary* knowes it to be both just and well grounded in the best sense, and in the worst to be yet a requitall of that Challenge and Duell which he formerly sent and presented him: Onely he doth a little admire (if not wonder) that he should now againe make triall of his valour and courage, whereof he so lately had experience, and tasted. And although he had farre more reason to rest assured than doubtfull, that this second Duell of theirs would not prove so fortunate as their first, but would rather terminate in one, if not in both of their lives. He yet loves *Felisanna* so dearly, albeit she hate him extreamly, that he will by no meanes refuse to fight with her husband once againe for her sake, yea and to kill him for his owne, if possible he can, the devill making him strong in the vanitie of this beleefe and confidence; that if it prove now his good fortune to kill *Planeze*, that he can then requite and limit his victory with the reward of no lesse happinesse and felicity, by his death to obtaine his widdow for his owne wife. But this is to write upon the water, and to build Castles of vaine hopes in the ayre, which the least breath of Gods mouth, or wind of his nostrils will easily reverse and blow away. For this is to consult and resolve with Satan and not with God; and therefore no marvell if he see his lascivious desires to come too short of his ridiculous hopes, and both his hopes and desires herein to end in as much true misery, as they beganne in false hope of felicity and joy.

So *Borlari* having made a turne or two in his Garden to resolve upon this businesse which so much imported both his honour and life: Hee at last with joy in his lookes, and courage in his countenance turnes to *Planeze* his Chirurgeon, whom after he used respectfully and courteously, hee secretly rounds him thus in his eare; Tell *Seignior Planeze* from me, that I will not faile to meet him to morrow morning according to his request and expectation, and so he dismisseth him, who as soone returnes this answer of *Borlari* to *Planeze*, whom he now findes staying for him in the Church of the *Augustine Fryers*, but God knowes with no intent or devotion to pray, or to invoke his Divine and Sacred Majestie to divert him from this his intended bloudy enterprize, but rather to reconduct home the Lady *Felisanna* his wife, who harmlesse sweet Gentlewoman was there in that Church, upon the Altar of her heart, proffering up the most religious prayers, and zealous Orisons of her soule unto God, without once surmising or thinking what a mournfull and dangerous part her husband was resolved to act the next morning, to the prejudice of her content, if not to the utter dissolution and ruine of her Matrimoniall joy

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and felicity. But her husband *Planeze* beares this businesse, and these his intentions so secretly from his wife, as it was impossible for her to have any suspition, much lesse knowledge of this his next dayes intended Duell.

The night which brings rest to others, hath not power to give it to our two inflamed Duelists. For the consideration of their honours and their lives, of their quarrell, and the cause thereof, doth equally possesse their braines, and pre-occupate and prevent their eyes of their sleeping faculties. So preferring their danger to their safety, their resolution to their rest, and the field to their beds, they (under other pretexts) are not long from it, I meane from the City ditch, the prefixed place of their rendezvous: Which *Planeze* first entreth, and there makes halfe a dozen of turnes, before hee have any newes of his Contendant or Adversary *Borlary*, whereof he doth not a little muse, yet he no way despaires of his comming, because (by late experience) he knowes him to be couragious and valiant. But to put *Planezes* musing out of doubt, and his doubt out of question, in comes *Borlari* all unbraced and untrusted, and a farre off espying *Planeze* in the Ditch before him: He (ashamed of this advantage he had because of long stay) with his hat in his hand prayes him to excuse this errour of his, affirming it to be the fault of his Watch, but not of his heart, which he alleaged should ever goe true with his honour and reputation; When *Planeze* returning his Complement, by approving of his Apologie, (without any further expostulation) they draw, and here fall from words to blowes.

At their first meeting *Borlary* give *Planeze* a wound in the right arme, and *Planeze* requites him with another in his right side, which if his Rapier had not met with a rib, it had the undoubtedly ended the quarrell with his life. But although it make him lose much bloud, yet he hath strength & courage enough not to die in his debt for it, onely he desireth *Planeze* that they may breathe a while, the which he generously granteth. At their second comming up, *Planeze* presents a thrust to *Borlari*, but he wards it, and runnes *Planeze* into his left thigh, of a deepe wound, and yet they will not give over, although their Chirurgeons doe earnestly pray them to desist, as having now already here sufficiently testified their courage and valour. At their third meeting and joyning, *Planeze* gives *Borlary* a licke o're the fore-head, which makes his bloud streame downe his face and eyes, and *Borlary* fully incensed and prepared to requite it, drives a faire thrust to *Planezes* brest, but he very dexterously and fortunately wards it, beating downe the point of *Borlary* his sword into the ground, and then with much agility leaps to him, and whips up his heeles, who falling upon his owne Rapier, breaks it in two peeces, at which unlooked for disaster, *Borlary* seeing his naked brest exposed to *Planezes* bloudy Rapier, and consequently his life to lie at his mercy, (without once striving or endevouring to grapple with his enemie) he (more desirous to live with shame, than to die with honour) descends so farre from true and noble generosity, as hee begs his life of *Planeze*; when (although many hot and jealous spirits would gladly have taken hold of this advantage, and wreaked the utmost of their gall and spleene upon the misfortune of this accident) yet *Planeze* is so truly noble and generous, as disdaining to fight with an unarmed man, and so to eclipse or blemish the lustre of his reputation in killing him who begged his life of him, and when it lay at his pleasure to give or take it, as he throwes away his Rapier, making him promise and sweare hee will never henceforth attempt 'gainst the honour of his wife, *Planeze* very freely and cheerfully gives him his

his life: And to shew himselfe the more generous in this his courtesie, hee lends him his hand to raise him up on his feet; for which infinite kindnesse *Borlary* yeelds him many thanks: When muffling up their faces with their cloaks, they part very good friends, and so get themselves into two of the neerest houses of the Suburbs, very secretly and silently to dresse their wounds, and at night they returne to their houses: Where our deare and faire *Felissana* understanding the manner and cause of this combate betwixt her husband and *Borlary*, it is impossible for me to define whether she wept and sighed more for the losse of her husbands bloud, or rejoyced and praised God for the saving and sparing of his life.

Yet this Combat of theirs is not so secretly acted, but in lesse than two dayes all *Verona* hath newes, and prattles thereof. When measuring the first Duell of *Planeze* and *Borlari* by the second, and the second by the first. They extoll *Borlary* his courage to fight with *Planeze*, but infinitely applaud the noble courtesie and generosity of *Planeze*, in giving *Borlari* his life when it lay in his power and pleasure to have taken it from him. And as most commended the Lady *Felissana* for disdaining to make shipwracke of her honour on the *Cylla* and *Charibdis* of *Borlaries* lust, and for not sacrificing her chastity to his lascivious affections and desires; So, in generall all Gentlemen and Ladies condemne her of indiscretion in shewing his Letters to her husband, and in acquainting him with his suits and desires, it having beene sufficient for her secretly to have given him the repulse and deniall, and herselfe the glory. Againe, there want not divers, especially the younger sort of the Nobility and Gentry of *Verona*, who tax *Borlari* of Cowardize, in shamefully begging his life of *Planeze*, when either his good fortune in struggling, or his peece of sword in his defence, might peradventure have preserved it. Thus every one speakes according to his owne fancies and affections.

Borlary having lost so much bloud for the affection which he bore to *Felissana*, and recived and reaped nothing from her but disdaine and hatred, hee is not a little grieved and vexed hereat. But when he understands that hee hath now made himselfe the laughture of all *Verona*, in this his cowardly begging his life of *Planeze*, and that his reputation doth therefore universally suffer in this action, he is then as it were pierced to the heart with sorrow, and to the soule with shame. He knowes it were far better for him to be borne a Clowne, than to be held and esteemed a Coward; and that having once purchased that base title, he shall difficultly ever lose. Yea, whersoever he goes hee heares and sees that his Superiours, his Equals, and his Inferiours, not onely prattle at his shame, but point at his infamy herein, so that he is (in a manner) a shame to all Gentlemen, and therefore almost a shame to himselfe. But see here the vanitie and impiety of this inconsiderate Gentleman, and if it be not worthy the Readers curiosities, yet it will deserve his compassion and pity, to see what use, or rather what abuse he makes of this his imaginary dishonour: For neither with reason, which is the soule of his heart, nor with Religion which is the life of his soule, doth he once looke up to Heaven to thanke God for so mercifully protecting, and so miraculously preserving of his life in these two Duels, when he as it were stood on the brinke, and in the very jawes of death and when betwixt his life and his death there was nothing but the point of *Planezes* Rapier, and of his pleasure. No, no, *Borlary* is too much a man, to be so much a Christian, and too much the member of Satan, to be so much the childe of God: For having formerly given up his heart to the turpitud

turpitude of laſcivious deſires and luſt; now as a limbe and agent of the devill he will wholly abandon it to infernall rage and helliſh revenge, for knowing *Planeze* to be both the author and object of his diſhonour, and the inſtrument and cauſe of his diſgrace, hee therefore retaines this diabolicall and bloody Aphoriſme in his heart, that as long as he lives it will live with him, and when he dies will die with him, and therefore to refetch his honour out of his infamy, his heart wholly ſacrificing to malice, and his thoughts and reſolutions to revenge) he moſt ingratefully and deſperately reſolves to murther *Planeze*, or at leaſt to cauſe him to be murthered. Lo here the wofull eſtate, and wretched reſolution of this execrable Gentleman *Borlari*, and what a monſtrous ingratitude and prodigious cruelty is this in him to conſpire his death, of whom (in a manner) he but rightly now received his life, he little knowes, or (which is worſe) hee will not know, that revenge ſtill proves as pernitious as pleaſing to their authors, and that murther endeth in as much true miſery as it beginnes in falſe content and Ioy; for it is a better Oblation, and an odious ſacrifice to the Lord, who is the God of peace, and the father of all vnity and charity.

But the devill is ſo familiar a gueſt, and ſo frequent a counſellor to *Borlari* that he wretchedly vowes and execrably ſweares that *Planeze* ſhall no longer live but dye. Once he was of opinion either to piſtoll or poniard him in the ſtreet by night, but then againe ſeeing the eminencie of that danger in the misfortune of his Laquey *Romeo*, he rejects it as ruinous, and reſolves on poyſon which hee thinkes is the ſhorteſt, and ſafeſt way for him to ſend him for Heaven, and thinkes none ſo fit for his purpoſe to give and adminiſter it to him as *Planezes* owne Apothecary *Caſtruchio*, being the more confident in this his choice, becauſe he knowes him to be a wonderfull poore man, and withall extreamely vitious and debauſhed, as neither fearing nor caring for God, but more an Atheiſt than a Chriſtian, and more a devill then a catholike, and therfore beleeves that a little mony will act wonders in his heart and reſolution; Neither doth he faile in his judgement, or deceive himſelfe in the hopes of his choyſe, for he no ſooner proffereth him three hundred Dukatons, to poyſon *Planeze* (one halfe in hand, and the other when it is performed) but he accepts thereof, ingageth himſelfe (by hand and oath) ſpeedily to diſpatch and finiſh it, and ſo like two Factors or furies of Hell, both of them ſweare ſecreſie each to other herein.

Borlary longing and *Caſtruchio* deſiring to finiſh this Tragedy on *Planeze* that hee might likewiſe touch the laſt one hundred and fifty Dukatons. The Spring approching wherein *Planeze* ever yeare for the preſervation of his health) was accuſtomed to take phiſicke of *Caſtruchio*, hee no ſooner ſent for him to that effect, but firſt purging, then bleeding him, he then artificially perſwades him to take a vomit the next morning, whereunto *Planeze* eaſily conſents, ſo he adminiſtreth it to him and therein infuſing poyſon, he within ſix daies after dies thereof, when *Caſtruchio* demanding his other one hundred and fifty dukatons, *Borlari* ſpeedily paies it him with much content, joy, and delectation: But let the firſt know and the ſecond remember, that it is the price of innocent bloud.

The order of our Hiſtory leades us now (as it were by the hand) to our ſorowfull young widow *Feliſanna* who poore ſoule (not dreaming any way in the world either of poyſon or of *Borlari*) is ready to weepe her ſelfe to death, that ſhee muſt ſurvive and cannot dye with her deere and ſweet husband *Pla-*

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were, and that as one bedde, so one grave might containe them, yea her griefe is so great and her sorrowes so infinite for the losse of this her other part of her selfe, that neither her father, kinsfolkes, or friends can possibly comfort her, for still she sees him before her eies as if hee were not buried in his grave, but in her heart, or that it was wholly impossible for him to dye as long as she lived: Which excesse of sorrowes, sighes, and teares of hers, so withered the roses and lillies of her beauty and so ecclipsed the lustre of her sparkling eyes, that to the eyes and judgements of all those who saw or knew her, she become so pale and leane, as she was no longer *Felissanna*, but only the poore sicke Anatomy of *Felisanna*.

We have seene this wretched Gentleman *Borlari*, and this execrable Apothecary *Castruchio* commit this horrible murther upon the person of noble and Generous *Planeze*, and wee shall not goe farre before wee shall see the sacred Iustice, and just punishments of God to surprise and oretake them for the same, For God is now resolved to triumph ore those bloudy miscreants, and although they have so closely acted and perpetrated this their lamentable murther as their are no earthly eyes to detect nor witnesse to give in evidence against them for the same: yet our good and gratious God, who who is the true searcher of our hearts and reines, will to his glory and their confusion bring this to light, by an accident worthy of our deepest consideration, and of our most serious and religious observation: The manner whereof is thus.

This wretched Apothecary *Castruchio*, having received his other hundred dukatons of *Borlari* (as we have formerly understood) for minishing this bloody businesse, and being (as wee know) of a most vitious and debaushed life, hee had already in his riots and prodigalities spent and consumed all his estate: And now this three hundred Dukatons which received of *Borlari* for performing this bloudy businesse, makes him by many degrees farre worse then he was before, for (as by Gods sacred and secret providence) it was impossible to prosper with him, so his prophane vices and sinnes and his beastly pleasures and prodigalities made it consume and melt away as snow against the Sunne, in such sort that it seemed to him that he was a thiefe to himselfe and that one of his hands and pockets hourely cozened and betrayed the other; And although for a time he bore this his vitious course of life very close and secret from the eye and knowledge of the world, whereby his credit farre exceeded his estate, soafter the committing of this foule murther, both his Estate, credit, and all went to wracke and spoyle, for hee left nothing either unspent or unpawned, and which is yet worse he fell into many arrerages and debts which at last grew so clamorous (especially when his prodigall and and beastly life of whoring, drunkennesse, and dicing, came to be divulged and spred to the world; that by three of his greatest creditors he is arrested and clapt into prison, and his shoppe seized on by them, which they finde as empty of drugges, as his masters heart was of pitty and his soule of piety: And as it is the nature and (or rather the misery) of prisons that where one man vertuously improves his life and actions their, a hundred doe vitiously ruine themselves, so *Castruchio* being one of this last number, he there wasteth and consumeth all that he hath, or which he can possibly procure, and in a few weeke reduceth himselfe to soe extreame poverty and beggery, that he is clapt into the common goale among the poorest sort of prisoners who live by the alms and charity of well disposed people, his clothes being all tottered and torn

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having no bed to lye on nor hardly bread to suffice nature, or to maintaine life being abandoned of all his friends and acquaintance, who will rather see him starve and dye then relieve him: And yet in all these extremities, and at the very loweſt ebbe of these his wants and miseries, hee will yet neither looke downe into his Conscience, heart, and soule with sorrow, nor up to heaven or to God with repentance for all his foule sinnes and vices, especially not for this his cruell and lamentable poysoning of *Planeze*, which are the true reasons and the efficient causes of these his miserable calamities and afflictions, yea his wants and miseries are so great and infinite here in prison, that none whosoever will come thither to see him, muchlesse to pitty him, and least of all to releive him. Only *Dorilla* (a filthy old baud of his) more out of importunacy to her, then of her courtesie or charity to him, although she disdaine to goe herselfe into prison to see *Castruchio*, yet shee is contented sometimes to lend him her sonne *Bernardo*, a boy of some sixteene yeares of age to goe his errands, so his necessity making his invention pregnant and cleere sighted, after hee had tyred all his friends and acquaintance with notes and Letters, which returne still empty fisted, his memory at the last falles and pitcheth on *Borlari*, who (for the bloody reason formerly mentioned) hee thinkes the onely fit man of the world to redresse his wants, and to releave his weather beaten fortunes, and to him hee often sends *Bernardo* with many pittifull requests and intreaties for money, but to write him he dares not.

Borlari considering that he hath farre more cause and reason to love *Castruchio* then to hate him for that (by vertue of the premises) hee sees his owne life to lye at the mercy of his tongue, although hee rather wish him in Heaven then in prison, yet being extreamely covetous, and yet holding himselfe both in conscience and discretion bound to releive him; hee therefore sends him some small summes of money, but no way enough to buy him cloathes, or to maintaine his former prodigalities, but rather hardly sufficient to maintaine life in him, much lesse to cherish or pamper him. And so often doth *Castruchio* send the boy *Bernardo* to *Borlari* for money, that at last being weary thereof, and resolute to depart with no more money, (God here makes his covetousnesse partly the meanes to chaulke out a way to his owne confusion) and is resolved neither to speake nor to see *Bernardo*, and to that effect gives order to his servants: When little *Bernardo* seeing that he weares out his time, and his shooes in vaine to hunt after *Borlari*, whom he knowes will not be spoken with by him, he tels *Castruchio* that he provide himselfe of another messenger towards *Borlari* for he will goe no more to him, because he sees it is wholly impossible for him to speak with him: and at this discourtesie of *Borlari*, *Castruchio* doth now bite his lip with discontent and hung his head for anger, and from henceforth he begins to assume bad bloud, and to conceive dangerous thoughts against him, but as yet the consideration of his owne safety or danger makes him patient and silent; But God will not have him to continue so long, for almost presently we shall see his patience burst forth into violence and impetuosity, and his silence breake out into extreame choller and indignation against him.

His old Baud *Dorilla*, (as an expert Hag of her sinnefull profession) as often as she heares or knowes that *Castruchio* had any mony from *Borlari* so often she would come to the prison to him, and speedily carouse and consume it with him, but when by her sonne *Bernardo* she sees his purse shut, that fountaine

exhauſted, and that her boy could no more ſee *Borlari* but a wod den face, I meane his doore ſhut, then ſhe (reſembling her ſelfe) againe forſakes *Caſtruchio*, and will neither ſee him nor come neere his priſon, ſo that at laſt he not ſeeing *Bernardo* nor once hearing from *Borlari* in three weekes or well neere a moneth together and being ready to periſh, ſtarve and dye under the heavy burthen and preſſure of his wants, hee earneſtly ſends for *Dorilla* to come to him, and cauſeth her to be informed, that if ſhe will come to him and deliver a letter to a friend of his, he will ſpeedily ſend him ſome ſtore of mony, and then ſhee ſhall have a ſhare and part thereof, ſo when no other reſpect or conſideration will, then this of mony againe brings this old filthy Beldam *Dorilla* to the priſon to *Caſtruchio*, who having provided her a bottle of wine, and five Gazettaes to drinke by the way (thereby the more carefully to effect his buſineſſe hee exceedingly incenſed with choller and revenge againſt *Borlari* for this ingratitude towards him) writes him this angry Letter and deepely chargeth *Dorilla* with ſpeed, care, and ſecreſie to deliver it into *Borlari* his owne hands and to no other, which Letter of his ſpake this language.

CASTRVCHIO to BORLARY.

THou knoweſt that for three hundred Dukatons which thou gaveſt me, I poyſoned Seignior Planeze *in a Vomit, and wilt thou now be ſo hard and cruell hearted againſt me to ſuffer me to dye in priſon for want of ſo ſmall a ſumme as twenty Dukatons. I am made of the ſame fleſh and bloud as thou art, and although my fortunes be ſo low plunged yet my heart is ſo high ſeated and elevated, that I give thee to underſtand I will rather conſent to bee hanged then ſtarved: Wherefore becauſe my Tragedy will infallibly prove thine, if thou meane to prevent the one, and to ſecure thy ſelfe from the other, faile not ſpeedily to ſend me the ſaid twenty Dukatons by this bearer* Dorilla, *whom I have entruſted with my letter faſt ſealed (and ſo waiſt thou with thine (but for the ſecret therein (which thou woteſt of) ſhe is wholly ignorant of it: In performing me this courteſie thou ſhalt not onely tye my tongue and pen but my heart and ſoule to ſilence, or elſe not: Amiddeſt thy wealth remember my poverty, which if thou forget, God hath reſerved mee to make thee know that thou doeſt not uſe, but abuſe it, and therein thy ſelfe.*

CASTRVCHIO.

Dorilla receiving this Letter from *Caſtruchio*, ſhe puts it into her purſe and promiſeth him her beſt care and fidelity for the delivery thereof to *Seignior Borlari* although ſhe confeſſeth that ſhe neither knew him nor his houſe: But ſee here the providence and mercy of God which cleerely reſplends and ſhines in the deportment and action of this beaſtly old bawd, for ſhe meeting with ſome of her gameſters and goſſips in the ſtreet (though contrary to the cuſtome of *Italy*) away they goe to a taverne, where they all ſwill their head and braines with wine eſpecially *Dorilla*: So the day being farre ſpent, her buſineſſe for *Caſtruchio* is ended ere begun; for ſhee forgetting her ſelfe cannot remember his letter, but as faſt as her reeling legges will permit her, away ſhee ſpeedes towards her owne houſe, which was ſome halfe a mile off in the Citty. But when ſhe was in the ſtreets and had a little taken the aire, then ſhe cals *Caſtruchios* letter to minde, and her promiſe to him to deliver it, but to whom (through her cups) ſhe hath quite forgotten; for ſhe cannot once hit

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on the name *Borlari*. But at last remembring the letter to be in her purse and she by this time in the midst of the Citty, she takes it out in her hand, & seeing a faire yet sorrowfull young Lady to stand at the street doore of her house all in mourning attire and no body neere her, after she had done her duty to her, she reacheth her the letter and humbly requesteth her to tell her the Gentlemans name to whom it was directed, when (God out of the profundity of his power and immensity of his pleasure having so ordained and ordered it, that this faire young Lady was our sweet *Felisanna* (who for the death of her deere husband *Planeze* had dighted her selfe al in mourning attire and apparel thereby the better to make it correspond with her heart: who reading the superscription thereof and finding it directed to *Seignior Borlari* (by some motion or inspiration from heaven) her heart could not refrain from sending all the bloud of her body into her face, when demanding of this woman from whom this letter came: *Dorilla* (as drunke in her fidelity and innocency as shee was guilty of her drunkennesse) tels her that the letter came from an Apothecary who lay in prison named *Castruchio*: At the very repetition of which name, our *Felisanna* againe blusheth and then palleth, as if God had some newes to reveale her by this Letter, because shee remembreth that this *Castruchio* as we have formerly understood, was the very same Apothecary who gave her husband *Planeze* physicke a little before his death; Whereupon she praying *Dorilla* to come with her into her house because she purposly and politikely affirmed she could not read written hand herselfe but would pray her father to doe it, she leaves her in the utter hall and herselfe goes into the next roome, where breaking up the seales of this letter, she at the very first sight and knowledge that her husband was poysoned and by whom, and that God had now miraculously revealed it to her through the ignorance and drunkennesse of this old woman, she for meere griefe and sorrow is ready to fall to the ground in a swoone had not her father and some of his servants who over hearing her passionate outcries) come speedily to her assistance: which yet could not awake *Dorilla*, who had no sooner sate her selfe downe in a chaire in the hall but being top heavy with wine she presently fell a sleepe. *Miniata* rousing up his fainting and sorrowfull daughter, brought her againe to herselfe; and seeing her in a bitter agonie and passion of sorrow, demands of her the cause thereof: when the brinish teares trickling downe her virmilion cheekes, she crossing her armes and fixing her eyes towards heaven, had the will but not the power to speake a word to him but reacheth him the Letter to read, *Miniata* perusing it, is as much astonished with griefe as his daughter is afflicted with sorrow at this poysoning of her Husband and his sonne in Law *Planeze*: so enquiring of her who brought her this letter, she after many sighes and pauses tels him, that it was the mercy and providence of the Lord who sent it her by a drunken woman who was forth in the Hall: They both goe to her and finding her fast sleeping and snoring, *Miniata* puls her by the sleeve and wakes her, and then demands of her, before his daughter and servants where and from whom she had this letter: who as drunke as this Baud is, she is constant in her first speech and confession to *Felisanna* that she had it from *Castruchio* an Apothecary who lay in prison, but she had forgotten to whom she was to deliver it, and then prayes them both to deliver and give her backe her letter againe. But *Miniata* seeing and knowing that it was the immediate finger of God which thus strangely had revealed this murther of his sonne in Law *Planeze*, he calls in two Gentlewomen his next neighbours to comfort his daughter *Felisanna*, and so leaving *Dorilla* to the

guard of two of his servants, he (with two other Gentlemen his neighbours) takes his Coach, and having *Castruchio's* Letter in his hand, he drives away to the State-house, where he findes out the Podestate and Prefect of the Citie, and shewing them the Letter which revealed the poysoning and poysoners of *Planeze* his sonne in Law, they (in honour to justice, and out of their respect to the sorrowfull Lady his daughter) take their Coaches, and returne with *Miniata* home to his house: Where they first examine *Felissanna*, and then *Dorilla*, who is constant in her first deposition. Whereat these grave and honourable Personages, wondring and admiring that a Gentleman of *Barlari* his ranke and quality, should make himselfe the guilty and bloudy Authour of so foule a Murther, they likwise admiring and blessing Gods providence in the detection thereof) doe presently send away their Isbieres (or Serjeants) to apprehend *Borlari*, and so they goe to their Forum (or seat of Iustice) and speedily send away for *Castruchio* to be brought from the prison before them: Who at the very first newes of their accusation of him, and the producing of his Letter to *Borlari*, he curseth the person and name of this old Bawd *Dorilla*, who is the prime Authour of his overthrow and death, and then confesseth himselfe to be the Actor, and *Seignior Borlari* to be the Authour, cause, and Instigator of this his poysoning of *Planeze*; but never puts his hand on his conscience and soule, that the strange detection of this lamentable murther came directly from Heaven, and from God.

The Serjeants (by order from the Podestate and Prefect) finde *Borlari* in his owne house, ruffling in a new rich suit of apparrell, of blacke Sattin, trimmed with gold buttons, which he that day put on, and the next was determined to ride to the City of *Bergamo*, to seeke in marriage a very rich young widdow, whose Husband lately died, drowning himselfe (as it were) in pleasure and security, without so much as once thinking of his poysoning of *Planeze*, or how he was revealed to be the Authour thereof by *Castruchio* his Letter, sent unto him by *Dorilla*; He is amazed and astonished at this his apprehension, now bearing his brest, and then repenting (when it was too late) that ever he embrewed his hands in the innocent bloud of *Planeze*. So both himselfe and *Castruchio* are brought to the State house, where the Podestate and Prefect first examine them a part, and then confront them each with other. Where finding that neither of them deny, but both of them to confesse themselves guilty of this foule murther, they pronounce sentence of death against them, and condemne *Borlary* to have his head cut off, and then his body to be burnt; and *Castruchio* to be hanged, and his body to be throwne into the River of *Addice*, whereon he was first taken, the which the next morning was accordingly executed. All *Verona* is as it were but one tongue to talke and prattle of this foule and lamentable murther, and especially of Gods miraculous detection thereof by this drunken Bawd *Dorilla*, who having heretofore often brought *Castruchio* to whores willingly, now at last she brings him to the gallowes against her will. The morning they are brought to their execution, where there flocks and resort a world of spectators from all parts of the City. And although the charity of their Judges send them Priests and Fryers to direct their soules for heaven, yet this miserable wretch *Castruchio*, seeming no way repentant or sorrowfull for this his foule fact, uttered a short prayer to himselfe, and so caused the top-man to turne him over, which he did, and within two houres after his body was throwne into the River. But for *Borlary* he came to the scaffold better resolved and prepared; for with griefe in his

lookes,

lookes, and teares in his eyes, hee there delivered this ſhort and religious ſpeech:

That he grieved in heart, and was ſorrowfull in ſoule, for this lamentable murther of his committed on the perſon of *Planeze*, as alſo for ſeducing of *Caſtruchio* to effect it by poyſon, for whoſe death he affirmed he was likewiſe exceedingly afflicted and ſorrowfull: That it was the temptations of the fleſh and the devill, who firſt drew him luſtfully to affect the faire, chaſte, and vertuous Lady *Feliſanna*, and conſequently to murther her husband, in full hope afterwards to obtaine her for his Wife, or for his Curteſan: That he was infinitely ſorrowfull for all theſe his enormous crimes, for the which he religiouſly asked forgiveneſſe, firſt of God, and then of the Lady *Feliſanna*, and likewiſe prayed all thoſe who were there preſent, to pray unto God for his ſoule; that he was more carefull of his reputation towards men, than of his ſalvation towards God, and that his neglect of prayer, and of the participation of the bleſſed Sacrament of the Euchariſt, was the originall cauſe of this his miſery. So againe commending himſelfe to the prayers, and recommending his ſinfull, yet ſorrowfull ſoule into the hands of his Redeemer, the ſword of the Executioner at one blow made a perpetuall divorce betweene his ſoule and his body, which pious and Chriſtian ſpeech of his was as great a conſolation to the vertuous, as his death, as that of *Caſtruchio* was a terrour to the vitious ſpectators and Auditors: So to confirme the ſentence, the dead body of *Borlary* is preſently burnt.

And thus was the bloudy lives and deſerved deaths of theſe three irreligious and unfortunate perſons; Of *Romeo* the Laquey: Of *Borlary* the Gentleman; and of *Caſtruchio* the Apothecary. And in this manner did the juſtice of the Lord of Hoſts (in due time) juſtly triumph o're their execrable crimes, in their ſharp puniſhments, and ſhamefull ends. Pray we that we may reade this their Hiſtory with feare, and as religious and godly Chriſtians remember theſe their lamentable Murthers with horror and deteſtation.

GODS REVENGE,

AGAINST

THE CRYING AND

Execrable ſinne of Murther.

Beaumarays *and his brother* Montagne *kill* Cahmpigny *and* Marin *(his Second) in a Duell*; Blancheville *(the widdow of* Champigny*) in revenge thereof, hireth* Le Valley *(ſervant to* Beaumarays*) to murther his ſaid Maſter with a Piſtoll, which he doth*; *for the which* Le Valley *is broken on the wheele, and* Blancheville *hanged for the ſame.*

Et all Religious Chriſtians examine their hearts and ſoules, with what face we can tread on Earth, or looke up to Heaven, when we ſtab at the Majeſtie of God, in killing aud murthering man, his image, a bloudy crime, ſo repugnant to nature, as reaſon abhorres it, a ſcarlet and crying ſinne ſo oppoſite to grace, as God and his Angels deteſt it. And yet if ever Europe were ſtained or ſubmerged with it, now it is, for as a ſwift current, or rather as a furious torrent it now flowes, and overflowes in moſt Kingdomes, Countries, and Cities thereof, in ſo much as (in diſpight of divine and humane Lawes) it is now (almoſt) generally growne to a wretched cuſtome, and that almoſt to a ſecond nature. A fatall example whereof this enſuing Hiſtory will report and relate us. Wherein Gods Iuſtice hath ſo ſharply and ſeverely puniſhed the perpetrators thereof, that if we either acknowledge God for our Father, or our ſelves for his children and ſervants, it will teach us to be leſſe revengfull, and more charitable by their unfortunate ends, and deplorable judgement.

I Will now relate a ſad and bloudy Hiſtory which betided in the faire Citie of *Chartres*, (the Capitall of the fertile Countrey of *Beauſſe*) ſo famous for her ſumptuous Cathedrall Church, dedicated to the bleſſed Virgin *Mary*,

as

as alſo for that *Henry* the fourth, (that great King, and unparalleld Captaine of *France*) during the combuſtions of the league, was (deſpight of the league) crowned therein. In which faire and pleaſant City, as there ſtill dwell ſome Noblemen, and many Gentlemen, in reſpect of the ſweet aire, and goodly Champaigne Countrey thereabouts, (ſecond for that to nó other in *France*.) So of late yeares there reſided two rich and brave young Gentlemen, well deſcended, being both of them heires to their two deceaſed fathers. The one of them named *Monſieur De Champigny*, and the other *Monſieur De Beaumarays*, and their Demaines and Lands lay within ſeven leagues of this City, in the way towards *Vendoſme*. Now the better to ſee them in their true and naturall Characters: They were both of them tall and ſlender, and of faire and ſanguine complexions, and very neere of an age: For *Champigny* was twenty ſix yeares old, and *Beaumarays* twenty foure, and yet the laſt had a beard, and the firſt none, and of the two *Champigny* was by farre the richer, but *Beaumarays* the Nobler deſcended. Now to lay this Hiſtory upon its proper ſeat, and naturall foundation, we muſt underſtand that there was a very rich Counſellour of the Preſidiall Court of *Chartres*, named *Monſieur De Roſaire*, whoſe wife being dead, left him no other childe, but one faire young daughter, of the age of ſome eighteene yeares, named *Madamoyſelle De Blancheville*, very tall and ſlender of ſtature, and of a wanne and pale complexion, and a Coale-blacke haire and eyes browes, and of deportment and geſture infinitely proud, coy, and imperious, to whom at one time both theſe our two Gentlemen, *Champigny* and *Beaumarys* were importunate Sutors, and paſſionate Rivals to marry her, in ſo much as the one of them could difficultly be abſent from the fathers houſe, and daughters company, but the other was preſent, which engendred ſome malice, but more emulation betweene them. But in the end, (after a whole yeares reſearch and more) as the Willow was deſtined and reſerved for *Beaumarays*, ſo was the Laurell for *Champigny*; for to his joy, *Blanchevilles* deſire, and her fathers content, he marries her. Whereat *Beaumarays* knowing his birth to be more Noble, and his breeding farre more generous than that of *Champigny*, (though not in outward ſhew, yet in inward ſenſe) was extreamly diſcontented and ſorrowfull, but to remedy it he could not.

In ſuch and the like refuſing accidents, diſcretion is ever farre better than paſſion, and contempt than care. But *Beaumarays* cannot or at leaſt will not be of this temper. He forſakes reaſon to flie to choller, and ſo loſeth his reall and ſolid judgement, in the Labyrinth of her imaginary beauty. For being at Supper in company of ſome five or ſix Gentlemen, where mention was made of *Blancheville*, hee tranſported with malice and revenge towards her, forgate himſelfe ſo farre, as (between ieſt and earneſt) to let fall theſe indiſcreet and raſh words, *That ſhe was more diſdainfull than chaſte*: a ſpeech which hee ſhall have time enough both to remember and repent. The honour of Ladies and Gentlewomen ought ſtill to be deare and precious to all Gentlemen of Honour, becauſe their loſſe thereof can ſeldome be repaired, but never ſo well or ſo fully recovered, but that there ſtill remaines ſome ſtaine or blemiſh thereof. This undeſerved ſcandall of *Beaumarays* to his quondam Miſtreſſe *Blancheville*, fals not to the ground, for the iniquity of our times, and the depravation of our manners are ſuch, as there are few companies without a Foole or a Traytor to their friends, and ſome are accompanied with with both. *Monſieur Marin* a Gentleman of *Chartres* (more vaine than honeſt) will make himſelfe one of this laſt number, for he being ambitiouſly deſirous to skrew himſelfe into the

the favour and familiarity of *Blancheville*, (whom from her infancie he affected and loved) reports and tels her this ſpeech of *Beaumarays*, whereat ſhe is exceedingly incenſed and exaſperated: But for that time (as a true woman) ſhe diſſembles her malice and revenge towards him, and ſo rakes up the memory thereof in the embers of ſilence; but yet with this condition and reſervation, that hereafter ſhe will take time to make it flame forth (towards him) with more violence and impetuoſity.

In the meane time there fals out an unexpected and untimely difference betweene her husband and *Beaumarays*, whereat ſhe is ſo farre from grieving, as ſhe rejoyceth: *Beaumarays* quarrelleth with him for his priority and precedency of ſeats in the Church, (as being both of one Pariſh) as alſo for that he takes the holy bread firſt, and goes before him in all Proceſſions, as pretending it due to him by his right of extraction and propriety. *Champigny* is of too high a graine to yeeld that to him which he never yeelded, and is therefore reſolute to juſtifie his equality of birth, and conſequently not to wrong his anceſtors in himſelfe. When ſeing *Beaumarays* paſſionately bent to maintaine and preſerve that which he had undertaken, he flies to Juſtice, and ſo preſently puts him in ſuit of Law for the ſame, in the Preſidiall Court of that Citie. *Blancheville* (whoſe pride in her ſelfe exceeded her birth, and whoſe malice and revenge towards *Beaumarays* at the leaſt ſurmounted her diſcretion and reaſon) brings no water to quench, but oyle to inflame this quarrell betwixt him and her husband, when ſeeing them already entred into a deepe proceſſe of Law; ſhe diſdaining to ſee her ſelfe thus abuſed, and her husband thus wronged by him, can reape no truce of her thoughts, nor they any peace of her choler, before ſhe have written him theſe lines:

BLANCHEVILLE to BEAVMARAYS.

WAs it not enough for thee to have heretofore wronged mine honour in thy falſe and ſcandalous ſpeeches to Monſieur Marin *and others, but thou muſt now attempt to diſgrace my Husband in the Church, and becauſe theſe crimes of thine are ſo injuſt and odious, as they deſerve acknowledgement and ſatisfaction from a farre better Gentleman than thy ſelfe, therefore I ſpeedily expect the performance thereof from thee, either by thy Letter or preſence, which if thou deny us, we will make thee know what it is to abuſe thy ſelfe and us in points of theſe high natures, whereof the firſt cannot, the ſecond will not admit of any other excuſe or expiation. But to write thee now the tenth of my minde; as thou haſt heretofore vented me the malice of thy heart, I have not as yet acquainted my Husband herewith, or with this my Letter. Conſider therefore ſeriouſly with thy ſelfe what thou haſt to doe herein, for the vindication of my honour, and thine owne diſcretion, and as ſoone as I receive thy anſwer and reſolution, I will not faile ſpeedily to returne thee mine.*

BLANCHEVILLE.

Having written this her Letter, ſhe is irreſolute with her ſelfe by whom to ſend it him, but at laſt ſhee ſends it by her Chamber-maid *Martha*, to whom only ſhe entruſteth this great ſecret, and chargeth her to deliver it to *Beaumarays* his owne hands, and to crave his anſwer thereof. *Martha* being a witty faire maid, of ſome two and twenty yeares of age, goes to *Beaumarays* houſe, and ſpeaks with a young man of his, named *Le Valley*, who tels her, that his Maſter is now buſie with two Gentlemen in his ſtudy, and that ſhe ſhall immediately

ſpeake

speake with him assoone as they depart. In the interim his eyes cannot refraine from amorously gazing and ranging upon the excellencie of her blushing beauty, and upon her sweet vermillion cheeks, great rolling eyes, and flaxen haire, wherewith his heart at the very first encounter is surprized and ravished. Here *Le Valley* kisseth and re-kisseth *Martha*, and entertaines her with much prattle, and many pleasant love speeches, yea, then and there loves her so dearly, as hee vowes she shall remaine his Mistresse, and hee her servant till death. So some halfe an houre after the two Gentlemen take leave of his Master, and then *Le Valley* brings *Martha* to him, who orderly delivers him her Mistresses Letter and message, so he wondring at the last, receives the first, leaves her in the Hall with his man *Le Valley*, and so steps to his study, and with much admiration, and more laughture, peruseth this Letter. Here he accuseth his owne indiscretion in speaking against *Blancheville's* chastity, and exceedingly condemneth *Marius* treachery in revealing it to her. Once he was of opinion to have returned her his answer by Letter, but at last scorning her and that resolution, he then contrariwise resolves to answer her with silence, and so steps forth to *Martha*, and with a disdainfull frowning looke, bids her tell her Mistresse from him, that her malitious, proud, and foolish Letter shall have no other answer from him but contempt & silence. *Martha* yet holds it her duty to pray him for his answer in writing to her Mistresse, but *Beaumarays* his first resolution is his last, so she departeth from him infinitely discontented. But the Master is not so unkinde to *Martha*, as his man *Le Valley* is courteous; For he being deeply enamoured of her beauty, brings her the one halfe of her way home, and goes into a Mercers shop, buyes her a faire paire of gloves, and as the pledge of his future affection, bestowes them on her, the which (without farther excuse or ceremony) she thankfully accepts, and promiseth him to weare them for his sake. *Martha* returning home to her Lady and Mistresse, she delivers her *Beaumarays* his answer *verbatim* as he told it her, but no Letter. *Blancheville* seeing herselfe thus wronged and sleighted of him, in that he disdaineth to give her any satisfaction, and which is worse, that he peremptorily refuseth, and scornes to answer her Letter: She is so strangely transported with malice and choler towards him for the same, as shee vowes to cry quittance, and to be revenged of him; but as yet she knowes not in what manner to performe and perpetrate it: Onely she againe resolves not as yet to acquaint her Husband therewith, but to attend and watch for some future desired opportunity.

Two yeares are almost past away, wherein *Beaumarays* and *Champigny* (to their great cost and charge) doe vehemently contest in Law about their Church quarrell for precedency, but they doe it farre more out of malice towards themselves, than any way out of pietie towards God. And as most of the great Iudiciall Courts of *France* are too too frequently oppressed with Law suits of this nature, so I may affirme with as much truth as pity, that this is a fatall rocke whereon many hot contentious French spirits doe most inconsiderately suffer shipwracke. At the end of which time (as the losse of one party proves still the gaine of the other) the Presidiall Court of *Chartres* pronounceth sentence in favour of *Beaumarays*, adjudging him the precedencie in the Church, and condemning *Champigny* in five hundred Crownes charge and damm-ge to *Beaumarays*. This thundering sentence so prejudiciall and contrary to *Champigny* his proud wives hopes and expectation, drives him into extreame choller, and her out of all patience towards *Beaumarays*. Hee bites his lip

lip with griefe, and his wife in enflamed with rage at the report and knowledge hereof, and although he were once minded to appeale from this sentence of the Presidiall Court of *Chartres*, to the Court of Parliament at *Paris*, yet being powerfully diverted by his best friends, he as soone abandoneth as embraceth that resolution. He cannot see *Beaumarays* but with envie, nor his wife heare speake of him but with infinite malice and detestation. She is all bent on revenge towards him, and with her speeches and actions both day and night precipitates her husband onwards to it. And now her old grudge and malice against him beginnes a fresh to revive and flourish, and now she thinks it a very fit time and opportunity to acquaint her husband with *Beaumarys* his base and scandalous speeches against her honour, the which with much passion, and many teares she effects, and also shewes him the Coppy of her Letter which she sent him by her maid *Martha*, whereunto she informes him, he disdainfully returned her no answer but contempt and silence. *Champigny* is so deeply incensed hereat against *Beaumarays*, as his wife needs not many words or circumstances to induce and perswade him to revenge it on him : when presently he being as incapable of delay, as of better advise and counsell, he finds out *Marin*, who (more in love to *Blancheville*, than in hatred to *Beaumarays*) confirmes as much to him as he would have him affirme. Now as *Blancheville* thinks that her Husband *Champigny* will question *Beaumarays* by the Law of Iustice, for this his crime towards her : He (as a valiant and generous Gentleman) flies a higher pitch, and assumes a contrary resolution, to doe it by that of his sword. When having prayed, & procured *Marin* to be his Second, and they both agreeing to fight on horse backe, he (consulting with neture, not with grace) the very next morning by *Seron* his foot man, sends *Beaumarays* this Challenge.

Champiny to Beavmarays.

As thy knowledge is Iudge, so Monsieur Marin *is witnesse, what base and ignoble speeches thou hast falsly vomited forth against the honour and chastity of my wife. And because crimes of this nature are still odious to men, and execrable to God, and no way to be tolerated by a friend, much lesse to be digested and suffered by a Husband : Therefore thanke thy selfe, if (for reparation hereof) thy folly now call on thy valour, to invite thee and thy Second, to meet me and mine, with your swords on horse backe, on Tuesday next, betweene six and seven in the morning, without the North hedge of the very first vineyard beyond the River, where you shall finde we will attend you, and comparing the equitie of my cause, to the injustice and infidelity of thine, it makes me fully confident that the issue of this Duell will prove glorious for me, and shamefull and ruinous for thy selfe.*

Champigny.

Seron (according to his charge and duty) finds out *Beaumarays* in his owne house, and very secretly gives him his Masters Letter ; who much musing thereat, steps to the window, and there privately reads it to himselfe : When blushing and smiling to see the bold folly of *Champigny*, the foolish malice of his wife *Blancheville*, and the base treachery of *Marin* towards him, hee is so courageous and generous, as he disdaines to be out-braved by any man whatsoever in the point of honour, (which he esteemes farre dearer and precious than his life) especially by *Champigny*, whom he holds to be as much his inferiour

in

in valour as bloud. He therefore trips to his study, and writes *Champigny* this Letter the which he returnes by his footman in answer of his.

BEAVMARAYS to CHAMPIGNY.

AS I will not make my selfe Iudge, so I desire not to be witnesse either of thy wifes chastity or unchastity. It is sufficient for me to leave her to herselfe, and herselfe to thee. Marin *shall have time enough to repent his treacherie towards me, and thou to exchange thy jealousie into Iudgement. But because I see thy choller now exceeds all the bounds of reason, for that thou art so inconsiderately and rashly audatious, to seeke and preserve thy wifes honour with the losse and ruine of mine, know therefore that to cherish and maintaine it equally with my life, I cheerefully accept thy challenge, and doe hereby give thee to understand that I with my second, will at the time and place appointed meet thee and thine on horseback, where wee doubt not but to acquit our selves, as my selves, and to make thee and thine acknowledge that our swords are composed of a good temper, and our hearts of a better, and consequently that you may perchance meet with your superiours aswell in valour as in bloud and extraction.*

BEAVMARAYS.

He hath no sooner ended this his letter but he presently beginnes to thinke of his second, when calling to minde his owne younger brother *Le Montagne* (a young Gentleman of some twenty yeares of age) is brave and valiant, and that he hath already fought two Duels, and in both of them came off with his honour, he sends for him to his closet and there shewes him *Champigny* his challenge and his answer thereu to, and demands of him if he have any stomacke to second him at this feast, his brother *Montagne* highly applauds his generous resolution for accepting this challenge, thankes him for the honour and favour he now doth him in making him his second, vowes that if he had many lives as he hath but one, hee is ready to sacrifice them all at his feet and service, and couragiously tels him hee should have taken it for a sensible affront, disgrace and injury, if hee had made choice of any other then himselfe: So they both prepare their horses, swords and courages against the approching time, and no lesse doth *Champigny* and *Marin*.

Beaumarays and his brother *Montagne* conceale this businesse from all the world; and *Champigny* beares it so close and secret, as he makes not his ambitious and malitious wife acquainted therewith, but in favour of his love to her beauty and reputation to himselfe, smothers it up in silence. Tuesday morning being come, our foure impatient champions are in the fields at their Rendez-vous: first arrive *Champigny* and *Marin*, and presently after them *Beaumarays* and his brother *Montagne*, all of them being bravely mounted upon neighing and trampling coursers: At their entrance *Marin* comes with a soft trot towards *Beaumarays* thinking to apologize himselfe to him: But *Beaumarays* is so brave and generous as he is deafe to his speeches, and will not heare him, but tels him that it is swords not tongues which must now decide their difference, and prove him innocent or guilty: So *Marin* missing of his aime, he returnes againe upon the same trot to *Champigny*, and now according to the order and nature of Duels it is ordered between those foure desperate Gentlemen, that their principals shall search the seconds, and the seconds the principals, to see whether their doublets were any more then sword proofe, but they might well have saved themselves that labour, for they are all of them too noble and valiant

valiant any way to taint their reputations and honours with the leaſt ſhadow or tincture of cowardize, ſo they caſt of their doublets, devide themſelves, and then draw, and the firſt which muſt and will try their fortunes, are *Champigny* and *Beaumarays*, who being ſome foureſcore paces off, they give the Spurres and reines to their horſes, and part as ſwift as the winde, or rather ſo furiouſly and ſuddenly as two claps of thunder or flaſhes of lightning: At their firſt encounter *Beaumarays* runnes *Champigny* through his ſhirt band into the right ſide of his necke, and *Champigny* him into his left ſhoulder, whereat reciprocally inflamed as Lyons, they make ſhort turnes with their horſes and ſo fall to it amaine with their ſwords, when againe *Beaumarays* gives *Champigny* two other wounds, and he returnes him one in counterexchange, whereof neither of them being mortall they againe devide themſelves to breath, which having done and both of them as yet unſatisfied, they part the ſecond time, at which cloze *Champigny* miſſeth *Beaumarays* and hurts his horſe in the necke, but *Beaumarays* gives *Champigny* a licke with his ſword ore his forehead which bled exceedingly, but yet they are too couragious to deſiſt, as ſcorning rather then caring for the number of their wounds. They to it againe the third time, which proves as fortunate for *Beaumarays* as fatall for *Champigny*, for as his horſe ſtumbleth on his fore-feet *Beaumarays* in his bending runnes him thorow the body a little above his left pappe, where his ſword meeting and cutting the ſtrings of his heart, hee preſently in a fainting and faltering language ſpake theſe his laſt words *Beaumarays I forgive thee my death, and God be mercifull unto my Soule*, And with the ſame fell ſtarke dead from his horſe to the ground: When *Beaumarays* as a noble Gentleman leapt preſently from his horſe to his aſſiſtance and ſo did his owne ſecond *Marin*, but their charity and care to him was in vaine, for already life had forſaken his body, and conſequently his ſoule was fled to his place: So he lies there gored in his bloud, and whiles *Marin* was covering of his breathleſſe body with his cloake; *Beaumarays* ſheathes up his ſword, and with hands and eyes elevated to heaven rendreth thanks to God for this his victory.

No ſoonerhath *Montagne* congratulated with his brother *Beaumarays* for this his good fortune, but with a heart and courage worthy of himſelfe, hee calles out to his Rivall *Marin* and bids him prepare to fight: When his brother *Beaumarays* notwithſtanding his loſſe of much bloud, doth infinitely deſire to ſpare his Brother *Montagne* from fighting with *Marin*, and ſo to performe it himſelfe. But *Montagne* is too couragious and generous either to underſtand this motion, or to reliſh this language from his brother, and ſo in hot words and high tearmes, he peremptorily tels him: *That he came to fight with* Marin, *and fight hee would*: whereupon his brother *Beaumarays* gives him his prayers, commits him to his good fortune and ſo with his cloake muffled about him; ſits downe a Spectator to their combat: When *Montagne* remounting his ſteed, hee calles out againe to *Marin* and bids him prepare to fight.

Marin no way appalled or daunted with the unfortunate diſaſter of his principall but rather the more exaſperated and incouraged thereat, he as a valiant Gentleman vowes to ſell and requite his death deerly on the life of his adverſary *Montagne*: to which end they devide themſelves and draw, and ſo part each towards other I know not whether with more ſwiftneſſe or courage: At their firſt encounter *Marin* runnes *Montagne* into the ſmall of the belly of a fleight wound, and in exchange he cuts *Marin* a great flaſh on his left cheeke which

hangs downe and bleeds exceedingly: When presently closing againe, *Montagne* runs *Marin* into the right thigh & he him in requital into the right arme, and then they devide themselves to take breath, and all these their wounds being as yet incapable to appease or satisfie their courages, they presently determine againe to fall to it with bravery and resolution: When behold the Marquis of *Bellay* (the Titular King of *Ivetot*) with two Lords his Sonnes, and their traine passeth that way from *Chartres* to goe to *Paris* and seeing two Gentlemen on Horseback in their shirts with their swords drawne, hee judgeth it a Duell, when hee and his two sonnes gallop into the little meddow joyning to the Vineyard to prevent and part them, but they came too late; for *Montagne* and *Marin* seeing them swiftly galloping towards them, they (to prevent them) with more haste then good speed, set spurres to their horses the sooner, and at this there second meeting *Montagne* warding *Marins* sword and putting it by, doth at the very same Instant runne him thorow the body a little below his navell, of which mortall wound, hee fell presently from his horse dead to the ground, uttering onely these words: *O Montaigne, thou hast slaine mee: Thou hast slaine mee, God receive my Soule:* and then and their without speaking a word more immediately dyed.

No sooner hath *Montagne* wiped & sheathed up his sword, but his joyful brother *Beaumarays* gallops up to him and cheerefully congratulates with him for the same: When instantly the Marquis of *Bellay* and the two Lords his Sons, arrive to them though a little too late: They are astonished to see two proper Gentlemen lye their slaine in the field and reeking in their hot bloud: when turning to *Beaumarays* and his brother *Montagne* whom they knew, they congratulate with them for their victories, and the Marquis as briefely as his time and their wounds will permit, enquire of them the cause of there quarrel and the manner and particulars of their combat, whereof being fully informed and satisfied by them, hee sends the dead bodies of *Champigny* and *Marin* to *Chartres* in his Coach: And understanding by *Beaumarays* and his brother *Montagne* that for the preservation of their safeties and lives they were resolved to leave *Chartres* and *Beausse*, and so thwarting ore *Normandy* by *Euereux* and *Lesseux* to embarke themselves for *Caen* and thence to passe the Seas into *England* till their friends in their absence had procured their grace and pardons from the King, as also that they were destitute both of Chirurgions to dresse their wounds and of a guide to conduct them thither; Hee very nobly gave them his owne Chirurgion and guide, and promising them likewise to labour with the King to the utmost of his power for their peace, he passeth on his Iourney and commits them to the best fortune: A singular, yea an honourable courtesie of this brave old Marquis of *Bellay* whose deserts and fame I should much wrong, if I gave not the relation and memory of his name a place in this History.

Whiles thus the Marquis of *Bellay* is travelling towards *Paris*, and *Beaumarays* and his brother *Montagne* posting for *Caen*, come we briefely to *Chartres* which now resounds and ratles with the report and issue of this combate, where Gentlemen Cittizens and all (according to their passions and affections speake differently thereof; some condemne the vanity of *Beaumarais*, others the folly and treachery of *Marin*, but all doe highly extoll the courage and generosity of *Champigny* and *Montagne*. But leave we them to their censures, and come we againe to speake of *Blancheville* who takes the newes of this untimely death of her husband so tenderly and sorrowfully that shee is ready to drowne herselfe

herſelfe in her teares, It is not onely a griefe to her heart to ſee, but a terrour to her conſcience to know, that her husband *Champigny* and her friend *Martin*, have both of them loſt their lives for her ſake, and when againe ſhee falls on the conſideration and remembrance, that the firſt dyed by the hand and ſword of *Beaumarays*, her mortall enemy, and the ſecond by that of his Brother *Montagne*, then ſhe is againe ready to burſt her heart and breſt with ſighing thereat. She is ſo uncapable of Counſell, as ſhe will heare of no conſolation, nor ſpeake of any thing but of her malice and revenge toward *Beaumarays*, and to write the truth, this implacable wrath and revenge of hers to him, takes up all her thoughts and ſpeeches, her contemplations and actions, and both her time and her ſelfe. To which end ſhee converts moſt of her Corne and Wine into money, goes to *Paris*, caſts herſelfe at the Kings feet, and to the feet of that great and illuſtrious Court of *Parliament* for Iuſtice, againſt *Beaumarays* the murtherer of her husband, the which againe and againe ſhee aloud reſounds and ecchoes forth to their eares, yea her rage is ſo great and her malice ſo outragious towards him, that notwithſtanding his body is abſent, yet ſhe ſpends five hundred Crownes in law to have him according to the law and cuſtome of France to bee hanged up in *effigie*: But although her ſute be juſt, yet (by reaſon of his great friends in Court) ſhee ſees herſelfe ſo unfortunate that ſhee cannot obtaine it. Whereupon after twelve monethes vaine ſtay in *Paris* and a profuſe expence of money, ſhee (with much griefe and ſorrow) ſecretly vowes to herſelfe, that if ever hee returne againe to *Chartres*, or which is more, into France, that ſhee herſelfe will bee both his Iudge and Executioner, by revenging her Husbands death in his, and from this helliſh reſolution of hers ſhe deepely ſweares, that neither Earth nor Heaven ſhall divert her.

Now to follow the naturall ſtreame and tyde of this Hiſtory: Wee muſt againe bring *Beaumarays* and his brother *Montagne* on the ſtage thereof: For the Reader muſt underſtand, that their wounds being dreſſed and ſecured having beſtowed both of their horſes on the Chyrurgeon and guide, the two ſervants of the aforeſaid Marquis of *Bellay*, and likewiſe written him a thankfull Letter for his honourable courteſie extended to them, and therewith likewiſe prayed him to ſolicite the King for their Grace and pardon in their abſence, they privately (without any followers) embarque themſelves upon an Engliſh veſſell at *Caen* and ſo with a proſperous gale arrive at *Rie*, and from thence take Horſe for *London*, where they ſettle up their aboad and reſidence, from whence *Beaumarais* ſends to *Chartres* for two of his footmen, and his Brother *Montagne* for one of his, which come over to London to them ſome ſix weekes after, and brings their maſters word, how earneſtly and violently their adverſaries follow the rigour and ſeverity of the Law againſt them in *Paris*, but eſpecially againſt *Beaumarays*, they receive theſe advertiſements from their ſervants and friends, rather with griefe then contempt, and therefore to prevent their malice, and their owne diſgrace and danger, they often write from *London* to *Paris* to the Marqueſſe of *Bellay*, and likewiſe to the Biſhop of *Chartres* (their deere friend and kinsman) to haſten their pardons from the King: So that Noble Lord, and this reverend Prelate, pitying their danger and abſence, as much as they wiſh their ſafety and returne, take time at advantage, and the King in a well diſpoſed humour, and ſo doe moſt effectually and powerfully acquaint his Majeſty; how theſe two abſent Gentlemen and brothers *Beaumarays* and *Montagne*

were without just cause or reason provoked to this unfortunate combate by their adversaries; that they were the Challenged, not the Challengers; that heretofore they had never committed any act unworthy either of their honour, or of themselves: That for their vertues and generosity they were beloved of all their Countrey and acquaintance: That they had formerly received many wounds in his Majesties warres; and that their valour and courage was such, that in these times, which threatned more troubles than promised peace, they would undoubtedly prove happy and necessary members for his service, with many other prevailing motives and reasons conducing that way; which at last so weigh downe the heart and minde of the King, that he freely conceded and gave them their pardons under his great Seale, the which to make the more authenticall, they caused them to be enregistred and confirmed by the Court of Parliament of *Paris*, and thereupon both the Marquesse and Bishop joyntly and speedily writ to them thereof from *Paris*. And after some five moneths of their stay in *London*, they send them over these their Pardons, which are delivered to them by the Earle of *Tillieres*, then ordinary Ambassadour there for this present French King, *Lewis xiij.* the which they receive with infinite honour, content, and joy.

This good newes of theirs makes them now like the aire of *France* better than that of England. So they speedily packe up their baggage, leave *London*, and with all celerity poast away *Dover*, *Callais*, and *Paris*. Where being arrived, the first thing they doe, they finde out the Marquis of *Bellay*, and the Bishop of *Chartres*, to whom they owe their peace, as they doe their lives to the King: To whom they expresse a thousand demonstrations of thankfulnesse for this their honour and favour shewed them. They likewise burne with desire to testifie so much to the King, when the Marquis, seconded by the Bishop, present them to his Majestie, who falling to his feet, hee gives them his Royall hand to kisse. They can better expresse their thankfulnesse in deeds than words to him, and in language of their swords, than in that of their tongues: Onely they tell his Majestie, that having received their lives of his meere clemencie and Royall favour, they most humbly therefore implore him to grant them the favour and honour, that they may spend and end them in his service. He allowes of their zeale and humility, and to redouble his favour, he gives them againe his hand to kisse, adding farther to them, that it is rather likely than impossible, that he shall shortly have occasion to use their swords and service, and so dismisseth them.

These our two brothers remaine a moneth in *Paris*, wherein almost daily they tender their thankfull respects and service to the Marquis and Bishop, at the end wherof leaving their duties, and receiving their commands, they take horse and returne home for *Chartres*, (from which by reason of their disaster they have beene so long absent) where all their kinsfolks and friends welcome them home with infinite delight and joy, yea, almost all *Chartres* and the Gentlemen thereabouts, exceedingly rejoyce of their fortunate and safe returnes. Onely the Parents of *Marin* doe envie *Montagne* deeply, and *Blancheville*, the sorrowfull and incensed widdow of *Champigny*, hate *Beaumarays* deadly. As for *Montagne* he makes such good meanes and friends, that in lesse than two moneths he obtaines a perfect reconciliation of the first; but although *Beaumarays* have made many faire overtures and proffers of attonement by his friends to the second, yet in six moneths he sees it is wholly impossible for him to procure it of her, and which is worse, she is still so outragious and revengefull towards

wards him, that he thinks he never ſhall ; for ſhee diſdaines to ſee him, and ſcornes to heare of him ; and ſtill her malice and indignation againſt him, makes her conſtant in her former helliſh and bloudy reſolution, that by one meanes or other ſhe will ere long murther him, as he hath her Husband : A fearfull and moſt execrable reſolution, every way unworthy the heart of a Gentlewoman, and farre more the ſoule of a Chriſtian.

In the former part of this Hiſtory we have underſtood the affection of *Le Valley* (*Beaumarays* his man) to *Martha*, *Blanchevilles* Chambermaid. In the middle thereof we have remarked and ſeene the implacable intended malice and revenge of *Blancheville* towards *Beaumarays* : And wee ſhall nor goe farre before the end hereof will enforme us what mournfull fruits, and deplorable effects, theſe different accidents and perſons will procure us.

As there is no love to that of a man, ſo I am of opinion, that there is no malice comparable to that of a woman, and if the truth deceive not my judgement herein, I beleeve wee ſhall ſhortly ſee the Antitheſes of this poſition made good and verified in the perſons of *Le Valley*, and *Blancheville*. For whiles *Le Valley* is lovingly thinking and inventing all poſſible meanes how hee may marrie *Martha* ; ſo is *Blancheville* malitiouſly pondering and ruminating with her ſelfe how or by what meanes or agents ſhe may murther *Beaumarays*. Thus we ſee that the heart of the firſt is as full of kindneſſe and courteſie, as the mind and reſolutions of the ſecond is of cruelty and bloud. Now the Reader for his better information, will I hope remember, that in all this time of two yeares and upwards, ſince *Le Valley* firſt ſaw and ſpake with his ſweet heart *Martha*, in his Maſters houſe, that there hath paſt many love tokens betweene them, but as yet he could never draw her conſent to marry him ; for ſtill ſhee tels him that ſhe loves her Miſtreſſe ſo dearly, that ſhe will not depart from her ſervice, nor wed any man, without her free conſent, and therefore that they have farre more reaſon to doubt than to hope of this match betweene them, conſidering the lamentable accident & diſaſter which hath paſt between their Maſters. *Le Valley* ſeeing he muſt firſt winne the Miſtreſſe, before he can wed the maid, with his ſweet hearts adviſe, reſolves to ſeeke *Blanchevilles* conſent thereto, the which hee doth in faire and orderly tearmes. *Blancheville* who had formerly heard an inkling how dearly *Le Valley* affected her maid *Martha* in the way of mariage, now by this his motion thereof to herſelfe, ſhe is fully confirmed thereof. When obſerving more paſſion than judgement, as well in his affection to her maid, as in his ſpeeches to her ſelfe, ſhe pretently (being induſtrious in her malice, and vigilant in her revenge towards *Beaumarays*) forgets God and all goodneſſe, abandoneth all Chriſtianity and humanity, and ſo the devill brings her a plot, or elſe her owne heart and head fetcht it from hell : She thinks that this poore ſervant *Le Valley*, is a fit agent and inſtrument for her, either to poyſon or piſtoll his Maſter *Beaumarays* to death, and that his love to her maid *Martha*, and his conſideration of her freſh youth and beauty, is a ſufficient bait, and powerfull lure to make him undertake and performe it, and hereon ſhe ſettles up her bloudy reſolution. To which end *Blancheville* having already ſufficiently woven this treachery in her heart, and cloſely and finely ſpunne it in her braines, ſhee politickly gives *Le Valley* more hope than deſpaire, that he ſhall ſhortly marrie her maid *Martha* ; onely ſhee tels him ſhee muſt firſt conferre with her, to ſee how ſhee ſtands affected to him, and that if hee repaire to her againe at the end of the weeke, ſhee will then aſſuredly give him ſuch an anſwer, as ſhe doubts not but will content and pleaſe

him, or else the fault shall be his : But to conclude her speech, shee chargeth him not to speake or utter a word hereof to his Master *Beaumarays*, all which *Le Valley* faithfully promiseth her to performe. He goes from the Mistresse to the maid, and reports what she hath told and spoken, so these young folkes flatter themselves, that they very shortly shall be man and wife. *Blancheville* (whose heart and minde runnes wholly upon a bloudy revenge towards *Beaumarays*) no sooner understands that *Le Valley* is gone forth her doores, but she sends for her maid *Martha* into her chamber, where (no way acquainting her with her bloudy intent and policie) she chargeth her to sweare that she will never marrie *Le Valley* without her free consent, and that in the end she shall not repent the following of her advise and counsell herein, which *Martha* solemnly doth, whereof this malitious and vindictive Dame is exceedingly glad and satisfied. The end of the weeke being come, away comes *Le Valley* to his sweet heart *Martha*, to know if she be shortly resolved to marry him, who having beene perfectly taught her lesson, tels him plainly, that shee will be his wife, conditionally that he can gaine her Mistresse *Blanchevelles* consent thereunto, but never without it. Whereof he being exceedingly joyfull, hee giving her many kisses, intreats her to bring him to her Mistresse, and that he hopes to receive pleasing newes from her, to both their contents. *Blancheville* (with much longing impatiencie (attends his comming, and receives and welcomes him into her Closet with a cheerfull countenance, where bolting the doore, this hellish *Erinnis* (not heavenly *Vranie*) passionately tels him, that it shall be impossible for him ever to enjoy or marrie her maid *Martha*, except he first sweare to her to performe a secret businesse for her, which infinitely concernes her content and service. *Le Valley* desires to know of her what it is, but shee first sweares him to secrecie herein, both from *Martha*, and from all the world, the which he freely sweares : When *Blancheville* (with hypocriticall, yea, with diobolicall teares in her eyes) being instructed and prompted by the devill, representeth unto him, how fouly his Master *Beaumarays* had first wronged her chastity and honour, then abused her husband in the Church, and afterwards killed him in the field, and therefore that hee should not onely marry her maid *Martha*, but that she would likewise give him three hundred Crowns of marriage money with her, if for her sake, and at her request) he would kill his said Master, either by poyson, Ponyard, or Pistoll, of which summe shee told him he should have the one halfe in hand, and the other when hee had performed it, the which if he refused to doe, shee swore by her part of Heaven, that he should never marrie her, nor come neare her.

Le Valley is amazed and astonished at this bloudy proposition and request of hers, the which she might well perceive by the distraction of his looks, and the perturbation of his countenance. He tels her, that although he loves *Martha* farre dearer than his life, yet hee cannot finde in his heart to kill the poorest Christian in the world, much lesse so good and so deare a Master as *Beaumarays* was to him. *Blancheville* (being now as subtill in her malice, as she was malitious in her revenge towards *Beaumarays*) shewes *Le Valley* the three hundred Crownes in faire gold) which was farre more than ever before he had seene, Tels him what a deare friend she will ever remaine to him and his wife, and (in a word) leaves no lure unpractised, nor charme unattempted, to draw him to the enterprize of this deplorable, and to the execution of this hellish fact. But finding him as frozen as she was fiery therein, she bids him to take a weeks time to consider thereof, then to bring her his last resolution, and with-

all

all to remember his oath of ſecrecie herein from all the world, both which points he conſtantly promiſeth her to performe. As he deſcends the ſtairs from her, his ſweet heart *Martha* comes preſently to him to know the minde and reſolution of her Miſtreſſe, whom he thinks good then to ſatisfie with this pleaſing anſwer, that hee hopes a ſmall time will worke and compaſſe both their deſires. So after a few kiſſes and embraces, they for that time take leave each of other. He is no ſooner returned home, but his heart is as penſive and ſorrowfull, as his minde and braine is perplexed and troubled for the cauſe thereof. He conſults with himſelfe, and his reſolutions are as different as his deſires. He cannot as yet finde in his heart to kill his Maſter, and yet hee can reſolve rather to die than to loſe *Martha* his Miſtreſſe. True it is, that the ſight of the Lady *Blanchevilles* gold doth act wonders in his hearts, but farre more the ſight & remembrance of *Marthas* ſweet youth & delitious beauty: So the firſt tempts him exceedingly, the ſecond extreamly, and the devill in both of them infinitely; yet notwithſtanding his faith and ſoule are ſo ſtrong with God, that hitherto hee cannot conſent or bee drawne to imbrue his hands in the innocent bloud of his Maſter. But here befals an unexpected accident, which violently precipitates and throwes him headlong on the contrary reſolution.

His Maſter *Beaumarays* (not for want of any reſpect or love to *Blancheville*, but becauſe hee perfectly knew ſhee extreamly hated him) having formerly charged his man *Le Valley* that he ſhould not frequent her houſe, nor no more dare to ſeeke her maid *Martha* in mariage, the which he confidently promiſed him he would: He now underſtands that contrary thereunto, his man *Le Valley* the very day before was there, and continued ſtill an earneſt ſutor to her; ſo he hereupon cals him to him, and gives him five or ſix ſound boxes on the eare, for his diſobeying him, and vowes that if he ever any more returne thither, and ſeeke *Martha* in marriage, he would utterly caſhier him, and wholly diſcharge him from his ſervice. *Le Valley* not accuſtomed to receive blowes of his Maſter, was ſo extreamly incenſed hereat, as diſdaining the blowes for his Maſter, and his Maſter for the blowes ſake, they engender ſuch bad bloud in him, as he preſently ſtrikes a bargaine, firſt with his choller, then with the Devill, that he would now adhere to the requeſt of *Blancheville*, and ſo ſpeedily returne his Maſter a ſharp requitall and bloudy revenge for the ſame; and indeed from that time forwards he never looked on him but with an eye of hatred and deteſtation. So without farther delay, the ſame night as ſoone as his Maſter was gone to bed, hee trips away to *Blanchevilles* houſe, informes her at large what had paſt betwixt his maſter and himſelfe, and therefore aſſures her that he is fully and conſtantly reſolved to murther him within three or foure dayes, if ſhe would performe her promiſe to him, to give him the three hundred Crownes, and that alſo within a moneth after he ſhall marrie *Martha*, whereat *Blancheville* being beyond meaſure joyfull, ſhe faithfully and ſolemnly ſweares him the performance thereof when (as a pledge of the reſt) ſhe preſently payes him downe the firſt hundred and fifty in gold, the which *Le Valley* joyfully purſeth up. But the receit thereof ſhall coſt him deare.

From the intended matter of the murther of *Beaumarays*, theſe two agents of Satan and Hell, *Blancheville* and *Le Valley*, proceed to the manner thereof, ſhe propoſeth that infernall drugge poyſon, but he rejecteth it, as dangerous to be bought, and difficult to be applied. And becauſe ſhe diſlikes to have him pon-arded, therefore they both conclude and agree, that he ſhall piſtoll him to death,

death, and this is their diſinitive, cruell, and helliſh reſolution. *Le Valley* having thus diſpatcht his buſineſſe with *Blancheville*, and taken leave with kiſſes of his ſweet *Martha*, (who poore ſoule is as innocent, as they two are wholly and ſolely guilty of this deplorable conſpiration) he puts a cheerfull countenance on his revengfull heart, ſo returnes home, and the very next day gets his Maſters pocket piſtoll, which he loads with a brace of bulletts, and watcheth every day and houre for a deſired opportunity to ſend him to heaven. So the third day after Monſieur *Montagne* going abroad a hawking with his brothers Hawks and Spannels, and taking almoſt all his men ſervants with him, and leaving *Le Valley* to wait and attend on his Maſter, then and there this fatall occaſion anſwered his prodigious expectation. For that very Fore-noone, his Maſter *Beaumarays* comming from the houſe of office, hee cals up *Le Valley* to him in his chamber to truſſe his points, which wretched Villaine he is buſie in performing, but alas, in moſt barbarous and bloudy manner: For as that good and Noble Gentleman thought of nothing leſſe than of his danger or death, then this monſter of nature fingering his hinde points with his left hand, very ſoftly drew his Piſtoll out his pocket with his right, and then and there (with an infernall courage and audacity) ſhot him into the reynes of his backe, nearly oppoſite to his heart, whereof he preſently fell downe dead to the ground, without having either the power or happineſſe to utter on prayer or word whatſoever, but onely two or three ſmall fainting, or indeed dying groanes.

This bloudy and execrable wretch *Le Valley*, ſeeing his Maſter dead, he triumphs in his good fortune, to ſee what a brave Butcher he had proved himſelfe in ſo ſpeedily and neatly diſpatching him. When to put the better varniſh on his villany, and ſo to make it appeare to the world, that his Maſter was his owne murtherer, hee taketh the piſtoll and placeth it in his dead right hand, layes the key of the Chamber upon the Table, and the doore having a ſtrong Spring-locke, puls and ſhuts it faſt after him. When againe, to make his innocencie the more cleare and conſpicuous to the world, he ſpeedily and ſecretly taking a horſe out of the ſtable, a Hawke on his fiſt, and a Spanniell at his heels, and ſo very joyfully and cheerfully gallops away to the fields, where (after ſome houre at leaſt, or houre and halfe at moſt) hee finds out Monſieur *Montagne*, and tels him his Maſter diſpatcht him to him with a freſh Hawke, which was his beſt and chiefeſt Gaſhawke. They Hawke all day together, and *Le Valley* (as accuſtomed) is very officious and diligent to Monſieur *Montagne*, who towards night returnes home to *Chartres*, having (betweene them all) taken eight Partridges and one Phesant. Hee arrives at his brothers houſe, where miſſing him, he gives the Phesant and foure of the Partridges to the Cooke to dreſſe for their Supper; when afterwards againe miſſing his brother *Beaumarays*, and enquiring for him, the meniall ſervants of the out-houſes tell him they ſaw him not to day. Supper being preparing, and the Table covered, he ſends up *Le Valley* to looke him in his chamber, who returnes him this anſwer, that his Maſter is not there, but the doore is ſhut: *Montagne* marvelleth at his brothers long (and unaccuſtomed) abſence, and ſo doe all his Servants. They finde his Cloake, Rapier and Belt, hanging up at a pinne in the Hall, and therefore deeming him not farre, but at ſome neighbours houſe, he ſends *Le Valley* one way, and the reſt of the ſervants to other places to finde him out; but whiles they ſeeke after him, *Le Valle* (favoured by the night) trips away ſpeedily to the Lady *Blanchevilles* houſe, and there moſt briefly and ſecretly

ſecretly acquaints her how bravely hee hath diſpatched his Maſter that fore-noone, ſhee cannot Containe herſelfe for Ioy of this ſweet newes, nor expreſſe it to him in leſſe then a Kiſſe, he ſaies he will tell her the reſt to morrow night and then come and receive the remainder of her promiſe to him, the which ſhe againe and againe ſweares to him ſhee will performe it with a ſurpluſage and advantage, ſo hee kiſſeth his ſweet heart *Martha*, and againe diſpeeds himſelfe home: Where he and the reſt of the ſervants who were ſent into the ſtreetes returne *Montagne* no newes of their maſter his brother: Supper being more then fully ready, his long miſſing of him doth at laſt bring him much doubt, and ſome ſuſpition and feare of his wellfare. It runnes ſtill in his mind that he may be yet a ſleepe in his Chamber; wherfore he aſcends thither with *Le Valley* and others of his Servants, who call a loud and bounce amaine at the doore, but they heare no anſwer nor ſpeech of him, the which doth the more augment his doubt and redouble his feare of his Brother: At laſt he commands them to force and breake open the doore, but it being exceeding thick and ſtrong, they cannot, *Montagnes* tender care of his brother doth by this time infinitely encreaſe his feare of him, which at laſt ſo powerfully ſurpriſeth him, that he preſently commands a Ladder to be erected to his brothers chamber window towards the garden, and ſends up one of his Laqueyes with a torch to looke into the chamber, the laquey forceth open the caſement, and then thruſts in his torch firſt, and his head after, which he ſpeedily withdrawing very paſſionately cryeth out: That his maſter hath murthered himſelfe with his piſtoll, and lies there dead all gored in his bloud. *Montagne* at this lamentable newes teares his haires weepes and cryes out a maine for ſorrow thereof and ſo doe all his Servants: Among whom *Le Valley* is obſerued to be one of the moſt, who weepes, and cries mightly thereat. *Montagne* being almoſt as dead with griefe and ſorrow hereat, as his Brother *Beaumarays* was with his wound, He bids the Laquey to teare downe the caſement and to enter and unlocke the doore, which he doth: So he with *Le Valley* and the reſt of the ſervants aſcend and enter the chamber, where to their unexpreſſable griefe and ſorrow) they ſee this mournfull and murthered perſonage, with the diſcharged piſtoll faſt in his hand, and the key of the chamberdoore on the table, as hath beene already expreſſed. Once *Montagne* thought that his brother might be robbed and killd by theeves, but ſeeing all his trunkes faſt locked, and then opening his ſtudy dore, and finding all his gold, ſilver, and Iewels there in good order, he abandons that ſuſpition and Iealouſie and then both he and they all beleive, that he hath abſolutely murthered himſelfe. The report of this tragicall and ſorrowfull accident ſounds loud in the ſtreets of *Chartres*: *Montagne* ſends for the Kings Attourny, and the Fiſcall to ſee, and for Chirurgions to viſit his dead brothers body, they all concurre and agree in opinion with *Montagne* and his ſervants, and ſo generally affirme and conclude: That *Beaumarays* hath (with his little piſtoll) ſhot himſelfe into the backe with a brace of bullets, whereof hee dyed, which is ſweet muſick and melody to *Le Valley*, but his wormewood and gall comes after. And now *Montagne* withall requiſite order, ſtate, and decency, ſolemnizeth his brothers funerals, and not onely all *Chartres*, but all *Beauſſe*, and all Gentlmen who knew him, yea the biſhop of *Chartres*, the Marquis of *Belley*, and the King himſelfe much lamented and bewayled the unfortunate loſſe of this noble, and valiant Gentleman.

The griefe and ſorrow of *Montagne* for his Brothers untimely death, is the joy and felicity of *Le Valley* and *Blancheville*, for as he triumphes, ſo for her part ſhee

ſhe is ſo extreamly delighted and raviſhed with this ſweet newes, as at their next meeting (which is the very next night) ſhe gives him his hundred & fifty crownes, and becauſe he hath diſpatched his maſter *Beaumarays* ſo ſpeedily and ſecretly, ſhe therefore takes a Diamond ring off her finger (worth one hundred crownes) and likewiſe gives it him: When to make good her oath and promiſe to him, (as alſo to make his pretented joy compleate) the very ſame day moneth after, marryeth him to her maid *Martha*. But marriages that are founded and cymented with innocent bloud, never have proſperous ends. Now is *Blancheville* proud in her revenge for the death of her mortall enemy *Beaumarays*, and now likewiſe is *Le Valley* (in his conceit and minde) rapt up into the third Heaven of joy, in injoying his faire and ſweet wife *Martha*, and neither of them hath the conſcience to thinke of, or the grace to repent this foule and bloudy fact of theirs: Which (when they leaſt dreame thereof) wee ſhall ſee God in his ſacred mercy in Iuſtice, will ſpeedily detect, revenge, and puniſh, as the ſequell thereof will declare and informe us.

As the matter and manner of the detection of this lamentable murther of *Beaumarays* proceeded primarily from God, ſo it did ſecondly from his ſorrowfull brother *Montagne*, who wanting all other witneſſes & evidence (and wholly guided by ſacred power, and ſwaid by divine influence) was led to it by foure remarkeable circumſtances and conſiderations, every way worthy of our Knowledge and retention. The firſt was his finding and peruſing of *Blancheville's* Letter to his brother *Beaumarays* (which formerly we have ſeene) wherein he obſerved a wonderfull deale of inveterate malice towards him from her; The ſecond was *Le Valleyes* ſuddaine marrying of her chambermaid *Martha*, by the which he conceived that that ſuſpition ſtrongly reflected on her, and this on him: The third was from the ſight of the Diamond Ring which *Le Valley* wore on his finger (being the ſame which wee have formerly ſeene *Blancheville* to give him) for *Montagne* beleeving that hee had ſtolen it from his dead brother his maſter, he challenged him for it by order of law, when *Le Valley* to cleere himſelfe of this predended theft, was inforced to informe both him and the Iudges, that it was given him in marriage with his wife by the Lady *Blancheville* her Miſtris, the which confeſſion of his, indeed added much ſuſpition and jealouſie of them both to the heart and mind of *Montagne*, as beleeving that it muſt be ſome extraordinary tye and ſervice which ſhould make *Le Valley* capable to deſerve ſo great a bounty and reward of her. But the fourth and laſt conſideration was farre more powerfull and pervalent with him than all the three former to ground his ſuſpition againſt *Le Valley* for thus murthering of his brother, and wherein the Reader may deſervedly admire and wonder at the celeſtiall providence and juſtice of God, which moſt miraculouſly and divinely appeares herein, for the ſame day two monethes after the murther of *Beaumarays*, and the ſame day moneth that *Le Valley* marryed his wife *Martha*, It pleaſed the Lord (in his ſecret pleaſure and juſtice) to ſend him a Gangreene in his right hand, which beginning to extend and ſpread, his Chyrurgeons to ſave his life, adviſed his ſaid hand to bee ſpeedily cut off, which was accordingly performed.

This ſodainely cutting of *Le Valleyes* right hand by adviſe of his Chyrurgeons brings terrour to him, feare to *Blancheville*, and aſtoniſhment and admiration to *Montagne*, who (led by the immediate ſpirit and finger of God) doth now confidently beleive, that it was that hand of his which piſtolled his brother to death, and that it might be rather probable than impoſſible, that *Blancheville* mought

nought be the Author, and hee the actor of this cruell Murther. Wherefore grounding this his ſtrong ſuſpition upon the piety and innocency of his brothers life and diſpoſition, as alſo on his owne fowre former premiſed ſerious conſiderations and circumſtances, hee neither can nor will take any contrary Law or peace of his thoughts. But goes to the *Seneshall*, and Kings attourny of that Citty, and accuſeth *Le Valley* to be the murtherer of his brother *Beaumarais*. The wiſe and prudent judges, advertiſed the preſidiall court thereof likewiſe: So they preſently cauſe him to bee apprehended and impriſoned for the ſame: They charge him with this cruell murther committed on the perſon of his maſter, but he ſtoutly denyes it with many fearefull oathes and imprecations: But his crime being greater then his Apologie, they adjudge him to the racke, where in the middeſt of his tortures, God ſo deales with his heart and prevailes with his ſoule, that he confeſſeth, it was he who murthered his maſter *Beaumarais* with a piſtoll charged with a brace of bullets, and that hee was hired to performe it by the Lady *Blancheville*, who gave him three hundred crownes in gold, and a Diamond ring to effect and finiſh it. At the relation and confeſſion whereof *Montagne* and the Iudges, exceedingly admire and wonder, and being by them againe demanded if his wife *Martha* were not likewiſe acceſſary with them in this murther, heefreely and conſtantly told them that ſhee was not, and that he would take it to his death, that ſhe was every way as Innocent, as himſelfe and *Blancheville* her miſtris were guilty thereof.

The Iudges of this Court ſpeedily ſend ſergeants away to apprehend *Blancheville*, who is ſo farre from the apprehenſion or feare of any danger, as ſhee dreames not thereof: They finde her in her owne houſe playing on her lute, and ſinging in company of many Gentlemen, and Gentlewoman her friends: The Serjeants ſeize on her, and tels her accuſation and crime, whereat ſhe is amazed and weepes exceedingly, and no leſſe doe thoſe who are with her: She is brought before her Iudges, who ſtrongly accuſe her for being the Author of this cruell murther of *Beaumarais*, and acquaint her with *Le Valleyes* full and free confeſſion thereof as we have formerly underſtood: When here ſometime with teares, and then againe with paſſion and choller, ſhe tels the Iudges, that *Le Valley* is a devill and a villaine, thus to accuſe her falſely: That ſhe never gave him a ring or three hundred crownes to doe it, and takes God to witneſſe that ſhee is wholly innocent of that murther. But this poore and paſſionate Apologie of hers, will not paſſe current with her Lyncee-eyed Iudges, who cauſe her to be confronted with *Le Valley*, who ſtands firme to his former accuſation againſt her, and yet her faith is ſo weake with God, and ſo ſtrong with ſathan as with many cryes and curſes, ſhe againe and againe cryes out and proteſteth of her Innocency: They produce her her ring, and part of gold, but ſhe boldly denies and ſtoutly forſweares both; So they preſently adjudge her to the racke, whereto with much conſtancy ſhe permits herſelfe to be faſtened: But at the very firſt touch and wrench thereof, her dainety delicate limbs not able to brooke thoſe exquiſite torments, God was pleaſed to be ſo gratious & mercifull to her ſoule, as ſhe preſently (with many teares) cries out that ſhee was the guilty Author of this horrible murther, and ſo in all points and circumſtances concurres and agrees with *Le Valleis* depoſition and accuſation againſt her; Here her Iudges againe demand of her if her maid *Martha* were never acceſſary or conſenting with her and *Le Valley* in this their bloudy act, but ſhee vowes to them, that upon perill of her ſoule, ſhe was abſolutely inno-

innocent thereof, so hereupon this our inhumane Lady *Blancheville* is againe loosed from her racke, and brought away to the Tribunall of Iustice, and so likewise is *Le Valley*, where *Montagne* and the Kings attourney presently crave judgement of the presidents against these two murtherers, who after a long and a religious speech which they made, both to them and to all who were present upon this bloudy fact and crime of theirs: They conclude and adjudge *Le Valley* the very next day to be broken on the wheele alive, and *Blancheville* then likewise to be hanged, which gave matter of Vniversall speech and admiration to all *Chartres* and *Beausse*.

We have seene the perpetration and detection of this inhumane and lamentable murther, committed by these two unfortunate wretches *Le Valley* and *Blancheville*: And now (by the mercy and Iustice of God) we are come to see the triumphes of his revenge to fight against them in their condigne punishments for the same. They by their Iudges are that afternoone returned againe to their prisons, and the same night are there effectually dealt with by Divines, who (out of Christian charity) direct and prepare their soules for Heaven. So the next morning about ten of the clocke they are brought to the common place of execution in *Chartres*, where a world of people attend to be spectators of these their unfortunate ends and deplorable tragedies: And first *Le Valley* ascends the scaffold, who is sad and pensive, and saies little else in effect but this, that it was partly *Blanchevilles* gold, but chiefely his love to her maid, his wife *Martha*, who first drew him to murther his deere master *Beaumarays*, whereof hee affirmed he was now heartely repentant and sorrowfull, and besought the Lord to pardon him; He here tooke it to his death that his said wife *Martha* was every way innocent of this murther, and therefore beseeched *Monsieur Mantagne*, to bee good and charitable to her after his death, whom he likewise prayed to forgive him, when uttering a few *Ave Maries* to himselfe, and often marking himselfe with the signe of the crosse: He was by his Executioner presently broken on the wheele, whereof he immediatly dyed.

Le Valley was no sooner dispatched, but up comes our Female monster *Blancheville* on the Ladder, whose youth & beauty drew pitty from the hearts, and teares from the eyes of most of her spectators: in her countenance shee was very sad and mournefull, and yet I am enforced to confesse this truth of her, that (in this last Scene and act of her life) her pride and Vanity so farre usurped on her judgement, her piety, and her soule, that she came here to take her last leave of the world, apparelled in a rich blacke razed sattin gowne, a crimson damaske pettie coate, laid with white sattin guards, a rich cutworke falling band, her haire all strewed with sweet powder, decked with white riban knots and roses, and a snow white paire of gloves on her handes, so she there craves leave of the people to speake a few words before she dyes, which with a well composed countenance, and behaviour, shee doth in these tearmes.

She said that her deere and tender affection to her husband *Champigny* occasioned her deadly hatred and malice to *Beaumarays*, and that as soone as she had slayne him in the field, she in revenge thereof instantly resolved and vowed to send him to heaven after him: she affirmed that she was now sorrowfull from her heart and soule, that she had caused *Le Valley* to kill this his master, also that shee was so unfortunate and miserable, as now to see him dye for her sake and service, in requitall whereof shee gave all her apparell, and some of her

plate and Iewels to her old maid, now his new wife *Martha*, whom ſhe affirmed in preſence of God and his angels, was no way guilty or conſenting to this lamentable murther, which ſhe beſeeched the Lord to pardon and forgive her, ſhe likewiſe beſought *Montagne* and *Martha* to forgive her and entreated all who were preſent to pray to God for her Soule ſhe conjured al Ladies and Gentlewoman who were ſorrowful eyewitneſſes of her untimely death, to beware by her unfortunate example, and ſo to hate malice and revenge in themſelves as much as ſhee loved it: When againe praying all her ſpectators to pray to God for her, ſhee after a few pater-noſters, and Aue-maries was turned over.

And thus was this lamentable, and yet deſerved deaths of theſe two bloudy wretches *Le Valley* and *Blancheville*, and in this ſharpe manner, did God juſtly revenge and puniſh this their horrible crime of murther: Whoſe untimely and unfortunate deathes, left much griefe to their living parents and friends, and generally to all who either ſaw or knew them. May wee reade this their Hiſtory, firſt to the honour of God, and then to our owne Inſtruction and reformation: That the ſight and remembrance of theſe their puniſhments may deterre us from the impiety and inhumanity of perpetrating the like bloudy crimes,

Amen.

GODS REVENGE,
AGAINST
THE CRYING AND
Execrable ſinne of Murther.

Lorenzo *murthereth his wife* Fermia: *Hee ſome twenty yeares after (as altogether unknowne) robbeth his (and her) ſonne* Thomaſo, *who likewiſe not knowing* Lorenzo *to be his father, doth accuſe him for that robbery, for which he is hanged.*

THoſe who (by the pernitious inſtigation, and fatall temptation of Sathan) doe wilfully imbrue their hands in innocent bloud and ſo make themſelves guilty of murther, are no longer men but have prodigiouſly metamorphoſed themſelves into the nature and quality of devils. And as after this their crime, they are worthy of all true chriſtians deteſtation, ſo moſt commonly (without Gods ſaving grace and mercy) their hearts are ſo obdurated with impenitency of ſecurity, and their ſoules ſeared up and abandoned to all kinds of atheiſticall prophanneſſe and impiety, that they are ſo far from thinking of God, as they beleeve there is no God, and ſo far from fearing of his judgements and puniſhments, as they are deſperately confident they have not deſerved any: But becauſe their hearts and actions are as tranſparent to Gods eyes and knowledge, as Gods decrees, and reſolution are inviſible to theirs, therefore (deſpight this their blindneſſe and the devils malice and ſubtilty to obſcure and conceale it, this world will affoord them no true peace, nor this life produce them any perfect tranquility: But whereſoever they goe or live, their guilty thoughts and conſciences as ſo many helliſh bloudhounds will inceſſantly perſue and follow them, till in the end they drag them to condigne ſhame, miſery, and confuſion for the ſame: which this ſubſequent hiſtory will verifie and make good to us, in a wretched and execrable perſonage, whom it mournefully preſents to our view and conſideration. Let us read it in the feare of God, that we may weigh that benefit by it which becomes good Chriſtians to make.

IT is not the meanneſſe of the perſonages, but the greatneſſe and eminence of Gods Judgements which hath prevailed with me to give this Hiſtory a place among my others: The which to draw from the head-ſpring, and originall, we muſt underſtand, that in *Italy*, (the Garden of Europe, as Europe is that of the whole world) and in the City of *Genova*, (ſeated upon the Mediterranean Sea, which the Italians for the ſumptuouſneſſe and ſtatelineſſe of her buildings, doe juſtly ſtile and entitle, proud *Genova*) neare unto the Arſenall upon the Key, there dwelt (of late yeares) a proper tall young man, of a coale blacke haire, ſome twenty five yeares old, named *Andrea Lorenzo*, who by his trade was a Baker, and was now become Maſter of his profeſſion, and kept forth his Oven and ſhop for himſelfe; wherein he was ſo induſtrious and provident, that in a ſhort time he became one of the prime Bakers of that City, and wrought to many Ships and Galleyes of this Eſtate and Seigniory: He in few yeares grew rich, was proffered many wives, of the daughters of many wealthy Bakers, and other Artificers of *Genova*, but he was ſtill covetous, and ſo addicted to the world, as he could fancy none, nor as yet be reſolved or perſwaded to ſeeke any maid or widdow in marriage, ſith hee knew it to be one of the greateſt and moſt important actions of our life, and which infallibly drawes with it, either our chiefeſt earthly felicity or miſery.

But as marriages are made in heaven, before conſummated on earth; So *Lorenzo* going on a time to the City of *Savona*, which (both by Sea and Land) is ſome twenty little miles from *Genova*, and heretofore was a free City and Eſtate of it ſelfe, but now ſwallowed up in the power and opulencie of that of *Genova*, he there fell in love with a rich Vintners daughter, her father named *Iuan Baptiſta Moron*, and ſhee *Firmia Moron*, who was a lovely and beautifull young maiden, of ſome eighteene yeares of age, being tall and ſlender, of a pale complection, and a bright yellow haire, but exceedingly vertuous and religious, and endowed with many ſweet qualities and perfections; who althouhh ſhe were ſought in marriage by divers rich young men, of very good families of that City, with the worſt of whom (either for eſtate or extraction) *Lorenzo* might no way compare, yet ſhee could fancie none but him, and her above all the men of the world ſhe (ſecretly in her heart and minde) deſired might be her Husband. *Lorenzo* (with order and diſcretion) ſeeks *Fermia* in mariage of her father *Moron*, who is too ſtrong of purſe, and to high of humour to match his daughter to a Baker, or to any other of a mechanicall profeſſion, and ſo gives him a flat and peremptory deniall. But *Lorenzo* finds his daughter more courteous and kinde to his deſires, for ſhe being as deeply enamoured of his perſonage, as he was of her beauty and vertues, after a iourney or two which he had made to her at at *Savona*, ſhe conſents and yeelds to him to be his wife, conditionally that hee can obtaine her fathers good will thereunto, but not otherwiſe; which *Lorenzo* yet feared and doubted would prove a difficult taske for him to compaſſe and procure; for her father knowing *Fermia* to be his owne and onely childe and daughter, and that her beautie and vertuous education, together with the conſideration of his owne wealth and eſtate, made her every way capable of a farre better husband than *Lorenzo*: As alſo that his daughter in reaſon and religion, and by the lawes of heaven and earth, was bound to yeeld him all duty and obedience (becauſe of him ſhe had formerly received both life and being), therefore he was reſolute that *Lorenzo* ſhould not have his daughter to wife, neither would he ever hearken to accept, or conſent to take him for his ſonne in Law.

Lorenzo

Lorenzo having thus obtained the heart and purchaſed the affection of his ſweet and deare *Fermia*, he now (out of his fervent deſire and zeale to ſee her made his wife, and himſelfe her husband) makes it both his ambition and care (according to her order) to drawher father *Moron* to conſent thereunto, wherein the more importunate, humble, and dutifull he (both by himſelfe & friends) is to *Moron*, the more imperious, averſe, and obſtinate is he to *Lorenzo*, as diſdaining any farther to heare of this his ſuit and motion for his daughter. But *Lorenzo* loves the daughter too tenderly and dearly thus to be put off with the firſt repulſe and deniall of her father, and ſo (notwithſtanding) hee againe perſevereth in his ſuit towards him, with equall humility and reſolution: Hee requeſteth his conſent to their affections with prayers, and his daughter *Fermia* (having formerly acquainted her father with her deare and inviolable love to *Lorenzo*) ſhe now prayes him thereto with teares: But (as one who had wholly wedded himſelfe to the ſingularity of his owne reſolution and pleaſure) he againe proudly refuſeth him with diſdaine, and peremptorily rejecteth her with choller and indignation, and ſo ſecretly vowes to himſelfe, and publikely ſweares to them, that he will firſt die, and ſalute his grave, before ever he will permit him to marry his daughter. Which unkinde anſwer, and thundering reſolution of his, proves the extreame greife of his daughter *Fermia*, and infinite affliction and ſorrow of her lover *Lorenzo*, who hereupon are enforced to beare up with the time, yea, and to make a vertue of neceſſity, by ſeparating their bodies, but not their hearts and affections. So hee returnes to *Genova*, and ſhe lives and remaines with her father in *Savona*, having no other comfort left them in their abſence but hope, nor no other conſolation, but ſometimes to viſit each other with their Letters, which they doe.

Old *Moron* now finds his young daughter *Fermia*, farre more penſive, reſerved, and ſorrowfull than heretofore, and therefore although he grieve to ſee her affection intangled with this Baker *Lorenzo*, yet he rejoyceth to ſee that he comes to *Savona*, as alſo to underſtand that his daughter hath no way ingaged her ſelfe to him in promiſe of marriage, but with the condition of his free will and conſent thereto, which as heretofore, ſo now againe, hee deeply ſweares he will never be drawne or perſwaded to grant. And the ſooner and better eternally and fully to daſh theſe their irregular loves and affections, he thinks it fit for him to provide, and requiſite to preſent his daughter with another Husband: To which end he gives her the choice of two or three proper young men, and of very good families in *Savona*, but ſhee will have none of them, for her affection is ſo deeply fixed, and conſtantly ſetled on *Lorenzo*, that ſay her father what he will, or doe hee or they what they can, hee can hardly draw her to ſee, much leſſe to ſpeake with any one of them: Whereat he cals her fooliſh Gigglet, and fond Girle, and ſweares that he will wholly renounce her for his daughter, and abſolutely diſinherit her, and leave her a begger, if ſhe marrie *Lorenzo*, and then and there flies from her in rage and choller, and leaves her alone to her ſelfe, to entertaine her diſconſolate and ſorrowfull thoughts, with a world of ſighs and teares.

As for the Letters which paſſe from *Genova* to *Sevona*, and that are alſo returned from *Savona* to *Genova*, betweene theſe our two lovers *Lorenzo* and *Fermia*, deeming them impertinent to this their Hiſtory, I have therefore purpoſely excluded, and for order and brevities ſake omitted them: The which entertained their time, and tooke up their affections and patience ſo long, that three yeares are now paſt and blowne over, ſince they firſt ſaw

each other, and since *Lorenzo* first motioned *Moron* for his consent to marry his daughter, during all which long tract of time, which to those our two young lovers seemed at least so many ages. The Reader is prayed to understand and take notice, that *Lorenzo* hath made five or six journeyes from *Genova* to *Savona* to see his *Fermia*, and hath importunately requested her father *Moron* for his consent, and that at least as many times shee likewise hath imployed all her Parents and friends towards him, yea, and hath beene more often on her bended knees to him to begge it, but all these their requests and motions towards him prove vaine.

When *Lorenzo* at last considering and remembring, that he had used all the lawfull meanes he could possibly invent, and *Fermia* all her best endevours and inventions which lay in her mortall power to draw her father *Moron* to their desires and wishes of mariage, and that neither they nor all the world could prevaile with him, he thinkes it now high time (as well for the setling of his fortunes and trade, as also for the confirmation of his hearts content) to lay close siege to his *Fermia*, that (notwithstanding her fathers refusall) she would consent and yeeld to marry him, and so very secretly by night to leave him and *Savona*, and to come live and die with himselfe in *Genova*, telling her, that although he had never a Duckaton of marriage money with her from her father, yet that God had given him estate and meanes enough to maintaine her and his family, in full and plentifull prosperity, and that hee would bee a thousand times more tender and carefull of her than of his owne life. Thus with a world of sweet words and sugred promises, and perswasions, this sweet and faire young maiden (contrary to her former wholesome, vertuous, and obedient resolutions) is at last drawne and tempted away by him, now to prove disobedient to her father, yea, and to forsake and flie away both from his house and himselfe. So *Lorenzo* having to that end secretly provided himselfe of a fine small Frigot, of foure oares in each side, hee therewith comes by night into the key of *Savona*, (which the policie of the Genouesses (now their Lords and Superiours) have dammed up, and made uncapable of ships of burthen, that thereby all the trade and commerce by Sea, may arrive to their owne capitall City) where giving notice to *Fermia* of his being there, shee (taking her best cloathes, and other chiefest necessaries with her) in the dead time of the night, when her father and his servants were fast in sleepe, and all things being hushed up in silence, seemed to conspire to her rash and inconsiderate escape, shee by the Garden doore issueth forth to *Lorenzo*, who there received her with much joy, and many kisses, and so conducts her to the Frigat, where the wind (in favour of this their clandestine flight) proving very faire, they hoise up saile, and early the next morning arrive at *Genova*, where (within two houres after) *Lorenzo* conducts her to S^t^. Saviours Church, and there very secretly (yet solemnly espouseth and marries her. But O *Fermia*, how I pitie thy youth and beauty, thine innocencie and indiscretion, thy few yeares and many vertues, thy affection and misfortune, and thine ignorance and credulity, so rashly and disobediently to flie from *Savona* to *Genova*, and to take (or rather to steale) away thy selfe from thy father, purposely to give thy selfe in marriage to *Lorenzo*, for which indiscreet and disobedient fact of thine, it is not unpossible for thee to see this ensuing position verified and confirmed in thy selfe, *That there is nothing so easie in young people as to commit errours, nor so difficult as to repaire them.*

Whiles thus our young maried couple celebrate their nuptials in *Genova* with

with delight and joy, old *Moron* the father grieves and ſtormes thereat in *Savona*, for the ſudden flight of his daughter: When fearing and beleeving that *Lorenzo* had ſtollen her away, he ſecretly makes enquiry thereof at his houſe of *Genova*, from whence he hath perfect notice, that ſhe is there, and maried to him, whereat he paſſionately converts his griefe into choller, both againſt her and him, and (in regard of this their diſgrace and diſhonour offered him) moſt conſtantly vowes to himſelfe, and to all who are neere him, that they ſhall never touch nor enjoy the vallew of one Duckaton of all his Eſtate and wealth, as long as he or they live, and that he will not once ſend after thm, nor ever hereafter ſee them, which ſharp vow and bitter ſentence againſt our *Lorenzo* and *Fermia*, we ſhall be enforced to ſee him too carefully to keepe, and too ſeverely and punctually to performe.

Some ten dayes after this mariage of *Lorenzo* and *Fermia*, when their wedding joyes and pleaſures had given them ſome truce and time to conſider of their worldly affaires, becauſe they know & repute it folly, to thinke to be able wholly to live by love, *Lorenzo* conſidering the injury & diſgrace which he had offered his father in law *Moron* in this action, and therefore very deſirous yet now againe to ſeeke his conſent and good will to this their mariage, that thereby he may participate and ſhare of ſome part of his wealth, he determineth ſhortly to ride over to *Savona* to him, and with his beſt reſpects and duty to comply and labour with him for a reconciliation; and yet nevertheleſſe he thinks it very fit, and hold it moſt expedient, that his wife in the meane time ſhould firſt excuſe her ſelfe to her father by her Letter, the which ſhe doth in theſe tearmes:

Fermia to Moron.

Although the cauſe and manner of my departure from you and your houſe make me more worthy of your indignation than of your pardon, yet when you ſhall pleaſe to remember that you are my father, and my ſelfe your only childe and daughter, and that God and his holy Church hath of Lorenzo *my friend, now made him my Husband, and alſo tha for the tearme of three whole yeares, I with teares and prayers came many times proſtrate to you on my bended knees to obtaine your conſent thereunto, then I hope you will at leaſt excuſe, if not wholly forget and pardon this errour of mine: Or if theſe reaſons bee not enough powerfull to interceed with your diſpleaſure, I moſt humbly beſeech you further to conſider, that herein I have neither blemiſhed nor diſgraced your reputation with any point of diſhonour, for as I came to my Husbands bed a pure Virgin, ſo I will live and die with him a chaſte wife; and that as this clandeſtine flight and mariage of mine was the firſt, ſo it ſhall be the laſt act of my diſobedience towards you. Some ſmall portion of your wealth at our firſt beginning, will doe my Husband and ſelfe a great deale of good in our trade, but this I leave, as to your conſideration, ſo to your pleaſure. Onely in all humility and duty (as low as the earth, and lower if I could) I deſire your bleſſing to me, and implore your prayers to God for me, the which in religion you cannot, and in nature I hope you will not deny me. My Husband will ſhortly ſecond this Letter of mine to you with his preſence, and will then commit that taske to his tongue, which I have now obediently impoſed and commanded to my pen: And my prayers and hopes, and his promiſes and vertues doe aſſure me, that (in his reſpects and ſervice to you) you ſhall ever finde him to be as much your ſervant as your ſonne in law. God ever proſper your age with health, and bleſſe your health with proſperity.*

Fermia.

Moron

Moron received this Letter in *Savona*, and underſtanding by the meſſenger who brought it, that it came from his daughter *Fermia* from *Genova*, he was at firſt in ſuch a fret and fume of choller thereat, as hee once thought to have throwne it into the fire, without vouchſafing to read it: But after hee had made three or foure turnes in his Parlour, and ſo ſomewhat abated the violence of his paſſion and choller, hee then procures ſo much time from his pleaſure, and ſo much patience from himſelfe, as he breaks up the ſeales thereof, and peruſeth it, the which as ſoone as he had performed, he in preſence of the meſſenger who brought it, teares her Letter in peeces, and then (all enraged with choller) throwes it into the fire, when againe turning himſelfe to him, he bade him tell the Gigglet his daughter, *That her carriage had beene ſo baſe, diſobedient, and ingratefull to him, that he diſdained to returne any anſwer to her Letter, and was very ſorry that he had ſo much deſcended from himſelfe as to have received and read it:* When without once enquiring of him how his daughter did, yea, without giving the meſſenger any reward, or which is leſſe, without making him drinke, he haſtily and chollerickly flings from him, and will no more ſee or ſpeake with him. Who returning to *Genova*, and reporting to *Lorenzo* and his wife what cold entertainment his Letter and himſelfe had of her father *Moron* in *Savona*; ſhe grieves and ſtormes thereat publikely, and he privately, and at their firſt relation and knowledge of this her fathers unkindneſſe in anſwering her Letter with ſilence, they looke each on other with their countenances compoſed partly of diſcontent, and partly of ſorrow, and for her part ſhee cannot refraine from teares, till at laſt her Husband *Lorenzo* ſteps to her, when (as much to diſſipate her griefe, as to diſſemble his owne) he gives her many ſmiles, and comforts her with theſe ſpeeches; That according to her promiſe (in her Letter) to her father, he will the next weeke goe over to him, and will then beare himſelfe ſo reſpectively towards him, that he hopes his preſence ſhall purchaſe his affection, which her Letter could not, ſo ſhe hereat remaines better ſatisfied than her Husband contented with this harſh carriage, and unkinde reſolution of their father towards them.

Now ſome eight dayes after *Lorenzo* rides over to *Savona*, (handſomely clad, and rather above than below his quality) and putting up his horſe in an Inne, hee a little before ſupper time, goes to his father in law *Morons* houſe, where enquiring of his ſervants for him, they tell him he is above in his chamber, when deſirous to ſee and ſpeake with him, one of them ſteps up to him and enformes him thereof: Whereat *Moron* ſtarting up as if he had beene ſuddenly awaked out of a dreame, he at the firſt mention and name of *Lorenzo*, but eſpecially of that of his ſonne in law *Lorenzo*, bolts himſelfe faſt in his chamber, and then calling up his ſervants to him, hee flatly chargeth them to deny his being within to *Lorenzo*, and as ſoone as he is gone forth, to ſhut the doores againſt him, and at any hand not to admit him into his houſe, for that his pleaſure and reſolution is neither to ſee nor ſpeake with him. *Lorenzo* bites the lip at this baffle of his ſervants, firſt to ſay their Maſter his father in Law was within, and then in one breath to contradict and deny it. When for that time he holds it diſcretion to depart, goes to his Hoſtary (or Inne) to Supper, and returnes thither againe ſpeedily after, but findes the ſame anſwer. So then fearing the truth, that his father Law was (infallibly) within, and yet would not be within, he returnes to his lodging, and in much choller betakes himſelfe to his bed, but this diſcourteſie of his father in Law will not permit him any ſound reſt, but onely affords him many broken diſcontented ſlumbers.

The

The next morning very early hee returnes thither againe to ſee and ſpeake with him, but the firſt prove the laſt anſwer of his ſervants, whereat *Lorenzo* (all nelted with choller and anger) takes horſe and rides away for *Genova*.

Allow we him by this time returned to *Genova*, where hee truly and fully relates to his wife *Fermia* the diſcourteſie of her father towards him, from point to point as wee have formerly underſtood, which (poore ſweet ſoule) exceedingly grieves her heart, and infinitely perplexeth her minde and thoughts, but how to remedie it ſhee knowes not, for as ſhee knowes ſhee (by her diſobedient flight and mariage againſt her fathers conſent) hath committed a great fault towards him, ſo now ſhee ſees that (of neceſſity) ſhee muſt owne and make the beſt of it: When he comforting his wife with encouragement, and ſhe reciprocally encouraging him with comfort, they referre the iſſue of this their fathers pleaſure or diſpleaſure unto God; but yet rather hoping than deſpairing, that a little time will make him more tractable and flexible to their deſires, they paſſe away their time merrily and ſweetly together, he proving a courteous & loving husband to her, and ſhe a kinde and dutifull wife to him. He exceeding provident to get & thrive by his trade, and ſhe as carefull in her houſe and family to ſave what he gets, and thus in ſix moneths after they neither goe nor ſend to their father, thinking and hoping that although it be unlikely, yet it is not impoſſible but that hereafter of his owne free accord and good diſpoſition and nature, he may ſhortly exchange his diſpleaſure into courteſie, and his malice into affection towards them; but as yet they ſtill finde the contrary, for in all this time, he never ſends to them, nor ſo much as once hearkens after them.

At the end of ſix moneths *Lorenzo* prayes his wife *Fermia* to ride over to *Savona* to ſee what alteration this long time hath wrought in her fathers affection, and ſo recommends her portion from him to her care & remembrance, but reſolves not to write to him becauſe of his unkindneſſe to him at his laſt being at *Savona*. *Fermia* (more in obedience to her husband, than out of her owne willingneſſe or deſire) accepts of this journey, but ſtill ſhe feares that ſhee ſhall finde her father to bee one and the ſame man in his diſcontent and diſpleaſure againſt them. But yet in regard ſhee is his owne fleſh and bloud, his onely childe, and therefore a great part of himſelfe, ſhe yet flatters her ſelfe with this hope, that he cannot be ſo unnaturall to her, as he was unkinde to her husband. She comes to *Savona*, but looke what entertainment her husband *Lorenzo* found from her father, the ſame in all reſpects and points doth ſhe, and no otherwiſe: For he will neither ſpeake with her, no nor ſee, nor permit her, either to lie, eat, or drinke in his houſe, but moſt uncourteouſly and unnaturally cauſeth his doores to be faſt ſhut againſt her; yea, and to adde cruelty to his unkindneſſe, he is extreame angry with his ſervants for daring to admit her to ſpeake with him, and with her Aunt *Alcyna*, (his owne ſiſter) for receiving and lodging her.

Our ſweet *Fermia* the daughter is extreamly perplexed, afflicted, and grieved at this her fathers bitter unkindneſſe and cruelty towards her, the which ſhe ſeales with many ſighs, and confirmes with infinite Rivolets of teares, which trickle downe her beautifull cheeks as ſo many pearled drops of dew on blu-ſhing and fragrant damaske Roſes: When againe imploying her aforeſaid Aunt *Alcyna*, and likewiſe entreating father *Bernardin De Monte*, her fathers owne ghoſtly father, to perſwade him in her behalfe, which they doe. But at laſt ſeeing the requeſts of the one bootleſſe, and the ſpirituall exhortations of the

the other vaine and to no effect, then as ſhe came from *Genova* to *Savona* with ſome hope and joy, ſo ſhe is againe conſtraind to returne from *Savona* to *Genova*, with infinite griefe and diſpaire; Where from point to point (betwixt anger and teares) ſhee relates to her husband *Lorenzo*, the unnaturall diſcourteſie, which her father had offered her: Whereat as before, ſo now he againe diſſembleth his diſcontent thereof and with many ſweet ſpeeches, and ſome few kiſſes ſeekes to comfort and pacifie her: But ſtill the remembrance hereof ſtickes deepe in her minde, and yet farre deeper in his thoughts, for the knowledge of his father in Law *Morons* diſcourteſie firſt offered to himſelfe, and now to his wife in *Savona*, being knowne and reported to many of his neighbours and friends in *Genoua*, they ſcoffe and taunt at his fooliſh ambition, in marrying and ſtealing away his wife, and in all companies which he frequenteth, they give him this quip, that hee had done farre wiſer to have marryed a poore trades mans daughter in *Genoua* with a ſmall portion, then a rich Vintners in *Savona* with nothing: which fooliſh and malitious ſpeech of theirs, falles not ſo eaſily from his memorie as from their tongues, but leaves an impreſſion therein, for from henceforth, *Lorenzo* of a wiſe man proves himſelfe a foole, of an honeſt man a knave, and ſo of a good chriſtian to God, an extreame bad husband both to his wife and himſelfe: for now ſeeing the mountaines of his hopes of a rich wife turned to molehils, and they to nothing through his fathers diſpleaſure and unkindneſſe to them, hee lookes not on his wife with ſo kinde and reſpective an eye as heretofore, although poore harmeleſſe young woman, ſhee knowes farre better to lament and greive, then how to remedy her fathers cruelty towards them: But this is but the beginning of his ingratitude and her unfortunacy, for before a whole yeare be paſt ſince their marriage, her husband ſo farre forgets his love to his wife, his regard to himſelfe and his reputation and credit to the world, as hee firſt beginnes to ſleight her, and then to neglect both himſelfe and his profeſſion: And here now it is that idleneſſe beginnes firſt to enter into his hands, vice into his heart, and ſinne into his ſoule; and here it is that he firſt fals into bad courſes, and wicked company from whence in the end (I feare) will proceed nothing but ſhame, repentance, miſery, and confuſion of all ſides.

Hee who formerly prayed often with his wife and family in his houſe and was a devout and religious frequenter of his Church, now he is ſo dangerouſly fled from God and ſo deſperately following of the devill as hee ſcornes the Church, and will neither pray himſelfe at home with his wife, nor (which is worſe) permit or ſuffer her to doe it at home with her family: He hath forgotten her deere affection and conſtancy to him, and how ſhee hath incurred her fathers indignation for making him her husband and herſelfe his wife: He hath forgotten his former oathes and promiſes of his tender affecti- and conſtant love to her, and how that in life and death hee would live and dye more hers then his owne: Hee hath forgotten how for his ſake, and for the fervent love ſhee bore him, that ſhe forſooke divers rich young men of *Savona* who were every way his Superiours in Birth, Wealth, and profeſſion: Or els if he did remember it, hee would not thus ſleight her by day, or lye from her by night in lewd and laſcivious company, ſpending both his time, his meanes, and himſelfe: upon panders, bauds, and ſtrumpets, from which ungodly life and ſinfull converſation, neither her prayers, intreaties, requeſts, perſwaſions, ſighes or teares can poſſibly reclaime him; but he lets all things runne at randome and confuſion without order, care, or conſideration, ſo that within the compaſſe

compaſſe of one yeare and a halfe, his trade is neglected, his credit crackt, his reputation loſt, his eſtate ſpent, and nothing left either to maintaine himſelfe or releive her, but griefe, ſorrow, diſpaire and miſery. Shee ſets all his beſt friends, and moſt vertuous acquaintance to convert him from this his abhominable life, yea ſhe holds it more ſhame, then ſinne to acquaint his confeſſor therewith, who taking a fit time, deales roundly with him for his reformation, and failes not to paint out his ſinnes and vices, as alſo their deſerved puniſhments in their fouleſt and moſt hideous colours: But ſtill her husband *Lorenzo* is ſo ſtrongly linked to the devill, and ſo firmely wedded to his beaſtly vices and enormities that all the world cannot divert, or diſſwade him from them, and ſtill he is ſo farre from abandoning and forſaking them, as he adds new to his old: for the devill hath now taught him to delight in curſing and ſwearing, for in his ſpeeches and actions he uſeth many feareful oathes and deſperate execrations: He beginnes to revile her, and to give her foule language, tear ming her Beggar, and her father villaine, and that hee is bound to curſe them both, becauſe (ſaith he) they have beggerd him: When God and his ſinnefull ſoule and conſcience well knowes that there is nothing more untrue or falſe: For if his piety toward God, or his care and providence of himſelfe and his family had equallized hers, he had than made himſelfe as happy as nowhe is miſerable; and ſhe as joyfull, as now we ſee her diſconſolate and ſorrowfull; and then no doubt but time and God would have drawne her father *Moron* to have beſtowed ſome portion on him with his wife, whereas now the knowledge of his impious life and laſcivious prodigalities doth juſtly occaſion him to the contrary. Againe here befalls another accident which brings our ſorrowfull *Fermia* new griefe, vexation and teares, for ſhee ſees herſelfe great, yea quicke with childe by her Husband *Lorenzo* ſo as that which ſhee once hoped would have beene the argument of her joy, now proves the cauſe of her affliction and ſorrow, for his vices hath ſcarce left her wherewith to maintaine herſelfe, and therefore it grieves her to thinke and conſider, how hereafter ſhe ſhall be able to mainetain her childe, when God in his appointed time ſhall ſend it her, for he hath ſo conſumed his eſtate, and ſpent, ſold, and pawned all their beſt houſhold ſtuffe and apparell, that almoſt they have nothing left to give themſelves maintenance, hardly bread: But yet ſtill how lewd and irregular ſoever *Lorenzo* be, his vertuous and ſorrowfull wife *Fermia* ſerves God duely and truely, and ſpends a great part of her time in prayer, ſtill beſeeching the Lord to give her patience, and to forgive her husband all his foule ſinnes, towards him, and cruell ingratitude towards herſelfe: When in the middeſt of this her poverty and miſery, once ſhe thought to have left her husband in *Genova*, and to have caſt herſelfe at her fathers feet in *Savona*, that he would pardon, receive and entertaine her: But then againe conſidering his flinty heart and cruelty towards her, and that he would rather contemne then pitty her youth and miſery, but eſpecially calling to minde her duty to her husband, and her Oath given him in marriage, in preſence of God and his Church for better for worſe, for richer for poorer: Then I ſay the conſideration and remembrance thereof, is ſo ſtrong a tye to her conſcience and ſo ſtrict an obligation to her ſoule, that ſhe thinkes his vices and poverty hath now more need of her aſſiſtance, prayers and company then of her abſence, ſo as a vertuous wife and a religious chriſtian, ſhe will not conſent to forſake and leave him, but reſolves to ſtay and live with him, to ſee what the Lord is pleaſed to impoſe on her, and (for his ſinnes and hers) what afflictions and miſeries hee hath ordained and decreed

for

for them: And yet being deſirous to draw hope and comfort any way, becauſe ſhe findes griefe and diſpaire from all parts, ſhe reſolves to acquaint her father with her calamities, as alſo (earneſtly and humbly) to pray him to releive them, the which ſhe doth in this her ſorrowfull letter to him, which ſhe ſends him ſafely to *Savona*.

FERMIA to MORON.

I Now finde to my griefe, and know to my ſhame and Repentance, that my diſobedience in marrying Lorenzo *againſt your conſent and without your bleſſing, is the reaſon why God hath thus puniſhed me with a bad husband in him: whoſe fervent affection to me is ſo ſoone forgotten and frozen, and whoſe Vertues in himſelfe are ſo ſodainly and ſinfully exchanged into vices, that his prodigalitie hath ſpent and conſumed all his eſtate, and left not wherewith either to give himſelfe or mee mainteinance: In which regard becauſe my afflictions are ſo great, and my miſeries ſo infinite, that I rather deſerve your pitty then your diſpleaſure; Therefore if not for my ſake who am your living Daughter, yet for my Mothers ſake and remembrance, who is your dead wife, either give my Husband meanes to ſet up his old trade and forſake his new vices* Genoua, *or elſe take mee home to live with you againe in* Savona *: And if you will not in* Nature *reſpect me as your Daughter, yet in compaſſion entertaine mee as your Hand-maid, and I moſt humbly and religiouſly beſeech you to thinke and conſider with your ſelfe to what great wants and neceſsity I am now reduced, ſith I write you this my letter rather with teares then incke: God direct your heart to my reliefe and conſolation, as mine is eternally devoted to your ſervice, and conſecrated to his glory.*

FERMIA.

Her father *Moron* after a long conſultation and reluctation with himſelfe, whether he ſhould read or reject this letter of his Daughter. He at laſt (having formerly underſtood of her husbands prodigalitie, and her poverty and miſery) breakes up the ſeales thereof and peruſeth it, and ſurely if there had beene any ſparke of humanity or reaſon, or of good nature or pitty in him at all, his former knowledge of her miſeries, and now this preſent aſſurance and confirmation thereof, ſhould have perſwaded him to grant her, if not the firſt, yet the ſecond of her requeſts, which was to receive her, and give her maintenance: but hee is ſtill ſo hard hearted to her as he will neither releive her wants, nor pitty her afflictions, but (more out of hatred then affection to her) thinks he hath done enough in ſending her not his love but this his ſharp letter in anſwer of hers.

MORON to FERMIA.

IF thy Husband prove not to thy liking, thou haſt juſt reaſon to thanke thy ſelfe, and to condemne thine owne temerity and diſobedience in chooſing him, and if his affection bee ſo ſoone forgotten or frozen to thee, it is a juſt puniſhment of God, becauſe thine was ſo firſt to me, whereof as that is the effect, ſo doubtleſſe this is the prime, and originall cauſe thereof, and as his vices and prodigality hath ſpent all his eſtate, ſo I have not ſo little judgement, (though thou ſo ſmall underſtanding) to thinke that mine ſhall redeeme it, which (upon the whole) were then to immytate and ſecond him in his folly, and conſequently to make my ſelfe guilty in conſuming it. And becauſe thou fleddeſt with him without my knowledge from Savona *to* Genoua; *and didſt there marry him without my conſent, therefore it is neither thy Griefe nor Miſery, or thy ſhame and repentance, which*

which shall induce me either to respect or pitty thee as my daughter, or which is lesse, to relieve and entertaine thee as my handmaid, you both are young enough to worke and labour for your living, as thy mother and my selfe did for ours, and therefore know that thy youth deserves no compassion from my age, and if this will not satisfie thee, then the best advise and counsell which I can or will give thee is, that thou continually direct thy prayers to God, for thy releife and consolation: And herein thou wilt then serve thy selfe, please mee, and glorifie him: And as thou regardest my Commands, or desirest my blessing, let me neither see thee, or hereafter heare any more of thy vaine and foolish Letters.

MORON.

The receit of this her fathers unkinde and cruell letter to her, doth at one time kill both her hopes with dispaire, and her heart with griefe; or if that doe not, then the mad tyranny, and new cruelty of her deboshed husband doth: for now contrary to nature, beyond reason and opposite to Grace, he many times beates her; she is all in teares hereat, useth all possible meanes to reclaime him from his new vices to his old vertues: She continually perswades him fairely with exhortations, sweetly with sighes, and deerely with teares, yea poore sweet young woman, shee many times casts herselfe at his feet, and with her armes crossed, her hands elevated towards heaven, her haire dishevelled and dandling about her cheekes, and her pearled teares bedewing the lillies of her mournefull and disconsolate countenance, begs him to forsake his vices to himselfe, and his undeserved unkindnesse and cruelty towards her: But all this is in vaine, for hee proves death to her requests and prayers, and blinde to her sighes and teares. He hath no longer mony to buy corne, and is so farre from selling any bread to others, as he hath scarce enough to give to himselfe and to his great bellied wife, and as for his servants hee is inforced to put them all away: His vanity to himselfe and cruelty to his wife is too too lamentably notorious and remarkeable, for when he wants mony, he beats her, if she will not presently supply his wants, and furnish his expences. Now in the middest of all these her griefes and miseries, God sends her a faire young sonne, of whom the father is not worthy, no nor of his vertuous wife who bore it: For had not the care, affection, and charity of her neighbours beene farre greater then that of her husband to her, both the mother had miscarryed, and the childe perished in the sharpe throwes and agony of her delivery; and the name of this her little sonne, whom she causeth to be christened in a very poore manner and ceremony, is *Thomaso*: for she is so poore as she hath nothing but raggs to wrappe and cover him with, and therefore with much griefe and shame, she begges poore linnen clouts of her neighbours to keepe him cleane and sweet: When it is waking, she lookes and kisseth it often with joy, but when it sleepes or suckes, then shee grieves that it is so unfortunate both in a wicked father, and poore disconsolate mother, who hath more meanes to lament and pitty, then milke to feed and nourish it: Shee often shewes her husband his child, and importunately begges him hence forth to have a more provident care of himselfe for his childes sake, and of his childe for his owne sake: But hee as a lewd husband and too degenerate a father doth neither love nor care for either but hates both of them, yea his vices & crueltie makes her sorrow so infinit, that she reputes herselfe a burthen to herselfe, & a thousandtimes wisheth she were in heaven; And one time among the rest after her husband without cause, had given her many bitter words and some sharpe and cruell blowes

her childe being in its cradle, he gone forth from her in choller, ſhe fals downe on her knees to prayer, the which ſo ſoone as ſhee had ended, and her childe awaking and crying, ſhe takes it up in her armes, and mournfully ſitting downe on the floore by her bed ſide, ſhe (weeping as faſt as her poore infant babe ſucked) having bolted her chamber doore, was over-heard by one of her neighbours, (twixt whom and her ſelfe there was but a wainſcot entercloſe and partition) to pronounce theſe (or the like) ſorrowfull ſpeeches to her ſelfe.

O poore *Fermia*, it had beene an infinite happineſſe for thee if thou hadſt never ſeene thy Husband *Lorenzo*, or periſhed and ſunke in the Sea when thou fleddeſt with him from *Sevona* to *Genova*, before hee was thy Husband. For ſurely thou haſt great cauſe to thinke, and reaſon to beleeve, that this cruelty of his towards thee, is a juſt plague and puniſhment ſent thee from God, for diſobeying thy father, in marrying without his conſent and bleſſing; with whom when thou livedſt ſingle, thou hadſt ſo much felicity and joy, as thou kneweſt not what belonged to ſorrow and miſery, and now living a wife to this thy Husband, thou art enforced to taſte ſo much griefe and miſery, as thou knoweſt no more what belongs to joy and felicity. Then thou didſt ſurfet with the choice of the coſtlieſt meats and viands, and now thou art ready to ſtarve meerly for want of bread: Then thy apparrell was rich, but now rent and torne: Then thy beauty made thee ſought in mariage by divers, and now the griefes and ſorrowes having defaced and withered it, thou art contemned and hated of him who maried thee. For can thy griefes be matched, or thy afflictions and ſorrowes parralleld, when thou haſt a Husband who neither feares nor ſerves God, who will neither goe to Church, or pray himſelfe, or permit or ſuffer thee to doe it; and who is ſo farre from loving thee, as hee loves nothing better than to hate, revile, and beat thee: For (aye me) hee drownes himſelfe and his wits in wine, and keeps whores to thy noſe, ſpends all his eſtate upon them, and upon Bawds, Panders and Drunkards (the offſcumme and Catterpillers of the world) with whom he conſumes his time and himſelfe, making night day, and day night in theſe his beaſtly revels, and obſcene voluptuouſneſſe, and upon whom he hath ſpent ſo much, as hee now hath nothing left either to ſpend or maintaine himſelfe and thee; yea, thy miſeries are ſo great, and thy afflictions and ſorrowes ſo ſharpe and infinite, that thou haſt no parent left to ſuccour or releeve thee, and which is leſſe, no friend who will aſſiſt or comfort thee. Poore young woman, and diſconſolate ſorrowfull wife that thou art, it were a bleſſed happineſſe, and a happy bleſſing for thee that thou wert either unborne or unmarried. Alas, alas, thy mother died too ſoone for thee, when thou wert young, and therefore ſhee cannot, and thy father lives, (and is exceeding rich) yet hates thee ſo much as he will not aſſiſt & releeve thee. And as all thy kinsfolks refuſe to lend or ſend thee any comfort in theſe thy wants and calamities; ſo thoſe who profeſſed themſelves thy friends in thy proſperity, will not now either ſee thee in thy poverty, or know thee in thy miſery. When againe and againe looking on her pretty babe, and giving it many tender kiſſes, then (her teares interrupting her words, and her ſighs againe cutting her teares in peeces) ſhee continueth her ſpeech thus: And thou my ſweet babe, what ſhall I ſay to thee, ſith almoſt I can doe nothing for thee, for I have no food to give my ſelfe, how then can I give milke to thee; and yet I love thee ſo dearly and tenderly, that although thy unkinde and cruell father hate me ſo deadly, yet I will ſtarve before thou

ſhalt

ſhalt want, yea, I will cheerfully worke, and (if occaſion ſerve) begge my ſelfe to death to get ſuſtenance and neceſſaries for the preſervation of thy life. For live thou my ſweet babe as happy as thy poore mother is miſerable and unfortunate: And if I die before thee, (as I hope I ſhall not live long) ſay thou hadſt a mother who loved thee a thouſand times dearer than her own life, and who was rich in care and affection, though poore in eſtate and means to maintaine thee. And if I leave thee nothing behinde me, (becauſe I have now nothing left me either to give or leave thee) yet I will give thee my bleſſing, and leave thee heire to theſe my moſt religious prayers; That God in his divineſt favour and mercy will not power downe his wrath and puniſhments on thee, but thou mayeſt live to be as happy in thy vertues, as I feare thy father will be miſerable in his vices; and as true a ſervant and inſtrument of Gods glory, as (with griefe and teares) I ſee he is of his owne diſgrace and diſhonour.

Neither is our vertuous *Fermia* deceived in the cloze of this her paſſionate and preſaging ſpeech towards her husband, for he continues his odious and ungodly courſe of life both towards God and her, and now (as well in his freſh as his drunken humours) makes it his practice to revile, and his delight and glory to beat her; who notwithſtanding yet thinking and hoping to worke ſome good in him, through his ſight of this poore infant his ſonne. Shee often ſhewes it to him, and with ſighs and teares prayes him to leave off this his ſinfull life towards God, and theſe his cruell courſes and actions towards her ſelfe. But he is ſtill the ſame man, yea, he is ſo wretchedly debauched and vitious, as he will not endure to thinke of making himſelfe better, and to ſay the truth, I beleeve and thinke that the devill cannot poſſibly make him worſe; the wich his poore ſorrowfull wife perceiving, as alſo that her childe being now by this time almoſt two yeares old, ſhee hath not wherewithall in the world to maintaine it meat or cloaths, ſhe is enforced to make a vertue of neceſſity, and ſo works exceeding hard with her needle, thereby to give life to her ſelfe, and her pretty young ſonne; and yet ſay ſhe what ſhe will with ſighs, and doe ſhe what ſhe can with teares, her husband ſtill forcibly takes away the two parts of the poore profit, and ſmall revenewe of her labours, both from her ſelfe, and her little ſonne *Thomaſo*, not caring if they ſtarve or die, ſo hee have to maintaine his vitious expences among his lewd Conſorts and Companions; yea, her miſeries and wants are now ſo great, and her affection to her childe ſo deare and tender, that when ſhee hath no meanes to ſet her ſelfe to worke, nor can procure any from others, then (though to her matchleſſe griefe and ſhame) ſhee deſcends ſo farre from her ſelfe, as ſhamefully and ſecretly in remote ſtreets and Churches, ſhe begs the almes and charity of ſome well diſpoſed people for their ſubſiſtence and maintenance: But at length, when ſhe ſees that her husband is informed and acquainted therewith, and that he is ſo inhumane in himſelfe, and ſo cruell hearted to her and her ſonne, that he likewiſe takes theſe ſmall moneyes away from her, (which in effect is to take bread out of their mouths, and life out of their bodies) then not knowing what (in the world) to doe, or which way to winde or turne her ſelfe any longer, to maintaine her ſon, which (by many degrees) ſhe loves better than her ſelfe, ſhe reſolves to write to her father to take him home to him at *Savona*, and maintaine him, which ſhe doth by this her enſuing Letter, which carried him this humble language and petition:

FERMIA to MORON.

THe increase of my Husbands vices are those of my wants and miseries, which are now growne so extreame and infinite, that I have nor cloaths nor food left to maintaine my selfe, or my poore little sonne Thomaso, *nor scarce to give life to us: And considering that I am your daughter, (yea your onely childe) me thinks both in Nature and Christianity, that my father should not see me driven to these sharp and bitter extremities, without releeving me, especially, because as heretofore, so now my sighs begge it of you with humility for charities sake, and my teares with sorrow for Gods sake. Or if yet your heart will not dissolve into pity, or relent into compassion towards me, at least let it towards my poore and pretty young childe, whom now with prayers and teares I beseech you to take from me and maintaine, though not as a great part of me, yet as a little peece of your selfe, and whom God (in his sacred power and secret providence) may (for his honour and glory) reserve to be as much happinesse to you, as I your sorrowfull daughter, and his poore mother see my selfe borne to affliction and misery: God will requite this your charity to him, and thereby I shall the sooner forget your unnaturall unkindnesse and cruelty towards my selfe. And so may you live in as much prosperity, as I feare I shall shortly die in extreame indigence and misery.*

FERMIA.

Her father *Moron* receiveth and peruseth this third Letter of his daughter *Fermia*, whereat being yet nothing moved in charity, or touched in compassion towards her, but onely towards her young sonne (and his grand childe) *Thomaso*, he returnes her this short answer.

MORON to FERMIA.

I See thou art both wilfull and obstinate in disobeying my commands with thy Letters, wherein I beleeve thou takest more glory, than either I conceive griefe at the relation of thy wants, or sorrow at the repetition of thy miseries, the which I am so farre from releeving, as I onely pitie it that I am thy father, but not as thou art my daughter. And yet because thy young sonne Thomaso *is as innocent as thou art guilty of my displeasure and indignation, therefore give him to this bearer, whom I have purposely sent to receive him of thee, and I will see whether it be the pleasure of God that I shall be as happy in him as I am unfortunate in thy selfe, and if in his sacred providence he hath ordained and decreed that he prove as great a comfort to thy age, as thou art a crosse and calamity to mine, which if it prove so, then give God the onely praise and glory, which is the best use and requitall which thou canst make, or I desire.*

MORON.

Our poore and desolate *Fermia* having received and over-read her fathers letter, although she be wonderfull sorrowfull at the perseverance of his cruelty towards her selfe, yet she is infinitely glad and joyfull at his compassion and kindnesse towards her young son, who apparelling the very best that possibly she could, which God knowes is ragged, meane, and poore) she (with a thousand sighs, teares, prayers, blessings, and kisses) gives him to her fathers messenger, and to whose affection and education, as also to Gods gracious protection and preservation, shee religiously recommends him; when (to her exceeding griefe and sensible affliction) she sees it out of her possible power once to perswade

ſwade her husband *Lorenzo* either to kiſſe or ſee him at his departure, as if it were no part of his affection to bleſſe it, or of his duty to pray to God to bleſſe it, much leſſe to kiſſe it at parting. A moſt unkinde and unnaturall part of a father to his ſweet and pretty young ſonne. Which ſtrange and diſcourteous ingratitude of his, it is not impoſſible for us to ſee God as ſtrangely both to requite and revenge.

Sorrowfull *Fermia* having thus ſent away her little ſonne *Thomaſo* to her father *Moron* at *Savona*, ſhe the very ſame night dreames in her poore bed and houſe in *Genova*, that ſhe ſhall never be ſo happy to ſee him againe; when being awaked, and remembring this her ſorrowfull dreame, ſhe for meere griefe bitterly weeps thereat, and although ſhe would, yet ſhe cannot poſſibly forget or ſuppreſſe the remembrance thereof, or once put it out of her minde; ſothat thinking her ſelfe fortunate in placing this her little ſonne with her father, and his Grandfather, ſhee is now very penſive and ſorrowfull for his abſence, becauſe ſhe can no longer ſee him, play with him, and kiſſe him, and is infinitely diſconſolate and mournfull when ſhe thinks of her dreame of him. In the meane time her lewd husband growes from bad to worſe, ſo that her cohabitation is but a bondage with him, and her mariage and wedlocke but an Indenture of ſlavery, and a contract of miſery under him. Such is her incomparable griefe, ſuch her unparalleld afflictions and calamities.

Five yeares our diſconſolate *Fermia* lives in this rich miſery, and miſerable poverty with her husband, and yet all the whole world cannot perſwade her father *Moron* to take her home to him and maintaine her. She hath no conſolation left her but prayers, nor remedy but enforced patience; ſo ſhee armes her ſelfe with the laſt, and adorneth her ſelfe with the firſt. She was contented to begge for the maintenance of her little ſonne *Thomaſo*, but now being eaſed of that burthen, ſhe will give it over, ſo ſhe works hard to get her hard and poore living, which yet ſhe cannot get ſo faſt as her husband ſpends it prodigally and laſciviouſly. Her care and vertues make her the pitie, as his lewdneſſe and vices make him the ſcorne and contempt of all their neighbours. So whiles ſhe ſits at home cloſe at her needle in poore apparell, he idlely wanders and gads abroad untill he have brought his apparell to ragges, and himſelfe almoſt to nakedneſſe. And here it is that her wretched husband *Lorenzo* now firſt beginnes to hearken to the devill, yea, to prove a very devill himſelfe towards this his deare and vertuous wife; for he enters into a conſultation with himſelfe, that if he were once rid of his wife *Fermia*, he might marry ſome other with a good portion to maintaine him, and ſo againe ſet up his trade of baking which now had forſaken him, becauſe he had vitiouſly and unthriftily forſaken it. When his faith being as weake with God, as his infamous life and vices were odious to the world, he aſſumes a bloudy and damnable reſolution to murther her, and hereunto the Devill is ſtill at his elbow to provoke and egge him onward, and continually blowes the coales to this his malice and indignation againſt her: So neither his minde or heart, his conſcience or ſoule can divert him from this fearfull enterprize, and lamentable and bloudy buſineſſe: The which to performe and perpetrate, he on a great holiday (which was the purification of the bleſſed Virgin *Mary*) takes her with him into a Vineyard ſome halfe a mile from the City of *Genova*, under colour to recreate themſelves, and to take the aire, which God knowes ſhe poore ſoule takes for a great, becauſe an unaccuſtomed favour and courteſie at his hands, where ſhe moſt lovingly and willingly goes with him, and there feigning him-

selfe fast a sleep, and she (innocent harmlesse young woman) then & there slept soundly, and every way being as devoid of feare as he was of grace, he with a barbarous and diabolicall cruelty, (seeing the coast cleare) softly riseth up and cuts her throat, without giving her the power, time or happinesse to utter one word before her death: Where leaving her weltring and goring in her bloud, he speedily and politikely enters *Genova* by a contrary gate, thereby to avoid all suspition of this his bloudy and damnable fact.

The very same night this her breathlesse murthered body is found out by some of *Genova*, who accidentally walked that way; and they causing it to be brought to the City, it is knowne by some of *Lorenzo's* neighbours to bee his wife *Fermia*, whereat to adde the better cloke to his knavery, and shadow to his villany, he seemes to be wonderfully sad, and passionately sorrowfull for the same, and so requesteth the Criminall officers both in and about the City, to make curious research and enquiry for the murtherers of his wife, which they doe; but this hypocriticall sadnesse and false sorrow of his, though (to the eye of the world) it prevaile for a time, yet (to that of Gods mercy and justice) in the end it shall little availe him; so he gives her a poore and obscure buriall, every way unworthy the sweetnesse of her beauties, and the excellencie of her vertues. Her father *Moron* hath speedy notice of this deplorable death of his daughter, who considering how she had cast away her selfe upon so bad a Husband as *Lorenzo*, though outwardly hee seeme to bewaile and lament it, yet inwardly he much cares not for it; and for her little sonne *Thomaso*, his few yeares dispenceth with his capacity from understanding, much lesse from lamenting and mourning for this disastrous end of his mother.

A moneth after the cruell murther and buriall of this vertuous, yet unfortunate young woman *Fermia*, her bloudy and execrable husband *Lorenzo* (is yet so devoid of feare and grace) as he goes to *Savona* to request his father in law *Moron* to give him some maintenance, in regard he had no portion from him with his wife his daughter, as also to see his sonne *Thomaso*. But *Moron* by his servants sends him a peremptory refusall to both these his requests, and so will neither see him, nor suffer him to see his sonne, but absolutely for ever forbids him his house: Whereat *Lorenzo* all in choller leaves *Savona* and returnes to *Genova*, where selling away his wives old cloaths to provide him new, he seeks many maidens and widdowes in mariage, but the fame of his bad life and infamous carriage and deportment with his late wife is so fresh and great, that they all disdaine him; so that utterly despairing ever to raise himselfe and his fortunes by mariage, he forsakes and leaves *Genova*, inrols himselfe a Banderti, and for many yeares together practiseth that theevish profession, to the which we willl eave him, and speake a little of his young and little sonne *Thomaso*.

Old *Moron* traines up this his Grand-child *Thomaso* very vertuously and industriously, and at the age of fourteene yeares bids him chuse and embrace any trade he best liketh: When *Thomaso* exceedingly delighting in limming, graving, and imagery, he becomes a Goldsmith, and in foure or five yeares after is become a singular, expert, and skilfull workman in his trade: His Grandfather loves him dearly and tenderly, and intends to make him his heire; but *Thomaso* (led as I thinke by the immediate hand and providence of God, or out of his owne naturall disposition and inclination) being of a gadding humour to travell abroad, and see other Cities and Countreyes, and having a particular itching desire to see *Rome*, (which he understood is one of the very prime

prime and chiefe places of the world for rich and curious Goldſmiths.) Hee finding a french ſhip of *Marſeilles* (which by contrary winds ſtopt in the Road of *Savona* bound up for *Civita Vecchia*, very ſecretly packes up his trunke and trinkets and ſo goes along in that ſhip: Now as ſoone as his Grandfather *Moron* underſtands hereof, he very much grieves at this his raſh and ſodaine departure: So *Thomaſo* arrives at *Civita Vechia*, goes up to *Hoſtia* by ſea, and thence on the River *Tiber* to *Rome*, where hee becomes a ſingular ingenious Gold-Smith, and thrives ſo well, as after a few yeares, he there keepes ſhop for himſelfe and conſtantly builds up his reſidence.

In all this long tract and progreſſion of time, which (my true information tels me) is at leaſt twenty foure yeares, his father *Lorenzo* continues a theeviſh Bandetti in the ſtate of *Genova* and *Luca*, where hee commits ſo many Lewd robberies, and ſtrange rapines, deprædations and thefts, as that country at laſt becomes too hot for him, and he too obnoxious for it ſo he leaves it and travelleth into *Thoſcany*, and to the faire & famous Citty of *Florence* which is the Metropolis therof, where with the moneys he had gotten by the revenewes of his robberies he againe ſets up his old trade of a Baker; in which profeſſion he knew himſelfe expert and excellent, and here hee ſetleth himſelfe to live and dwell, takes a faire commodious houſe, and lookes out hard for ſome rich old maiden or young widdow to make his new wife: *But God will prevent his thoughts and fruſtrate his deſignes and deſires herein*: For as yet his bloudy thoughts have not made their peace with his ſoule, nor his ſoule with his all ſeeing and righteous God for the cruell murthering of his old wife *Fermia* which as an impetuous ſtorme and fierce tempeſt will ſodainely befall him when hee leaſt dreams or thinkes hereof, yea by a manner ſo ſtrange, and an accident ſo miraculous that former ages have ſeldome if ever paralleld, or givenus a precedent hereof, and wherein the power and providence, the mercy and Iuſtice of God reſplends with infinite luſtre and admiration, and therefore in my poore judgment and opinion) I deeme it moſt worthy of our obſervation as we are men, and of our remembrance as we are chriſtians.

Charles now Cardinall of *Medicis* going up to *Rome* to receive his hat of this preſent Pope *Vrban VIII.* and *Coſmos* the great duke of *Florence* his Brother, (in honour to him and their illuſtrious bloud and family whereof they are now chiefe (reſolving to make his entry and aboade in that Citty of *Rome* to be ſtately and magnificent: Hee cauſeth his houſe and traine in all points to be compoſed of double officers and Servants to whom he gives rich and coſtly liveryes, and among others, our *Lorenzo* is found out, elected and pricked downe to be one of his Bakers for his owne trencher in that Iourney, where in *Rome* he flaunts it out moſt gallantly and bravely in rich apparell, and is ſtill moſt deboſhed and prodigall in his expenſes before any other of the Cardinals meniall Seruants, without ever any more thinking or dreaming of the murthering of his wife *Fermia* but rather abſolutely beleives, that as he, ſo God had wholly buryed the remembrance of that bloudy fact of his in perpetuall ſilence and oblivion: But the devill will deceive his hopes: For now that Lamentable murther of his, cryes aloud to Heaven and to God for vengeance: Wherein we ſhall behold and ſee, that it is the providence and pleaſure of God many times to puniſh one ſinne in and by another, yea and ſometimes one ſin for another as reſerving it in the ſecret will and inſcrutable providence, to puniſh Capitall offenders, whereof murtherers are infallibly the greateſt, both

when

when, where, and how he pleaseth, for earthly and sinfull eyes, have neither the power to pry into his heavenly decrees, nor our minde and capacity to dive into his divine actions and resolutions, because many times hee accelerateth or delayeth their punishments, as they shall stand most fit and requisite for his Iustice and their crimes.

When therefore the Panders and strumpets, and the new pride and bravery of our *Lorenzo* had eaten out all his mony and credit in *Rome*, and that (to his griefe) he now saw that by no possible meanes he could procure or borrow any more there being infinitely unwilling to let his vice and prodigalitie strike saile, and so as hee vainely and foolishly thinkes to disgrace his Lord Cardinals service instead of honouring it: Hee once was minded, and resolved to steale some gold out of the Argentiers or pay masters truncke; But then consulting with his Iudgement and discretion, and finding that attempt to bee full of danger, ingratitude, and infamy: He buries that resolution as soone as it was borne, and then gives conception and life to another, which was to steale some peices of plate out of a young Goldsmithes shoppe there in *Rome* with whome hee was familiarly acquainted, and whose shoppe and company, hee with divers others of his fellowes) very often haunted and frequented since his comming to *Rome*; The which, watching and taking his time he doth, and from him takes away two faire rich guilt Chalices, and a curious small gold crucifix set with a few Saphires and Emeralds, all mounting to the valew of fourehundred and fifty Dukatons. This young Goldsmith (whose name we shall anon know) is amazed at this great losse, when being guided and directed by the immediate finger of God, he knowes not whom to suspect or accuse for this robbery but *Lorenzo* the Cardinall of Florence his Baker: whom hee saw, and observed did very often and too familiarly frequent his shop, and farre the more doth he fortifie and increase this his suspition of him, because then making a curious enquiry and research of his former life and actions, he found both the one and the other in all points so vitious and deboshed, as we have formerly understood, onely the murther of his wife *Fermia* excepted, which as yet none but God and himselfe knew: Whereupon well knowing that hee lay not in his Lord Cardinals palace, which as all others are priviledged as sanctuaries, but in a Taylors house neere adjoyning: Hee with an officer searched his chamber and trunke wherein he found one of his Chalices, but not the other, or the gold crucifix, which *Lorenzo* immediately had sold both to pay his debts, and to put some double pistols in his pockets for his vaine and prodigall expences; When hunting after this his theife *Lorenzo* he presently finds him, commits him to prison, and accuseth him to the Captaine and Iudges of *Rome*: Who upon knowledge and sight of one of the chalices found in *Lorenzoes* trunke, and also upon his confession of having sold away the other, and likewise the crucifix of Gold, they condemne him to bee hanged the very next day for the same, *Lorenzo* bitterly weeping and fuming at this his disaster) doth most humbly sue and petition the Lord Cardinall his Master to begge his life of the Pope, who considering him to bee a base Companion, and no Gentleman, and his fact (during this his service) to bee very foule and scandalous, Hee is too Noble and wise to attempt or undertake it, and therefore becomes deafe to his requests; Whereupon *Lorenzo* is that night returned to his prison, where he hath leasure though not time enough, to thinke upon his conscience and soule, upon

The

the baſeneſſe of this his robbery, and the fouleneſſe and bloudineſſe of murdering his wife *Fermia.*

The next morning hee is brought to his death, at the common place of execution at the Bridge foot, in a little walled court cloſe to the caſtle of *Saint Angelo*, where a world of people flocke from all parts of *Rome* to ſee the Cardinall of Florence his Baker take his laſt leave of the world, and being the night before prepared by a Fryar, in his ſoules journey towards heaven, as ſoone as hee aſcended the Ladder, hee there confeſſeth this his robbery: And likewiſe that his name was *Andrea Lorenzo*, and that he (about ſome Twenty and three yeares ſince) murthered his owne wife named *Fermia Moron* in a vineyard neere *Genova*, whereof hee ſaith hee will no longer charge his ſoule: The which the young Gold-Smith (whoſe name was *Thomaſo Lorenzo* over hearing) hee preſently burſts forth into teares, and very paſſionately and ſorrowfully cryes out, that this man on the Ladder is his owne Father; and that *Fermia Moron* was his owne Mother, and therefore hee with a world of ſobbes, ſighes, and teares prayeth the Officers, and then the Executioner of Iuſtice to forbeare, and leave the priſoner for a ſmall whiles, which accordingly they doe: When at the deſcent of his Father from the Ladder: *Thomaſo* (in preſence of all that huge number of people who were preſent) throwes himſelfe at his feet, and ſeeming to drowne himſelfe in his teares for ſorrow, confeſſeth himſelfe to bee his Sonne, and acknowledgeth *Fermia Moron* to bee his mother, and therefore prayes him to forgive him this his innocent ingratitude towards him, in ſeeking his death of whom hee had received his owne life: And although the conſideration of his mothers lamentable Murther doth pierce him to the heart with griefe, yet knowing him likewiſe to bee his Father, and himſelfe his Sonne, hee freely and willingly offers the Captaine of *Rome*, and the Iudges all his Eſtate to ſave his Fathers life, but this his robbere is ſo foule, and that former murther of his ſo inhumane and lamentable, yea ſo odious to God and the world, and ſo execrable to men and Angells that none will preſume or dare to ſpeake in his behalfe: So the next day *Lorenzo* is hanged, having firſt freely forgiven his Sonne *Thomaſo*, and entreated him likewiſe to forgive him for murthering of his mother, and for any other thing elſe, hee at his death ſaid little: But curſed the name and memory of that miſerable and covetous wretch his Father in Law *Moron*, whoſe unkindeneſſe and cruelty hee ſaid had occaſioned and brought him to all this miſery. But he ſpake not a word of his griefe or ſorrow for having murthered his wife *Fermia Moron*; Onely he ſaid and beleeved that this his untimely death was a juſt revenge and puniſhment of God to him for the ſame.

The common ſort of the Spectators and people of *Rome*, ſeemed to taxe the Cardinall of Florence his Maſter for not ſaving this his Bakers life: but the wiſer and more religious ſort, applauded his generoſity and piety for not attempting it from the Pope: But all doe admire and wonder at Gods ſacred providence and divine Iuſtice in making the Sonne the cauſe and inſtrument of his fathers hanging for murthering of his mother, the which indeed gave cauſe of ſpeech and matter of wonder to *Rome*, *Genova*, *Savona*, and *Florence*, yea to all *Italy*: And thus was the wicked life and deſerved death

of

of this bloudy Villaine *Lorenzo*, and in this manner did the Iustice of the Lord triumph ore his crime in his punishment. And as for his Sonne *Thomaso* (the Goldsmith) after this infamous and scandalous death of his Father, hee could no longer content himselfe to live in *Rome*, but returned to *Savona* to his Grandfather *Moron*, who received him with many demonstrations of Ioy, and affection, and after his death made him sole heire to all his wealth and Estate.

To God be all the Glory.

FINIS.

Decemb. XII. 1633.

Recenſui hunc librum cui titulus (The fourth Booke of Gods Revenge againſt the crying and execrable ſinne of wilfull and premeditated Murther) *unà cum Epiſtola Dedicatoriâ ad Honoratiſsimum Dominum* Philip: *Com.* Pemb. *&* Montgom. *qui quidem liber continet paginas* 93. *in quibus nihil reperio ſanæ doctrinæ aut bonis moribus contrarium, quo minus cum utilitate publicâ imprimatur, ita tamen ut ſi non intrá decem menſes typis mandetur, hæc licentia ſit omnino irrita.*

Guilielmus Haywood. *Archiep. Cant.*
Capellanus domeſticus.

THE TRIUMPHS OF GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE CRYING AND Execrable Sinne of Murder.

Expreſſed

In thirty ſeuerall Tragicall Hiſtories, (digeſted into ſix Books) which containe great varietie of mournfull and memorable Accidents, Amorous, Morall, and Divine.

Booke V.

Written by IOHN REYNOLDS.

LONDON,
Printed for WILLIAM LEE; and are to bee ſold at his ſhop in Fleetſtreet, at the ſigne of the Turkes Head, neere the Mitre Taverne.
1634.

TO
THE RIGHT HONOVRABLE (AND TRVLY NOBLE) FRANCIS, Lord RVSSELL, Baron of *Thornehaugh*, and Earle of *Bedford*.

RIGHT HONOVRABLE,

WHEN I had the honour to referre, to that Valiant, Wise, and Honest Nobleman, Arthur, *Lord* Chicheſter, *Baron of* Belfaſt (*whoſe ſublime merits doe here juſtly deſerve and challenge this Teſtimonie from my Duety, That hee was too good for Earth, and therefore is now ſo ſoone crowned a Saint in Heaven*) *I then had firſt the happineſſe to know, and to be knowne of your Honour at your* Cheſwicke; *In whom* (*becauſe I ever hold it a farre leſſe crime to ſpeake the truth, then either to ſilence or diſſemble it*) *I then found ſo many prints and ſtamps of true honour, and Characters of ancient Goodneſſe and Nobilitie, that* (*with a pleaſing content and delectation*) *I was enforced to be againe and againe enamoured of Vertue and Honour for your ſake, and reciprocally, to love and reſpect your Lordſhip for both their ſakes. Since when* (*out of your generoſitie, not my expectation or deſerts*) *your Honour was pleaſed to conferre a favour on me, the which though you forget, yet the remembrance there-*

of I will (with equall Zeale, and Ambition) ſtrive to make as eternall, as I know my ſelfe to be mortall and tranſitorie. You are a Religious Chriſtian, and a true hearted Engliſhman; and therefore as it is your glory, ſo it is our happineſſe, that you are both a conſtant Lover of God and his Church, and a firme and faithfull honourer of your Prince and Countrey; and you are now Lord Lieutenant (under our Royall and Gracious Soveraigne) of that famous County of Devon, and faire, and honourable Citie of Exceſter, to which I owe my nativitie; and in both which the Ruſſels (Earles of Bedford) your Noble Anceſtors have condignely left behind them many honourable Trophees of their Valour, and ſweet and precious perfumes of their Vertue.

Theſe premiſes being ſo powerfull in truth, and ſo conſiderable and prevalent in Reaſon, I therefore flatter my ſelfe with this hope, that your Honour will attribute it rather to Dutie, then Preſumption in me, If I now publikely attempt to profer and ſacrifice up ſomething to the Honour of your Illuſtrious Name, and to the Dignity of your reſplendent Vertues: Miſſing therefore of that deſired happineſſe (by ſome rare, or elaborate peece) ſufficiently to teſtifie to your Lordſhip and to the whole world, what you are to mee in the height of Honour, and what I am, and deſire to bee found of you in the lowneſſe of Obſervance and Humilitie, It will therefore bee no leſſe my Felicitie, then your Goodneſſe, If you vouchſafe to accept and patronize this my Fift Booke of foraigne Tragicall Hiſtories, and alſo pleaſe to permit them to travell and ſeeke their Fortunes abroad in the world, under the auſpitious Planet, and authenticall Paſſeport of your Noble Protection, wherein you may behold and ſee, how ſoundly, how ſacredly the Juſtice of God meets with this crying and ſcarlet Sinne of Murther, which (in theſe our depraved, and ſinfull times) in contempt of the Lawes of

heaven

Heaven *and* Earth, *make ſo lamentable and ſo prodigious a progreſſion; and how ſharpely and ſeverely it (deſervedly) puniſheth (thoſe Butchers, and Monſters of Nature) the perpetrators thereof; And if I may borrow (for I deſire not to uſurpe) any part of your Lordſhips houres of leiſure to give firſt to the Knowledge, and then to the Contemplation of theſe Hiſtories, and the ſeverall Accidents which they report and relate, I ſhall then triumph in my good fortune, as having obtayned that* Honour *and* Favour, *which I ingenuouſly acknowledge, I am farre more capable to deſire then deſerve.*

I come now to implore pardon of your Honour *for this my Preſumption, in inſcribing and adventuring ſo meane a worke to your noble acceptance. And I have ended this my Epiſtle, as ſoone as began, to aſſure you, That I will ever (religiouſly) pray unto God to accumulate all proſperities and bleſſings on your* Honour; *as alſo on your moſt Vertuous* Counteſſe, *and ſucceſſively on your Honourable and Flouriſhing Poſteritie, who now promiſe no leſſe then a happy and famous perpetuitie to your thrice Noble Name, and Family.*

Your Honours in all
Dutie and Service,

IOHN REYNOLDS.

THE GROVNDS AND CONTENTS OF THESE HISTORIES.

Historie. XXI.

Babtiſtyna *and* Amarantha *poyſon their Eldeſt Siſter* Iaquinta, *after which* Amarantha *cauſeth her ſervants*, Bernardo *and* Pierya *to ſtiffle her elder Siſter* Babtiſtyna *in her Bed.* Bernardo *flying away, breakes his necke with the fall off his Horſe,* Pierya *is hanged for the ſame, ſo likewiſe is* Amarantha, *and her body after burnt*; Bernardo *being buried, his body is againe taken up, and hanged to the Gallowes by his feete, then burnt and his aſhes throwen into the River.*

Historie. XXII.

Martino *poyſoneth his Brother* Pedro, *and murthereth* Monfredo *in the ſtreete*; *He afterwards growes mad, and in confeſſion reveales both theſe his murthers to Father* Thomas *his Ghoſtly Father, who afterwards dying, reveales it by his Letter to* Cecilliana, *who was Widdow to* Monfredo, *and Siſter to* Pedro *and* Martino. Martino *hath firſt his right hand cut off, and then is hanged for the ſame.*

Historie. XXIII.

Alphonſo *poyſoneth his owne Mother* Sophia, *and after ſhoots and kils* Caſſino (*as he was walking in his Garden*) *with a ſhort Musket* (*or Carabyne*) *from a Window. Hee is beheaded for thoſe two murthers, then burnt, and his aſhes throwne into the River.*

Historie XXIV.

Pont Chauſey *kils* La Roche *in a Duell.* Quatbriſſon *cauſeth* Moncallier (*an Apothecary*) *to poyſon his owne Brother* Valfontaine, Moncallier *after fals, and breakes his necke from a paire of ſtaires.* Quatbriſſon *likewiſe cauſeth his Fathers Miller to murther*

ther, and ſtrangle Marieta *in her Bed, and to throw her body into his Mill-Pond,* Pierot *the Miller is broken alive on a wheele, and* Quatbriſſon *firſt beheaded, then burnt for the ſame.*

HISTORIE. XXV.

Vaſli *firſt murthereth his Sonne* George, *and next poyſoneth his owne wife* Heſter, *and being afterwards almoſt killed by a mad Bull in the Fields, hee revealeth theſe his two murthers, for the which he is firſt hanged, and then burnt.*

THE TRIVMPHS OF GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE CRYING, AND EXECRABLE sinne of *Murther*.

HISTORIE XXI.

Babtiſtyna *and* Amarantha *poyſon their Eldeſt Siſter* Iaquinta, *after which,* Amarantha *cauſeth her ſervants* Bernardo *and* Pierya *to ſtifle her Elder Siſter* Babtiſtyna *in her bed*; Bernardo *flying, breakes his necke with the fall off his Horſe,* Pierya *is hanged, ſo likewiſe is* Amarantha *and her body after burnt,* Bernardo *being buried, his body is again taken up, hanged to the Gallowes by his feet, then burnt, and his aſhes throwne into the ayre.*

THe Golden times being paſt, what doth this Iron or flintie age of ours produce, but Thornes for Roſes, and Brambles for Lillies, I meane, bloudy and barbarous actes in ſtead of deedes of Compaſſion and workes of Charitie. Not but that Chriſtianitie (as a faire and glorious vayle) covereth the face of *Europe*, as the firmament of Heaven doth that of Earth; and that (by the mercie of God) there are now great variety of learned and godly Preachers, who (by the ſanctity of their lives, and the purity of their Doctrine) ſpend the greateſt part both of their time, and of themſelves to propagate Vertue, and Pietie in us, and conſequently to roote out vice and Sinne from among us; But it is the vanity of our thoughts, the corruption of our depraved Natures, the infirmity of our Iudgements, the weakeneſſe of our Faith, the coldneſſe of our Zeale, and our neglect of prayer, which ſometimes (O that I might not ſay too too often) tranſporteth our ſelves, beyond our ſelves, and our reſolutions and actions beyond the bounds of reaſon, yea and violently carrieth us to deſperate and inhumane attempts, which this next deplorable Hiſtory will ſo apparantly and perſpicuouſly verifie vnto us, that we ſhall difficultly reade it without ſighes, nor underſtand it without teares, at leaſt if we have but the ſparkes of ſo much Charitie in our hearts, and Pietie in our Soules as the unfortunate authors, and miſerable actors hereof wanted.

If

IF *Tuſcany* be the beauty & glory of *Italy*, then *Florence* (the capital Citie thereof) muſt needs be that of *Tuſcany*; or elſe it could not ſo juſtly and generally deſerve that true and excellent Epithite of faire. It is a Citie which hath given both life and being to the Illuſtrious family of the *Medicis*, (or as ſome affirme, they to it.) The worſt grounds about it are Vineyardes, and the beſt are dainty Meadowes, and delicate Gardens, or rather their Gardens are Meadowes for their ſpaciouſneſſe, and their Meadowes are Gardens for their fertility & beauty. It is divided and croſſed in two parts by the famous River *Arno*, and that river againe by two ſtately Bridges curiouſly embeliſhed and adorned with many Marble and Alabaſter Statues. The ſtreetes hereof are well paved, broad and long; the buildings (for the moſt part) rather Palaces then private houſes, and the Temples for ſumptuouſneſſe and beauty, nothing inferiour to the beſt, and richeſt of *Italy*, eſpecially the two moſt ſumptuous and unparalleld Chappels of the *Babtiſtaria*, and Saint *Lorenzo*, as alſo the *Domo*, and *Campanella* (which is the Tower) thereof, it being a moſt magnificent and ſtately Cathedrall Church, which not onely catcheth our eye with wonder, but ſurpriſeth our thoughts with admiration, as all our Engliſh Noblemen and Gentlemen Travellers, doe (peradventure) know farre better then my ſelfe; I ſay in this rich and fayre Citie of *Florence*, neere the Church of the *Dominican* Fryers, in the latter dayes of the great Duke *Ferdinand*, there dwelt an ancient, vertuous, and generous Cavallier, named *Seignior Leonardo Streni*, deſcended of a Noble family, neere to the Citie of *Piſtoia*, where his Auncеſtors left him many fayre demeanes, and a very rich Patrimony, the which (through his Frugality, Vertue and Wiſedome, the true foundation of moſt of the chiefeſt houſes, and beſt familyes of *Italy*) hee managed and improved ſo well, that within the ſpace of twenty yeares he became exceeding rich and oppulent; but neere about this time, that the ſweetneſſe of his content, might receive ſome checke of bitter affliction, to ſhew him that man is ſubject to God, and that there is no perfect or permanent felicity heere on Earth, his Lady *Alcydina* dyed, which brought him much ſorrow and affliction, having onely yet this joy and conſolation left him, that he had by her in marriage, three proper young Ladyes to his Daughters, named, *Iaquinta*, *Babtiſtyna* and *Amarantha*, who albeit, he hoped would prove the ſtayes and comforts of his Age, yet they will futurely afoord him, farre leſſe felicity, and more miſery then he can expect, or my Readers (as yet) any way conceive or imagine, the which, to approve and verifie, they are by me prayed to underſtand, and remember, that theſe two youngeſt Daughters, *Babtiſtyna*, and *Amarantha*, are wonderfull fayre and beautifull, of a reaſonable tall ſtature, very ſtreight and ſlender; But *Iaquinta*, the eldeſt Daughter is of a browne complexion, ſhort, and Crooke-backd, but ſhee hath this ſleight, that her Taylors art ſerves to overvayle the defects, and to cover the deficiencie of her Nature; and ſhe her ſelfe hath the skill to put on freſh tincture and complexion on her face, vices which the puritie and ſimplicity of former Ages were not acquainted with, or elſe purpoſely diſdained and hated, although the pride and vanity of theſe our times doe ambitiouſly allow and practiſe them. Againe, *Iaquinta* is proud and ſtately, *Babtiſtyna* chollericke, ſullen, and revengefull, and *Amarantha* (to the eye and judgement of the world) pleaſant and courteous. Have we but a little patience, and we ſhall ſhortly ſee each of theſe three Siſters, appeare in their true coulers, and in very different wayes to act their ſeverall partes upon the Stage and Theater of this their Hiſtory.

Streni ſeeing himſelfe a widdower, not ſo much favoured of God to have any Sonne to enjoy his name and Landes, and all his three Daughters to be now capa-

ble

ble of marriage; He (as a provident and loving Father) holds it a great poynt of affection and discretion in him now to leave his Mannor house of *Cardura* neere *Pistoia*, and to betake himselfe to live and reside in *Florence*, hoping thereby with lesse difficulty, and farre more advantage, to looke out and provide fit Husbands for his daughters, answerable to their ranke and degree; which disposition and resolution of his pleased them well, and administred them cause of great content and joy, siith it is now growne to a custome, and a habit, that young Ladyes and Gentlewomen doe infinitely desire to live in great Townes and Cities, where they may see, and be seene, and especially in those of *Italy*, more then in any Country of the World, where the whole Nobilitie and Gentrie make all their aboad and residence, the which indeed is one of the maine poynts, and essentiall reasons, why their Cities are so rich, populous, and fayre.

Thus we see *Streni* and his three Daughters by this time come to *Florence*, and dwel (as I have formerly said) neere the Monastery of the *Dominican* Fryers, where his wealth, birth, and port, cause him to be visited and frequented of the best and noblest sort of that Citie, and as the time of his residence, so the number of his acquaintance encreaseth, for vertue is capable to purchase friends every where, and his wealth and Daughters beauties like so many powerfull Lures and Adamants draw many young gallant Gentleman to his house to see and serve them; Where although *Babtistyna* and *Amarantha*, are beloved and sought in marriage of many, yet their Father is resolute to marry their eldest Sister *Iaquinta* first, wherefore when any noblemen or Gentlemen come to his house, she is to be seene, and courted, but *Babtistyna* and *Amarantha* are mewed and fast locked up in a Chamber. They grieve hereat, but they can neither alter nor remedy this their Fathers resolution, for his word must bee their Oracle, and his will their Law. Now before I proceed farther in the dilation of this History, as I one way commend *Streni* his resolution to marry his eldest daughter first, so yet in approving his discretion for her preferment, I must nevertheless taxe his want of affection, in hindring that of his two youngest daughters; For as it was a courtesie of him to have *Iaquinta* seene of Suters, so it was a degree of dis-respect, I may say, of cruelty in him to confine *Babtistyna* and *Amarantha* as prisoners to their Chambers, when divers of them came purposely and honorably to his house, both to see and seeke them in marriage.

But *Iaquinta* (armed with her fathers love and authority) growes extremely imperious and stately; She triumpheth in conceit to see her selfe preferred of her father before her Sisters. Shee sees her two sisters *Babtistyna* and *Amarantha* are sued and sought for in marriage by divers Cavalliers, and the very consideration hereof grieves, and the remembrance afflicts her, but withall shee observes, that they dare not disobey, or contradict their fathers command, to affect or speake with any, and therefore the very knowledge and remembrance hereof, againe rejoyceth her. As it is a happinesse for us to purchase friends, so it is a misery to lose them. Her Sisters love her, but she loves not them, they are as unworthy of her hatred, as she is of their affection. Nature (indeed) hath given her the prerogative, and priviledge, but yet she should consider, that they are her Sisters, and not her Servants, and that their bloud is hers, and hers theirs. It is an argument both of indiscretion and insolencie, for one Brother or Sister to thinke themselves better then another; But many Gentlewomen, who are Sisters, esteeme pride a second beauty, or at least an excellent Grace and Ornament to them, and therefore to preferre and elevate themselves, they care not how they disparage and deiect others. The beauty of *Babtistyna* and *Amarantha* is an eye-sore to *Iaquinta*. The tree of malice never produceth good fruit. It is still a happy vertue for us to checke and vanquish our

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owne vices. She knowes that many Gentlemen love them, but sees and obserues with griefe, that none affect her. Her desire to marry is so immodestly licentious and boundlesse, as she could willingly resolve to accept of any Gentleman for her husband, that would be content to take her for his wife: but Incontinencie prooves still a pernicious counsellor to young Ladies and Gentlewomen. Now, as *Cantharides* flie still to the fayrest flowers; so shee sees (and indeede infinitely bites the lip, and grieves to see) that all Lovers and Sutors flie to one of these her two Sisters, and wholly abandon and forsake her selfe: but being a woman, she wants not an invention to apply a present remedy to this her discontent and choller. Shee must have her Sisters beauties and braveries eclipsed, that hers may appeare more bright, and resplend and shine with more lustre and glory: She knowes that Christall seemes precious when Diamonds are not in place; to which end, shee very passionately, and yet subtilly workes upon the affections of her Father, and obtaines of him, that as her yeares, so her apparell may excell and exceede that of her Sisters, the which hee inconsiderately grants her; and this shee receives and conceives to bee a step to her advancement, and an obstacle to theirs. So if they formerly grieved to see themselves imprisoned in a chamber, whiles shee to her content and pleasure rejoyceth both to see, and bee seene of Gentlemen: So now their discontent thereof growes into choller, and their choller into rage, to see this their elder sister *Iaquinta* not onely to step some degrees beyond them, but likewise many beyond her selfe in her apparell.

It is ever a wise and discreet vertue in Parents to distribute their favours and affections equally to their Children, or if they chance to affect one better then others, at least that they bee so reserved and cautious, as to conceale it secretly to themselves, that the rest may neither perceive nor know it. That *Streni* sought to marry *Iaquinta* before *Babtistyna* and *Amarantha* (as I formerly have sayd) he did well, but yet to make them lose when they might find and gaine a fortune, was withall to be indiscreet, if not unnaturall. Mens fancies and affections in marriage are many times counselled and led by the eye, as the eye is by the heart. Some will prise and affect beauty without vertue, others vertue without beauty; but where both meete and concurre, it doth not onely please, but delight, and so joyntly sympathize to make each other excellent. Many of the best and noblest Cavalliers of *Florence* love *Babtistyna* and *Amarantha*, but not *Iaquinta*; or if they seeme to court *Iaquinta*, it is but with a reserved hope and intent to injoy the sight and company of *Babtistyna* and *Amarantha*: but as Iealousy and Malice have alwayes foure eyes in stead of two; so it is at least a torment, if not many deaths, to *Iaquinta*, to see her two Sisters to live and be beloved of all Sutors, and her selfe of none; the which to prevent, and so to stop the progresse of their triumphs, and consequently of her owne discontent and affliction, she (not desirous to have two such starres of beauty to appeare and shine together in the firmament of her Fathers house in *Florence*) doth so secretly undermine, and so cunningly prevail with him, as her two sisters (when they least dream or think thereof) are by his order and command suddenly sent away by Coach to his Countrey house of *Cardura*, neere *Pistoia* (whereof wee have already made mention) notwithstanding all their requests, sighes, and teares to the contrary, and there by his appoyntment to be privately and disconsolately shut up, from any accesse or conversation of any man whatsoever, and under the charge and custody of an old ill-favoured Beldame (sometimes their Schoolmistris) named *Dona Malevola*.

Babtistyna and *Amarantha*, being enforced to banishment from *Florence* to *Cardura*, beleeved that it proceeded as well by the pride and malice of their Sister *Iaquinta*

as by the severitie of their Father; They know not from what Saint to implore aide or assistance, or from what point their Art, or Invention to expect for hope or redresse hereof; But at length (being constrained to make a Vertue of Necessitie) they brooke this their disgrace, with as much patience as they may, no way doubting (much lesse dispayring) but that a little time will worke a great alteration in their Estates and Fortunes; But seeing a moneth past over, and their Keeper *Malevola*, still more and more bent to restraine them of their liberty, without suffering them to see or speake with any stranger, or any stranger with them, they at last recollect, and plucke up their spirits to themselves, and so resolve to write a faire Letter to their Father, and a peremptory one to their Sister *Iaquinta*, to procure their returne to *Florence*, which they doe, and send it by one *Bernardo* a trusty Servant of theirs, That to their Father spake thus.

Babtistyna and Amarantha to Streni.

IT is with much astonishment and griefe to us, that you have so sodainely banished us from your presence, and from Florence, *to live here rather as Prisoners, then your Daughters, in your Countrey house of* Cardura; *And having the honour to be so great a part of your selfe, wee doe not a little wonder what our Errours or Crimes should be, that wee must bee enforced to be deprived of that felicitie, and to taste and suffer this misery. If we have beene sought or sued unto by any Noblemen or Gentlemen, it hath beene in the way of marriage, and therefore in that of honour, and yet we have still so strictly tyed our fancies to our Duties, and our affections to our obedience towards you, that in the least degree wee have not swerv'd from your consent, but have done, and doe still inviolably make your Pleasure therein our resolution, and your Will and Commands our Law. But wee are confident that although you are the cause, yet that our Sister* Iaquinta *is the sole Author of this our sorrowfull and imerited sequestration; Who (peradventure) in regard that her beautie comes short of ours, that her Malice therefore must not onely exceed the bounds of Reason, but of Nature. And although shee alledge her Priviledge and Prerogative of yeares against us, yet because our blood is as good as hers, and our Hearts and Education no worse, therefore wee humbly beseech you to bee so favourable, and kind to us, that in regard her Malice and Pride hath made her our Accuser, and which is worse our Enemy, that you will not make her our Iudge, but that wee may speedily reobtaine the happinesse to returne and live with you in* Florence, *without which we shall assuredly either live here in Dispaire, or shortly dye in Discontent and Misery: Which request of ours is so just and equall, as you cannot deny it to us either in affection or nature, much lesse in Reason or Pitie. God ever blesse you with happinesse, and make us happy in your blessing.*

Babtistyna.
Amarantha.

Their Letter to their Sister *Iaquinta* depainted these passions.

Babtistyna and Amarantha to Iaqvinta.

HAving curiously examined our thoughts and actions, wee cannot find the least shaddow of cause, much lesse of Reason, why thou shouldst so sharpely exasperate our Father against us, so suddenly to banish and exile us from Florence *to* Cardura, *neither doe wee take it is for that wee are fairer then thy selfe, but that thou art more malicious then us, which hath occasioned thee, and thou precipitated him to this sharpe resolution against us.*

If thou art desirous of a Husband, let it content thee, that as yet wee no way intend or desire to become Wives to any, and therefore if thou wilt not beleeve us, at least beleeve this truth from us, that thou hast farre more reason to doubt thine owne haste, then any way to suspect or feare ours therein, for whiles thou prayest for a Husband, wee will first make it our Prayers to God, that wee may bee capable and happy to deserve good ones. Wee advise thee therefore in Love, and counsell thee in Affection and Charitie, to consider seriously with thy selfe, that wee are thy Sisters, not thy Servants, much lesse thine Enemies; and in that regard that wee are as unworthy of thy malice, as unwilling and uncapable to digest it, because the priority of thy yeares can no way justly introduce an inequality in our blood; and if thou wilt not inforce us to degenerate from our selves, and consequently from the nature and affection of Sisters, thou shalt doe us great right, and to thy selfe more reason, to cause our Father to recall us home to him, with as much celerity and favour, as he sent us away from him with discourtesie and indignation.

BAPTISTYNA.
AMARANTHA.

The Lackey *Bernardo* arriving to *Florence*, and having delivered these two Letters to *Streni* and *Iaquinta*, they breaking up the seales thereof, perused and read ouer their Contents; when he smiling to see the indiscretion of these his two daughters, attributed this their disobedience towards him, and their discontent towards their sister *Iaquinta*, rather to ignorance and simplicity, then to malice, and yet hee could not but wonder at this their bold and peremptory Letter sent him: But for *Iaquinta*, shee was so galled and nettled with her two sisters insolent carriage and Letter towards her, that it exceedingly troubled and perplexed her, but especially, and farre the more, for that shee feared that their Letter to her Father might cause him to grant their returne to *Florence*, the which to her possible power shee would no way willingly permit or suffer, as desirous to rule and governe her Father alone, and so to raigne sole Lady over his humors and house, without rivalls or competitors: to which end shee goes to him, and in the softest and sweetest termes which either her art, or malice could invent, she extreamely incenseth him against her Sisters, alledging to him that their stay in *Cardura* was necessary, and their disobedient motion for their returne to *Florence* too insolent and insupportable, and that she hoped with confidence, that he would not permit their malice so unjustly to fall and reflect on her, because she was as innocent as they guilty thereof; and that for any thought and desire of a husband she vowed she had none, but that his will and pleasure should in all things be hers, as resolving both to live under his commands, and to dye in his favour and service: Which sugred and treacherous speeches of hers so prevailed and vanquished the credulity of her old Father, yea and so powerfully wrought and trenched upon his affections, that being all in choller against *Babtistyna* and *Amarantha*, hee resolves with himselfe to returne them a sharpe answer, and commands *Iaquinta* to doe the like, the which they both write and send backe to them by *Bernardo*, who returning to *Cardura*, hee deliuereth his two young Ladies and Mistresses these two Letters, and they speedily and privatly retiring themselves to a close shaddowed arbour in the Garden, they there with much earnest desire and impatiencie, first breake up that of their Father, wherein contrary to their hopes, but not to their feares, they finde this language.

STRENI to BABTISTYNA and AMARANTHA.

IF it be not purposely to crosse your owne good fortunes, you would not so rashly and peremptorily have attempted to crosse my good intentions and affection towards you, in send-

you to Cardura, *but would have brooked it with as much patience as I see you doe with discontent, and before this act of your disobedience, now reveal'd mee in your Letter, I held you for my Daughters, not for mine enemies, and my house of* Cardura *to be rather a Pallace then a Prison for you: So if you knew how ill those errours of yours become you, you would rather redeeme them with repentance and teares, then remember them either with the least thought of delight, or conceipt, or sense of joy. Nay thinke with your selves what modesty it was, what wisedome it is, for your greene youth to presume (or to dare presume) to teach my gray age how, or when, to chuse you husbands, when God knowes that neither your yeares, nor your discretion, doe as yet make you capable to thinke of husbands; and if you have any judgement remayning in you, then judge with your selves how false and incongruous your reasons are, when in words you pretend to obey my commands, and yet in effects you wilfully oppose and contradict them. And having used me with so small respect, see againe with how much untruth and envy you abuse your sister* Iaquinta, *who to my knowledge is as innocent of those false aspersions of pride and malice towards you, as your selves are guilty of them towards her, sith shee loves nothing more, and you affect nothing lesse then humility and charity, their contraries; for believe me I finde her to bee your true friend, and your selves to be the greatest and onely enemies to your selves; for otherwise you cannot live in the smallest degree of despaire, discontent, or misery, because such is my care of your education and maintenance, that no young Ladies of* Tuscanie, *and few of* Italy, *of your ranke and quality, are brought up in more bravery, delight, and honour, the which my indulgencie and affection shall still continue to you, if your disobedience and folly henceforth give mee no farther motive to the contrary: and therefore as you tender my blessing, I charge you to make it your delight and practice to thinke of God, not of Husbands; of your love to your sister* Iaquinta, *not of her hatred to you; and of your Prayer-bookes, your Lutes, and your Needles, and not of such vaine conceipts, and passions, wherewith you have stuff'd and farced up your Letter to mee; the which, together with the Coppie of this of mine to you, I now inclose and returne to your Governesse* Malevola, *that she hereafter may be more carefull of your conduction and carriage, and that you give more houres to discretion and honour, and lesse to idlenesse and vanity, to the end that she seeing her fault in yours, she may thereby the better futurely know how to teach, and you how to learne to reforme them. And so I beseech God who hath made you my Daughters, to blesse, and make you his faithfull servants.*

STRENI.

They having thus perused their Fathers Letter, and seene his spleene and passions towards them, they cannot so much accuse him of choller, as they believe they have reason to condemne their sister *Iaquinta* of cruelty towards them; wherefore with more speed then affection, and with more haste then charity, they likewise breake up the seales of her Letter, wherein she greets them thus.

IAQVINTA to BABTISTYNA and AMARANTHA.

I Am so farre from incensing, or precipitating our Father against you, as I vow to God, and to you, that his sending of you from Florence *to* Cardura, *was not onely without my consent, but without my knowledge; and for calling in question eyther the thought of your beauties, or of my husbands, you equally wrong me, and the truth therein; for it is that most whereof I trouble my heart and minde least: and therefore my haste to marry comes infinitely short of your jealousie and feare; and except it bee out of your pride and malice, of Sisters to become mine enemies herein, I know no cause in Nature, and lesse reason in Grace, why those false suggestions of yours should fall within the compasse of your conceipts, or those*

untrue ſcandalls within the power of your heart and pen, and it is as vaine as ridiculous either for your love or counſell ever to thinke to make mee believe or conceive the contrary. As for the priority of my yeares, it ſhall never make mee eſteeme worſe of you then of my ſelfe; for my conſcience to God, and my actions to the world ſhall ſtill make it apparent, that although you contemne my friendſhip, I will yet corroborate and cheriſh yours, and that there ſhall want no good will or Zeale in mee, that (according to your deſires and expectation) our father doe not ſpeedily recall you from Cardura *to* Florence, *where your preſences ſhall ſtill bee my happineſſe, and your company my content and felicity: And except your deportments and carriage towards me give mee not henceforth juſt cauſe to divert me from this ſiſterly affection and reſolution, I am conſtantly reſolved both to live and dye in the ſame.*

IAQVINTA.

Babtiſtyna and *Amarantha* having thus read and conſidered theſe two ſeverall Letters of their Father and Siſter *Iaquinta*, they are infinitely incenſed and chollericke to ſee his diſcourteſie, and her diſſimulation and cruelty towards them, in that they muſt bee inforced to live a ſolitary countrey life in *Cardura*, whiles ſhee triumphs in pride, and flants it out in bravery in *Florence*; and as they much repine and murmure at his diſ-affection, ſo they infinitely diſdaine and complaine of her imperious courſes and carriage towards them, adding no beliefe to her Letter, but judging it to be hypocriticall. They pitty the weakeneſſe of their Fathers judgement, in ſuffering himſelfe to bee ſo violently tranſported and carried away by the ſubtile policie and ſecret malice of their Siſter towards them; wherein although their duety and obedience doe ſome way excuſe his age, yet their blood and beauty can no way poſſibly diſpenſe with the pride and malice of her youth, which they hourely ſee confirmed and made apparent in the unaccuſtomed ſtrict and hard uſage of their Governeſſe *Malevola* towards them, which with her beſt endeavours and ambition ſought as well to captivate their mindes as their perſons, by making her ſelfe to be as much their Goaler as their Governeſſe; but they vow to requite her unkindeneſſe, and to revenge their Siſter *Iaquinta's* cruelty towards them: They ſee her deformity in their beauty, her malice in their love, and her pride in their humility; ſo they alter the courſe of their naturall affection, and now decline, inſtead of increaſing, in ſiſterly love and charity towards this their Siſter. To goe retrograde in vertue, is to goe forwards in vice; for as it is the marke, ſo it is the duety of Chriſtians to render good for evill, but not evill for good: yea, all contrary examples and Axiomes are ill taught, and worſe practiſed, and it is to beefeared, that the end thereof will produce at leaſt ſorrow, if not miſery and deſtruction.

But *Baptiſtyna* and *Amarantha* are too young and wilfull to make good uſe of their Siſter *Iaquinta's* bad affection, and malicious carriage towards them; for elſe, had they had as much wit as beauty, or as much affection as malice, they would then flie that which they follow, and deteſt this bloudy deſigne and reſolution of theirs, which they now intend to imbrace and put in practice. They are weary of their Siſters hard uſage of them, they cannot digeſt her imperiouſneſſe and pride, and (in all outward ſemblance and apparance) if they ſtay from marriage till ſhe be married, they may all dye Mayds, and as our Engliſh adage goes, *Whip Apes in hell for company.* They preferre their beauty before hers, as much as ſhee doth her age before theirs, and deeming it impoſſible for them to have husbands

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ere shee bee a wife, they thereupon abandon all reason and religion, and so at one time beginne both to desire and to plot her death; and of these two wretched Sisters *Babtistyna* is the most forwards in this their intended deplorable businesse; for she is so weake with God, and Sathan so strong with her, that she sayes often to her selfe, shee can reape no content in this world, before her Sister *Iaquinta* see another. It were better for us not to foresee a sinne, then seeing it, not to prevent, but perpetrate it. To which end, shee purposely lets fall some words to her Sister *Amarantha*, tending, and bending that way; but *Amarantha* is too curteous to be so cruell, and too religious to bee so outragious and diabolicall to any, especially to her Sister: had shee lived in the piety, and persevered in the integrity of this opinion and conscience, peradventure her dayes had seene better fortunes, and her end beene freed from so much misery. It is not enough for us to bee vertuous and godly, except wee religiously and faithfully continue therein; for constancie in all good and pious actions, makes men and women excellent, and of being wholly mortall, to become (in a manner) partly divine: But (to report truth in her naked colours) *Amarantha* is too weake to resist her Sister *Babtistyna's* strong temptations and perswasions. It is an excellent vertue and happinesse in us, to have our eares still open to good counsell, and shut to that which is evill and pernicious: but *Amarantha* hoping and desiring to gaine a good Husband, makes her in a small time consent to the losse of a bad Sister; and how shee is therefore fully resolved to joyne with *Baptistyna*, to make *Iaquinta* away. Good God, what cruelty, rage, and barbarisme is it for two Sisters to resolve to murther their third! But this is not all; for we shall see more bloud spilt upon the Theater of this History, before we see the Catastrophe thereof. These two unnaturall young Gentlewomen having thus swapt a bargaine with the Devill to dispatch their Sister *Iaquinta*, they now consult on the manner thereof, whether or no, they should performe it, with Ponyard, or Poyson; but at last they agree upon Poyson, but disagree which of them shall administer it to her, and if there were any sparke of grace remaining in either of these two bloudy minded Sisters, it was in *Amarantha*; for she cannot finde in her heart or conscience to doe it, and yet she is so graceless and impious, as shee freely gives way to the performance of this bloudy fact; so in the end, they fall upon this ungodly resolution, that Lots must decide it: thus the Devill holds, and they as his infernall factors and agents, draw them, and it falls to *Babtistyna* to doe it. But here ere they proceede farther in the progresse of this lamentable businesse, and how to execute it, they are now assayld with a doubt and difficulty of no meane importance; for as they hold it requisite for them to performe this Murther in *Florence*, so they know not how to escape from their watchfull Governesse *Malevola* from *Cardura*: but they are Women, and therefore they will bee industrious in their malice; they are Ladies, and therefore they will bee swift and subtile in their revenge; for having gold (though not their liberty at their command) they resolve that the first shall speedily procure the second: To which end, they, by their servant *Bernardo*, secretly hire a Coach for foure Duckatons, the next night to carry them away very closely and privately from *Cardura* to *Florence*, and with so many more to corrupt the Gardiner to give him the Key of the Garden Posterne gate; both which (with much care, fidelity, and silence) hee effecteth, being himselfe onely by them appoynted to attend, and commanded to accompany them in this their journey.

These two revengeful Sisters having thus given order for their escape, and secretly packed up such things as they held necessary to carry with them, as soon as their

Governesse *Malevola* was in bed and fast asleepe, who was as innocent as they were guilty of this their clandestine departure, in comes *Bernardo* about midnight to their chamber doore, to which giving a soft knocke, they presently descend the stayres with him to the Garden, and from thence to the Coach, wherein seating themselves, they leave *Cardura*, and so with great speed drive away for *Florence*, where they arrive to their Fathers house, betwixt nine or ten of the clocke the next morning, hee much wondring, and their sister *Iaquinta* extreamely perplexed and grieved at this their suddaine and unexpected arrivall, they cast themselves at their Fathers feete, and crave his blessing and excuse, but hee receives them with more anger then joy, and so gives them frownes and checks in stead of Kisses: He heares their reasons of their unlook'd for departure from *Cardura*, which hee rejects both with contempt and choller, sharpely reproves their disobedience, and voweth speedily to returne them; they answer him, that his presence is the sole felicity and glory of their life, and that they had rather dye with him in *Florence*, then live without him in *Cardura*. As for their Sister *Iaquinta*, shee dissembles her love to them, as they doe their malice to her; for whiles shee secretly wisheth them out of *Florence*, so (in counterchange) do they as silently wish & desire her in heaven: but after a day or two was past over, then their hypocrisie and dissimulation was such each to other, as (to the eye of the world) it seemed they could not be better friends, nor dearer or kinder Sisters, then now they were; so artificially could all of them overvaile their malice, and so cunningly could they conceale their different intentions, thereby the better to compose their countenances and speeches. But when *Iaquinta* againe perceives that the Gallants of *Florence* doe afresh repayre and flocke to her Fathers house, purposely to neglect her, and to admire and adore the excellent beauties of these her two younger Sisters, then her old jealousie revives, and inflame her new malice towards them; so as with all her power and art, shee againe secretly tampers with her Father, either to returne them againe to *Cardura*, or to contract and espouse them to a Nunnery, that shee might thereby triumph alone at her pleasure, and being then sole heire to all his lands and estate, might wed her self to the greater fortune, and nobler Husband, and she wanted neither sighes nor teares to draw him to this her earnest desire and resolution.

This is not so secretly borne betwixt their Father and Sister *Iaquinta*, but *Babtistyna* and *Amarantha* have present and pregnant notice heereof, the which strongly and fully to prevent, they (now incouraged and animated by the Devill) resolve to reduce, and draw their bloudy contemplation into action, and so (with more hast then good speed) to dispatch their Sister for heaven, because they loved *Florence*, disdayned *Cardura*, and above all (from their hearts and soules) infinitely detested to spend and end their dayes in a Nunnery; when neither having the feare of God in their hearts, nor his justice or judgements before their eyes, *Amarantha* buies the poyson, and *Babtistyna* administreth it to their Sister *Iaquinta*, in a Lemmon posset, which they observed she often used to drinke the Summer time, so that some ten dayes after she dyed hereof, when none but God, besides them, was witnesse of this their unnaturall and bloudy businesse: So they rejoice as much as their father grieves and sorrowes hereat, and now they are alone, and domineere at their pleasures in their Fathers house at *Florence*, without rivalls or competitors: But God is as just as they are sinfull, and therefore they shall reape but poore and miserable fruits of this their bloudy victorie. For within lesse then sixe weeks after the deplorable death of *Iaquinta*, a sudden languishing sicknes ore-takes and surpriseth *Babtistyna*, so as the white tincture of her face lookes yellow and

and the fresh roses and lillies of her beauty did exceedingly fade, and wither of the laundies: A sickneſſe, which I thinke God ſent her purpoſely to puniſh her for that execrable crime of hers in poyſoning her Siſter. But the beauty of *Babtiſtyna* cannot be ſo much eclipſed or deformed, as that of *Amarantha* daily growes more deliciouſly ſweet, and ſweetly delicious and amiable; ſo as all thoſe Nobles and Gallants of *Florence* and *Tuſcanie*, who come to ſeeke *Streni* his Daughters in marriage, doe infinitely preferre *Amarantha* before *Babtiſtyna*, and paſſionately deſire the firſt, as much as they now ſleight and neglect the ſecond: *Babtiſtyna* is not ignorant hereof, but ſees it with griefe, obſerves it with ſorrow, and remembers it with choller and indignation; and yet ſhe ſeekes and ſtrives to conceale it from her Father, and to diſſemble it to her Siſter *Amarantha*. She in this wane of her beauty and joy, beginnes now to participate of her dead ſiſter *Iaquinta's* living humours and conditions; ſhe is now become the eldeſt Siſter, and therefore will not permit or ſuffer her younger to bee her mate, or equall, much leſſe her ſuperiour; and although her Sickneſſe hath depriv'd her of a great part of her beauty, yet it hath no way diminiſhed, but rather increaſed and augmented her deſire to marry, ſhee envies the ſight and fame of her Siſter *Amarantha's* beauty, as much as ſhee lamenteth the decayes, and pittyeth the ruines of her owne; and both grieves and ſcornes to ſee ſo many Gallants court and ſeeke her in marriage, and none her ſelfe: Now as pride and malice (for the moſt part) are inſeparable companions, ſo her diſcontent hereof hath made her ſo devilliſhly malicious, as ſhee ſecretly vowes to her ſelfe, that ſhee could almoſt finde in her heart to make *Amarantha* as well a companion of *Iaquinta's* fortune, as of her bloud: but God then preſenting her firſt Murther to her eyes and remembrance, the devil was not then enough prevalent or powerful with her, to draw her to conceive or commit a ſecond. Thus not being willing to adde murther to murther, and ſo to gallop in ſtead of pacing to hell and deſtruction, ſhe nevertheleſſe determinately reſolves to emulate and imitate the actions of her dead Siſter *Iaquinta*, towards her living one *Amarantha*; and yet ſo to wreake her malice and revenge on her, as cloſely to inſinuate, and under hand ſurreptiouſly to prevaile with her Father, that ſhee bee ſpeedily eclipſed, and againe ſent away to *Cardura*, under the guard and cuſtody of *Malevola*, the which ſhee effectually and briefely obtayneth of him; ſo our young and faire *Amarantha* (though infinitely againſt her will) is now inforced to leave *Florence*, and ſuddainely (when ſhee leaſt thought or dreamt thereof) is againe confined and baniſhed to *Cardura*, notwithſtanding all her ſighes, teares, and prayers to her Father to the contrary.

Amarantha (with much ſorrow and more indignation) being arrived to *Cardura*, ſhe is not a little perplexed and grieved therat, but rather exceedingly diſcontented with her Father, and infinitely incenſed againſt her Siſter *Babtiſtyna* for the ſame, as well knowing that it wholly proceeded from her meere pride and malice towards her; the which ſhe now doth not conceale, but make apparant to her old Beldame Governeſſe *Malevola*, both in her lookes, ſpeeches, and actions. She wondreth that her Siſter is ſo inconſiderate of her ſelfe, and ſo imperious and bitter towards her; and how it is poſſible for her ſo ſoone to forget either their joynt crime, or their ſeverall danger for their ſo inhumanely and cruelly poyſoning their elder Siſter *Iaquinta*; the conſideration and remembrance whereof is of ſo ſharpe and bitter digeſtion to her, as her thoughts vow to her heart, and her heart ſweares to the Devill, that ſhe neither can nor will long indure it; yea, the time ſeemes ſo irkeſome to her, and her ſtay in *Cardura* ſo infinitely long and tedious, as if houres were yeares, and dayes ages, that ſhee often thought to ſteale away

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from thence to *Florence*, either on foot or horſe-backe, and ſo to have put her ſelfe into ſome diſguiſed apparell, that none ſhould know thereof before ſhe came to her Fathers houſe and preſence: but at laſt conſidering, that her reputation and fortune might ſuffer much in this action, ſhe holds it not amiſſe, rather convenient, firſt to write to her Father and Siſter, to ſee if her Letters may prevaile with them for her returne; the which ſhe doth, and ſends them to them to *Florence*, by her old truſty ſervant *Bernardo*. Her Letter to her Father bewrayed theſe paſſions:

AMARANTHA to STRENI.

MY obedience hath not deſerved ſo much contempt and hatred, as that (without cauſe or reaſon) you ſhould thus againe baniſh me from Florence *to* Cardura; *and with how much griefe and ſorrow I digeſt it, I can better relate with diſcontent, then conceale with patience: How deare your ſight and preſence was, and ever ſhall be to me, if you will not know, and withall remember, God doth; for my ſoule appeales unto him, and my heart to Heaven, that I made it the chiefeſt life of my joy, and the ſweeteſt joy of my life; So as if you are not the cauſe, I am ſure my Siſter* Babtiſtyna *is of this (undeſerved) cruelty towards me, who out of her pride, ambition, and malice, ſtrives to bee as unnaturally imperious to mee, as my deceaſed Siſter* Iaquinta *was both to her ſelfe and mee. The remedy hereof is every way worthy of you, as you are my Father, and of my ſelfe, as God and Nature have made mee your Daughter; for if you will not permit mee to reſpire and breath the ayre of* Florence, *I will ſhortly hazard my life to injoy that of heaven: for already this my inforced exile hath brought mee to extreame diſcontent, and that almoſt to utter deſpaire.*

AMARANTHA.

Her Letter to her Siſter *Babtiſtyna* carryed this Meſſage:

AMARANTHA to BABTISTYNA.

COuldſt thou not bee contented to live happy in Florence, *but that thou muſt needes conſtraine our Father to make mee live miſerable here in* Cardura? *Is our Siſter* Iaquinta's *blood already colde, or is the memory as well as the manner and cauſe of her death already of thee forgotten, and ſo raked up in the duſt of her Grave? Iudge with thy ſelfe (if thou art not wholly as devoyde of judgement, as of affection and charity) what a palpable, yea what a groſſe and ſottiſh vice it is in thee, heereby to make thy ſelfe both guilty of her pride, and Heire apparant to her malice. I remember thoſe ingratefull crimes and vices of hers towards us with pitty, and I pitty theſe of thy ſelfe to mee with admiration, in that thou wilt not ſuffer mee to live at the curteſie of thy tongue, when thou well knoweſt that thy life ſtands at the mercie of mine; Not that I am eyther ſo malicious to thee, or ſo uncharitable or undiſcreet to my ſelfe, to wiſh thee any diſaſter or danger to the prejudice of mine owne happineſſe, and ſafety; for I deſire all peace, affection, and atonement betwixt us: the which if thou wilt graunt mee, by cauſing our Father ſpeedily to recall mee home to* Florence, *hee ſhall then ſee, and thou aſſuredly finde, that I will bee as much thy Handmayd as thy Siſter, and that I will farre ſooner both hope and pray for a good Husband for thee, then for my ſelfe: but if thou denye mee this curteſie, then blame*

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not me, but thy selfe, if the event and issue of this thy cruelty come too short of thy hopes, and so (peradventure) flie a pitch farre beyond thy expectation.

AMARANTHA.

Bernardo being thus charged by his Lady *Amarantha*, for the safe and speedy delivery of these her two Letters, as also to procure her Fathers and Sisters Answers to them, hee rides away to *Florence*, where hee is no sooner arrived at *Streni* his house, but meeting with the young Lady *Babtistyna*, and thinking to deliver her Letter (whether it were out of haste, or misfortune, or both) hee delivers her her Fathers Letter, in stead of her owne, the which shee well observing, shee hastily and purposely breakes up the seales thereof, and silently reades it to her selfe; whereat growing first red with choller, and then againe pale with envie, shee foldes it up, and committing it to her pocket, turnes to *Bernardo*, and demands him for her Sister *Amarantha's* Letter to her selfe; for (quoth shee) that which I have already read and perused, is hers to my Father; when *Bernardo* (as much amazed at his errour, as afflicted at his foolish simplicity) reading the direction of the second Letter, and finding her speeches and his mistaking true, hee then gives her her owne Letter, and desires backe the other for her Father, as also both their answers thereunto, for his Lady and Mistresse *Amarantha*; whereunto, when shee had perused her owne Letter, shee (with disdaine in her lookes, and malice in her eyes) teares her Fathers Letter before *Bernardo's* face, and then returnes him this bitter answer; *Tell that proud Girle thy Mistresse from me, that it is my Fathers pleasure and mine, that she shall stay in* Cardura, *and not see* Florence, *till she receive other order from us; and for any further answer, either from our Father, or my self, it is both a vanity and a folly for her to expect:* And so (in much choller and indignation) shee flies from him, and violently throwes fast the doore against him. *Bernardo*, not expecting such sharp and cold entertainement, and seeing it now wholly impossible for him to have any accesse to *Streni*, or answer from *Babtistyna*, hee leaves *Florence*, and speedily returnes to *Cardura* to his Lady *Amarantha*, to whom hee punctually and fully relates the bitter reply, and sharpe and proud answere which her Sister *Babtistyna* had given and sent her, and leaveth not a syllable unrehearsed, but onely silenceth his mistaking, in giving of her her Fathers Letter in stead of her owne, as right now we understood.

Amarantha is all inflamed with choller at this proud and cruell carriage of her Sister *Babtistyna* towards her, yea the remembrance thereof, so transporteth her thoughts with envie, and her heart with revenge against her, that shee vowes shee neither can, nor will brooke it at her hands; and heere, not hearkening either to Reason, or Religion, or to her Conscience, or Soule, shee now violently seduced, and exasperated by the Devill, doth afresh revive her old malice, and resumes her former pernicious resolutions to her Sister *Babtistyna*: Shee hath neither the wit, much lesse the grace, to consider, That Choller increaseth her own torment and misery, and that if wee vanquish not our owne malice and revenge, it is more to bee feared then doubted, that it will in the end both vanquish and ruine us. Shee hath formerly consented to poyson her eldest Sister *Iaquinta*, and now she likewise vowes, that shee will cause her elder Sister *Babtistyna* either to bee poyson'd or pistoll'd to death; but which of these to make choice of, as yet shee is irresolute, and upon this bloudy businesse her thoughts runne incessantly to her heart, as so many lines to their centre. O that so young a Lady, and so sweete a beauty should make her selfe accessary and guilty of so foule

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and inhumane crimes: but this I may write to her shame, and the Reader may please to observe it to his comfort, and retaine it to his instruction; That had she had the grace to have beene formerly sorrowfull and repentant for her first Murther, she had then never proceeded so farre, as to have made her selfe guilty of contriving and resolving a second.

Babtistyna hath a Chamber-mayd named *Pierya*, of some twenty foure yeares old, who was farre more faire then rich, as being heire to much beauty, though to no lands, or estate; and having heretofore for some trivial respects somtimes incurred the anger and displeasure of her Lady, and for the same received many a sharp word, and bitter blow from her, as being a freer Gentlewoman of her hands, then of her purse; Shee now accidentally chancing to breake a faire rich Looking-glasse of hers, her Lady doth not onely exceedingly beat her, but also without pitty or humanity drawes and drags her by the haire about her Chamber, and then againe and againe kickes her with her foot. *Pierya's* heart is not so ill lodged, nor her extraction and quality so contemptible, but that shee is very sensible of this her disgrace, as holding her fault farre inferiour to her correction, and therefore disdaining any longer to serve so cruell a Mistresse, she very privately packes up her apparell, leaves *Florence*, and flies to *Cardura*, forsakes *Babtistyna*, and so resolves henceforth to live and dye with her younger Sister *Amarantha*: But as there are many of both these places, who report that it was onely her hatred to *Babtistyna*, and her affection to *Amarantha*, which drew her to this resolution; yet there are diverse others both of *Florence*, *Cardura*, and *Pistoia*, who (better acquainted with *Pierya*, and her secrets) have solidly affirmed to mee, that it was wholly her affection to *Bernardo*, which was the trueft reason, and strongest motive thereof, and the event and issue of this History, will confute the first, to confirme this second opinion of these her deliberations and resolutions; for, for the terme of at least three or foure yeares heretofore, *Pierya* was knowne to be passionately in love with *Bernardo*, and shee had imployed many friends towards him, to perswade and draw him to marry her; but hee was still as averse, as shee forward in this sute: For although hee were inamoured of her beauty, and loved her tall and slender personage, yet hee hated her poverty, and (because of some small lands and meanes hee had) as hee thought himselfe too good to bee her husband, so she in regard of her beauty, youth, and chastity, both highly and infinitely disdayned to bee his strumpet; and indeed the passage, and processe of these their affections was not from time to time unknowne to *Amarantha*. *Pierya* is as welcome to *Amarantha*, as *Babtistyna* is sorrowfull for her departure, and the youngest Sister now entertaynes her with as much courtesie, as the eldest formerly retayned her with cruelty; as for *Bernardo*, hee inwardly delights, though outwardly will not seeme to rejoyce in her company, and so gives her his eyes, though not his heart; and for *Pierya*, her carriage was so modest, and yet withall so respective to him, as if shee indeavoured to make it her chiefest ambition and glory, that her vertues and chastity should make as true and as perfect a conquest of his heart, as her beauty had of his eyes: as for *Babtistyna* (her quondam Lady) she is now angry with her selfe, as soone as shee knew of her departure from her; but when shee understands that *Pierya* is fled to *Cardura*, and lives with her discontented Sister *Amarantha*, then (under hand) shee makes strong meanes to her to returne againe to her service, intimating to her that shee is ready to redeeme her former discourtesie towards her, both with acknowledgement and requitall. But these her hopes will deceive her, for she will finde that errors are not so soone repayred as committed, and that her want of kindenesse to her Chamber-mayd *Pierya* may

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in the end (perchance) prove cruelty to her selfe. *Pierya* is deafe to all these her requests, and indeavours rather to tye her selfe to *Amarantha's* new affection, then to *Babtistyna's* old unkindnesse, as preferring the courtesie of the first to the choller and indignation of the second. On the other side, *Amarantha* is glad of this resolution of her new Mayd *Pierya*; for the Devill being still at her elbow, he continually sets fire to her malice, and (as an infernall incendiary) perpetually blowes the coles to her revenge against her Sister *Babtistyna*; yea, and now he so captivateth her soule, and extinguisheth her devotion and zeale towards heaven, that (I write it with pitty and sorrow, and not with passion, but compassion) shee had neither the power to pray, nor the happinesse or grace, either to frequent the Church for Gods sake, or to desire Gods presence and assistance for her owne: No, no; Such thoughts of piety were farre from her prophane thoughts and minde: for as her best blood, so her best zeale was now corrupted and polluted with revenge towards her Sister. And here, as a wretched Lady and a bloudy Sister, shee doth yet farre worse; for (by the Devills suggestion) shee assumes this horrible resolution, not onely to ingage and hazard her selfe, but others therein, as if shee tooke a pride, and conceived a glory, not to shipwracke her selfe alone, but to confound and cast away others with her for company in this prodigious and lamentable businesse of hers. The manner is thus:

Shee knowes, that by reason of her strict exile in *Cardura*, she must needes imploy some factors and agents, either to poyson or murther this her Sister *Babtistyna* in *Florence*; and therefore shee thinkes none so fit and proper to attempt and performe it, as her old trusty servant *Bernardo*, and her new mayd *Pierya* his sweetheart, whom (by degrees) shee purposely drawes and obligeth to her by gifts and promises; and her reason for this conceipt and opinion of hers, that they will concurre with her in this bloudy fact, is derived from this foundation and ground, that Love and Money may easily act wonders in the hearts and mindes of those, who desire the one, and want the other; as also, for that shee perfectly knowes, that for many yeares *Pierya* hath deepely loved *Bernardo*, and deerely desired and wished him for her husband, and that hee hath ever affected her, but onely disliked her poverty: Wherfore believing that she would doe much for the obtayning of this husband, and he for preferment and gold, she is resolute in making this her bloudy proposition to them; when not caring any more to write to her Father, shee is now as hasty as bloudy in her malice and revenge towards her Sister; and so impatient of delay (and without any further consideration with her selfe, or consultation either with her soule, or with God) shee taking time at advantage, first breakes with *Pierya* about this bloudy businesse, adding withall, that her desire and resolution is to have her Sister *Babtistyna* stifled in her bed; for now the Devill hath cast off her resolutions from poyson or ponyard; to which effect, shee promiseth to gaine her *Bernardo* to her husband, and to give them wherewithall to maintayne themselves well being marryed, if shee will consent with him to undertake and performe her request: which profers and promises of her Lady doe sound so sweetly in poore *Pierya's* eares, and worke so deepe an impression in her heart, especially that shee shall hereby injoy *Bernardo* for her husband, whom shee loves farre dearer then her owne life, that being wholly vanquished with the consideration thereof, as also inchanted with the sweet melody of her Ladies sugred perswasions, shee (without any feare or thought of God, as an inconsiderate and graceless Mayden) yieldes to her ungodly and inhumane requests; who then swearing her to secrecie, shee within a day or two after likewise boardeth her servant *Bernardo* upon this bloudy businesse, the which if hee will

will performe for her, and take *Pierya* to his wife, ſhee faithfully promiſeth to give him 150 Duccatons of yearly Annuity, during his life, and to remayne their true and conſtant friend for ever. At firſt *Bernardo* wondereth and ſtaggereth at the hearing of this cruell and lamentable project, as amazed and aſtoniſhed thereat, as if hee were now ſo good a Chriſtian, that Grace triumphed above Nature in his heart, and God above Satan in his ſoule; but at laſt being deeply inamoured of *Pierya's* delicate youth and beauty, which he likes well, and of this yearly ſumme of gold for their maintenance in marriage, which hee loves dearely, hee (forgetting himſelfe, and which is worſe God) without any further rubbes or rumination, gives his Lady *Amarantha* his free conſent and promiſe to performe both her requeſts, as well of the Murther as Marriage. Whereupon ſhee carries him to her Cloſet, and there calls for *Pierya* and acquaints her with her and *Bernardo's* concluſion; So in her preſence they (by joyning of hands) contract themſelves each to other; and then they all three doe ſeverally and joyntly ſweare ſecrecie, as alſo punctually to accompliſh this which they have concluded: When this wretched and execrable *Amarantha* (the faſter and ſtronger to tye them to her deſires and their promiſes) opens a Caſket of hers, and gives each of them fifty Duckatons in gold, as a pledge and earneſt penny of her love to them; and then faithfully promiſeth to reward them with ſo much more, as ſoone as they have ſent her Siſter *Babtiſtyna* to heaven; when *Bernardo* and *Pierya* (to teſtifie their thankefulneſſe to her) doe both vow and ſweare, that herein (as in all things elſe) her will ſhall bee their law, and that both their beſt ſervices and beſt lives ſhall for ever bee proſtrate to her commands. But they ſhall repent the taking, and *Amarantha* the giving of them this gold, becauſe it is the price and hire of innocent bloud.

This lamentable (becauſe ſinfull) compact, being thus ſecretly ſhut up, and impiouſly concluded betweene theſe three wretched perſonages, then *Bernardo* and *Pierya* fall ſo cloſe and thicke to their amorous kiſſes, as being deſirous to become one in body, as already they are in heart and minde, they requeſt their Lady *Amarantha*, that ſhee would pleaſe to permit them to finiſh and conſummate their marriage, before they perpetrate the murther of her Siſter *Babtiſtyna*; but ſhee (who was clearer ſighted in her malice and revenge to her ſaid Siſter, then they in their judgements and affections to themſelves) conſidering that this ſeale of their marriage was the great tye, and Gordian knot for them to performe and finiſh her deſire, the which if it were once ſolemnized, then their devotion and zeale thereunto might (peradventure) afterwards, either grow cold, or freeze, if not ſhortly wither and dye away upon the deſigne, ſhee ſtrongly oppoſes and contradicts it, as affirming they ſhall firſt diſpatch her ſiſter before they marry; the which *Bernardo* well obſerving and conſidering, hee thinkes it no folly in him to learne by her, and ſo to make her diſcretion his: and therefore that this Murther being once committed, ſhee might after at her pleaſure revoke her verball Annuity given him; the which to prevent (and ſo to bee as wiſe in his covetouſneſſe, as ſhe was cruell and bloudy in her bounty) he tells his Lady *Amarantha*, that according to her deſire he will willingly deferre his marriage till then, but withall, humbly requeſteth her to give him her promiſed Annuity written, and ſigned with her owne hand; the which becauſe ſhee cannot well refuſe, ſhee then and there doth in theſe tearmes:

IN conſideration, that my ſervant Bernardo *doe eſpouſe, and take to his wife my Chamber-mayd* Pierya, *I doe promiſe, that (after the conſummation thereof) upon my fidelity and*

and honour, I will yearely give and pay unto the said Bernardo, *or his Assignes, during all the tearme of his life, the full and intire summe of one hundred and fifty Duckatons of* Florence *Money, and in witnesse and testimony of this truth, I hereunto subsigne my name.*

AMARANTHA.

A promise and contract written with more bloud then inke, or rather not with inke, but wholly with bloud, and which therefore God, in his divine providence, may hereafter produce, and bring to light, to serve as a powerfull witnesse, and Instrument of his glory, and peradventure to the infamy and confusion of those who gave and received it.

Amarantha having thus given this promise to *Bernardo*, and likewise received his, and his intended wifes *Pierya's* oaths in counterchange, she now thinkes with her selfe, that she must againe returne *Pierya* to *Florence*, and by some slie hypocrisie, to reinvest and skrew her anew into her old Lady *Babtistyna's* service, thereby to be the more able and fit to dispatch her. Now, as she is maliciously ruminating on this invention, there falls out an accident, which seemes both to favour her hopes, and to further her desires and expectation herein; For by this time, *Babtistyna* writes over to *Malevola*, to deale secretly and seriously with *Pierya* for her returne to *Florence* to her service, and that shee shall finde her welcome to exceed her expectation and desires: So the truth is apparant, that *Pierya* (instructed by the Premises) now needs not many great perswasions from *Malevola*, to draw her to consent to this resolution; for as she and her *Bernardo* receive the first motion of this (unexpected) newes with joy, so *Amarantha* imbraceth and entertaines it with delight; and now their last consultation is held between them, about the conclusion and finishing of this mournefull businesse. To which end, *Pierya* is dispatched for *Florence*, and the fifteenth day after, *Bernardo* is likewise secretly and precisely to arrive there to her by night, and then is the direct appoynted time for them to close and shut up this Tragedy. Wee must now allow and conceive *Pierya* to be againe entertayned of her old Lady *Babtistyna* in *Florence*, with much courtesie and joy; and for the seale and cyment of this their reciprocall reconciliation, her Lady gives her a new blacke wrought Silke Gowne, and a purple Damaske Petticoat, the which (as a treacherous dissembling wretch) she seemes to receive of her with much content and thankefulnesse, the which yet wee shall shortly see her requite with a most inhumane and prodigious ingratitude; for her desire of marriage, and longing for a husband makes her thinke every houre ten, before the fifteenth day bee arrived. And for her late Lady *Amarantha* (who sees by no other eyes but by those of malice and revenge towards her Sister) shee thinkes every day an age, before shee heare of her dispatch. At the expiration of which time (according to their former agreement) *Bernardo* arrived by night at *Streni's* house in *Florence*, and at one of the Clocke after midnight hee findes the little Garden doore open, and his *Pierya* there purposely to receive and welcome him; so they beginne their meeting with kisses. Shee leades him by the hand to the outer doore of her Ladies chamber, and they two having agreed on the manner how to stifle her in her bed, shee had there to that purpose provided two pillowes, keepes one and gives him another to effect it: These miserable wretches (for the more secrecie) put off their shooes, and out the candles, and the darknesse of the Moone, and the obscurity of the night seeming to conspire to their conspiracie, they softly enter her chamber, goe one by one side, and the other by the other, where unfortunat *Babtistyna* lying soundly sleeping and snoring, they stifle her with their Pillowes, and then a little whiles after thrust a handkercher into her mouth, and their fury and malice was so fierce and implacable towards her, as shee hath neither the grace to speake, nor the power once to screech or crye. Thus she who

had formerly poyſoned her elder Siſter *Iaquinta*, is now alſo cruelly murthered by the treachery of her youngeſt *Amarantha*, which makes me crie out and ſay, *O Lord, as thou art immenſe in thy mercie, ſo thou art inſcrutable in thy judgements, and that therfore, as wee ought not, ſo we cannot reſiſt his divine power and eternall preordination.*

Bernardo and *Pierya* (as two limbes of the Devill) having finiſhed this cruell murther on *Babtiſtyna*, they leave her breathleſſe body on her bed, and then withdrawing themſelves from her Chamber, they ſoftly pull faſt the doore, which had a Spring-locke, and then ſhee ſecretly throwes in the key within ſide, at a private hole, or crannie; when her Sweet-heart and her ſelfe deſcend the ſtayres, and with wonderfull ſilence ſtalke away to the Garden, without the Poſterne doore whereof, his horſe, tyed up to an Iron ring in the wall, awayted, and attended him; where with a multitude of kiſſes they part, he faithfully promiſing her to returne to her againe at *Florence* within a moneth after at moſt, and then to marry her: So whiles *Pierya* now (in the depth and dead of this diſmall night) betakes her ſelfe to her bed, and there (as devoyd of feare as of grace) ſleepes ſoundly, her ſweet-heart *Bernardo*, that very obſcure night, gallops thorow the ſtreets of *Florence* towards the gate which leads to *Piſtoia*, where God (in all ſeeing providence) cauſeth his horſe to ſtumble, and fall with him to the ground, whereof hee brake his necke, and preſently dyed, and his horſe then riſing flyes from him ſtraglingly in the ſtreets, leaving the breathleſſe corps of *Bernardo* in the ſtreet, having not the happines either to crie or utter one word at this his ſudden & diſaſtrous death; God having ſo ordain'd and decreed in his Star-chamber of heaven, that although for the murthering of the Lady *Babtiſtyna* he deſerved a more ſhamefull end, yet that this poore horſe which brought him to *Florence*, ſhould at the ſame time and place be his executioner, as alſo that there was ſcarce one houre between his crime and his puniſhment, between her murther and his own death: An act and example of Gods juſtice, worthy of all men to know, and of all Chriſtians moſt eſpecially to remember, ſo ſecret and ſacred are the judgements of the Lord of Hoſts. All that night *Bernardo's* dead body lay gored in his blood (which abundantly iſſued forth his mouth) as alſo in the dirt of the ſtreet, uneſpyed of any mortall eye; but as ſoone as the morning began to appeare thorow the windowes of heaven, then it was found, and likewiſe to bee done by the fall of a horſe, whereof his necke the beholders ſaw was broken, the which the ſooner they were induced and led to believe, becauſe they likewiſe found a horſe neere him ſtragling in the ſtreets without his rider: This his dead body is therefore preſently expoſed to the Criminall Iudges of that faire and famous City, who forthwith cauſe his Pockets to be ſearched, where in ſtead of gold they by the direction of God find the before nominated promiſe of a yearly Annuity, which we have formerly underſtood *Amarantha* gave him: Whereupon, they knowing the Lady *Amarantha* to be *Sig. Leonardo Streni's* daughter, & by this note confidently believing this dead man to be the ſame *Bernardo*, and he to be *Amarantha's* ſervant, they (without once ſuſpecting or dreaming of any murther committed by him) hold it a part of their office and duety to acquaint *Streni* herewith. But the newes of this dead found Corps ratling thorow the ſtreets of the City, it devanceth this care of theirs, and ſo ſpeedily arrives to *Streni's* houſe before them; whereat *Pierya* (looking for nothing leſſe) takes ſo hot an allarum of griefe, feare, and deſpaire, that her guilty thoughts and conſcience (like ſo many Blood-hounds) ſtill purſuing her, ſhe ſeeing this unlookt for diſaſter and death of her *Bernardo* to bee an act of God, and a blow from heaven, which infallibly predicted both her danger and death; ſhe therefore preſently flies out a doore, and (with much celerity, and more feare) betakes her ſelfe to the leaſt frequented and moſt remoteſt ſtreets of the City, for

her safety. By this time the Criminall officers are arrived at *Streni's* house, whom they acquaint with this mournefull accident, shew him this assurance of Annuity, and inquire of him if it bee the Lady *Amarantha* his Daughters hand, as also the dead Corps, and if this were her servant, who (with a countenance composed of astonishment, feare, and sorrow) acknowledgeth to them, that it is his Daughter *Amarantha's* owne hand writing, and the dead personage to bee her Servingman *Bernardo*: Whereupon they confidently believe, and hee sorrowfully feares, that this death of his, and that assurance of hers, doth either import or include some greater disaster and misfortune; whereupon, they againe modestly, yet juridically, demand of him for his Daughter *Amarantha*, and her Chambermayd *Pierya*, who returnes them this answer, that the first is at his Mannor of *Cardus* neere *Pistoia*, and the second here in his house, and now serving his eldest Daughter *Babtistyna*; they demand to speake with *Pierya*, whom hee causeth to bee sought in all places of his house, but shee is not to bee found; so hee sends to looke her in his Daughters chamber, her Mistresse, but his servants returne and report that the doore of that Chamber is fast lock'd, and that they can get no speech either of her, or of the Lady *Babtistyna*; which answer of theirs doth exceedingly augment the jealousie of the Iudges, and the feare of the Father: So they all resolve to ascend themselves to that Chamber, where they aloud againe calling both the Lady and her Mayd, and hearing no answer of either of them, they instantly cause the doore to bee forced open; where (contrary to their expectation) they finde the Lady *Babtistyna* dead, and well neere cold in her bed, and causing her body to bee secretly searched by some Chirurgians, and neighbor Gentlewomen, they all are of opinion, that shee is undoubtedly stifled in her bed, and her face very much blacke and swolne with struggling for life against death. They are amazed, and her Father *Streni* almost drowned in his sorrowfull teares at the sight of this deplorable accident, and mournefull spectacle; and therefore what to say, or how to beare himselfe herein hee knowes not.

But the Iudges upon farther knowledge and consideration of the flight of *Pierya*, the death of *Bernardo*, and the promised Annuity of *Amarantha* upon their marriage (as it were prompted by God) doe vehemently suspect and believe that they all three were undoubtedly consenting & guilty of *Babtistyna's* death, notwithstanding that the Key of her Chamber was found thrown in within side: So they presently leave this sorrowfull Father to his teares, and betaking themselves to their Seat of Iustice, doe instantly cause all the Gates of the City to be shut, and a strict and curious search to be made in all parts thereof, for the apprehension of *Pierya*, which (in their zeale and honour to sacred justice) they performe with so much care and speed, as within three houres after shee is found out, and apprehended in an Aunts house of hers, who was a poore woman and a Laundresse of that City named *Eleanora Fracasa*. The Iudges being presently advertised hereof, convent her before them, and (by vertue of this Annuity) charge both her and her lover *Bernardo* to bee the actors, and *Amarantha* to bee at least the accessary, if not the authour with them of murthering *Babtistyna*, shee can hardly speake for teares at this her examination, because her sighes still cut her words in pieces; and yet she is so farre from grace and repentance, as at first shee stoutly denyes all, and boldly affirmes that both *Amarantha*, *Bernardo*, and her selfe were every way innocent of attempting any thing against *Babtistyna's* life, and that if shee were dead, shee dyed onely of a naturall death by the appoyntment of God, and no otherwise; and to this Answer of hers the Devill had made her so strong, as shee added many fearfull oaths and deprecations, both for her owne and their justification; but yet (not-

withstanding this her Apologie) these grave and cleere-sighted Iudges are so farre from diminishing, as they augment their suspition both of her and them, and so commit her to prison, and forthwith to the racke. At the pronouncing of which Sentence, *Pierya* is much daunted, seemes to let fall some of her former fortitude and constancie, and to burst forth into many passionate teares, sighs, and exclamations: But they will nothing availe her; for, seeing her pretended Husband *Bernardo* dead, in whom lived the imaginary joyes of her heart, shee so fainted, as at the very first sight of the Racke (with some teares, and more deep fetch'd sighes) shee confessed to her Iudges, that shee and *Bernardo* had stifled her Lady *Babtistyna* in her bed; but still constantly affirmed that her sister *Amarantha* was wholly innocent thereof, flattering her selfe with this hope, that for thus her clearing of her Lady *Amarantha* from this crime and danger, shee (in requitall thereof) could doe no lesse then bee a meanes to procure a pardon for her life: But these hopes of hers will deceive her, and flie as fast from her hereafter, as ever shee formerly did from God. So the Iudges (in detestation of this her foule and bloody crime) adjudge her to bee hanged for the same; but first they send her backe to prison, and the very next morning before breake of day, they secretly send away three of their *Isbieres* (or Sergeants) to *Cardura*, to fetch the Lady *Amarantha* to *Florence*, being very confident (notwithstanding *Pierya's* denyall) that shee likewise had a deepe finger and share in her Sister *Babtistyna's* murther.

Amarantha not dreaming in *Cardura* what had betided in *Florence* to *Bernardo* and *Pierya*, but flattering her selfe with much hope and joy, that by this time they had undoubtedly made away her Sister *Babtistyna*, and consequently that she should shortly revisite *Florence*, and there domineere alone, and obtaine some gallant Cavallier of her Father for her husband, shee in expectance of her servant *Bernardo's* returne, and of his pleasing newes, had that day (as it were in a bravery and triumph) purposely dighted her selfe up in her best attire, and richest apparell; and so betaking her selfe to her Chamber, and to that window which looked towards *Florence*, shee with a longing desire expecteth ev'ry minute when he will arrive; when about ten of the clocke before dinner (contrary to her expectation) shee sees three men to enter into the house, apparelled as *Florentines*, whereat shee much museth and wondereth, as not knowing what they, or their comming should import. These three Sergeants having entred the house, they are brought to the Governesse *Malevola*, who brings them to her young Lady *Amarantha* in her Chamber; to whom (with a dissembling confidence) they report to her, That *Seignior Streni* her Father hath sent them to conduct and accompany her speedily to *Florence*. *Amarantha* inquires of them for her Fathers Letters to that effect, whereunto one of the subtlest of them makes answer very slylie and artificially to her, that her Fathers haste, and her preferment would not permit him to write to her, for that hee perfectly knew from him, hee was now upon matching her to a rich and noble Husband: Her Governesse *Malevola* likewise demands of them, if hee had not written to her selfe, they answer no, but that hee bad them tell her, that he will'd her without delay to bring away his Daughter *Amarantha* with her, and themselves to *Florence* by Coach, and onely one Foot-boy. The Pupill and Governesse consult hereon, and the very name of a Husband makes the first as willing as the second is discontented to goe to *Florence* without a Letter; but the policie of the Sergeants so prevaile with the simplicity of this young Lady, and old Gentlewoman, that they speedily packe up their Trunkes, so dine, and then take Coach and horse, and away for *Florence*; during which short journey, although the mirth and joy of *Amarantha* bee great, yet shee

shee findes so many different reluctations, and extravagant thoughts in her minde at the absence and silence of her man *Bernardo*, as shee cannot possibly againe refraine from musing and wondering thereat. They all arrive at *Florence*, where these Sergeants (having learnt their parts well, and acting them better) in stead of *Amarantha's* Fathers house, doe clap her up close prisoner in the Common Goale of that City, notwithstanding all her prayers and cries, sighes and teares to the contrary; and then send her Governesse *Malevola* home to her said Father to advertise him hereof; who tearing the snow-white haire of his head and beard at this sad newes, and extreamely fearing the dangerous consequence of this deplorable accident, he (with teares in his eyes, sorrow in his lookes, and sighes in his speeches) repaires speedily to the Iudges, to whom sorrowfully and humbly casting himselfe almost as low as their feet, hee prayes them to thinke of his age, and of his imprisoned Daughters youth, and that having unfortunately lost his eldest Daughter, that they would not deprive him of his youngest, nor cast her life away either upon bare presumption or circumstance, or upon the wrongful reports and malice of his and her enemies: But these grave and Lynce-ey'd Magistrates (who looke as deepely into the priviledge and dignity of Iustice, as hee doth into the passions of paternall affection and nature) cut him off with this sharpe reply, That they honour his age, and respect his Daughters youth, that she shall have justice, and that by the lawes of *Florence* he must expect no more; with which cold answer hee returnes home to his house, as disconsolate, as hee came foorth sorrowfull, being not permitted, but defended to see, or speake with his Daughter *Amarantha* in prison, onely hee hath permission to bury his murthered Daughter *Babtistyna*, the which hee performeth with farre more griefe and sorrow then solemnity.

The truth and decorum of this History must now invite the Reader to visite *Amarantha* in prison, who being there debarr'd from speaking with any, or any with her, except (those miserable comforters) her Sergeants and Goalers, shee now seeing the imminencie of her danger, and fearing the assurance of her death, for that shee heard a secret inckling (from the lower Court, through her Chamber window) *That her Sister* Babtistyna *was murthered, her Mayd* Pierya *imprisoned, and shee her selfe vehemently suspected for the same:* Shee therefore now beginnes to think of her former bloudy crimes with repentance, and of these her inhumane cruelties towards her two elder Sisters with contrition, and solemnly vowes to God, that if his divine Majesty will now please to save her life, shee will henceforth religiously redeeme the first and second with repentance. So in the middest of these good thoughts, though vaine desires and wishes of hers, shee yet still flatters her selfe with this poore hope, that if her man *Bernardo* bee living, then her promised Annuity to him written with her owne hand is still sure, and therefore tacitly dead in his custody; and that both hee and *Pierya* cannot any way wrong her without infinitely wronging themselves, and indangering their owne lives: so albeit her Iudges have matter of suspicion, yet they can have no cause of death against her, or if peradventure they have, yet that the power of her Fathers greatnesse and friends are so prevalent in *Florence* and *Tuscany*, that (if the worst fall out) he and they can obtaine at least her reprivall for the present, if not her pardon for the future. But (contrary to all these her weake and triviall hopes) the very next morning she is sent for before her Iudges to a private examination, who (after they had made a grave and religious speech to her) they demand her, first, If shee imployed not her servant *Bernardo*, and *Pierya* to murther her Sister *Babtistyna*, the which shee firmely and constantly denyes; Secondly, If shee had not

given an Annuity of 150 Duckatons during his life to marry *Pierya*, the which shee likewise denyes; then they produce and shew it her under her owne hand writing, whereat (they measuring her heart by her countenance) shee seemes to be so much perplexd with sorrow, and amaz'd with feare, as shee cannot refraine from giving them lesse words, but more teares; Of which her Iudges conceiving a good opinion & hope (& therfore deeming themselves now to be in a faire way, and a direct course to obtain the whole truth of this lamentable busines from her) they bethinke themselves of a policie, thereby to effect and compasse it, which is every way worthy of themselves and their offices, of their discretion and justice. They tell *Amarantha*, that in regard of her youth and beauty, and of her Fathers age and nobility, they desire and intend to save her, if shee will not wilfully cast her selfe away; That her safety and life now consisteth in her plaine confession, and not in her perverse denyall and contestation, of being accessary and consenting to the murther of her Sister *Babtistyna*; That they have proofes thereof, as cleare, and as apparant as the Sunne: and that they having caused *Pierya* to bee executed for the same this morning, shee confessed it to them at her death, yea and dyed thereon. At which speeches of her Iudges, and confession and death of *Pierya*, this wretched and unfortunate Lady *Amarantha* (seeing her selfe so palpably convicted of this her bloudy and inhumane crime) being wholly vanquished either with feare toward her selfe, or choller towards *Pierya*, she falls on her knees to her Iudges feet, and (with a great showre of teares) makes her selfe (by her free confession) to bee the prime authour of her Sister *Babtistyna's* murther; That shee had hired *Bernardo* and *Pierya* to performe it, and given him an Annuity of 150 Duckatons *per annum*, and to each of them 50 Duckatons more in hand to that effect, concealing no poynt or part therof, as we have already formerly understood: when (contrary to the expectation of her Iudges) she most bitterly exclaymed on the name, memory, and ingratitude of this base wretch *Pierya* (for so shee then termed her) in that she could not be contented to die her self, but also as much, and as maliciously, as in her power, to think likewise to hazard her owne life with her. And now our chollericke, and yet sorrowfull *Amarantha* (between these two different extreames of hope and feare) layes hold of her Iudges late promise and profered courtesie to her to save her, and then and there (with many reverences, teares, and ringing of her hands) most humbly beseecheth them for Gods sake, and for honours cause, to bee good unto her, and to give her her life, although she confesseth she is most worthy of death, in being so degenerate and bloudy minded towards her owne Sister. But they (having by this commendable meanes, and artificiall policie, drawn this worme from *Amarantha's* tongue, I meane this truth from her mouth) are exceeding sorrowfull, and as much detest this her barbarous fact, as they pitry her descent, youth, and beauty; but well knowing with themselves that God is glorifyed in the due and true execution of Iustice upon all capitall malefactors, and especially on murtherers (who are no lesse then monsters of nature, the disgrace of their times, and the very butchers of mankinde) and that the greatnesse of their quality and blood doth onely serve but to make these crimes of theirs the greater: therefore (I say) these wise and religious Iudges proove deafe to her requests, and blinde to her teares; and so having first caused her to signe this her confession, and then confronted her with *Pierya*, who now to *Amarantha's* face confirmed as much as she her selfe right now confessed and affirmed, they now in expiation of this her cruell murther, adjudge her likewise to bee hanged the next day, at the common place of execution, in company of *Pierya*, although her aged sorrowfull Father *Seignior Strens* (being well nigh weighed

down to his grave with the extreme grief and ſorrow of theſe his misfortunes and calamities) profered the Iudges and the great Duke the greateſt part of his eſtate, and lands, to ſave this his youngeſt, and now his only Daughter *Amarantha*: But his labor proved loſt, and his care and affection vaine in this his ſute and ſolicitation, becauſe thoſe learned Iudges, and this prudent and noble Duke, grounded their reſolutions and pleaſures upon this wholſom and true Maxime, That Iuſtice is one of the greateſt Coloſſus and ſtrongeſt columns of kingdoms and common-weales, and the trueſt way and means to preſerve them in floriſhing proſperity and glory, and conſequently, that all wilfull and premeditated murtherers cannot bee either too ſoone exterminated, or too ſeverely puniſhed, and cut off from the world. So *Amarantha* with more choller then ſorrow, and *Pierya* with more feare then choller, are now both ſent backe to their priſons; and that night *Streni* ſends his Daughter, and the Iudges ſend *Pierya*, ſome Fryers and Nunnes to prepare their ſoules for heaven, but (in honour of the truth) I muſt affirme with equall griefe and pitty, that both theſe two female monſters had their hearts ſo ſealed, and their ſoules ſo ſeared up with impiety, that neither of them could there be perſwaded, or drawne, either to thinke of repentance or of God.

Whiles thus *Florence* reſounds of theſe their foule and inhumane crimes, as alſo of their juſt condemnations, the next morning about ten of the clocke, they are brought to the deſtin'd place of execution, there to receive their condigne puniſhments for the ſame. *Pierya* firſt mounts the Ladder, who made a ſhort ſpeech at her death, to this effect, That her deſire to obtaine *Bernardo* for her husband had chiefely drawne her to commit this murther on her Lady *Babtiſtyna*, and that it was farre more her Siſter *Amarantha's* malice to her, then her owne, which ſeduced her to this bloudy reſolution; and that this her owne ſhamefull death was not halfe ſo grievous to her, as the unfortunate end of her lover *Bernardo*, whom, ſhee there affirmed to the world, and tooke it to her death, that ſhee loved a thouſand times dearer then her owne life, with many other vaine and ridiculous ſpeeches tending that way, and which ſavoured more of her fond affection to him, then of any zeale or devotion to God; and therefore I hold them every way more worthy of my ſilence, then of my relation: and ſo ſhee was turned over. To ſecond whoſe unfortunate and ſhumefull end, now our bloudy and execrable *Amarantha* (with farre more beauty then contrition, and bravery then repentance) aſcends the Ladder; who (to make her infamy the more famous) had purpoſly dighted and apparelled her ſelfe in a plaine blacke Sattin gowne, with ſilver lace, and a deepe-laced Cambricke Ruffe of a very large Set, with her hayre unvailed, and decked with many roſes of ſilver Ribband: At her aſcent, her extraction, beauty, and youth, begate as much pitty, as her bloudy and unnaturall crime did deteſtation, in the eyes and hearts of all her ſpectatours: When after a pauſe or two, ſhee (vainely compoſing her countenance, more with contempt, then feare of death) there to a world of people, who flocked from all parts of the City and Countrey to ſee her dye (with a wondrous boldneſſe) confeſſed, That ſhee had not onely cauſed her Siſter *Babtiſtyna* to bee ſtifled in her bed by *Bernardo* and *Pierya*, but that her ſayd Siſter *Babtiſtyna* and her ſelfe had formerly poyſoned their elder Siſter *Iaquinta*, and that it was onely their imperiouſneſſe and pride towards her, which drew her to this reſolution and revenge againſt them both; the which ſhee affirmed, ſhee could now as little repent, as heretofore remedy, and that ſhee more ſenſibly lamented, and grieved for the ſorrowes of her Fathers life, then for the ſhame and infamy of her owne death: when, without any ſhew of repentance, without any ſpeech of God, or which is leſſe, without ſo much as

once

once looking up towards heaven, or inviting or praying her ſpectatours to pray to God for her ſoule, ſhee (with a graceleſſe reſolution, and prophane boldneſſe) conjured her Executioner ſpeedily to performe his office and duety, which by the command of the Magiſtrate he forthwith did. So this wretched *Amarantha* was hanged for her ſecond murther, and then by a ſecond decree and ſentence of the Criminall Iudges, her body is after dinner burnt to aſhes for her firſt; who likewiſe, in honour to Iuſtice, and to the glory of God, doe alſo cauſe the dead body of *Bernardo* (for two whole dayes) to bee hanged by his feet in his ſhirt to the ſame Gallowes, and then to bee caſt into the River of *Arno*. And here the Iudges alſo, to ſhew themſelves, themſelves, were once of opinion to have unburyed *Babtiſtyna*, and likewiſe to have given her dead body ſome opprobrious puniſhment, for being acceſſary with her Siſter *Amarantha* to poyſon their elder Siſter *Iaquinta*; but having no other evidence or proofe hereof, but onely the teſtimony of her condemned dying Siſter *Amarantha*, whom it was more probable then impoſſible, ſhee might ſpeake it more out of malice then truth, as alſo that God had already afflicted a deplorable end and puniſhment to her, they therefore omitted it. And thus was the deſerved ends, and condigne puniſhments of theſe wretched and execrable murtherers; and in this manner did the juſt revenge, and ſacred juſtice of God meete and triumph over them and their bloudy crimes.

And now here fully to conclude and ſhut up this Hiſtory in all its circumſtances; The griefes and ſorrowes of this unfortunate old Father was ſo great and infinite, for the untimely and deplorable deaths of all theſe his three onely Daughters and Children, that although piety and religion had formerly taught him, that the afflictions of this life are the joyes of that to come, yet being wholly vanquiſhed and depreſſed with all theſe his different bitter croſſes and calamities, hee left *Florence*, and retired himſelfe to a ſolitary life in *Cardura*, where hee not long ſurvived them, but dyed very penſively and mournfully.

* * *

GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE CRYING AND EXECRAble Sinne of *Murther*.

Historie. XXII.

Martino *poysoneth his Brother* Pedro, *and murthereth* Monfredo *in the streete; He afterwards growes mad, and in confession reveales both these his murthers to Father* Thomas *his Ghostly Father, who afterwards dying, reveales it by his Letter to* Cecilliana, *who was Widdow to* Monfredo, *and Sister to* Pedro *and* Martino. Martino *hath first his right hand cut off, and then is hanged for the same.*

AS it is a dangerous wickednesse to contrive and plot murther; So much more it is a wretched and execrable one to finish, and perpetrate it; for to kill our Christian Brother, who figuratively beares the image of God, is an act so odious, as Nature cannot excuse, and so diabolicall, as no Clemencie can pardon; And yet this age, and this world is but too plentifull and fertile of such bloudy Tigers, and inhumane Monsters, and Butchers of mankinde, as if they had not a Conscience within them to accuse them, a God above them to condemne them, and a Hell below them to punish them; or as if they had not the sacred Oracles of Gods eternall Word, I meane the Law and the Gospell, and the blessed Precepts and Doctrine of the holy Prophets and Apostles, yea, of Christ Iesus himselfe, the great Shepherd, and sacred Bishop of our soules, to teach us the rules of Mercie, Meekenesse, and Long-suffering, whiles wee live in this vale of misery here below, and that wee must imbrace and follow Peace and Charity with all men, if ever wee thinke to participate of the true felicity and joyes of Heaven above: But nevertheless (yea directly contrary hereunto) this insuing History will produce us one, who though sufficiently instructed in the rules of Piety and Charity, yet hee wilfully abandoned the first, and contemned the second, by cruelly and unnaturally imbruing his hands in innocent bloud; for the which wee shall see, that hee in the end suffereth a severe and shamefull death. May we reade this History to the glory of God, and the iustruction of our selves.

THe Scene of this History is layd in *Spayne*, in the famous Province of old *Castile*, and in the faire and ancient City of *Burgos*, where lately dwelt a noble and rich old Gentlewoman, termed *Dona Catherina Auuaez* (a Sirname much knowne

knowne, and famous in that City, Province, and Kingdome) who had by her deceaſed Husband *Don Roderigo de Ricaldo*, two ſonnes, *Don Pedro*, and *Don Martino*, and one Daughter named *Dona Cecilliana*. Her eldeſt ſonne *Don Pedro* was a gallant Cavallier of ſome eight and twenty yeares of age, tall, and well-timbred, by complexion and hayre blacke, and of a ſwart and martiall countenance, who for the ſpace of ſeven yeares ſerved as a voluntary Gentleman under that wiſe and valiant Commander *Don Gonſalez de Cordova* in *Germany*, and againſt the Lords States of the *Netherlands*, and ſince in the *Voltoline* and *Millane*, againſt the *Griſons* and *French*; In both which warres, he left behind him many memorable teſtimonies of his proweſſe, and purchaſed divers honorable trophees of true valour, and generoſity: but for any other intellectuall endowments of the minde, hee was no ſcholler, and but of an indifferent capacity, yet very honeſt, courteous, and affable, particularly to his friends, and generally to all the world. His Brother *Don Martino* was of ſome foure and twenty yeares of age, ſhort of ſtature, very ſlender, but crooke-back'd, of an Aubrun hayre, a withered face, a ſquint eye, of inclination extreamely ſullen, and of diſpoſition and nature envious and revengefull, as deſirous rather to entertaine a night-quarrell in the ſtreet, then a day-combate in the Field; but as God is many times pleaſed to countervaile and reward the defects of nature in the body, with ſome rich gifts and perfections of the mind, ſo though not by profeſſion, yet by education he was an excellent Scholler, of an active and ſharpe wit, a fluent tongue, and ſingularly able either to allure or divert, to perſwade or diſſwade, according as the ſtreame of his different paſſions and affections led him; Vertues enough relucent and excellent to build a fame, and ſufficient to rayſe an eminent fortune, if his former vices doe not too fatally eclipſe the one, and deface the other. Their Siſter *Cecilliana* (aged of ſome twenty yeares) was of an indifferent height, but growing to corpulencie and fatneſſe, of a blacke hayre, an amiable browne complexion, a big rolling eye, and the ayre of her countenance rather beautifully amorous, then modeſtly beautifull: Shee was of a nimble wit, of humour pleaſant and facetious, yet ſo reſerved in the externall-demonſtration thereof, that through her Mothers pious and auſtere education of her, ſhee (in all outward ſemblance) ſeemed rather to bee fit for a Nunnery then a Husband, and more proper to make a Saint, then a Wife; but as the face proves not ſtill a true Index of the heart, nor our lookes and ſpeeches ſtill a true Sybile of our ſoules, ſo how retired ſoever her Mother kept her from the company of men, yet her wanton eye, conſpiring with her laſcivious heart, made her the more deſirous thereof, and farre the more licentiouſly, in regard ſhee was ſtrictly forbidden it; ſo as (not to contradict or diſſemble the truth) I am here inforced to relate and affirme, that ſhee imparteth her favours upon two or three young Gentlemen of that Citie, of her private acquaintance, and is more familiar with them, then modeſty can well warrant, or chaſtity allow of. But there is a young Gallant of this City likewiſe (more noble by birth, then rich in eſtate and meanes) named *Don Balthazar de Monfredo*, who (deeming *Cecilliana* as famous for her chaſtity, as for her beauty) beares a ſingular affection to her; yea, his heart and thoughts are ſo fervently intangled in the ſnares of her delicious beauty, that in publicke and private, in his deſires and wiſhes, and in his ſpeech and actions he proclaimes her to bee his Miſtreſſe, and himſelfe her ſervant; and if hee affect and deſire *Cecilliana* for his Wife, no leſſe doth ſhee *Monfredo* for her Husband; ſo that they many times by ſtealth meet and conferre privately in remote Churches and Chappells, it being rather a prophane then a religious cuſtome of *Spaine* (wherein Heaven is too much made to ſtoope to Earth, and Religion to Impiety)

for

for men to court their intended wives, and (which is worſe) many times their Courtizans and Strumpets. *Cecilliana* (oftentimes warranted by her Mothers indiſpoſition) can no ſooner take Coach to injoy the pleaſure and benefit of the freſh ayre abroad in the fragrant fields, but *Monfredo* aſſuredly meets her, where leaping from his Coach into hers (and leaving his Page to accompany her Wayting-gentlewoman in his own) they at firſt familiarly kiſſe and confer, and in a few of theſe meetings at laſt effectually reſolve to give themſelves each to other in the ſacred bonds of marriage; ſo he gives her a rich Diamond ring, and ſhe reciprocally returnes him a paire of Gold bracelets, in token of marriage, and they then and there (calling God to witnes) very ſolemnly contract themſelves man and wife, yet for ſome ſolid reaſons, and important conſiderations, which conduce to the better accompliſhing of their deſires, they for a time conclude to beare it ſecretly and ſilently from all the world; and it is concluded and agreed betweene them, that a moneth after, and not before, hee ſhall attempt to ſeeke her publikely in marriage, both of her Mother the Lady *Catherina*, as alſo of her two Brothers *Don Pedro* and *Don Martino*. So when this moneth is paſt over (which to theſe our two Lovers ſeemes to be many ages) *Monfredo* very fairely and orderly ſeekes her of her Mother in marriage, and likewiſe (in tearmes fit for him to give, and them to receive) acquaints her two Brothers with his ſute and affection to their Siſter, and with his beſt art and eloquence indeavoureth (on honorable tearmes) to gaine and purchaſe their conſents thereunto. As for her Mother, ſhe (preferring wealth to honour, and riches to content) conſidering the weakeneſſe of *Monfredo's* eſtate, the death of his parents, whereby ſhee ſees him deprived of all future hope to raiſe his fortunes, doth abſolutely denye to beſtow her Daughter on him in marriage; and the more to bewray her extreame diſtaſte of this his ſute and diſlike of himſelfe, ſhee (with much obſtinacie and choller) forbids him her Daughters company, and (with more incivility and indignation) conjures him to leave and forbeare her houſe, telling him ſhee hath already firmely ingaged her word and promiſe to *Don Alonſo Delrio*, that hee ſhall ſhortly eſpouſe and marry her. Now although this ſharpe anſwer of hers ſeeme to nip *Monfredo's* hopes and deſires in their bloſſomes, yet relying more on the affection and conſtancie of the Daughter, then on the power or reſolution of the Mother, hee againe and againe (with moſt reſpective and honourable importunity) ſolliciteth her conſent; but he ſees it loſt labour, becauſe ſhee is reſolute that her firſt ſhall bee her laſt anſwer to him herein. As for her Brother *Don Pedro*, he loves his Siſter ſo perfectly, and her content ſo dearely, that hee findes him to ſtand well affected to their affections, and in regard of his love to her, and reſpect to him, that hee utterly contemnes the motion and mention of *Delrio*; and therfore faithfully promiſeth *Monfredo* his beſt aſſiſtance towards his Mother for the effecting of their deſires. But for her yonger brother, *Don Martino*, he findes a contrary nature and diſpoſition in him; for he never loved, but hated his Siſter *Cecilliana*, and therfore hates *Monfredo* for her ſake, and loves *Delrio*, becauſe he heares ſhe hates him, and ſo animates his Mother againſt them; and thus hee gives *Monfredo* cold anſwers, and (the ſooner and better to convert his hope into deſpaire) tells him plainely, that *Delrio* muſt and ſhall marry his Siſter, and none but hee: Thus *Monfredo* departs, as glad of *Don Pedro* his love, as hee is ſorrowfull for his Mother and Brother *Don Martino's* hatred. And here (to obſerve the better order in this Hiſtory, and likewiſe to give the curioſity of the Reader the fuller ſatisfaction) it will not be improper rather pertinent for us to underſtand, that *Don Delrio* was a well deſcended Gentleman likewiſe of the ſame city of *Burgos*, rich in lands and monyes, but at leaſt fifty five yeares old, having

having a white head and beard, of a hard and ſoure favoure, and exceedingly baker-legged; yet as old as hee was, hee was ſo paſſionately inamoured of the freſh and ſweet beauty of *Cecilliana*, that hee thought her not too young to bee his wife, nor himſelfe too old to bee her husband, but led more by his luſt then his judgement, and incouraged by *Dona Catherina* her Mother, for that his great lands and wealth wholly inclined and weighed downe her affection towards him, hee often viſiteth her Daughter *Cecilliana*, and with his beſt oratory and power ſeeks and courts her affection in the way of marriage: but ſhee having her heart fixed on *Monſredo's* youth, and comely feature, ſhee highly ſlights *Delrio's* frozen age, as diſdayning to make her ſelfe a *May* to this *December*, becauſe ſhee apparantly knew, and perfectly believed, that hee was every way fitter for his grave, then for her bed; for it was *Monfredo*, and onely *Monfredo*, whom her heart had elected and choſen for her ſecond ſelfe and Husband: And ſuppoſe (quoth ſhe) that *Monſredo* bee not ſo rich as *Delrio*, yet all *Caſtile*, yea all *Spayne* well knowes, that by deſcent and generoſity hee is farre more noble, and that there is as great an *Antitheſis* and diſparity betweene the vertues of the firſt, and the defects and imperfections of the laſt, as there is betweene a Clowne and a Captaine, and a Peaſant and a Prince; therefore let my Mother ſay whar ſhe will, *Delrio* what he can, or my Brother *Martino* what he dare, yet they ſhall ſee, and the world know, that I will bee wife to none but *Monfredo*, and that either hee, or my Grave, ſhall bee my Husband.

But the Lady *Catherina* her Mother (notwithſtanding her Daughters averſneſſe and obſtinacie) layes her charge and bleſſing upon her to forſake *Monfredo*, and take *Delrio*, urging to her the poverty of the one, and the wealth of the other, what delights and contentments the laſt will give her, and what afflictions and miſery the firſt doth threaten her: but the affection of *Cecilliana* is ſtill ſo firmely fixed, and ſtrongly ſetled and cymented on her *Monfredo*, that ſhe is deafe to theſe requeſts, and blinde to theſe reaſons of her Mother, in ſeeking to diſſwade her from him, and in conſenting and perſwading her to accept of *Delrio* for her Huſband; and although her Mother follow her in all places as her ſhadow, and haunt her at all times as her Ghoſt, to draw her hereunto, yet ſhee ſtill findes her Daughter as reſolute to denye, as ſhee is importunate to requeſt it of her, vowing that ſhee will rather wed her ſelfe to a Nunnery, then to *Delrio*, whom ſhee ſayth ſhee cannot affect, and therefore peremptorily diſdayneth to marry. Her Mother ſeeing her daughter thus conſtantly and wilfully to perſevere in her obſtinacy againſt her deſires, ſhee (with much choller and griefe) relates from poynt to poynt to her Sonne *Don Martino* what had paſt betweene them; whom ſhee knew did as much love *Delrio*, and hate *Monfredo*, as her eldeſt Sonne *Don Pedro* hated *Delrio*, and loved *Monfredo* for their Siſter in marriage. *Martino* takes advantage of this occaſion and oportunity, and thinking to give two blowes with one ſtone, by croſſing his Siſter in her affection, and his Brother in his deſignes and wiſhes, doth now more then ever incenſe his Mother againſt her, alledging that it would bee a farre greater honour, and leſſe ſcandall to their Name and Houſe, that ſhee were rather marryed to a Nunnery, then a Beggar, and with many powerfull reaſons and artificiall perſwaſions, ſtrives to make her inclinable to this project, and flexible to this reſolution of his, as indeed in a little time ſhe doth: For the Mother being thus wedded to her will, and therein now confirmed by the ſlie policie and fortifyed by the ſubtile inſinuation of her Sonne *Don Martino*, ſhee hereupon conſtantly reſolves to betake and give her Daughter to God and the Church, affirming that ſhee ſhall never reape any true content in her thoughts, nor peace

her heart, before ſhe ſee her cloyſtered up and eſpouſed to a Nunnery. But this compact of theirs is not ſo cloſely carryed betweene them, but the vigilancie of *Don Pedro* (whoſe affection and care aymes to give *Monfredo* and his Siſter content) hath perfect notice and intelligence hereof, the which for a time hee holds fit to conceale from them both; when firmely purpoſing to prevent it, and ſo to croſſe his Mother and Brother, who herein delight and glory to croſſe him, hee bethinkes himſelfe of an invention (worthy of himſelfe) how and which way to effect it. Hee ſends for *Don Alonſo Delrio* to the *Cordeliers* Church, and there relates him the friendſhip he beares him, that hee will not ſee him runne himſelfe into an errour in ſeeking his Siſter *Cecilliana* in marriage, whom hee knowes he cannot poſſibly obtayne; Shee (to his knowledge) beeing already firmely contracted to *Monfredo*, notwithſtanding all that his Mother and Brother *Don Martino* have ſayd or can doe to the contrary. *Delrio* heartily thankes *Don Pedro* for the expreſſion of this love to him, the which he affirmes he ſhall ever finde him ready both to deſerve and requite; when meaſuring the time future by the preſent, and of *Cecilliana's* blooming youth by his weather-beaten and blaſted age, hee vowes to *Don Pedro*, that hee will henceforth no more deſire or ſeeke his Siſter in marriage, nor yet ſpeake with her, or come neere his Mother or Brother; ſo that buſineſſe is for ever daſhed, and receives an end, almoſt as ſoone as a beginning. The which *Don Martino* (out of his deepe reach and politicke pate) underſtanding, and knowing that this falling off of *Delrio*, from farther ſeeking his Siſter in marriage, proceeded wholly from the ſecret underminig of his Brother *Don Pedro*, he is extreamly in choller againſt him for the ſame; and ſo (with more paſſion then diſcretion) goes and chargeth him herewith: Whereupon theſe two Brothers fall at great contention and variance, and many bitter words and outragious ſpeeches here interchangeably paſſe betweene them, the repetition whereof I thinke good to bury in ſilence, becauſe it matters not much to give it a place in this Hiſtory; onely (to deale on generalls) I muſt ſay that *Don Pedro* was high, and *Don Martino* hot, and that the firſt ſpake not ſo much as hee dared, and the laſt dared not ſo much as hee ſpake. But this tongue combate of theirs was ſo violent and bluſterous, as the iſſue thereof redounding to *Don Pedro's* glory and generoſity, and to *Don Martino's* ſhame and baſeneſſe, and *Martino* finding that he had more will then power to bee now revenged hereof on his brother, hee is inflamed with choller and revenge againſt him for the ſame, as conſulting with Satan, not with God, hee is ſo revengefull and inhumane, as hee wiſheth his ſayd brother in heaven, and from thenceforth plotteth with himſelfe how to finiſh it, reaſoning thus uncharitably and damnably with himſelfe; That hee being dead, and his ſiſter pent and mewed up in a Nunnery, hee ſhall then bee ſole heire and Lord to all the Lands and Eſtate which his Father left him.

Thus in the heat of his choller, and the fumes of his revenge againſt his brother *Don Pedro*, hee repayres to his Mother, informes her how it is hee and his policie which hath beaten off *Delrio* from ſeeking his ſiſter *Cecilliana* in marriage, and that through his cloſe treacherous dealing, hee hath prevayled with him for ever to abandon her; yea, hee here leaves no invention unaſſayed to incenſe his mother againſt his brother, nor meanes unattempted to inflame her againſt his ſiſter, by ſtill putting her in minde of his raſhneſſe towards *Delrio*, and of her diſobedience towards her ſelfe; and here (hee remembring his owne ambitious ends) doth againe modeſtly perſwade, and then againe importunately pray his mother to conſtitute her to a Nunnery; whereunto (as we have formerly underſtood) hee knowes ſhee is already reſolutely bent and reſolved: When

ſhee (being vanquiſhed with her owne deſires, and his importunity) promiſeth him very ſhortly to effect it. But firſt ſhee ſends for her Sonne *Don Pedro*, and in a language of thunder rebukes and checkes him for his double crime, in diſſwading *Delrio* from ſo ſuddainly forſaking his ſiſter, and in perſwading ſo ſtrongly to affect *Monfredo*, adding withall, that notwithſtanding his treachery and policie, and her ingratefull diſobedience to her, ſhee is inviolably reſolved ſhortly to ſend *Monfredo* to ſeeke another wife, and to give and betake her to no other Husband then a Nunnery. *Don Pedro*, holding it his duety to entertain this choller and theſe ſpeeches of his mother rather with modeſty then paſſion, returnes her this anſwer, that hee hath nor ſayd, nor done any thing to *Delrio*, but what hee can well juſtifie with his obedience to her, and his honour to the whole world; that his affection to his ſiſters preſent content, and care of her future proſperity, makes him aſſume this beliefe and confidence, that *Delrio* is as unworthy of her, as ſhee worthily beſtowed on *Don Monfredo*, and therefore that it is both pitty and ſhame, that the wealth of the firſt ſhould bee preferred to the nobility and generoſity of the ſecond; hee prayes her to conſider, that as *Cecilliana* is her daughter, ſo ſhee is his ſiſter, and that hee is ſo well acquainted with her diſpoſition and ſecrets, as not to diſſemble her the truth, hee holds her farre more fit to make a Wife then a Nunne, and a Nunnery therefore (every way) to bee improper for her, and ſhee for it; that he is not ignorant that it is the policie, or rather the malice of his brother *Don Martino*, which hath wrought theſe falſe impreſſions in her beliefe againſt himſelfe, and this her uncharitable reſolution againſt his ſiſter; for which baſe treachery and ingratitude of his, if hee thought him as worthy of his care, as hee knowes hee is of his ſcorne, hee would not faile to call him to a ſtrict account for the ſame, but that Nature and Grace preſcribe him contrary rules. *Dona Catherina* beeing farre more capable to diſtaſte, then to reliſh this bold anſwer of her Sonne *Don Pedro*, and contenting her ſelfe to have now delivered him her minde and reſolution at full, ſhe leaves him, and findes out his brother *Martino*, to whom ſhee punctually relates what had paſt betweene her and his brother *Don Pedro*; whereat hee is afreſh ſo netled with choller, and inflamed with revenge againſt him, as what before hee hath deſperately plotted and reſolved againſt his life, hee now vowes and ſweares ſhortly to execute, whereat his bloudy thoughts (without intermiſſion) aime and tend, and next thereunto hee deſires nothing ſo much, as to ſee his Siſter made a vowed and vayled Siſter.

Whiles thus his mother and himſelf are deep in conference, and buſie in conſultation how to effect and compaſſe theſe their different deſignes, *Don Pedro* goes to his ſiſter *Cecilliana*, findes out *Monfredo*, and to them both ſincerely delivers what hath paſt betweene his mother, his brother, and himſelfe, in their behalfes; yea, it is a jeſt (both worthy, and well beſeeming his laughter) to ſee how betweene earneſt and jeſt, hee tells his ſiſter (in preſence of her lover *Monfredo*) that ſhee muſt ſhortly prepare her ſelfe for a Nunnery, for that their brother *Don Martino* hath decreed it, and their mother *Dona Catherina* ſworne it: At this pleaſant paſſage and conceipt of *Don Pedro*, *Cecilliana* cannot refraine from bluſhing, nor *Monfredo* from ſmiling: for looking each on other with the eyes of one and the ſame tender affection and conſtancie, hee ſmiles to ſee her bluſh, and ſhee againe bluſheth to ſee him ſmile hereat, here ſhee tells her brother *Don Pedro* plainely, and her lover *Monfredo* pleaſantly, that ſhee will deceive her mothers hopes, and her brother *Don Martino's* deſires, in thinking to make her a cloyſtered Siſter; when againe metamorphoſing the ſnow-white lillies of her cheekes into bluſhing damaſke roſes

roſes, ſhee with a modeſt pleaſantneſſe, directing her ſpeech to *Monfredo* (who then lovingly led her in the Garden by her arme) tells him, that his houſe ſhould bee the Nunnery, his armes the Cloyſter, and himſelfe the Saint, to whom (till death) ſhee was ready to profer up, and ſacrifice both her affection and her ſelfe; that as ſhee did not hate, but love the profeſſion of a Nunne in others, ſo for his ſake ſhee could not love, but hate it in her ſelfe, adding withall, that for proofe and confirmation hereof (if it were his pleaſure) ſhee was both ready and willing to put her ſelfe into his protection, and to repoſe her honour in the cofidence of his faithfull affection and integrity towards her. *Monfredo* firſt kiſſing her, then infinitely thankes her for this true demonſtration of her deare and conſtant affection to him, when againe intermixing kiſſes with ſmiles, and ſmiles with kiſſes, hee ſweares to her, in preſence of God, and her brother *Don Pedro*, that if the Lady her mother wholly abandon her, or reſolve to commit her to a Nunnery, he will receive and entertain her in his poore houſe with delight and joy, and preſerve her honour equally with his owne life, and that in all things (as well for the time preſent, as the future) hee will ſteere his actions by the ſtarre of her deſire, and the compaſſe of her preſent brother *Don Pedro's* commands: for which free and faithfull courteſie of his, *Cecilliana* thankes him, and no leſſe doth *Don Pedro*, who in requitall hereof makes him a generall and generous tender of his beſt power and ſervice to act and conſummate his deſires; and ſo for that time, and with this reſolution, they part each from other, leaving the progreſſe of their affections, and the ſucceſſe thereof partly to time, but chiefely to God, whom they all religiouſly invocate to bleſſe their deſignes in hand.

Leave wee them for a while, and come wee now againe (curſorily) to ſpeake of their mother *Dona Catherina*, and of *Don Martino* their brother, who being the oracle from whom ſhee derives and directs all her reſolutions, ſhee is ſtill conſtant to her ſelfe, and therfore ſtill vehemently bent againſt her ſon *Don Pedro*, her daughter *Cecilliana* and *Monfredo*, ſwearing both ſolemnely and ſeriouſly, that ſhee will rather dye, then live to ſee him her ſonne in law: and yet whatſoever *Don Martino* doe ſay, or can alledge to her to the contrary, ſhee yet loves *Don Alonſo Delrio* ſo well, and her daughter *Cecilliana* ſo dearely, that before ſhe will attempt to cloyſter her up in a Nunnery, ſhee hoping to reclayme him to affect her, and to revive his ſute of marriage, doth by a Gentleman her ſervant ſend him this Letter.

CATHERINA to DELRIO.

I Am wholly ignorant why thou thus forſakeſt thy affection and ſute to my Daughter Cecilliana, *whereof, before I am reſolved by thee, I have many reaſons to ſuſpect and thinke, that it was as feigned, as thy promiſes and oaths pretended it to be fervent. Sure I am, that as Envie cannot eclipſe the fame of her vertues towards the world, ſo Truth dare not contradict the ſincerity of my well wiſhes and affection towards thee, in deſiring to make thee her Husband, and her thy Wife. Her poore beauty (which thou ſo often ſworeſt thy heart ſo dearely admired and adored) hath loſt no part of its luſtre, but is the ſame ſtill; and I am I, who have ever wiſhed, and ever will faithfully deſire, that of all men of the world, thy ſelfe onely may live to injoy it. If thou thinke her affection bee bent any other way, thou doſt her no right, but offer a palpable wrong to thine owne judgement, and to my knowledge: Or if thou imagine the Portion be too ſmall, which I promiſed to give, and thou to receive with her in marriage, thou ſhalt command that augmentation from me, which none but thy ſelfe ſhall eyther have cauſe to requeſt, or power to obtayne; yea, thou ſhalt finde, that*

for the finiſhing and conſummating of ſo good a worke (which thou ſo much deſerveſt, and I ſo much deſire) I will willingly bee contented to inrich her fortunes with the impoveriſhing of mine owne. If thou ſend me thine Anſwer hereunto, I ſhall take it for an argument of thy unkindneſſe: but if thou bring it thy ſelfe, I will eſteeme it as one of thy true reſpects and affection to me.

CATHERINA.

Don *Martino* being ſolicited and charged by his Lady mother likewiſe to write effectually to *Delrio* to returne to ſeeke his ſiſter *Cecilliana* in marriage, yet notwithſtanding drawne thereunto for his owne covetous ends, ſecretly to deſire and wiſh that hee might never marry her, but ſhee a Nunnery, hee therefore to that effect writes, and ſends him a moſt diſſembling and hypocriticall Letter by the ſame meſſenger, to accompany hers, but hee is ſo reſerved and fine, as hee purpoſely conceales the ſight and reading thereof from his mother. This Letter of his, which was as falſe and double as himſelfe, reported this language:

MARTINO to DELRIO.

MY duety ever obliging mee to eſteeme my Mothers requeſts as commands, I therefore adventure thee this Letter, as deſiring to know who or what hath ſo ſuddainly withdrawne thee, or thy affection from my Siſter Cecilliana. *Thou canſt not bee ignorant of my hearty well-wiſhes and love to thee in obtayning her to thy wife; and yet it is not poſſible for thee to conceive, much leſſe believe, the hundreth part of the bitter ſpeeches, which I have beene inforced to receive and packe up, from her and my Brother* Don Pedro, *for deſiring and wiſhing it. I know that inforced affections prove commonly more fatall then fortunate, and more ruinous then proſperous; therefore I am ſo farre from any more perſwading thee to ſeeke her in marriage, that I leave each of you to your ſelves, and both unto God. And to the end thou mayſt ſee how much the Lady my Mother affects thy ſuit, and diſlikes that of* Monfredo *to my ſiſter, ſhe upon thy forbearance and abſence hath vowed unto God, that if thou bee not, hee ſhall not, but a Nunnery muſt bee her Husband. My Mother is deſirous to ſee thee, and my ſelfe to ſpeake with thee; but becauſe Marriages ought firſt to bee made in Heaven, before conſummated in Earth, therefore thou knoweſt farre better then my ſelfe, that in all actions (eſpecially in Marriage) it is the duety of a Chriſtian to wait on Gods ſecret Providence, and to attend his ſacred pleaſure with patience.*

MARTINO.

Delrio receives and reades theſe two Letters, and (conſulting them with his judgement) findes that they looke two different wayes; for *Dona Catherina* the mother would marry her daughter to himſelfe, but not to *Monfredo*, and her ſonne *Martino*, aymes and deſireth to have her marryed to a Nunnery, and not to himſelfe; wherein wealth and covetouſneſſe are the chiefeſt ends and ambition of them both, without having any reſpect to the young Ladies content, or regard to her ſatisfaction; and although the ſpeech which *Don Pedro* delivered him in the *Cordeliers* (or Gray Friers) Church, have ſo much wrought with his affection, and ſo powerfully prevailed with his reſolution, that hee will no farther ſeeke *Cecilliana* in marriage, yet in common courteſie and civility hee holds himſelfe bound to anſwer their two Letters, the which hee doth, and returnes them by their owne meſſenger. That to the Lady *Catherina* had theſe words:

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DELRIO to CATHERINA.

THough you suspect my sincerity, yet if you will believe the truth, you shall finde, that the affection which I intended the Lady Cecilliana *your daughter was servent, not feigned; and because you are desirous to know the reasons why I forbeare to seeke her in marriage, I can give you no other but this, that I know shee is too worthy to bee my wife, and believe that I am not worthy enough to bee her husband: so though envie should dare to bee so ignorant, yet it cannot possible bee so malicious, either to eclipse the lustre of her beauty, or the fame of her vertues, sith the one is so sweete a grace to the other, and both so precious ornaments to her selfe, that infinite others besides my selfe hold it as great a prophaneneſſe not to adore the last, as a happineſſe to see and admire the first. For your affection in desiring my selfe hers, and shee mine in marriage, I can give you no other requitall but thankes for the present, and my prayers and service for the future. How your daughter hath, or will dispose of her affection, God and her selfe best know; and therefore I shall doe her right, and your knowledge and my judgement no wrong, rather to proclaime my ignorance, then my curiosity herein: but this I assure you, that if hers to mee had equallized mine to hers, I should then thankfully have taken, and joyfully received her with a farre lesse portion then you would have given mee with her. To your selfe I wish much prosperity, and to the Lady your daughter all happineſſe. I must returne you this mine answer by mine owne servant, and whether you make it an argument of my unkindneſſe, or affection, in pleasing your selfe, you shall no way displease mee.*

DELRIO.

His Letter to *Don Martino* spake thus:

DELRIO to MARTINO.

I Have (by my Letter) given the Lady thy mother the reasons why I desist from any farther seeking thy sister Cecilliana *in marriage; and because I know shee will acquaint thee therewith, therefore I hope they will suffise both for thee and her. I am as thankefull to thee for thy well wishes to have obtained her for my wife, as I grieve to understand that thou hast received any bitter speeches, either from her or thy brother* don Pedro, *for my sake. It rejoyceth mee to see thee of the opinion that inforced marriages proove commonly fatall and ruinous, in which beliefe and truth, if thou and thy mother persevere, I hope you will espouse your sister to* don Monfredo, *and not to a Nunnery, because (if I am not misinformed) her affections suggest and assure her, that shee shall receive as much content from the first, as misery from the second. As thy mother is desirous to see mee, so am I to serve her, and likewise thy selfe; and as thou writest religiously and truely, that Marriages should first bee made in heaven, ere solemnized in earth; so, doubtlesse, God hath reserved thy sister for a farre better husband then* Delrio, *and him for a farre worse wife then* Cecilliana: *And thus (as a Christian) I recommend her with zeale to the Providence, and my selfe with Patience to the Pleasure of Almighty God.*

DELRIO.

When in regard of his former affection, and future respect, devoted to the beautie and vertues of *Cecilliana*, and seeing her selfe, her Mother and Brother

Don Martino bent to diſpoſe otherwiſe of her in marriage, he will yet be ſo jealous of her good, and ſo carefull of his owne honour and reputation, as hee holds himſelfe obliged to take his leave of her by Letter, ſith not in perſon, and ſo to recommend her and her good fortunes to God; the which he doth, and gives his Letter to the ſame bearer, but with a particular charge and ſecret inſtructions to deliver it very privately into the Lady *Cecillianas* hands, without the knowledge either of her mother or brother *don Martino*, which hee faithfully promiſed to performe: His ſaid Letter to her was charged with theſe lines.

Delrio to Cecilliana.

BEing heretofore informed by your brother don Pedro *of your deare affection to* don Monfredo, *and your conſtant reſolution to make him your husband, I held my ſelfe bound, out of due regard to you, and firme promiſe to him to ſurceaſe my ſute to you, and (becauſe the ſhorteſt errours are ever beſt) no more to ſtrive to make impoßibilities poßible, in perſevering to ſeeke you in marriage, whom I ſee (heaven and earth have conſpired) another muſt obtaine and injoy: And when I looke from my age to your youth, and from that to* Monfredo's, *I am ſo farre from condemning your choyce, as I both approve and applaud it, praying you to bee as reſolute in this confidence, as I am confident in this reſolution, that my beſt prayers and wiſhes ſhall ever wiſh you the beſt proſperities. And to the end you may perceive that my former affection ſhall ſtill reſplend and ſhine to you in my future reſpect, I cannot, I will not conceale the knowledge of this truth from you, that by Letters which right now (by this bearer) I received from the Lady your mother, and brother* don Martino, *they have ſome exorbitant and irregular deſigne in contemplation, ſhortly to reduce into action, againſt the excellencie of your youth and beautie, and the ſweetneſſe of your content and tranquillity; which howſoever (to your ſelfe and the world) they ſeeme to ſhadow and overvaile with falſe colours, yet although they make religion the pretext, you (if you ſpeedily prevent it not) will in the end finde that their malice to your lover* Monfredo *is the true and onely cauſe thereof. God hath indued you with a double happineſſe, in giving you an excellent wit to ſecond and imbelliſh your exquiſite beauty, whereunto if in this buſineſſe you take the advice of your beſt friend* Monfredo, *and follow that of your noble brother* Don Pedro, *you will then have no cauſe to doubt, but all the reaſons of the world to aſſure your ſelfe that your affections and fortunes will in the end ſucceed according to my prayers, and your merits and expectation.*

Delrio.

The Meſſenger firſt publikely delivereth the two former Letters to his Lady *Dona Catherina*, and her ſonne *Don Martino*, and then privately the other to the young Lady *Cecilliana*, according to his promiſe and *Don Delrio's* requeſt: As for the mother ſhe grieves to ſee that *Delrio* will not bee reclaymed, but hath quite forſaken her Daughter; But for her Sonne *don Martino* hee is exceeding joyfull hereof; for now he is confident, that (according to his plot) his mother upon *Delrio's* refuſall, will (in meere malice to *Monfredo*) aſſuredly commit his ſiſter to a Nunnery: Thus if hee obtayne his ends and deſires hee cares not who miſſe theirs. As for *Cecilliana*, ſhee doth not a little rejoyce at *Delrio's* Letter to her, and at his conſtant reſolution to leave, and commit her to *Monfredo*; yea ſhee reputes his adviſe to her concerning her mother, and her brother *don Martino's* intended diſcourteſie towards her to much reſpect and honour. She acquaints her brother *don Pedro*, and her *Monfredo* with this Letter of *Delrio*, who now plainely

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see their mother and brothers former resolution confirmed, in ayming and intending to make *Cecilliana* a holy Sister, whereat they againe laugh and jest at her, and shee to them, for in their hearts and thoughts they all know, and resolve to prevent it. But they cannot but highly approve of *Delrio's* noble respect and true discretion, in being so constant to give over his sute to her, and yet so courteous and honest towards them all in this his kind and respectfull Letter to *Cecilliana*; the which above the other two, shee cheerefully receives, and joyfully welcomes, that shee resolves shee can (in honour) doe no lesse, then returne his complement, and answer his Letter with one of her owne to him, the which shee doth in these tearmes.

CECILLIANA to DELRIO.

WHat my brother don Pedro *informed you concerning* Monfredo *and my selfe, was the very truth and sincerity of those affections wherewith God hath inspired our hearts, and setled our resolutions each to other. As I was never doubtfull of your well-wishes and love, so now I am not a little thankefull to you for your deare respect towards mee, in approoving my choyce, and in praying to God to make it prosperous, whereas the obstinacie of my Lady mother, and the malice of my brother* don Martino *(without ground or reason) affirme it must needes proove ruinous. I have heeretofore beene advertised, and now (by your care of mee, and respect to mee which clearely resplends and shines in your Letter) am fully confirmed that my said mother and brother have some undeserved designe against mee, and my content; and although my poore beauty and silly wit no way deserve those excellent prayses of your pen, yet my heart shall consult with* don Pedro *how to beare my selfe in this so weighty and important a businesse, whereon (although the cause be malice, and the pretext religion) I know depends either my future content or affliction, my happinesse or my misery, in the meane time I will pray for those who vitiously hate mee, and honour these who vertuously affect and honour mee. Of which last number, I ingenuously and gratefully acknowleage, that your generosity, not my merits, hath condignely made you one.*

CECILLIANA.

When shee had dispatched this Letter to *Delrio*, then *Monfredo* by her consent, and the advice of her brother *don Pedro*, holds it very requisite now once againe to sound the affection, and to feele the pulse of their mother *dona Catherina's* resolution towards him, to see whether yea or no shee will please to give him her daughter in marriage; and it is agreed of all sides betweene them, that at the very time and houre which he goes there, that shee and her brother *don Pedro* will purposely absent themselves, and ride abroad in their Coach, to take the aire, which they doe: To this effect *Monfredo* takes his Coach, and goes directly to the Lady *Catherina's* house, and sends up his name to her, as desiring to have the honour to salute her, and kisse her hand; but shee is so inraged and transported with choller at his arrivall and message, as shee sends him downe a flat and peremptory denyall, that shee will not see him, and as formerly shee prayed, so now shee commands him to depart, and ever hereafter to forbeare her house. An answer so unkinde and uncivill, that *Monfredo* well knowes not whether hee have reason to digest it with more choller or laughter; so returning her answer by her Wayting-gentlewoman, that hee will obey her commands, and no more trouble either her house or her patience, yet that hee will still remaine her most humble servant, and although shee refuse to see him, that hee will ever pray for her

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long life and prosperity: *don Martino* is now at home, and laughs in his sleeve as a Gipsie, to see what brave entertainment his mother gives *Monfredo*, he expecteth also that hee should visite him, but because his mothers stomacke is so high, therefore his cannot descend so low, as owing him no such duety and service, and so takes Coach and away; and knowing where *don Pedro* and his Mistresse *Cecilliana* were, in the fields, hee drives away presently to them, and very pleasantly relates them the whole long storie of their mothers short entertainment to him, which administreth matter of laughter to them all, and farre the more, in regard neither of them expected lesse; so *Monfredo* staying an houre or two with them in the fields, and then bringing them to the gates of the City, they for that time take their leave each of other, and all appoynt to meet the next day after dinner, in the Garden of the *Augustine Fryers*, and there to provide and resolve for their affaires, against the discontent of their mother, and the malice of their brother *don Martino*.

The next morning, the Lady *Catherina* (storming at *Monfredo's* yesterdayes presumption and boldnesse) sends for her daughter *Cecilliana* into the Garden to her, as being fully resolved to deale effectually with her for ever to forsake *Monfredo*, or if shee cannot, then to commit her to a Nunnery. Shee comes; when (in great privacie and efficacie) shee layes before her the poverty of *Monfredo*, the which shee affirmes will bring her to more misery then shee can expect or thinke of, or indeed which shee deserves, at least if shee bee not so wilfull to ruine her selfe and her fortunes, as shee is to preserve them. *Cecilliana* now seeing her mother bent to play her prize against the merits and honour of her *Monfredo*, and therefore against the content and felicity which shee expects to injoy by injoying him, shee no longer able to brooke or digest it, cuts her off with this reply; that (her duety excepted) it is in vaine for her, either to seeke to disparage *Monfredo*, or any way of the world to attempt to withdraw her affection from him, and therefore with much observance and respect prayes her to affect and honour him, if not for his owne sake, yet for hers. Her Lady mother weeps to see her daughter thus obstinate (shee might have sayd thus constant) in her affection to *Monfredo*, and therefore (with frownes in her lookes, and anger in her eyes) she thunders out a whole Catalogue of dispraysses and recriminations against him; and because yet shee despayreth to prevaile with her hereby, shee now (thinking it high time) resolves to divert and change the streame of her affection from him to God, and so at last to mew and betake her to a Nunnery, whereon her desires and intentions have so long ruminated, and her wishes and vowes aymed at: to which end calming the stormes of her tongue, and composing her countenance to patience and piety, she with her best art and eloquence speakes to her thus; That in regard she will not accept of *don Delrio* for her husband, with whom shee might have injoyed prosperity, content, and glory, but will rather marry *Monfredo*, from whom she can, and must expect nothing but poverty, griefe, and repentance, shee therefore (out of her naturall regard of her, and tender affection to her) hath by the direction of God, bethought her selfe of a *medium* betweene both, which is to marry neither of them, but in a religious and sanctifyed way to espouse her selfe to God and his holy Church; when (thinking to have taken time by the forelocke) shee depainteth her the felicity and beatitude of a Nunnes profession and life, so pleasing to God and the World, to Heaven and Earth, to Angels and Men: When her daughter *Cecilliana* being tyred and discontented with this poore and ridiculous oration of hers, shee lifting up her eyes to Heaven, with a modest boldnesse, and yet with a bold truth, interrupts her mother thus, that God hath inspired her

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heart to affect *Monfredo* ſo deerely, and to love him ſo tenderly, as ſhee will rather content her ſelfe to beg with him, then to live with *Delrio* in the greateſt proſperity which either this life or this world can afford her; that although ſhee had no bad opinion of Nunnes, yet that neither the conſtitution of her body, much leſſe of her minde, was proper for a Nunnery, or a Nunnery for her; in which regard, ſhee had rather pray for them then with them, and honour then imitate them: when the Lady her mother, not able to containe her ſelfe in patience, much leſſe in ſilence, at this audacity (and as ſhee thought) impiety of her daughter, ſhe with much choller and ſpleene demands her a reaſon of theſe her exorbitant ſpeeches. When her daughter no way dejecting her lookes to earth, but rather advancing and rayſing them to heaven, requites her with this anſwer; That it is not the body, but the minde, not the fleſh, but the ſoule, which is chiefly requiſite and required to give our ſelves to God and his Church; that to throw, or (which is worſe) to permit our ſelves to be throwne on the Church through any cauſe of conſtraint, or motion of diſtaſte or diſcontent, is an act which ſavoureth more of prophaneneſſe then piety, and more of earth then heaven; that as Gods power, ſo his preſence is not to bee confined or tyed to any place, for that his Centre is every where, and therefore his circumference no where; that God is in *Ægypt* as well as in *Paleſtyne* or *Hieruſalem*, and that heaven is as neere us, and wee heaven, in a Manſion houſe, as in a Monaſtery or Nunnery; that it is not the place which ſanctifyeth the heart and ſoule, but they the place; and that Churches and Cloyſters have no priviledge or power to keepe out ſin, if we by our owne lively faith, and God by his all-ſaving grace doe not. Which ſpeech of hers as ſoon as ſhe had delivered, and ſeeing that the Lady her mother was more capable to anſwer her thereunto with ſilence then reaſon, ſhe making her a low reverence, and craving her excuſe, departs from her, and leaves her here alone in the Garden to her ſelfe and her Muſes.

Her mother having a little walked out her choller, in ſeeing her daughters firme reſolution not to become a Nunne; ſhee leaves the garden and retires to her Chamber, where ſending for her ſonne *Martino*, ſhe relates him at full what conference had there paſt betweene his ſiſter and her ſelfe, who likewiſe is ſo much perplexed and grieved hereat, as putting their heads and wits together, they within a day or two, vow to provide a remedy for this her obſtinacie and wilfulneſſe. As for *Cecilliana* ſhee likewiſe reports this verball conference, which had paſt betweene her mother and her ſelfe, to her brother *Don Pedro*, and *Monfredo*, when (according to promiſe) they met that afternoone in the *Auguſtines* garden, who exceedingly laugh thereat; and yet againe fearing leſt the malice of their brother *Don Martino* towards them, mought cauſe his mother to uſe ſome violence or indurance to her, and ſo to make force extort that from her will, which faire meanes could not, they bid her to aſſume a good courage, and to be cheerefull and generous, promiſing her that if her mother attempted it, that *Monfredo* ſhould ſteale her away by night, and that hee, as hee is *don Pedro* her brother, will aſſiſt her in her eſcape and flight; whereon they all reſolve with hands, and conclude with kiſſes: Neither did their doubts prove vaine, or their feare and ſuſpicion deceive them herein; for her incenſed mother being reſolute in her will, and wilfull in her obſtinacie, to make her daughter a Nunne, ſhee ſhuts her up in her Chamber, makes it no leſſe then her priſon, and her brother *don Martino* her Guardian, or rather her Goaler. Poore *Cecilliana* now exceedingly weepes and grieves at this cruelty of her mother, and brother *don Martino*, which as yet her deare brother *don Pedro* cannot remedy, by perſwading, or prevailing with them to releaſe her; hee

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acquaints *Monfredo* herewith, and they both conſulting, finde no better expedient to free her from this domeſticall impriſonment, then counterfeitly to give her mother to underſtand and believe, that her daughter hath now changed her mind, and that (by Gods direction) ſhee is fully reſolved to abandon *Monfredo*, and ſo to ſpend and end her dayes in a Nunnery; but contrariwiſe, they reſolve to fetch her away by night, and without delay. Accordingly hereunto *Cecilliana* acts her part well, and pretends now to this ſpirituall will and reſolution of her mother, as before ſhe was diſobedient. Her mother infinitly rejoyceth at this her converſion, and no leſſe (or rather more) doth her brother *don Martino*, who to fortifie and confirme her in this her religious reſolution, they ſend ſome Friers and Nunnes to perſwade her to appoynt the preciſe day for her entrance into this Holy houſe and Orders; which with her tongue ſhee doth, but in her heart reſolves nothing leſſe, or rather directly the contrary. The mother now acquaints both her ſonnes with this reſolution of their ſiſter, which is the next Sunday to give her ſelfe to God and the Church, and to take holy Orders; when *don Pedro* purpoſely very artificially ſeemes as ſtrongly to oppoſe, as his brother *don Martino* cheerefully approves thereof, now extolling her devotion and piety as farre as the Sky, if not many degrees beyond the Moone; ſo the day appoynted for her entrance and reception drawing neere, the Lady Abbeſſe is dealt with by her Mother, her Cell provided, her Spirituall apparell made, all her kinsfolkes and chiefe friends invited to a ſolemne Feaſt, to celebrate this our new Holy Siſters marriage to God and the Church. But whiles thus *dona Catherina* the mother, and *don Martino* her ſonne are exceeding buſie about the preparation and ſolemnity of this Spirituall buſineſſe, *don Pedro* and *Monfredo* reſolve to runne a contrary courſe, and ſo to ſteale away *Cecilliana* the very night before the prefixed day of her entrance into the Nunnery, as holding that Saturday night the fitteſt time and moſt voyd of all ſuſpicion and feare, whereof (both by tongue and letter) they give her exact and curious notice; which ſtriking infinite joy to her heart and thoughts, ſhee accordingly makes her ſelfe ready, packes up all her Iewells and Bracelets in a ſmall Casket, and acquainting none of the world therewith, for that her brother *don Pedro's* chamber was next to hers, and hee as vigilant and watchfull as her ſelfe, for *Monfredo's* comming about midnight, which was the appoynted houre for his *Rendevouz*: when at laſt both their ſeverall Watches (in their ſeverall Chambers) aſſuring them that it was neere one of the clocke, it being the dead of the night, none of the houſe ſtirring, but all huſhed up in ſilence, , as if every thing ſeemed to conſpire to her eſcape and flight; then, I ſay, *don Pedro* iſſues forth his Chamber to hers, where the doore being a little open, and her candle put out, hee findes his ſiſter ready, when conducting her by the arme, they ſoftly deſcend the ſtayres, and ſo to a Poſterne doore of the Garden; where they finde *Monfredo* (joyfully ready to receive the Queene regent of his heart) aſſiſted with two valiant confident Gentlemen his friends, who were well mounted on excellent horſes with their ſwords and Piſtolls, and for himſelfe and her a Coach with ſixe horſes: When briefely paſſing over their Complements and congees each from other, they (with a world of thankes) leave *don Pedro* behinde them, and ſo away as ſwift as the winde, who ſeeing them gone, ſecretly and ſoftly returnes to his Chamber and bed, ſilently ſhutting all the doores after him, whiles *Monfredo* with his other ſelfe and his two friends drive away to *Valdebelle*, a Manor houſe of his ſome eight leagues from *Burgos*.

Don Pedro lyes purpoſely long in his bed the next morning, thereby the better to colour out his ignorance and innocencie of his ſiſters Clandeſtine flight and eſcape.

escape: So his mother about five, or neere sixe of the clocke, sends *Felicia* her daughters Wayting-gentlewoman to her Chamber, to awake and apparell her, to receive many young Ladies and Gentlewomen, who were come to visit her, and to take their leaves of her before her entrie into Gods house: but *Felicia* speedily returnes to her with this unlookt-for answer; That her Ladies Chamber doore is fast locked, whereat shee hath many times call'd and knock'd aloud, but heares no speech. The mother is amazed hereat, and no lesse (rather more) is her sonne *don Martino*; so they both run to her Chamber, and knocke and call aloud, but hearing no answer, they force open the doore, where they finde the nest, but the bird flowne away; whereat the mother infinitely weeps, and her sonne *don Martino* doth exceedingly rage and storme, at this their afront and scandall, he tells his mother he will ingage his life, that his brother *don Pedro* is accessary to his sister *Cecilliana's* flight, and gone with her; so they both run to his Chamber, but find him in his bed fast sleeping and snoring, as hee pretends and they believe: their outcries awake him; but they shall finde him as subtile and reserved in his policie towards them, as they were in their malice to his sister; so he heares their newes, puts on his apparell, seemes to bee all in fire and choller hereat, profereth his mother his best indeavours and power to recover his sister, and to revenge himselfe on the villaine who hath stolne her away. But his brother *don Martino* is so galled and netled at the escape of his sister, and these words of his brother, as hee tells him to his face, in presence of their mother, that his speeches and profers are counterfeit, and himselfe a dissembler, and that it is impossible but hee assisted and favoured her escape and departure; for which uncivill and foule language of one brother to another, *don Pedro* gives him the lye, and seconds it with a boxe on the eare, and then very cunningly betakes himselfe to consolate and comfort the Lady his mother, who is not a little grieved and angry at this her second affliction, and the more in regard hee did it in her presence; so *don Pedro* reconducting her to her Chamber, and leaving her weeping in company of many of their sorrowfull kinsfolkes and neighbours, hee then calls for his horse, and under colour to finde out his sister, hee rides to *Valdebelle* to her and *Monfredo*, stayes there some eight dayes, where being exceeding carefull of the preservation of his sisters honour and reputation, hee before his departure sees them solemnly but secretly married; where leaving them to their Nuptiall joyes, and pleasures, hee againe returnes to *Burgos*, and tells his Mother it is impossible for him to heare any newes of his sister.

And now, what doth the returne, sight, and presence of *don Pedro* doe here in his mothers house at *Burgos*, but onely revive his brother *don Martino's* old malice, and new choller and revenge against him, for the lye and boxe on the eare, which hee so lately gave him? For the remembrance thereof so inflames his heart and thoughts against him, that hee forgetting his conscience and soule, yea heaven and God, as hee assumes and gives life to his former bloudy resolution to murther him, and thinkes no safer, nor surer way for him to effect it, then by poyson, that ingredient of hell, and drug of the Devill. But *don Martino* is resolute in his rage, and execrable in his bloudy malice and revenge against this his generous and noble brother *don Pedro*; so (disdayning all thoughts of religion, and considerations of piety) he procureth a paire of poysoned perfumed Gloves, and treacherously insinuating them into his brothers hands and wearing, the fatall venom'd sent thereof in lesse then two dayes poisoneth him; so he is found dead in his bed: when *don Martino*, the more closely to overvaile this damnable fact of his, purposely gives it out, that it was an Impostume which broke within him,

him, and ſo hee dyed ſuddainly thereof in his bed, there being no ſervant of his owne, nor none elſe that night neere him, or by him to aſſiſt him, and this report of his paſſeth currant with the world; ſo the Lady his mother and himſelfe cauſe him to bee buryed with more ſilence then ſolemnity, and every way inferiour to his honourable birth and generous vertues, becauſe ſhee ſtill affected and loved *don Martino* farre better then him: ſo his death did not much afflict or grieve her, and farre leſſe his brother *don Martino*. But for his ſiſter *Cecilliana*, as ſoone as ſhee underſtood and heard hereof, ſhee is ſo appalled with griefe, and daunted with ſorrow and deſpayre, that ſhee ſends a world of ſighes to heaven, and a deluge of teares to earth for the death of this her beſt and deareſt brother. Her husband *don Monfredo* (for henceforth ſo wee muſt call him) likewiſe infinitely laments *don Pedro's* death, as having loſt a conſtant friend, and a deare and incomparable brother in law in him; and yet all the meanes which hee can uſe to comfort this his ſorrowfull wife, hath will, but not power enough to effect it; for ſtill ſhee weepes and ſobs, and ſtill her heart and ſoule doe prompt and tell her, that it is one brother who hath killd another, and that her brother *don Martino* is infallibly the murtherer of his and her brother *don Pedro*; but ſhe hath onely preſumption, no proofes for this her ſuſpicion, and therefore ſhee leaves the detection and iſſue hereof to time, and to God.

Now, by this time, wee muſt underſtand that *dona Catherina* hath perfect newes, that it is *Monfredo* who hath ſtolne away her daughter *Cecilliana*, and keepes her at his houſe of *Valdebelle*, in the Countrey, but as yet ſhee knowes not that hee hath marryed her; wherefore being deſirous of her returne, not for any great affection which ſhee now bore her, but onely to accompliſh her former deſires, in fruſtrating her marriage with *Monfredo*, and in marrying her to a Nunnery, ſhee againe ſtill provok'd and egg'd on by the advice of her ſonne *don Martino*, ſends him to *Valdebelle* to crave her of *Monfredo*, and ſo to perſwade and haſten her returne to her to *Burgos*, but writes to neither of them. *Don Martino* arrives thither, and having delivered *don Monfredo* and his ſiſter *Cecilliana* his mothers meſſage for her returne to *Burgos*, hee then vainely preſumes to ſpeake thus to them from himſelfe. Hee firſt ſharpely rebukes her of folly, and diſobedience, in flying away from his and her mother, and then (with more paſſion then iudgement) checkes him of diſhonour to harbour and ſhelter her; that this was not the true and right way to make her his wife, but his ſtrumpet, or at leaſt to give the world juſt cauſe to thinke ſo; and if he intended to preſerve her proſperity and honor, and not to ruine it, that hee ſhould reſtore his mother her daughter, and himſelfe his ſiſter, and no longer retayne her; but ſpeakes not a word of his brother *don Pedro's* death, much leſſe makes any ſhadow to mourne, or ſhew to grieve or ſorrow for it. His ſiſter *Cecilliana* (at his firſt ſight) is all in teares for the death of her brother *don Pedro*, and yet extreamly incens'd with him for theſe his baſe ſpeeches towards her and her *Monfredo*, ſhe once thought to have given him a hot and chollericke reply, but at laſt conſidering better with her ſelfe (as alſo to prevent *Monfredo*, whom ſhe ſaw had an itching deſire to fit him with his anſwer) ſhe then in generall termes returnes him this ſhort reply; That ſhee is now accomptable to none but to God for her actions, who beſt knowes her heart and reſolutions, and therefore for her returne to her mother at *Burgos*, or her ſtay here at *Valdebelle*, ſhee wholly referres it to *don Monfredo*, whoſe will and pleaſure therein ſhall aſſuredly bee hers, becauſe ſhee hath, and ſtill findes him to bee a worthy and honourable Gentleman: when (before ſhee conclude her ſpeech to him) ſhee tells him, that ſhee thought his comming had beene to condole with her for the death of their bro-

the

ther *Don Pedro*, but that with griefe ſhee is now enforced to ſee the contrary, in regard his ſpeeches and actions tend to afflict, not to comfort her, and rather to bee the argument of her mourning, than the cauſe of her conſolation. But *Monfredo* being touched to the quicke, with theſe ignoble and baſe ſpeeches of *Don Martino*, both to himſelfe and *Cecilliana*, he is too generous long to digeſt them with ſilence, and therefore preferring his affection to her, before any other earthly reſpect, and her reputation and honour dearer than his life, hee compoſing his countenance to diſcontent and anger, returnes him this anſwere: That if any other man but himſelfe, had given him the leaſt part of thoſe unworthy ſpeeches, both againſt his honour, as alſo againſt that of his ſiſter *Cecilliana*, his Rapier, not his tongue, ſhould have anſwered him; That his affection and reſpects to her, are every way vertuous and honourable; and that ſhe is, and ſhall be more ſafer here in *Valdebelle*, than the life of his noble brother *Don Pedro* was in his mothers houſe at *Burgos*; That as the young Ladie his ſiſter is pleaſed to referre her ſtay or returne to him, ſo (reciprocally to requite her courteſie) doth hee to her; and for his part, hee is fully reſolved not to perſwade, much leſſe to adviſe her to put her ſelfe either into her Mothers protection, or his courteſie; for that hee is fearefull, if not confident in this beliefe, that the one may proove pernitious, and the other fatall and ruinous to her. And ſo with cold entertainment, and ſhort ceremonies, *Don Martino* is enforced to returne to *Burgos* to his Mother, without his Siſter, where aſſoone as hee is arrived, hee tells his Mother of his Siſter *Cecilliana's* conſtant reſolution, from whence hee thinkes it impoſſible to draw or divert her, becauſe he finds *Monfredo* of the ſame opinion: but whether hee have married her or no, hee knowes not, neither could he informe himſelfe thereof. And here yet *Don Martino* is ſo cautious to his Mother, as he ſpeakes not a word or ſyllable of any ſpeech or mention they had of the death of his brother *Don Pedro*. But as ſoone as hee had left his Mother, and retyred himſelfe to his chamber, then hee thinkes the more thereof; yea, then hee againe and againe remembers what dangerous ſpeeches he publikely received from his Siſter *Cecilliana*, and *Monfredo*, concerning that his ſudden death, whereby they ſilently meant, and tacitely implied no leſſe than murther; Wherefore hee is ſo helliſh and bloudy minded, that hee reſolves ſhortly to provide a playſter for this ſore; and hee knowes, that to make their tongues eternally ſilent, hee cannot better or ſafer performe it, than by murthering them, whereof hee ſayes the reaſon is apparantly and pregnantly true: for as long as that ſuſpition lives in them, hee therefore can never live in ſafetie, but in extreame danger himſelfe. But becauſe of the two, *Monfredo* ſeemed to intend and portend him the greateſt choller, and the moſt inveterate rage, therefore (as a limbe of the Devill, or rather as a Devill incarnate himſelfe) hee reſolves to begin with *Monfredo* firſt, and as occaſions and accidents ſhall preſent, then with his ſiſter *Cecilliana* after, without ever having the grace to thinke of his Conſcience or Soule, or of Heaven or Hell, or without once conſidering, that our owne malice and revenge doth more hurt us then our enemies; That anger is a ſhort madneſſe, and that it is a moſt aſſured happineſſe for us rather to forget offences, than to revenge them; and which is more, that (in a manner) it is but right now that hee came from poyſoning of his owne brother, whoſe innocent blood is yet hardly cold in his untimely grave, but ſtill cries alowd for vengeance from Heaven on his head for that cruell and damnable fact.

But this ſhame, this monſter of nature, *don Martino*, who feares none leſſe than God, and loves none more than the Devill, will not thus forſake his cruell malice, nor abandon his execrable revenge: but underſtanding that *Monfredo* ſome-

times (though ſecretly) leaves *Valdebelle* to ſee *Burgos*, hee hearkens out therefore for his next comming thither: when being aſſured that hee was now in the Citie, hee wayting for him as hee iſſued forth his houſe, which hee did betweene eleven and twelve at night, hee with his ſmall Target, and darke Lanterne in his left hand, and his Rapier drawen in his right, runnes him twice thorow the body therewith, of which two mortall wounds he preſently fell dead in the ſtreet, his misfortune being then ſo great, as hee had no Servant nor Friend preſent to aſſiſt him, and his feare and care of himſelfe ſo ſmall, as he was kill'd before he could ſee his enemie, or have the leaſure to draw his ſword in his owne defence and aſſiſtance; ſo fierce and ſuddaine was *Martino's* rage and malice, in murthering of this harmeleſſe and innocent Gentleman: the which aſſoone as hee had performed, hee ſecretly hies home to his Mothers houſe, and ſpeedily betakes himſelfe to his bed, where the Devill rocking him aſleepe in ſecuritie, hee as his infernall Agent, and bloody Factor, nothing cares what God or man can doe unto him. The next morning at breake of day, this breathleſſe body of *Don Monfredo* is found in the ſtreet: ſo all *Burgos* reſounds of this his lamentable murther, but no mortall eye hath ſeene, or tongue as yet can tell who the murtherer ſhould bee. But God (in his divine Iuſtice, and for the exaltation of his ſacred Glorie) will ſhortly bring both it and him to light, by an accident no leſſe ſtrange than remarkeable.

Dona Catharina heares hereof, and is ſo farre from grieving, as ſhee rejoyceth thereat, no way doubting, but *Monfredo* being dead, ſhee with much facilitie (according to her deſires and wiſhes) ſhall now of two reſolutions, draw her Daughter *Cecilliana* to embrace and follow one; that is, either to marrie *Delrio* in earneſt, or a Nunnery no more in jeaſt. The next day after Dinner, the Relation of this deplorable accident arrives to *Valdebelle*, and conſequently to the knowledge of our *Cecilliana*, who ſo pitifully weepes and mournes thereat, as for meere griefe and ſorrow ſhee teares her hayre, bolts her ſelfe into her Chamber, and there throwes her ſelfe downe on the floore, and neither can, nor will bee comforted, no, nor permit any one to adminiſter it to her, or which is leſſe, to ſee or ſpeake with her. So although *Monfredo's* Kinſfolkes and friends doe infinitely lament this his unfortunate death, yet all their ſighes and teares put together, are nothing in regard of thoſe of his young wife, and now widdow *Cecilliana*, who (out of the immoderate exceſſe of this her anxietie and affliction) is now become ſo reaſonleſſe, and deſperate, that firſt the murther of her deare brother *Don Pedro*, and now this of her ſweet Husband *Monfredo*, is both a griefe to her thoughts, and a torment to her heart and minde, yea to her very ſoule: For ſtill ſhee remaines confident in this opinion, that her brother *Don Martino* is infallibly the murtherer of them both; and from this ſuſpicion of hers, ſhee cannot, ſhee will not bee diverted; yea, her living affection to their dead memories, is ſo extreame and fervent, that to bee aſſured whether it bee him, or who elſe that have murthered them, it leades her minde to a reſolution, to prove an Experiment, which though prophane curioſitie in ſome perſons ſometimes ſeeme to allow and practiſe as tolerable, yet ſacred Religion muſt and doth for ever both reject and contemne it as Diabolicall. Shee diſguiſeth her ſelfe in her apparell, and very early in the morning rides to one *Alphonſo Sanchez*, a famous reputed Wizard or Sorcerer, who dwelt at *Arena*, ſome ſixe leagues off from *Valdebelle*, and giving him the two pictures of her murthered Brother and Husband, as alſo a perfect note of their age, and horoſcope of their Nativities, ſhee prayes him to diſcover and ſhew her in a Looking-glaſſe, the true pictures and repreſentations of their murtherers;

therers; When to have him dispatch both it and her selfe the sooner, shee gives him tenne Duckets, upon the receipt whereof hee promiseth her his best Art and skill, makes her stay till almost darke night, & then fooles her off with this flamme, That he hath effectually invocated and raised his Spirit, from whom hee could get no other answer, but that God for that time would not permit him to shew her these Murtherers pictures in a glasse; whereby this Wizard proving himselfe more a cheating knave than a Sorcerer, and more a true Impostor, than a Christian, hee herein makes a foole of this sorrowfull young Lady, in thinking to make her know that, which it is both a foule shame, and a shamefull ignorance for any Christian to be ignorant of, (to wit) *That it is not the Devill, or his Agents; but only God, who (in his divine pleasure and providence) hath power to reveale Murthers, and Murtherers, both when, where, how, and by whom it seemes most agreeable and pleasing to his All-seeing, and sacred Majestie.*

Cecilliana returning home, more loaden with doubts than gold from this Monster of men, (because in effect hee makes it his profession to bee lesse a man than a devill) shee is ashamed of her ignorance and impietie herein, and (for meere griefe and sorrow) weepes, to see that the foundation of her faith should bee so weake and reeling, as not constantly to relye upon the providence and justice of God, but to repose her foolish curiositie and beliefe upon this prophane and fortish Sorcerer, for the detection of these Murthers. But leaving her for a while in her disconsolation and sorrow at *Valdebelle*, I come now to this wretched villain *Don Martino* her brother in *Burgos*, who having thus committed these two cruell and lamentable Murthers, doth for the first two or three moneths after put a cheerefull and frolike countenance thereon, thereby the more absolutely to betray, and bleare the eyes of the world, that the least sparke or shadow thereof should not diffuse or reflect on him. But here before I proceed further, the Reader is requested to observe this one remarkable circumstance of Gods Iustice and Providence, in detecting of *Don Martino*, to bee the sole Author, and Actor of these two unnaturall and deplorable Murthers. For as the Devill had made him so cautious in his malice, and subtill in his revenge, that hee imployed no other Minister, nor used no other agent or assistant herein but himselfe; so being deprived of any witnesse, either to accuse, or make him guiltie heereof; God (I say) out of the immensitie of his power, and profundity of his providence, will make himselfe to become a witnesse against himselfe, and wanting all other meanes, will make himselfe the onely meanes both to detect and destroy himselfe. The manner thus.

As there is no felicitie to peace, so there is no felicitie or peace comparable to that of a quiet and innocent conscience; It is a precious Iewell of an inestimable value, and unparalelld price, yea, a continuall Feast, than which Heaven may, but Earth cannot afford us either a more rich or delitious: and the contrary it is, where the heart and conscience have made themselves guiltie of some foule & enormous crimes, and especially of Murther, wherein we can never kill Man the creature, but we assuredly wound God the Creator: for then, as those, so this, (with lesse doubt and more assurance) gives in a heavy and bloody evidence against us, and which commonly produceth us these three woefull and lamentable effects, *Dispaire, Horrour, Terrour*; the which wee shall now see verified and instanced in this bloody and miserable wretch, *Don Martino*, who (as I have formerly sayd) hath not fully past over the tearme of three moneths in externall mirth, jollitie, and braverie, thereby to cast a cheerefull countenance and varnish on those his bloody villanies, but God so distracted his wits & senses, struck such astonishment to his thoughts, and amazement to his heart and Conscience, as it seemed to him, that (both by

night and day) the ghoſts of his harmeleſſe brother *Don Pedro*, and of innocent *Don Monfredo* ſtill purſue him for revenge, and juſtice of theſe their murthers. And now his lookes are extravagant, fearefull, and ghaſtly, which are ſtill the ſignes and ſymptomes either of a diſtempered braine, a polluted conſcience and ſoule, or of both. Hee knowes not to whom, or where, or where not to goe for remedy herein, but ſtill his heart is in a mutinie and rebellion with his Conſcience, and both of them againſt God. He is afraid of every creature he ſees, and likewiſe of thoſe who ſee him not. If he looke backe, and perceive any one to runne behinde him, he thinkes 'tis a Sergeant come to arreſt him; and if he chance to behold any Gentleman in a ſcarlet cloake comming towards him, he verily beleeves & feares 'tis a Iudge in his ſcarlet Robes to arraigne and condemne him. He hath not the grace to go into a Church, nor the boldneſſe to looke up to the Tower thereof, for feare leſt the one ſwallow him up alive, and the other fall on him, and cruſh him to death: If hee walke in any woods, fields, or gardens, and ſee but a leafe wagge, or a bird ſtirre, hee is of opinion there ſome furies or executioners come to torment him; or doth he heare any Dog howle, Cat crie, or Owle whoot, or ſcreech, he is thereat ſo ſuddenly appalled and amazed, as hee thinkes it to bee the voyce of the Devill, who is come to fetch him away. Hee will not paſſe over any bridge, brooke, or River, for feare of drowning, nor over any planke, gate, or ſtyle, leſt hee ſhould breake his necke. The ſight of his ſhadow is a coroſive to his heart, and a Panique terrour to his thoughts, becauſe he both thinkes and beleeves, that it is not his owne, but the hang-mans; and when any one (out of charitie or pitie) come to ſee and viſite him, hee flyes from them, as if Hell were at his backe, and the Devill at his heeles. The very ſight of a Rapier, ſtabs him at his heart, and the bare thought, or name of Poyſon, ſeemes to infect and kill his ſoule; and yet miſerable wretch and miſcreant that he is, all this while he hath not the goodneſſe to looke downe into his heart and Conſcience with contrition, nor the grace to looke up to Heaven and to God with repentance. The Lady *Catherina* his Mother is wonderfully perplexed and grieved hereat, and ſo are all his kinsfolkes and friends in and about *Burgos*, who cauſe ſome excellent Phyſicians and Divines to deale with him, about adminiſtring him the meanes to cure him of this his lunacie and diſtraction. But God will not permit, that either the skilfull Art of thoſe, or the powerfull perſwaſions of theſe doe as yet prevaile with him, or performe it. Two Moones have fully finiſhed their Celeſtiall courſe, whiles thus his phrenſie and madneſſe poſſeſſeth him; and in one of the greateſt, and moſt outragious fits thereof, hee (without wit, or guide) runnes to Saint *Sebaſtiano's* Church, finds out Father *Thomas* his Confeſſor, and in private and ſerious confeſſion, reveales him, how he hath poyſoned his brother *Don Pedro*, and alſo murthered *Don Monfredo*; adding withall, that God (out of his indulgent mercie) would no longer permit him to charge his ſoule with the concealing thereof, and then beggs his abſolution, and remiſſion for the ſame. His Confeſſor (being a religious Church-man) much lamenting, and wondring at the foulneſſe of theſe his (Penitents) two bloody facts, although hee finde more difficultie than reaſon to grant his deſire, yet enquiring of him, if there were any other acceſſary with him in theſe murthers, and *Don Martino* freely and firmely acknowledging to him there was none, but the Devill and himſelfe: hee (after a ſerious checke, and religious *repremendo*) in hope of his future contrition and repentance, gives him a ſharpe and ſevere penance (though no way anſwerable to his crimes) and ſo abſolves him; and yet for the ſpace of at leaſt a whole moneth after, his lunacie (by the permiſſion of God) ſtill followes him, when (for a further triall of his comportment, and hope of his repentance)

God

God is againe pleased to slacke the hand of his judgement, and so frees him from his madnesse and distraction, to see whether he will prove Gold or Drosse, a Christian or a Devill.

Not long after this, his Confessor Father *Thomas* (being Curate of one of the neighbouring parishes) falls extreame sicke of a Plurisie, and so dangerously sicke, that his Physician (despairing of his life) bids him prepare his body for death, and his soule for Heaven, and God: Who then revoking to minde (what hee hath heard and seene) how grievously and sorrowfully the Lady *Cecilliana* takes the Deaths of her Brother and Husband, and the more, in that she is ignorant who are their Murtherers, he is no longer resolved to burthen his conscience and soule with concealing thereof; but to write it to her in a Letter, the which he chargeth and conjureth his owne Sister *Cyrilla* to deliver into her owne hands, some three dayes after his buriall; the which we shall see her shortly performe: for the Priest Father *Thomas*, her brother, lived not three weekes after.

In the meane time, come we to the Lady *Dona Catherina*, the Mother, who having outwardly wept for the death of her eldest Sonne *Don Pedro*, for the disobedient flight and clandestine Marriage of her Daughter *Cecilliana* to *Monfredo*, who is now murthered, but by whom shee knowes not, and seeing her sayd Daughter thereby made a sorrowfull Widdow, shee (as an indulgent and kinde Mother) forgetting what she had formerly done and beene, and now desirous to comfort her, and to bee comforted of her, againe sends her sonne *Don Martino* to *Valdebelle*, to solicite his Sister to returne, and to live with her in *Burgos*: Who (detesting this project and resolution of his Mother) is very sorrowfull thereat; but seeing that she will be obeyed, he rides over to *Valdebelle*, to his Sister, and there delivereth his Mothers will and message to her; but in such faint and cold tearmes, as shee thereby knowes, shee is farre more desirous of her absence than her presence, and of her stay, than her returne; yea (and to write the truth of her minde) his very sight strikes such flames of feare into her heart, and of suspicion into her thoughts, that shee still assumes and retaines her old opinion and confidence, that hee is the absolute Murtherer of her brother *Don Pedro*, and her husband *Don Monfredo*; but herein shee now holds it discretion to conceale her selfe to her selfe, and so gives him kinde and respective entertainment; shee prayes him to report her humble duety to her Mother, that she will consider of her request, and either send or bring her her resolution shortly: but inwardly in her heart and soule, she intends nothing lesse, than either to hazard her content upon the discontent of her Mother, or (which is worse) her life on the inveterate malice of her brother *Don Martino*.

And now we approch and draw neere, to see the judgements and justice of God overtake this our wretched *Don Martino*, for these his two most lamentable and bloudy Murthers. And now his sacred Majestie is fully resolved to detect them, and his Arrow is bent, and Sword whetted, to punish him for the same; for wee must understand that the very same day which her brother *Don Martino* was last with her at *Valdebelle*, his Confessor Father *Thomas* dyed; and some three dayes after, his Sister *Cyrilla* (according to his dying order) rides over to the Lady *Cecilliana*, and delivereth her the Priest her brothers Letter; at the receipt whereof, *Cecilliana* findes different emotions in her heart, and passions in her minde: when going into the next roome, she breaks up the seales, and finds therein these Lines.

FATHER THOMAS to CECILLIANA.

WEll knowing that the Lawes of Heaven are farre more powerfull and sacred than those of Earth, as I now lye on my Death-bed, ready to leave this life, and to flie

into the Armes of my Saviour and Redeemer Chriſt Ieſus, I could not goe to my Grave in peace, before I had ſignifyed unto thee, that very lately thy brother Don Martino *in Saint* Honoria's *Church, delivered unto me in confeſſion, That he had firſt perſoned thy brother* Don Pedro *with a paire of perfumed Gloves, and then after murthered thy husband* Don Monfredo *with his Rapier in* Burgos: *And although I muſt and doe acknowledge, that he was in his Fit of Lunacie and Madnes, when he thus made himſelfe a witnes againſt himſelfe hereof, yet no doubt the immediat finger and providence of God led him to this reſolution, as an act which infinitly tends to his ſacred Honor and Glory. I ſend thee this Letter by my Siſter* Cyrilla, *whom I have ſtrictly charged to deliver it to thee three dayes after my buriall, becauſe I hold it moſt conſonant to my Profeſſion and Order, that not my Life, but my Death ſhould herein violate the ſeale of Confeſſion; and thou ſhalt ſhew thy ſelfe a moſt religious and Chriſtian Lady, if thou make this uſe hereof, that it is not my ſelfe, but God who ſends thee this Newes by mee.*

FATHER THOMAS.

Cecilliana having o're-read this Letter, and therein underſtood and found out that her brother *Don Martino* is the cruell Murtherer, both of her brother *Don Pedro*, and her husband *Don Monfredo*, her griefe thereat doth ſo farre o'reſway her reaſon, and her malice and revenge her religion, as once ſhee is of the minde to murther him with her owne hand, in requitall hereof; but then againe ſtrangling that bloudy thought in its conception, ſhee vowes, that if not by her owne hand, he ſhall yet infallibly dye by the hand of the common Executioner: When Love, Pitty, Nature, Reaſon, Griefe, Sorrow, Rage, and Revenge, acting their ſeverall parts upon the Stage of her heart, ſhee findes a great combate in her heart, and reluctancie in her ſoule, what, or what not to doe herein; when with many teares and prayers (by the Advice and Counſell of God) ſhee enters into this conſultation hereon with her ſelfe. Ahlas, unfortunate and ſorrowfull *Cecilliana*! Is it upon no light preſumption, or triviall circumſtances, that I believe my brother *Martino* to be the inhumane murtherer of my brother *Don Pedro*, and husband *Monfredo*; for beſides that God ever prompted my heart, and whiſpered my ſoule that this was true, yet now here is his owne Confeſſion to his Ghoſtly father, and his Ghoſtly Fathers owne Letter and Confeſſion to mee, to the ſame effect, Evidences and Witneſſes, without exception, as cleere as noone day, and as bright as the Sunne in his hotteſt and brighteſt Meridian, that hee, and onely he, was the Murtherer of them both: but Oh poore *Cecilliana* (quoth ſhee) to what a miſerable eſtate and perplexity hath theſe his bloudy facts and crimes now reduced mee! for he hath murthered my brother and husband, ſhall I then permit him to live; but withall, he is likewiſe my brother, and ſhall I then cauſe him to dye? True it is, I cannot recall their lives, but it is likewiſe as true that I may prevent his death; for as the firſt lay not in my power to remedie, yet all the world knowes, that the ſecond meerely depends of my pity, courteſie, and compaſſion to prevent: but Ahlas (ſaith ſhe) the tyes of heaven are, and ought to be infinitly more ſtrong than thoſe of earth, and the glory of God to be far preferred before all our naturall affections and obligations to our beſt Friends, or neereſt or deareſt Kinſfolkes whoſoever. Therefore, as to detect theſe Murthers of his, thou art no friend to Nature, ſo againe, to conceale them, thou thereby makeſt thy ſelfe an enemy to Grace; for aſſure thy ſelfe, unfortunate *Cecilliana*, that God will never bee appeaſed, nor Iuſtice ſatisfyed, untill their innocent blood be expiated, and waſhed away in his, who is guilty thereof; becauſe, as by detecting Murther, wee bleſſe and glorifie God, ſo by concealing it, we heap a fatall *Anathema*, and curſe upon our own heads.

As

As Clouds are dissipated, and blowne away, when the Sun ariseth, and mounteth in his Verticall lustre and glory, so *Cecilliana* having thus ended her consultation with her selfe, and now began her resolution with God, she leaves *Valdebelle*, takes her Coach, and dispeeds away to *Burgos*; where, in steed of going to her Lady Mother's, shee goes directly to the *Corrigador's* (or Criminall Iudges) of that Citie, and with much griefe and sorrow (her teares interrupting her sighes, and her sighes her teares) before them accuseth her brother *Don Martino* to bee the bloudy murtherer of her brother *Don Pedro*, and her husband *Don Monfredo*; and for proofe of this truth, produceth the Letter of Father *Thomas* his Confessor. The Iudges reade it, and are astonished with this report of hers, and farre the more, in regard they here see a Sister call the life of her owne Brother in question; but they see that shee hath as much right and reason for her Accusation, as her inhumane brother *Don Martino* wanted for his Malice, in making himselfe guilty of these foule and bloudy Crimes: Wherefore attributing it wholly to the pleasure and providence of God, they highly extoll her piety and integrity towards his sacred Majestie, in preferring his Glorie before the Scandall and Misery of her so wretched and execrable brother; and then (out of their zeale and honour to Iustice) they (to evince and vindicate the truth of this lamentable businesse) send away for *Cyrilla*, and (as soone as she came) upon her Oath propose her these three Questions; First, whether shee had this very Letter from her deceased brother Father *Thomas* his owne hand, and that hee gave her order and charge to deliver it to the Lady *Cecilliana*, three dayes after his decease? Secondly, if it were of his owne writing and sealing? And thirdly, if shee with her owne hands delivered this Letter to the Lady *Cecilliana*? To all which three Questions, *Cyrilla* (with a bloudy looke and countenance) answereth affirmatively, and thereupon (with haste and secrecie) grant out a Warrant to apprehend *Don Martino*, when hee was as it were drowned in voluptuousnesse, security, and impenitencie, as making it his vainglory to build Castles of content in the aire, and to erect Mountains of wealth and preferment in the *Visions* of his ambitious desires and wishes, without ever having the grace, either to thinke of his former horrible Crimes, or future punishment for the same. Hee is amazed at his Apprehension by the Sergeants, but farre more, at the sight and presence of the Criminall Iudges, before whom hee is now brought. They sharpely accuse him of these two aforesayd foule Murthers, and for evidence, and witnesses, produce him his Confessor Father *Thomas* his Letter, his sister *Cyrilla*, and his owne sister the Lady *Cecilliana*; at the sight and knowledge whereof, hee at first seemed to bee much appalled and daunted, but at last recollecting his spirits (taking counsell of the Devill, and not of God) assumes a bold countenance, puts himselfe and his tongue on the poynts of denyall and justification, and so to his Iudges tearmes his Confessor a devill, and no man, and *Cyrilla* and his Sister *Cecilliana* witches, and no women, so unjustly and falsely to accuse him of these foule Murthers, whereof he affirmes not onely the act, but the very name and thought is odious and execrable to him. But God will not be mocked, nor his Iudges deluded with this his Apologie: So they adjudge him to the Racke, the first tortures whereof, hee indureth with an admirable fortitude and patience, but the second hee cannot; but then and there confesseth himselfe to be guilty, and the sole Authour and Actour of both these deplorable Murthers: but yet his heart and soule is still so obdurated by the Devil, as he hath neither the will to be sorrowfull, nor the grace to be repentant for the same.

For Expiation of which his inhumane and bloudy Crimes, his Iudges condemne him to be hanged, and his Right hand to bee first cut off and burnt the next morning,

ning, at the Common place of Execution, notwithstanding that his afflicted and sorrowfull Mother (out of the naturall and tender affection which she bore him) imployed all her friends and possible power, yea and offered all her owne estate and Landes to save his life; but shee could not prevaile or obtaine it. So the next morning, (in obedience to this his Sentence) this Monster of Nature *Don Martino* is brought to the Common place of Execution, to take his last farewel of this life, and this world: Hee was clad in a blacke Silke Grograine Sute, with a faire white Ruffe about his necke, and a blacke Beaver Hat on his head, which hee drew downe before his eyes, that hee might neither see, nor be seene of the great concourse of people there present, who came to see him conclude the last Scene and Catastrophe of his life; When after his Right hand was cut off and burnt, which held the Rapier, whereby he murthered *Don Manfredo*, he then ascended the Ladder: Where the Spectators expecting some repentant and religious Speech from him before his death, he resembling himselfe (I meane, rather an Atheist than a Christian, and rather a Devill than a Man) as he lived, so hee would dye, a prophane and graceless Villaine; for some speeches he (betwixt his teeth) mumbled to himselfe, but spake not one word that could be heard or understood of any one: and so most resolutely hee himselfe, puting the Roape about his necke (although all the people, and especially two Friers neere him, cryed to him to the contrary) he saved the Hangman his labour, and so (with more haste and desperation then repentance) he cast himselfe off the Ladder, and was hanged. And thus was the bloudy life and deserved death of this Hell-hound and limbe of the Devill, *Don Martino*, and in this sort and manner did the just revenge of God triumph ore his foule and bloudy Crimes; which, may all true Christians redect to Gods glory, and to the instruction of their own soules. And if the curiosity of the Reader make him farther desirous to know what became of the old Lady *Catherina* the Mother, and of *Dona Cecilliana* the Daughter, after all these their dismall and disastrous Accidents, I thought good (by the way of a Postscript) briefely to adde this for his satisfaction; That the Mother lived not long after, but her Daughter was first reconciled to her, and shee to her Daughter, to whom shee (having no other child) left all her whole Estate; And for her, who was now become likewise very rich, as having a faire yearely Revennue and Joynture out of her deceased husband *Don Manfredo's* Lands and Meanes, although shee were again sought in Marriage by some noble Gallants of *Castile* and *Burgos*, yet shee resolved never to marry more; and as I have within these very few yeares understood, shee then lived sometimes at *Burgos*, and sometimes at *Valladolle*, in great Pompe and Felicity.

* * *

GODS

GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE CRYING AND EXECRAble Sinne of *Murther.*

HISTORIE. XXIII.

Alphonſo poyſoneth his owne Mother Sophia, *and after ſhoots and kils* Caſſino (*as he was walking in his Garden*) *with a ſhort Musket* (*or Carabyne*) *from a Window. Hee is beheaded for theſe two murthers, then burnt, and his aſhes throwne into the River.*

AS Faith and Prayer are the two pillars of our Soules, and may well be called the Fortreſſe of Chriſtian piety againſt the tentations of Sathan: ſo by the contrary wee expoſe and lay open our ſelves to the treacherous lures and malice of the Devill. For if by Faith wee doe not firſt beleeve, then pray unto God for our owne preſervation, it will bee no hard matter for him to tempt us in our choller, to quarrell with our beſt friends, and in our malice and revenge to murther even our neereſt and deareſt Kindred. O *Faith*, the true foundation of our ſoveraigne felicitie! O *Prayer*, the ſweet preſervative, and ſacred Manna of our ſoules, how bleſſed doe you make thoſe who embrace and retaine you! and contrariwiſe, how miſerable and wretched are they who contemne and reject you! Of which laſt number, this inſuing Hiſtorie will produce us one, who (by his debauched life, and corrupt converſation) trampled thoſe two heavenly Vertues and Graces under his feet, without thinking of God, or regarding, much leſſe fearing his judgements: But how God (in the end) requited him for the ſame, this Hiſtorie will likewiſe ſhew us. May we therefore reade it to Gods glory, and to our owne inſtruction.

IN the Citie of *Vercelli*, (after *Turin*, one of the chiefeſt of *Piedmont*) bordering neere to the Eſtate and Dutchy of *Millan*, there lately dwelt a rich Cannon of that Cathedrall Church, named *Aloſius Caſſino*, who had a daintie ſweet young Gentlewoman to his Neece, named *Dona Eleanora*, whoſe mother (being ſiſter to *Caſſino*) named *Dona Iſabella Cælia*, lately died, and left this her onely daughter and child her heire, very rich both in demeanes and moneys, when her Vncle *Caſſino*, being neereſt her in blood, takes *Eleanora* and her Eſtate into his protection and wardſhip, and is as tender of her breeding and education, and as curious of her comportment and cariage, as if ſhee were his owne daughter; for there is no ſweetnes, nor exquiſite perfection requiſite in a young Gentlewoman of her ranke

and

and extraction, but he caused her to become, not superficiall, but artificiall therein, as in Dancing, Musicke, Singing, Painting, Writing, Needling, and the like, whereof all the Nobility and Gentry of *Verceli* take exact notice and knowledge; yea, her beautie grew up so deliciously with her yeares, that she was (and was justly) reputed to be the prime Flower and Phenix of the Citie. *Cassino* considering that his house was destitute of a Matron, to accompany and oversee this his Neece *Eleanora*, that his age was too Stoicall for her youth, and that his Ecclesiasticall profession and function called him often to preach and pray; hee therefore deeming it very unfit and unseemely (in the *Interims* of his absence) to leave her to her selfe, and to be ruled and governed by her owne fancy and pleasure, shee being now arrived to twelve yeares of age. He therefore provides her new apparell, and other pertinent necessaries, and giving her a wayting-mayd, and a man of his owne to attend her, hee sends her in his Coach to the Citie of *Cassall*, in the Marquisat of *Montferrat*, to the Lady *Margherita Sophia*, a widdow Gentlewoman, left by her deceased husband but indifferently rich, but endowed with all those ornaments of Art and Honour, which made her famous, not onely in *Piedmont* and *Lombardie*, but also to all *Italy*; and to her he therefore writes this ensuing Letter to accompany his Neece, and chargeth his man with the delivery thereof to her.

CASSINO to SOPHIA.

TO satisfie your courteous Requests, and my former promise, I now send you my Neece Eleanora *to* Cassall, *whom I heartily pray thee to use as thy daughter, and to command as thy Hand-maid. She hath no other Vncle but mee, nor I any other acquaintance but thy selfe, with whom I would entrust her for her Education, and recommend her for her Instruction. Shee is not inclined to any vice that I know of, except to those imperfections wherein her youth excuseth her ignorance, and it is both my order and charge to her, that she carefully and curiously adorne her selfe with vertues in thy example and imitation, without which the privileges of Nature and Fortune (as Beauty and Wealth) are but only obscure shadowes, and no true substances, because there is as much difference betwixt those and these, as betweene the puritie of the soule, and the corruption of the bodie, or betweene the dignitie and excellencie of Heaven, and the invaliditie and baseneſſe of Earth I am content to lend her to you for a few moneths, but doe infinitely desire to give her to thy Vertues for ever. In which my voluntary transaction and donation, thou wilt conferre much happineſſe to her, and honour to mee, and consequently for ever bind both her Youth, and my Age to thee in a strict obligation of thanks and debt. What apparell, or other necessaries thou deemest her to want, thy will shall be mine. God ever bleſſe her in his feare, and you both to his glory.*

CASSINO.

The Lady *Sophia* receives this sweet young Virgin with much content and joy, yea, shee sees her tender yeares already adorned with such excellent beautie, and that beautie with such exquisite vertues, that it breeds not only admiration, but affection in her towards her, whom shee entertaineth with much respect and care, as well for her owne sake, as also for her Vncle *Cassino's*, whose letter shee againe and againe reads over, highly applauding his vertuous and honourable care of this his Neece, whom in few yeares she hopes will prove a most accomplished & gracious *Gentlewoman*; when *Cassino's* Coach-man after a dayes stay, deeming it high time for him to returne to *Verceli* to his Master, he takes his leave of his young Mistris *Elianora*, who, out of her few yeares, and tender affection and dutie to her Vncle, with teares in her eyes, prayes him to remember her best service to him at his comming home; and the Lady *Sophia* by him likewise returnes and sends him this letter in answere of his.

SOPHIA

SOPHIA to CASSINO.

I Know not whether you have made mee more proud, or joyfull, by sending me Eleanora, *wherein you have given mee farre more honour than I deserve, though farre lesse than she meriteth, and who henceforth shall be as much my Daughter in affection, as shee is your Neece by Nature; and if I have any Art in Nature, or Iudgement in Inclinations, her vertues and beautie doe already anticipate her yeares; for as the one is emulous of Fame, and the other of Glory: so (as friendly Rivals, and yet honourable friends) they already seeme to strive and contend in her for supremacie: to the last of which (as being indeed the most precious and soveraigne) if my poore capacitie, or weake endeavors may adde any thing, I will esteeme it my ambition for your sake, and my felicitie for hers. But if you resolve not rather to give her to mee for some yeares, than to lend her to mee for a few moneths, you will then kill my hopes in their buds, and my joyes in their blossomes, and so make me as unfortunate in her absence, as I shall bee happie in her sight and company. As for her Apparell, and other necessaries, shee shall want nothing which is either fit for her to have, or you to give. Let your prayers to God ever desire, and follow her welfare, and then rest confident, that her prayers and mine shall never faile to wish you long life, and to implore all prosperitie for you.*

SOPHIA.

Cassino did well to place his young neece *Eleanora* with the Ladie *Sophia*, but ill in forgetting that she had a very debauched yong Gentleman to her sonne, named *Seignior Alphonso*, of some two and twentie yeares of age, who (to her griefe and shame) haunts her and her house as a ghost, makes himselfe the publike laughter and pitie of all the different humors of *Cassall*, yea the lewdnesse of his life, and the irregularitie of his conversation, and actions, hath reduced him to this fatall point of miserie, that he holds it a noble vertue in him, to precipitate himselfe and his reputation into base debts, vices, and company, making this his shame his glorie, and lewd vices his honour, till in the end not caring for the world, the world will not care for him, nor hee for himselfe, untill he have wholly lost himselfe in himselfe, without either desert, or hope ever to be found or recalled againe. But at last seeing so sweet a Beautie, and so rich an heire as *Eleanora* fallen into his mothers hands, and therefore he vainely thinkes into his; and hoping that her wealth shall redeeme his prodigalities, and revive his decayed Estate and Fortunes, he secretly courts her: but *Eleanora* (as young as shee is) sees his vices with disdaine, himselfe with contempt, and his affection to her with scorne. Hee is importunate in his suite, and shee perverse and obstinate in her deniall, but shee resolves to conceale it from all the world. As for *Alphonso*, hee (after some six moneths time) acquaints the Lady *Sophia* his mother herewith, and with his fervent desire and affection to marry *Eleanora*; but shee chargeth him on her blessing, never to proceed any farther herein without her consent and order; and quoth shee, if here (in the presence of God and my selfe) thou wilt now sweare wholly to abandon all thy former vices, henceforth to bee absolutely led by my advice and counsell, and to steere all thy actions by the star of Honour, and the card of Vertue, then I will promise thee to use all my best endeavors, and possible power, both with *Cassino*, and *Eleanora*, to effect thy desires. *Alphonso* hereat (with much courtesie and humilitie) thanks his mother, and solemnly sweares to God and her, to performe all these poynts carefully and punctually; and to adde the more Religion and reverence to this oath, he doth it on his knees; and it is a wonderfull joy to her, to see that the fruits and effects thereof doe accordingly fall out and follow: for this her sonne *Alphonso*

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in a very few dayes, is become a new man, and ſhee (from her heart and ſoule) praiſeth and glorifieth God for this his happy converſion: and if his mother *Sophia* bee glad heereof, no leſſe is our ſweet young *Eleanora*, for now hereby ſhee ſees that ſhee is rid of her Sutor.

Caſsino comes over three ſeverall times to *Caſſall* to ſee his Neece. The Ladie *Sophia* gives him her beſt entertainment. Hee is wonderfull glad to ſee that ſhee hath imprinted ſuch characters of vertue and honour in her; and during his ſtay there, *Sophia* chargeth her ſonne *Alphonſo*, not to ſpeak or motion a word to *Caſsino*, of this his affection to his young Neece *Eleanora*: ſo he beares himſelfe exceeding modeſtly and reſpectively towards him, and for his mother, ſhe holds it fit not as yet to breake or ſpeak a word hereof to *Caſsino*. *Caſsino* (no way dreaming of their intents and deſires towards his Neece) tells the Lady *Sophia*, he is infinitely joyfull to ſee that her ſonne *Alphonſo* proves *Fame* to bee no true, but a tarling goddeſſe in his condition, and converſation; whereat ſhee heartily thankes him: and thinking then (though reſervedly and ſecretly) to take time and opportunity at advantage, ſhee leaves not a vertue of her ſonnes either undiſplayed, or unmagnified, but extols them all to the skie, and himſelfe beyond the moone, and ſo leaves the remainder hereof to time, and the iſſue to God. But yet revolving and ruminating in her mind, how (in a faire and honorable way) to obtaine this rich and beautifull young prize for her ſonne; and holding it diſcretion, not as yet either to motion or mention it to her, ſhe ſecretly layes wait at *Verceli* to know when *Caſsino* will have home his Neece, and ſo ſome three weekes before that time ſhee holds it fit to motion it to him by her Letter, which ſhee doth in theſe tearmes.

SOHHIA to CASSINO.

THe fervent affection, and vertuous deſire of my ſonne Alphonſo, *to marry your Neece* Eleanora, *is now the ſole cauſe and argument of this my letter to you, the which I had not attempted to write or ſend you, but that I know his love and zeale to her is as pure, as her beautie and vertues are excellent. He (without my privacie or knowledge) hath already motioned his ſute to her, and as hee tells me, ſhee hath returned him her denall inſtead of her conſent, whereof I held my ſelfe bound to advertiſe you, becauſe his ambition and mine herein is ſo honourable, as it ſhall goe hand in hand with your good will and approbation, but never without it, eſpecially in regard you have pleaſed to recommend her to my charge and cuſtody, wherein I faithfully promiſe you, nothing ſhall be deſigned or practiſed to the prejudice either of her honour, or your content. All the eſtate and meanes which I can give, or you require of me, to make my ſonne a fit Husband for your Neece, I will freely and cheerefully depart with; and yet were I not fully and firmely aſſured, that he is now as deeply enamoured of vertue and goodneſſe, as heretofore he was of their contraries, neither my tongue or pen had dared thus to have preſented his ſute to her acceptance, and your conſideration. The joy and bleſſing of which marriage (if God in his ſecret and ſacred providence reſolve to make it a Marriage) will I hope in the end bee theirs, the honour mine, and the content your owne; wherein I requeſt your Anſwere, and entreat you to remaine moſt confident, that both in this, and in all things elſe,* Alphonſo's *will and reſolution ſhall ever bee* Sophia's, *and hers* Caſſino's.

SOPHIA.

Caſsino, upon the receit and peruſall of this Letter of the Lady *Sophia*, is not a little diſpleaſed, to ſee her ambition in deſiring his Neece *Eleanora* for wife to her ſonne *Alphonſo*, and although he be formerly well acquainted with the weakneſſe of the mothers eſtate, as alſo perfectly advertiſed of her ſonnes debauched life, and corrupt

corrupt and prodigall converſation, howſoever ſhe pretend to put a vertuous gloſſe and colour hereon to the contrary, yet hee holds it diſcretion to ſeeme to bee ignorant of the one, and not to take notice of the other, but will frame his excuſe to them herein, that he hath already diſpoſed of his Neece, and that their motion to him for her came too late, when in heart reſolving to make her preferment and fortunes more aſſured, and not ſo doubtfull; and to match her in a higher blood, and nobler family then that of theirs; hee yet in diſcretion and honour, knowing himſelfe bound to anſwer the Lady *Sophia's* Letter, cals for pen and paper, and by her owne Servant and Meſſenger returnes his mind and reſolution to her thus.

CASSINO to SOPHIA.

ALthough the tender yeares of my Neece Eleanora *make her incapable of marriage, yet your rich deſerts and reſplendant merits, and your Sonne* Alphonſo's *honourable affection and zeale to her (which every way exceeds her poore beauty and vertues) had infallibly made mee to grant her for his wife, which I am now enforced to deny, in regard I have already (by my promiſe) diſpoſed and given her to another before your Letter came to my hands, and conſequently before that motion of his arrived to my knowledge and underſtanding: For to me it would and ſhould have beene both a ſweet joy and a ſingular honour, to have ſeene your Sonne matched to my Neece in the lincks of Wedlocke. But God having otherwiſe decreed it; you have many reaſons to reſt confident, that your Sonne is reſerved for her better, and ſhee promiſed to his inferiour; and therefore the freeneſſe of this your profered courteſie to her, and of your honourable reſpect and affection towards mee, ſhall for ever tye me to a thankefull acknowledgement and an immortall obligation; and I will make it my chiefeſt Felicity and Ambition, if (in requitall thereof) I may any way either ſerve you in your Sonne* Alphonſo, *or him in his Mother* Sophia, *of whoſe converſion to vertue, and propenſion to goodneſſe, your Letter hath ſo firmely and joyfully aſſured mee, that the truth hereof will, I hope, hereafter prove his happineſſe in your content and glory; the which my moſt Religious Prayers ſhall ſtill deſire of God, becauſe he is your onely Child and Sonne by nature, and your ſelfe my moſt honourable friend, both by deſert and purchaſe.*

CASSINO.

Within three weekes after that *Caſſino* had diſpatched away this his Letter to the Lady *Sophia*, hee then (in contemplation and conſideration of the debauſhed life and corrupt prancks and vices of her Sonne *Alphonſo*) not thinking his Neece *Eleanora* to bee ſafe with her in *Caſſall*, for feare leſt her old wit, or his ſmooth tongue might peradventure too farre prevaile and worke upon her young yeares and indiſcreet affection: hee therefore ſends over his Coach, and one of his Servants to bring her home, and to the Lady *Sophia* writes this gratulatory Letter for her honourable education and entertainment.

CASSINO to SOPHIA.

ACcording to my laſt Letter to you, having heretofore privately contracted my Neece Eleanora *to a husband, reaſon and religion, his requeſt and my promiſe now require, that I take her from you in* Caſſall, *to give her to him here in* Vercely; *to which effect I here ſend my Coach and Servant to you for her, and deſire you to returne her to mee with your beſt prayers, as I ſent her to you with my beſt affection: and had not God now viſited me with ſickneſſe, my reſolution for her returne had not beene either ſo ſuddaine or ſo ſpeedy. For your ho-*

nourable care in adorning her few yeares with ſo many excellent vertues and ſweet perfecti-ons, I know not how to deſerve, much leſſe how to requite, except in my Prayers and Oriſons to God for his beſt favours and graces to you, and the beſt proſperities and honours to your Sonne: But if my age now cannot, I hope her youth hereafter will endeavour partly to free me of that debt, and to aquit her ſelfe of that ſtrong obligation, till when as I will not faile to give it a place in my heart, ſo I am ſure will not ſhe likewiſe to allot it one in her remembrance: In which meane time, I forget not my chiefeſt reſpects firſt to your ſelfe, then to your Sonne. God give us all his Grace that wee may live and dye his Servants.

CASSINO.

Now as *Caſsino's* firſt Letter to *Sophia* (wherein hee denied her Sonne to marry his Neece) exceedingly afflicted and diſcontented her, ſo this his ſecond to her wherein he ſo ſuddainly ſends for her away from her, doth extremely afflict and torment her, and not only her, but likewiſe her Sonne *Alphonſo*, who is all in ſorrow, all in griefe hereat: For now they feare that their hopes of this young Lady are fruſtrated, and ſhee according to her Vncles report in his Letter is contracted to ſome Gallant of *Vercelly*: When *Alphonſo* againe laying before his Mother the fervencie of his affection to *Eleanora*, and repreſenting unto her the extremity of the griefe and miſery which her refuſall of him, and his loſſe of her, will occaſion him, he with ſighs and teares againe and againe entreats his Mother to ſeeke out ſome cure for this his diſconſolation, and that ſhe will pleaſe once more to try her chiefeſt wits and invention to change *Eleanora's* refuſall, and her Vncle *Caſsino's* deniall of him to bee her husband; when at laſt his Mother being much moved and induced with theſe his ſorrowfull paſſions and importunities, ſhee before her departure doth her ſelfe breake this motion for her Sonne to her, wherein her wit and age ſets upon the innocencie and ſimplicitie of her youth, with the ſweeteſt oratory and moſt delicious ſpeeches and perſwaſions which poſſibly ſhe could invent, but ſhe finds her Art to be Ignorance, and her Eloquence Folly therein. For *Eleanora* is (as young as ſhe is) deafe to her requeſts, and dumbe to her entreaties and perſwaſions; returning contempt to the firſt, and little deafneſſe to the ſecond, and diſdaine to both; ſo as in deteſtation of his ſute, and envie of his affection, ſhee will no more heare the Mother for her Sonnes ſake, nor ſee the Sonne for his Mothers ſake. When yet againe, although *Sophia* deſpaire of the Neece, yet ſhee will once more make farther triall of her Vnkle *Caſsino*, flattering her ſelfe with this hope, and her hope with this conceit, that his pretence of precontracting her to another, mought bee but onely a policie of his, to try her Sonnes affection in his conſtancie towards his Neece, and her owne zeale in her perſeverance thereof towards himſelfe: When ſeeing Break-faſt ended, the Coach prepared, and *Eleanora* ready to depart, ſhee betakes her to her Cloſſet, where taking pen and paper, ſhe haſtily ſcribles out a few lines, and ſealing up her Letter, delivereth it privately to *Eleanora*, whom ſhee ſecretly prayeth, and effectually conjureth to deliver it carefully to her Vncle *Caſsino* at her comming to *Vercelle*, which this young Lady confidently promiſeth her; when likewiſe taking her owne Coach, ſhee and her Sonne conduct her three or foure miles in her way, where the Mother with many ſugred ſpeeches and complements, and the Sonne with many amorous ſighs, regards and kiſſes, take their leave of her, they returning to *Caſſall*, and ſhe driving away to her Vncle *Caſsino* at *Vercelle*, who receives her with much joy, and welcomes her with infinit gladneſſe and humanity; to whom ſhe delivering the Lady *Sophia's* Letter, he haſtily breaking up the ſeales thereof, finds therein this language.

SOPHIA

SOPHIA to CASSINO.

BEfore I was so happy to answeare your first Letter, your second, which now cals home your Neece from me, makes me againe double unfortunate: Neither doe I hold it your resolution, but rather your pleasure, or at least your policie, in thinking to make me beleeve you have formerly contracted her to another. I will not say but that she deserves my Sonnes letters in marriage; but thus much I will speake for him out of my knowledge of his affection, and confidence of his zeale towards her, that in heart and soule hee is a perfect honourer of her Vertues, and a true Admirer of her Beauty: Yea, and no way to exceed or stray from the truth, I have many pregnant reasons for this beliefe of mine, that he is a Servant to the first, and a Slave to the second, and that his flame is so fervent towards her, that he would thinke himselfe honoured to prostrate his life at her feet, and esteeme himselfe blessed to receive his Death at her commands. Thinke not then so slightly of him, who thinkes so seriously and sincerely of her; and this assure your selfe, that if you will give her to him in marriage, I will give nothing which I enjoy in the world from him. In obedience to your request and order, I now send you your Neece, and I am sure that her proficiencie, as her stay, hath bin so small with me in Cassall, *as it neither deserves her debt, or your obligation, your requitall or her remembrance. My Sonne was desirous to have visited you with his Letter, but that I commanded his pen and resolution herein to silence: And notwithstanding all your prayers for his prosperity, I am assured he is more your reall Servant, then you as yet are his intended friend. God blesse your selfe and my Sonne, and your Neece and my selfe, and make us all the Lovers of his Grace, and the heires of his glory.*

SOPHIA.

Cassino upon the perusall of this Letter, perceiving that the Lady *Sophia* and her Sonne *Alphonso*, were so farre from giving over of their sute to his Neece *Eleanora*, as they now prosecuted it with more importunity and violence then before, hee not onely cals her respect toward him, but her discretion in her selfe likewise in question, to see that she is incredulous that he hath precontracted her, or that his former Letters to her in that behalfe are not worthy of her beliefe, and confidence: Whereupon being sensible of a kind of disrespect and wrong, whereof she had voluntarily made her selfe guilty towards him, in the passage of this busines, and absolutely refusing to hearken to, or to entertaine any other parley, and so to cast away his Neece on the vices and prodigalities of her Sonne, He arming his pen with Discontent and Choller, returnes her this peremptory answer, which he covenanteth and resolves with himselfe, shall be the very last that hee will either write or send to her in this nature.

CASSINO to SOPHIA.

I Had well hop'd and thought, that your affection and judgement would have deemed my former Letters to you (in contracting my Neece) to bee currant, not counterfeit? yea, to bee the pure truth, and therefore no way my policie to informe you of the contrary; for such proceedings to any one, especially to your selfe (whom I so much respect for your Birth, and honour for your Vertues) are as unworthy of me, as I am and will be ignorant of them: As for your Sonne, his zeale to my Neece, or his affection to her service in the way of marriage, if it bee so pure and fervent as you affirme it, shee is the more bound to him; but I notwithstanding, beleeve to your selfe, in that you endeavour to make me an enemy to my selfe, and to mine owne honour, which next to my soule is the best part of my selfe, in perswading mee to take her

from a Gentleman, to whom (by faith and promiſe) I have ſolemnly given her; and as this was my firſt, ſo it ſhall be my laſt reſolution and anſwer to you, which I aſſure you I write not ſlightly, but (to uſe your owne words) ſeriouſly and ſincerely: Therefore I thanke you for impoſing ſilence to your Sonnes pen; and if you will henceforth likewiſe preſcribe the ſame Law to your owne herein, I will take it both for a courteſie and a reſpect from you; only in any other matter whatſoever that you ſhall thinke me capable to ſtead him or ſerve you, your will and pleaſure ſhall be my Law, and your Letters ſhall receive many reſpects and kiſſes from me. I have received my Neece, and her tongue, and mine eye and care informe me, how much we both are bound to you for your care, and her proficiencie in Caſſall, *the which my Age and her Youth will expoſe to Vſury before I have the honour to pay you the Principall, and ſhe the Intereſt thereof. God ever bleſſe you, and your Sonne* Alphonſo, *and give you no leſſe Joy and Honour of him, then I hope and deſire to find in mine owne Neece* Eleanora.

CASSINO.

The Lady *Sophia* grieves, and her Sonne *Alphonſo* ſtormes at the receipt of this unkind Letter from *Caſſino*, whereby they ſee their hopes of his Neece *Eleanora* reverſed and fruſtrated; and although this his flat refuſall made her of opinion no more to ſtirre or enter-meddle herein, yet (as Lovers are impatient of denials and delayes) ſome three weekes after, hee prayes his Mother to ride over to *Vercelli*, againe to prove *Caſſino*, and likewiſe to (againe) motion and ſolicit it to *Eleanora*, hoping that her preſence may purchaſe that which her Letters cannot procure; and he is very deſirous and willing to accompany her himſelfe. His Mother *Sophia* grants both his requeſts; they arrive to *Vercelli*, where the Mother courts the Vncle, and the Sonne the Neece; and although they find exceeding great Cheere and noble Entertainment, yet in the point of their buſines, which is *Alphonſo's* marriage to *Eleanora*, they find themſelves loſt, and their ſute in vaine, and ſo they are enforced to returne to *Caſſall* with their definitive ſentence of deniall, which makes her bite the lip, and infinitly grieves and exaſperates her Sonne; ſo now he againe caſts off the Cloake of vertue, and farre worſe then ever, flies to his old vices and ſinnes, which his Mother with her ſweet perſwaſions and remonſtrances, can no longer retaine or conceale, eſpecially from his Whoring and Drunkenneſſe: yea, and which is moſt lamentable and deplorable, hee will no longer ſerve God, either abroad or at home, for he forſakes the Church, and wholly abandoneth that ſweet and Heavenly Vertue of Prayer, which is the ſpirituall food and life of the ſoule. His Mother *Sophia* exceedingly weeps and grieves hereat, but how to remedy it ſhe knowes not: For his diſcontent hath made him ſo vicious, his vices ſo obſtinate, and his obſtinacie ſo outragious and violent, as his Mother ſurfets with his Love-ſute to *Eleanora*, and will no more entermeddle with it. Hee prayes and reprayes her, to make one Iourney more for him to *Vercelli*, to ſee what alterations time may have wrought in the hearts of *Caſſino* and *Eleanora*, but ſhee is as averſe and wilfull, as he is obſtinate and peremptory: and therefore conſtantly vowes, neither to write, nor ever to conferre more with them herein. But this reſolute anſwer of the Mother breeds bad blood in the Sonne, yea it makes a Mutiny in his thoughts, a Civill warre in his heart, and a flat Rebellion in his reſolutions againſt her for the ſame, to which the Devill (the Arch-enemy, and Incendiary of our ſoules) blowes the Coles. For he who heretofore looked on his Mother with obedience and affection, cannot (or at leaſt will not) ſee her now but with contempt and malice; yea, hee is ſo devoid of Grace, and ſo exempt of Goodneſſe, that hee lookes from Charitie to wrath, from Religion to Revenge,

from

from Heaven to Hell; and ſo reſolves to murther her, thinking with himſelf e, that if hee had once diſpatcht her, he ſhould then be ſole Lord of all her wealth, and that then this his great and abſolute eſtate would ſoone induce *Caſsino* and *Eleanora*, to accept of his affection: But he reckons without his ſoule and without God, and therefore no marvell if theſe his bloody hopes deceive and betray him: his Religion and Conſcience cannot prevaile with him; neither hath his Soule either grace or power enough to divert him from this fatall buſines, and execrable reſolution; for he will be ſo infernall a Monſter of nature, as to act her death of whom he received his life. He conſults with himſelfe, and the Devill with him, whether hee ſhould ſtab or poyſon her; but he holds it farre more ſafe and leſſe dangerous, to uſe the Drug then the Dagger, and ſo concludes upon poyſon; to which end he being reſolute in his rage, thus to make away his Mother, he as an execrable Villaine (or indeed rather as a Devill) provides himſelfe of poyſon, the which hee ſtill carries about him, waiting for an opportunitie, to give an end to this deplorable buſines, the which the Devill very ſhortly adminiſtreth him: The manner thus.

This refuſall of *Caſsino* to her Sonne *Alphonſo*; and his miſerable relapſe to whoredome, drunkenneſſe, and neglect of prayer, doth exceedingly diſtemper the Lady *Sophia* his Mothers ſpirits, and they her body, ſo that ſhe is three dayes ſicke of a Burning feaver; when to allay the fervor of that unaccuſtomed heate, ſhee cauſeth ſome Almond-milke to bee made her, the which ſhee compoundeth with many coole herbes, and other wholeſome Ingredients of that nature and quality, which ſhe takes three times each day; morning, after dinner, and before ſhee goes to bed: So the third day of her ſickneſſe, walking in the afternoone in one of the ſhaddowed Allies of her Garden with her Sonne, and there with her beſt advice rectifying and directing his reſolutions from Vice to Vertue, ſhe is unexpectedly ſurpriſed with the Symptome of her Feaver, when ſitting downe, and cauſing her waiting Maid to hold her head in one of the Arbours, ſhe prayes her Sonne *Alphonſo* to runne to her Chamber, and to bring her a ſmall wicker Bottle of Almond milke, the which he doth; but bloody Villaine that he is, nothing can withhold him (but his heart being tempered with inhumanitie and crueltie) hee firſt poures in his poyſon therein and then gives it her, who, good Lady, drinkes two great draughts thereof; when a ſweat preſently over ſpreading her face, and ſhee beginning to looke pale, he (as a wretched Hypocrite) makes a loud outcry from the Garden to the houſe, and calling there Servants to her aſſiſtance, hee likewiſe cals for a Chaire; ſo ſhe is brought to her Chamber, and laid in her bed, and within few houres after (as a vertuous Lady and innocent Saint) ſhe forſakes this life and this world for a better, and the ignorance of her Servants, and her bloody Sonne (drench'd as it were in the rivolets of his fained teares, together with his exceſſive lamentations) doe coffin her dead body up ſomewhat privately and ſpeedily, ſo that there is no thought nor ſuſpicion of poyſon; and thus was the lamentable Murther, and deplorable end of this wiſe and religious Lady *Sophia* committed by her owne wretched and infernall Sonne. Now this Devill *Alphonſo* (to ſet the better luſter on his ſorrowes, and the better varniſh and colour on his mourning for the death of his Mother) gives her a ſtately Funerall, the pompe and coſt whereof, not only equalized, but exceeded their ranke and quality: For he left no Gentleman, or Lady in or about *Caſſall* uninvited to beat her buriall, and his Feaſt, and dighted himſelfe and all his Kinſfolkes and Servants in mourning attire, thereby the better to carry off the leaſt reflexion or ſhaddow of ſuſpicion from him of this his foule and inhumane Murther.

The newes of the Lady *Sophia's* death, runs from *Caſſall* to *Vercelie*, where *Caſsino*

and his Neece *Eleanora* underſtanding thereof, they both of them exceedingly lament and ſorrow for it, in regard ſhe was a very Honourable, Wiſe, and Religious Lady, and to whom the tender youth of *Eleanora* was infinitly beholding and indebted for many of her ſweet vertues and perfections; ſo that as her Vncle honoured her, ſo this his Neece held her ſelfe bound to reverence her, as making her eminent and ſingular vertues, the mould and patterne whereon ſhee framed all her terreſtriall comportments and actions, which in few moneths after were ſo many, and ſo excellent, that as ſhe was knowne to bee one of the moſt beautifull, ſo ſhee was likewiſe juſtly reported to be one of the wiſeſt young Ladies of all that Citie and Countrie, which together with her owne great Eſtate, as alſo that of her Vncle *Caſſino's*, to the full enjoying whereof (in contemplation of her vertues and conſanguinity) he had juſtly both deſigned and adopted her his ſole heire; the which made her to be ſought in marriage by divers young Gallants of very noble and chiefe houſes; moſt whereof were ſuperiour to *Alphonſo*, both in blood and wealth. When her Vncle at laſt (with her owne free affection and conſent) privately marries her to *Signior Hieronymo Braſciano*, a rich and brave young Gentleman of *Vercelie*, who was Nephew and Heire to the Biſhop of that Citie; but he being likewiſe very young, the tenderneſſe of both their ages diſpenced them from as yet lying together, and both the Biſhop and her Vncle *Caſſino* (for ſome important reaſons beſt knowne to themſelves) cauſed this their marriage as yet to bee concealed from all the world with great privacie and ſecrecie, hee for the moſt part living with the Biſhop his Vncle at the Citie of *Turin* (which is the Court of the Duke of *Savoy*) and ſhe in *Vercelie* with her Vncle *Caſſino*, only they viſit each other with their Letters, which is all the familiarity that as yet they are permitted to reape and receive each of other.

And here the true order of our Hiſtory cals us againe, to ſpeake of this degenerate and debauſhed Gentleman *Alphonſo*, who had no ſooner embrued his guilty hands in the innocent blood of the Lady *Sophia* his Mother; but he then without any farther ſhew of ſorrow, or ſight or ſenſe of repentance for the ſame, againe deſperately abandoneth himſelfe to all old vices and prodigalities, flaunting it out in brave apparell (for his mourning weeds he ſpeedily caſt off) and ſwimming as it were in the Vaſt Ocean of all his carnall delights, and worldly pleaſures and ſenſualities, never thinking of Religion or Prayer, but paſſeth away whole dayes and nights, yea conſumeth whole weekes and moneths in all licencious riots, and exceſſive prodigalities with his debauſhed Companions and Strumpets, which began to drowne his Eſtate, and to devoure his Lands apace: and in the heate and ruffe of theſe his Ioviall follies, and exorbitant intemperancies, he bethinkes himſelfe againe of the wealth and beauty of the young Lady *Eleanora*, and ſo (in the vanity of his conceits, and the imbecility of his judgement) flattering himſelfe, that being now Lord of all his deceaſed Mothers lands and wealth, her Uncle *Caſſino* could not refuſe to give her him in marriage, not ſo much as once dreaming or remembring how plainely and peremptorily, both hee and ſhe had formerly given him the repulſe: To which effect hee dights himſelfe and his Followers in exceeding rich apparell, and (with a traine too worthy of himſelfe) he rides over to *Vercelie*, and there becomes a moſt importunate Sutor, both to *Caſſino* and *Eleanora*, firſt ſeeking her, and then courting her Vncle for her: but all in vaine, for he puts him off with diſreſpect, and ſhe rejects him with diſdaine; and when yet they ſee that his importunacie herein paſſeth the bounds of reaſon, and exceedeth the limits of Diſcretion and Civilitie, then *Caſſino* tels him plainely that his Neece is married; and that therefore (in that conſideration) hee forbids him his

houſe

house and her company; which point of discourtesie (and as *Alphonso* termes it of dishonour) to him, he takes in so ill part from *Cassino*, that exchanging his reason into rage, and forgetting himselfe to bee a man, or which is more a Gentleman, or which is most of all a Christian, he againe strikes hands and agrees with the Devill, and for meere despight and rage vowes that hee will murther *Cassino*: The Devill making him strong in the vanity of this beliefe and confidence, that this speech and suggestion of his, that his Neece *Eleanora* is married, is but fabulous and false, and that if he were once dead, he could not impeach or hinder him from enjoying the faire and rich *Eleanora* to his wife, which is the same prodigious baite and lure whereby Sathan formerly drew, and betrayed him to poyson his Mother: the Devill still so closely over-vailing his conscience and soule, and so ecclipsing, and wincking his understanding and judgement, that as his hand so his heart is inured and obdurated to the effusion of innocent blood, and therefore he will not retire with grace, but onwards with impiety to the finishing of this cruell Murther of *Cassino*; and although hee had an itching desire, and a hellish ambition likewise to effect it by poyson, yet in regard he was denied accesse to his house and company, as also for that he was unacquainted with any Apothecary or Physician of *Vercelle*, hee therefore resolves with the Devill to doe it by a Carabine, which many times by night hee wore and carried about him. There is nothing easier then to doe evill, and as it is the nature, so it is the policie of Sathan, as well to furnish us with the meanes, as the matter thereof: For when we cast our selves from Malice to Revenge, and from Revenge to Murther, he then makes us industrious, first in the contriving, and then in the execution thereof, but in the end God will so ordaine that this hellish policie shall turne to misery.

Alphonso's malice against *Cassino* will give no peace to his thoughts, so he informes himselfe, that every morning and evening he is accustomed to walke alone in his Garden, for an houre or two in his spirituall meditations, and therefore hee thinkes this a fit place (from some adjacent house and window) to shoote at him; when being likewise assured, that there was a poor smal taverne (not much frequented with company) that lay some-what neere and commodious to *Cassino's* Garden, he resolves to make choise of that, and there to give end to this bloody busines, which his heart so much desireth, so abandoned by God, and guided and conducted by the Devill, he about sixe of the clocke in the evening rides thither, and tying up his horse to the doore, he in a disguised sute of apparell, pretending there to stay for a friend of his, which promised to come thither to meet him (and having purposely sent away his Servants before him to *Cassall*) he goes up into the Chamber, cals for wine and something to eate, the better to favour and colour out his stay there, when bolting the Chamber doore to him, hee (putting aside the paper Casements, which they use in *Italy* to expell the fervencie of the Sunne) from thence (according to his former intelligence) plainely perceives *Cassino* walking in his Garden, with his Hat in one hand, and his Breviary (or Praier-booke) wherein he reads, in another, with the which hee was as busie with God in his meditations and devotions, as he was with the Devill, in charging his Carabine with a brace of bullets, and dressing of his fire locke, and priming of his powder touch-holl, when, without the least sparke of grace, or feare of God, or his punishments, hee lets fly at him; and the Devill had made him so expert a Marke-man, that as *Cassino* was safely comming on, walking towards the window, wherein he secretly and scelerously stood, both the bullets hit him right in the brest a little below the left pap, whereof this harmelesse and religious old Gentleman *Cassino* fell presently dead to the ground, and none being in the Garden with him (wherein I my selfe

have

have ſince ſome times beene) I could not underſtand, that hee had the power or happineſſe to ſpeake a word: But wee ſhall ſee, that this his inhumane and bloody Murtherer, ſhall not goe farre before the judgements of God will ſurpriſe and ore take him. The manner whereof is thus.

As ſoone as *Alphonſo* had given this bloody blow, and ſeene *Caſſino* fall dead to the ground, he unbolting the Chamber doore, preſently reſolves to take horſe and fly away, but God ordained the contrary: For as hee had againe put up his Carabine into his Belt, God preſently ſtrucke him into a ſtupified ſwoone, whereof falling to the ground, the noyſe of his fall, the report of his Carabine, and the ratling of his ſword and it, preſently invited the people of the houſe below, to ſee what had befallen above to this Gentleman, where finding him groveling and gaſping for life, they (by Gods immediate direction) doe thinke that hee hath there ſhot and murthered himſelfe; when deveſting him of his apparell, and laying him in bed to ſearch for his wounds, they find none; but yet it is an houre before they perceive any motion, or action of life in him: And then opening his eyes, he with a diſtracted looke and amazed countenance, deeming himſelfe upon the very point of death; and that for his murthering of *Caſſino*, the Lord in his judgement had infallibly ſtrucken him with ſuddaine death, he finding this foule and bloody act of his, to lie heavie upon his ſoule and conſcience, in this laſt Scene (as he then thought) of his life, he (rather raving then ſpeaking) in the heate of his madneſſe and diſtraction, cryes out againe and againe, that he had murthered *Caſſino*: The which the people of the houſe are exceedingly aſtoniſhed to underſtand. And now by this time *Caſſino* is found dead in his Garden, and ſhot thorow with a brace of bullets. So his Neece *Leanora* is all in teares hereat, and all *Vercelie* reſounds of this his lamentable murther. When *Caſſino's* friends and ſervants make ſpeedy ſearch for the Murtherer, and finding a horſe tyed to this little Taverne doore, they find the Man, Wife, and Servants thereof in out-cryes and amazement: So they aſcend the ſtaires, find *Alphonſo* in bed, with his Carabine by him on the bench, and his clothes on the Table, and examining the people of the houſe, they report to them this ſuddaine accident of his ſwooning, and therein of his confeſſion of the murthering of *Caſſino*; ſo they all praiſe and glorifie God, in that they have ſo ſoone, and ſo readily found out the inhumane Authour, and Actor of this bloody Murther.

But here before I proceed farther, I (in the name and feare of God) doe requeſt and invite the Reader to take notice of another remarkeable (I may ſay miraculous) circumſtance of Gods mercy and glory, which likewiſe appeares in this detection and confeſſion of *Alphonſo*, to be the cruell Murtherer of this innocent, harmeleſſe Gentleman *Caſſino*; for he being no better then diſtracted of his wits, before God had cauſed and brought him to confeſſe it, which elſe hee had never done, but that in the agonie and anxiety of his ſtupified ſpirits hee (as I have formerly ſaid) thought himſelfe on the point and brinke of death, and no ſhaddow of hope left him, either of this life or this world: Then I ſay, as ſoone as hee had confeſſed it, God in his good pleaſure and providence preſently reſtored him againe to his perfect health, ſtrength, and memory; ſo that being put in mind, and againe remembring his confeſſion, and ſeeing the eminencie of his danger by the preſence of *Caſſino's* friends and ſervants, who were there preſent about his bed, to apprehend and carry him away to priſon for the ſame; he now with teares, and bitter oaths, and curſes, declines and recants what he hath formerly ſpoken thereof, and, rather as a Devill then a Chriſtian, in lofty and proud ſpeeches ſtands upon the termes of his Iuſtification, alleadging and affirming to them farther

ther that what he had formerly confessed, or said to them, concerning the Murther of *Cassino*, proceeded from the destemperature of his heart and braines, in that of his distraction, or else from the delusions and temptations of the Devill, and no otherwise. But his owne confession, the testimony of those of the house who heard it, and the rest of the presumptions and circumstances are so pregnant and apparant, that he is the undoubted Murtherer of *Cassino*, as they believe not what he now sayes in his owne behalfe and Apologie, or that it is any way the delusions of the Devill, but the good pleasure of God, which brought him to this detection and conviction of himselfe for the same: So they being deafe to his requests and oathes, they enforce him to draw on his apparell, and then by order of the criminall Iudges, they that night commit him to prison, where the Devill having brought him, he now leaves him to himselfe, and to his owne misery and confusion, which it is to be beleeved, that the Lord hath ordained shall speedily befall him.

The next morning this Monster of nature *Alphonso*, is called to his araignment, where being by his Iudges, charged with this foule Murther, the Devill hath as yet so obdurated his heart, as hee not onely denies it, but contests against it with vehemencie and execrations. So the Vintner and his wife, and servants are produced against him as witnesses, who acknowledge and confesse his owne confession thereof, as also the report of his Carabine, and the vicinitie of their house, and prospect from the Chamber wherein hee was, to *Cassino's* Garden, wherein as he was walking he was shot to death. When the mournefull and sorrowfull young Lady *Eleanora*, is likewise brought forth as a witnesse against him, who informes his Iudges, that *Alphonso* was a most importunate Suter to her, both in his Mothers house at *Cassall*, as also at her deceased Vncles house, here in *Vercelie*; adding withall, that (in her heart and soule) shee verely beleeves him to bee the Murtherer of her said Vncle. But still he denies it with choler and indignation: whereupon, the presumptions and circumstances hereof, being more apparant to his Iudges, then the knowledge of this truth, they adjudge him to the Racke, where at his very first torments thereof, he with teares confesseth it; and God is now so mercifull to his soule, 'as hee seemes to be very sorrowfull and repentant thereof: so they seeing him guilty, pronounce sentence against him, the next day to have his head cut off for the same; and that night the Iudges (out of their honourable zeale to charitie and pietie) send him some Friers to Prison to him, to direct his soule to Heaven; who willing him to disburthen his conscience and soule of any other capitall crime, which hee mought have committed in all the course of his life, to the end that it mought not hinder her passage and transmigration from Earth to Heaven; Hee then and there reveales them, how hee had also formerly poysoned his owne Mother, the Lady *Sophia*, at *Cassall*, for the which he likewise craved absolution both of them and of God. Whereat his Iudges are exceedingly amaz'd and astonished, to see a Gentleman so degenerate, inhumane and bloody, as to be the death of his owne Mother, of whom formerly hee had received his life.

The day following (according to his sentence) *Alphonso* is brought to the place of execution, clad in a blacke sute of silke Grograine, and a falling band, where ascending the scaffold, and drawne to much humility and contrition, by his secular Priests and Friers, hee in presence of a great concourse of people, there made this short speech. That these two murthers of his, and especially that of his owne Mother, the Lady *Sophia*, were so odious in the sight of God and man, that he acknowledged, hee no longer deserved to tread on the face of the earth, or to looke

looke up to Heaven. That he knew not juſtly, whereunto to attribute this infamy and miſery of his, but to his continuall neglect and omiſſion of prayer, whereby he baniſhed himſelfe from God, and thereby gave the Devill too great an intereſt over his body and ſoule; that he deſired God to forgive him, theſe his two foule and bloody crimes of Murther, as alſo that of his neglect of Prayer; and ſo (with teares in his eyes) beſought all who were there preſent, likewiſe to pray unto God for him: When againe beſeeching the vertuous young Lady *Eleanora*, to forgive him the murther of her good old Vncle *Caſſino*, hee often making the ſigne of the Croſſe, and recommending himſelfe into the hands of his Redeemer, bad the Executioner doe his office, who preſently with his ſword ſevered his head from his body, and both were immediatly burnt, and the aſhes throwen into the River of *Ticino*, without the wals of *Vercelle*, although his Iudges were once of opinion, to ſend his ſaid head and body to *Caſſall*, for the Iudges of that place to doe their pleaſure therewith, for there poyſoning of his owne Mother, the Lady *Sophia*.

And thus was the miſerable (and yet deſerved) death and end, of this bloody and execrable Gentleman *Alphonſo*, and in this ſort did the judgements and puniſhments of God befall him, for theſe his two moſt inhumane, and deplorable Murthers. May God of his infinit grace and mercie, ſtill fortifie and confirme our faith by conſtant and continuall prayer (the want whereof was the fatall Rocke whereon hee periſhed) that ſo we may ſecure our ſelves in this world, and our ſoules in that to come.

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GODS

GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE CRYING AND EXECRAble Sinne of *Murther*.

HISTORIE XXIV.

Pont Chauſey *kils* La Roche *in a Duell.* Quatbriſſon *cauſeth* Moncallier *(an Apothecary) to poyſon his owne Brother* Valfontaine, Moncallier *after fals, and breakes his necke from a paire of ſtaires.* Quatbriſſon *likewiſe cauſeth his Fathers Miller* Pierot *to murther, and ſtrangle* Mariera *in her Bed, and to throw her body into his Mill-Pond.* Pierot *the Miller is broken alive on a wheele, and* Quatbriſſon *firſt beheaded, then burnt for the ſame.*

WEe may truely affirme, that the world is in her wane, when Murther is become the practice of Chriſtians, which indeed is the proper office of the Devill; and how frequently thoſe wofull accidents happen, wee cannot thinke of, but with much horrour, nor remember but with griefe of mind, and compaſſion of heart; For is it not to make our ſelves wilfull Traitors and Rebels to God, to violate his Divine Majeſtie, in ſpoiling his true Image and reſemblance; yea, is it not the high-way of Hell? But that this age of ours produceth ſuch Monſters of nature, reade we but this enſuing Hiſtorie, and it will informe us of much innocent blood ſhed, we know not whether more wilfully or wickedly.

IT is not unknowne, that the Province of little *Britaine*, was (long ſince) annexed and united to the flouriſhing Kingdome of *France*, by the marriage of *Charles* the Eighth, with *Anne* the young Dutcheſſe thereof, notwithſtanding that ſhe were formerly contracted to *Maximilian* (Arch-duke of *Auſtria*) where we ſhall underſtand, that in the Citie of *Vannes* (formerly the Court and Reſidence of thoſe Britiſh Dukes) there of late yeares dwelt a noble Gentleman (of rich Demaines and Revenues) termed *Monſieur de Caerſtaing*, who by his wife *Madamoyſelle de la Ville Blanche*, had two Sonnes, the eldeſt named by his title *Monſieur de Quatbriſſon*, and the youngeſt *Monſieur de Valfontaine*: The firſt aged of twenty foure yeares, being ſhort and corpulent, the ſecond of twentie, being tall and ſlender; both of them brave and hopefull Gentlemen, as well in their outward perſonages, as in the inward perfections, and endowments of their minds; For in all reſpects, the care and affection of their Parents, had made their education anſwerable to their births. *Valfontaine* (for the moſt part) lived in the Citie of *Nantes* (the ſecond of that

that Dutchie) with an Vncle of his named *Monſieur de Maſſie*, being Preſident of the Kings Chamber of Accounts which is kept there, who frequenting the Bals or publike Dancings (whereunto the youth of *France* are generally addicted) amongſt many other excellent beauties, wherewith that Citie is graced, and thoſe paſtimes and meetings honoured, he ſees a young Gentlewoman (being a ſtranger, and newly come to the Citie) ſo infinitly rich in the excellencies of nature, and the treaſure of lovelineſſe and beauty, as (with a kind of imperious commanding power) ſhee atracts all mens eyes to behold, to admire, to affect her. So as although *Valfontaines* youthfull heart and yeares, had never as yet ſtooped or ſacrificed to Love, yet at the very firſt ſight of this ſweet young Gentlewoman, (whoſe name wee ſhall not goe farre to know) hee cannot retaine his enamored eyes from gadding on the Roſes, and ranging on the Lillies of her ſweet complexion, nor his reſolutions from enquiring, what her name and her ſelfe was; when being informed, that ſhe was the onely daughter and heire of a rich and noble Gentleman, a Widdower termed *Monſieur de Pennelle*, of the Pariſh of Saint *Aignaw*, fower leagues from the Citie, and her name *Madamoyſelle la Pratiere*, of the age of ſome ſeventeene, hee at the very firſt ſight likes her ſo well, and loves her ſo deerely, that (if her interiour vertues come not too ſhort of her exteriour beauty and feature) he vowes he will be her Sutor and Servant, and ſo he attempts to court and ſeeke her for his wife.

To which end, he (more like a Tutor then a Pupill, in the Art and Schoole of love) is ſo farre from neglecting any, as he curiouſly and carefully ſeekes all opportunities and occaſions to enjoy the felicity of her company, and ſo (for the moſt part) hee conducts her to and from the dauncings, ſits and talkes with her in her lodgings, meets her at Church, where as well at Veſpers as Maſſe, he accompanies and prayes with her, and (briefly) ſhee can difficultly be preſent any where, where he is long abſent from her; For by this time (which is ſcarce a moneth ſince he firſt ſaw her) her peereleſſe beauty, and unparalell'd vertues and diſcourſe, have acted ſuch amorous wonders in his heart, as hee vowes, hee muſt either live her Husband, or die her Martyr. But ſee the providence and pleaſure of God, for if *Valfontaine* tenderly love our ſweet and faire *La Pratiere*, no leſſe doth ſhee him; for knowing him to be the Sonne of his Father, and therefore a Gentleman of noble extraction and worth; and ſeeing him to bee wiſe, diſcreet, and proper, as alſo remembring and marking, that he fervently and infinitly affects her, ſhee is ſo delighted with his neat feature and perſonage, and raviſhed with the melodie of his diſcourſe, as albeit at firſt, her tongue bee ſo civill and modeſt to conceale her affection from him, yet her eyes (the Ambaſſadors of her heart) cannot but in dumbe Eloquence, and ſilent Rhetorike bewray it him. So as (to omit the gifts, preſents, and eſpecially the letters, which interchangeably paſt betweene them) and which indeed powerfully aſſiſted to the ſympathiſing and cimenting of their youthfull affections, it ſufficeth that we take notice and knowledge, that *Valfontaines* preſence was *La Pratiere's* delight, and the enjoying of her company, his felicity and glory, and that ſhe in life and death would remaine his obedient and faithfull Wife, and he her faithfull and loving Husband; Onely ſhe prayes him, carefully and reſpectfully to conceale her affection to him, and ſo likewiſe to obſerve her Father in ſeeking his conſent to their marriage, the which hee promiſeth her ſhortly to performe; For as ſoone as *La Pratiere* hath left *Nantes*, and purpoſely retired her ſelfe home to her Fathers houſe, at Saint *Aignaw*, *Valfontaine* is not many dayes behind her, where hee acquaints her Father *Pennelle*, with his affection to his daughter, ſeekes her in marriage, requeſteth his conſent, and with many

reaſons

reasons, fairely and discreetly endeavoreth to induce him thereunto, where for three or foure dayes, hee takes up his lodging and residence, under pretence to court the Daughter, whom we know he hath already won, but his sute is no way pleasing, but distastfull to *Pennelle*, who although he know, that *Monsieur de Caerstainge* his Father (as well for lands as blood) is every way rather his Superiour then his Equall, yet because his Daughter *La Pratiere* is his only child and heire, and *Valfontaine* but a Cadet (or younger Brother) therefore covetousnesse makes him assume this resolution, that hee will have none of him for his Sonne in Law: but this reason, and conclusion hee conceales to himselfe, and so (in generall termes) gives *Valfontaine* a cold and averse answere, little better in effect then a flat deniall; and thus for his first Iourney, *Valfontaine* takes leave of his sweet *La Pratiere*, no way doubting but that his second to her, will prove lesse distastfull and more fortunate, he leaves *Nantes* and rides home to *Vannes*.

Being arrived at *Vannes*, he acquaints his Father and Mother, with his affection and sute to *Madamoyselle La Pratiere*, the onely daughter and heire (as we have heard) of *Monsieur de Pennelle*, of *Saint Aignaw*, whereunto (because they know him to bee rich and noble, and his Daughter faire and vertuous) they give good approbation and allowance, when *Valfontaine* praying his Father to ride over to *Monsieur de Pennelle*, to conferre with him about this busines, whose presence hee hopeth will effect that with him, which hee feares and knowes his poore power cannot: But his Father although he be very glad, to procure his Sonnes advancement and content by this match, yet being at that time much troubled with the Gout, he excuseth himselfe upon his indisposition, and so defers off that Iourney to another time. *Valfontaine* missing of his Father, deemes it rather expedient then impertinent, to entreat his brother *Quatbrisson* herein, to whom hee fully relates what hath past betweene *Pennelle* and himselfe, but withall conceales upon what termes he stands with *La Pratiere*, or that she is any way his, or hee hers, either by contract or promise, to the end that he may have no just cause, either to taxe her immodesty, or condemne her indiscretion, in so suddainely giving her selfe to him. *Quatbrisson* very willingly yeelds to his brothers request; when (followed with a traine and equipage answerable to their rancke and quality, and armed with their Fathers Letter to *Monsieur de Pennelle*) they take horse and ride to *Saint-Aignaw*. Now as it is the errour (or nature) of Lovers to be still insecret Secretaries, in delighting to talke and pratle of their Mistresses, whom they esteeme their soveraigne good and chiefest felicity: So all the way, betweene *Vannes*, and *Saint Aignaw*, *Valfontaine* could neither refraine, nor restraine his tongue from painting forth *La Pratiere* in all the excellencie of her prayses, and from extolling her beauty and perfections above the skies; yea, he ran so curious a division, and so ample a comment on the wonders and raritie of her beauty, that his verball relation already prepared his Brothers eyes to behold a female Master-peece of nature in *La Pratiere*; but being arrived to her Fathers house (a little before dinner time) and seeing, and saluting, first him, then her, at the very first encounter and sight, his senses are so surprised with the sweetnesse of her countenance, and so taken with the exquisitnesse of her feature, as he now finds that his brothers report and prayses of her come infinitly short the dignity and excellencie of her beauty.

Dinner being ended, and *Quatbrisson* delivering his Fathers Letter to *Pennelle*, with whom making a slight and superficiall conference, concerning his brothers affection and sute to his Daughter, he turnes from him to her, who dying her milke white cheeks with a roseat blush to entertaine him, hee ravished with the delicacie of so amorous an encounter, and sweet object, could not likewise refraine from

bluſhing to ſee her bluſh, when enquiring of her, if ſhe pleaſed to take the aire of the Garden (where her Father and his Brother were already gone and attended them) and ſhe replying, that his pleaſure therein ſhould be hers, hee taking her by her hand conducts her thither; where *Valfontaine* in civilitie purpoſely walking aloofe off, becauſe he hoped and aſſured himſelfe, that his brother *Quatbriſſon* now meant effectually to ſpeake with his Miſtreſſe in his behalfe, there being then no witneſſes to their conference, but only the ſweet Quireſters of the woods (the Thruſhes and Nightingales) who purpoſely and pleaſantly ſate on every buſh and tree, to delight them with their meliſluous melodie; the very firſt words he adminiſtred and directed to her was; That if ſhee pleaſed to ſweare her tongue to ſecrecie, to what hee ſhould now ſay and deliver to her, hee would reveale her a ſecret which ſhould infinitly import her good. *La Pratiere* (wondring at the nature of *Quatbriſſons* firſt ſpeech and requeſt, and what it mought meane or concerne) ſtood a little while mute and ſilent, not knowing what to conceive thereof, much leſſe what to anſwer thereto: But at laſt conſidering that *Valfontaine* was her Lover, and *Quatbriſſon* his brother, ſhee imagined there was ſome plot ſecretly compacted betweene them, that if her Father would not condiſcend to their deſires, that they had then reſolved to ſteale her away from him, and ſo to make it a Clandeſtine marriage: Whereupon (her affection being deſirous to know the certaintie hereof, and her curioſitie ambitious to ſee this abſtruſe myſterie unlocked) ſhe grants him his requeſt, vowing to impoſe ſecrecie to her tongue in what he ſhould deliver, or intruſt her with: When he kiſſing her, and evaporating many farre fetch'd ſighes (as the Herauld to proclaime his affection) he tels her, that her incomparable beauty hath captivated his thoughts, and made his heart both her Tributary, and her Priſoner; that hee envies his brothers happineſſe, in having the honour to ſee her before himſelfe. That as he is his Superiour in yeares ſo he is in affection to her, and that he knowes his brother is as unworthy of her, as himſelfe worthily beſtowed on her: *La Pratiere* (whoſe affection and thoughts ran a direct contrary Cariere, leſt dreaming of that which ſhe is now enforced to underſtand) is ſo afflicted, and withall ſo incenſed at theſe unexpected ſpeeches of *Quatbriſſons*, that (her paſſion giving a law to her civilitie) caſting a ſnow-white vaile over her crimſon cheeks, and bending her brow (in whoſe furrowes it ſeemed that diſcontent and choller ſate now triumphant) her affection is ſo ſincere and entire to *Valfontaine*, as ſhe returnes his diſcourteous Brother *Quatbriſſon*, this ſhort and ſharpe anſwer: *Quatbriſſon* (quoth ſhee) to have offered this unkindneſſe of yours to your friend, had beene ignoble ingratitude, but to doe it to your owne brother, can be no leſſe then treachery; and therefore this know from me, that I eſteeme your Primogenitorſhip as inferiour to *Valfontaines* vertues, as they are in all reſpects ſuperieur to yours, and had you not tied and wedded my tongue to ſilence, I would now preſently publiſh it to the world, to the admiration and deteſtation of all good men, and ſo (with a looke ingendered of choller, and derived from disdaine) ſhee haſtily and ſuddainly trips away from him, leaving him alone in the Garden to his Muſes; *Quatbriſſon* biting his lip at this ſharpe repulſe of *La Pratiere*, is yet reſolute not thus to leave her, when hoping to find her Father more tractable and propitious to his ſute then his Daughter, hee ſeekes him out, and in faire termes informes him of his affection and love to her, and that (notwithſtanding his brothers reſearch of her) hee himſelfe infinitly deſireth her to be his owne wife. Old *Pennelle* (being more covetous of his Daughters preferment, then any way carefull of her content) gives an attentive and pleaſing care to this motion of *Quatbriſſon*, and is ſo delighted with the melody of his ſpeeches, as already

already in heart, he wiſheth her married to him, but how to anſwer, or give content to *Valfontaine* he knowes not.

Now the better to effect, and compaſſe this match, ſo much wiſhed of *Quatbriſſon*, and deſired of *Pennelle*; hee (in the abſence of *Valfontaine*) ſends for his Daughter into his cloſet, ſhewes her what preferment and happineſſe is now offered her, if ſhe will forſake *Valfontaine* and accept of his elder Brother *Quatbriſſon* for her husband. *La Pratiere* (both moved and grieved with this her Fathers propoſition and ſpeeches) very humbly beſeecheth him; that if ever he will reſpect her content, or regard her life, that *Valfontaine* may be her Husband, and not *Quatbriſſon*, becauſe ſhe confeſſeth ſhee loves the younger Brother, but that ſhe neither can nor will affect the elder: Now although this her reſolute and obſtinate anſwer, doe exceedingly afflict and grieve her Father, yet hoping that a little time will prove capable to draw her to his deſires, hee ſecretly bids *Quatbriſſon* to ride home to *Vannes*, to take his Brother with him, and ſhortly after to returne againe to *Saint-Aignaw* without him, and that hee ſhall find no cauſe to feare, or reaſon to doubt, but that hee ſhall enjoy his Miſtreſſe; the managing whereof, hee prayes him to referre to his care in his abſence: Thus wee ſee the Father and Daughter differently affected, hee loves *Quatbriſſon* and not *Valfontaine*, and ſhe *Valfontaine*, but not *Quatbriſſon*, who grieving as much at the Daughters refuſall, as hee rejoyceth at her Fathers conſent: He now venteth his malice on the Innocencie, and his treachery on the integrity of his Brother, by acquainting him, that hee hath uſed his beſt power and art of ſoliciration towards *Pennelle*; and that he finds it impoſſible to draw him to reaſon; adding withall, that hee is ſo farre from conſenting, that hee ſhall obtaine his Daughter in marriage, as (upon the whole) in termes enough cleare and apparant, he futurely denies him acceſſe to his houſe; Wherefore Brother (quoth hee) becauſe I ſee with griefe, that you ſtrive againſt the ſtreame, and that in all actions and accidents whatſoever, the ſhorteſt errours are ſtill beſt, let us to morrow take horſe and away, and let this indifferency bee your reſolution: That if God have decreed it ſhall be a match, it then will bee, otherwiſe not. *Valfontaines* heart bleeds at *Pennelles* averſeneſſe and crueltie, and his eyes overflow with teares, ſo ſoone to forſake the ſight and company of his Daughter, of his deare and faire Miſtreſſe *La Pratiere*; but (being ignorant of all his brothers paſſages, and treacheries intended, and meant towards him) hee holds it folly to impugne, or contradict his pleaſure, and ſo reſolves to leave *Saint-Aignaw*, and depart home with him to *Vannes*.

Our faire *La Pratiere*, ſeeing all things bent to croſſe her deſires, and her *Valfontaines* wiſhes, ſhe (out of her tender affection to him) reſolves to give him a private meeting and conference, when that very night (as her Father and his Brother were in their beds ſoundly ſleeping) ſhee ſends for him into her Chamber, where ſeeing him extremely penſive and ſorrowfull; ſhe bids him bee chearefull and couragious, tels him that he hath no reaſon to deſpaire, but to hope, for that in life and death ſhe will bee his, and onely his; and then informes him, that inſtantly upon his arrivall to *Vannes*, ſhee will write and ſend him a Letter, wherein ſhe will acquaint him with the paſſage of a buſines, whereof hee neither can conceive or dreame; conjuring him now to enquire no farther what it is, for that her tongue was enjoyned to ſecrecy, and ſworne to ſilence, and ſo (with much chat, and more kiſſes) he giving her a Diamond Ring from his fingers, and ſhee him a paire of pearle Bracelets from her armes, in token of their mutuall conſtancie and affection each to other, they (infinitly againſt their minds) are enforced to take leave each of other, and the ſucceeding morne being come, the two Brothers pre-

pare, and diſpoſe themſelves for their Iourney. When break-faſt ended, accor-ding as it was concluded betwixt *Pennelle* and *Quatbriſſon*, *Pennelle* takes *Valfon-taine* aſide to a window, and in ſhort termes prayes him, henceforth to forbeare his houſe, and refraine his Daughters company, for that he hath provided another Husband for her; ſo having ſeverally and ſolemnly taken their Congees, firſt of the Father, and then of the Daughter, they take horſe and away. Now as they are riding home towards *Vannes*, as it is a ſenſible and heart-killing griefe to *La Pra-tiere*, ſo ſoone to bee deprived of her *Valfontaines* deare and ſweet company, ſo againe ſhe cannot refraine from ſmiling, to ſee how ingratefully and ſubtilly *Quat-briſſon* goes to worke to betray his Brother, in ſeeking to obtaine her for himſelfe in marriage; but meaſuring the integrity of the one, by the treachery of the other, and likewiſe remembring her promiſe to *Valfontaine*, to write to him at the end of two dayes after their departure, ſhe (by a confident Meſſenger) accordingly ſends him this Letter.

La Pratiere to Valfontaine.

My promiſe owes you this Letter, whereby I give you to underſtand, that I know not whether you have greater cauſe to love mee, or to hate your brother Quatbriſſon, *in regard he vowes, hee affects me dearer then your ſelfe, and hath attempted to rob you of your Wife, and conſequently me of my Husband; and as this is ingratitude in a friend, ſo it muſt needs be treachery in a Brother. I have heard his courting, and ſeene his compli-ments tending that way, but for your ſake I reliſh thoſe with diſtaſt, theſe with neglect, and himſelfe with contempt and diſdaine. He hath won my Father to his will, but reſt you con-fident (my deare* Valfontaine) *that he neither can, nor ſhall draw me to his deſire. And becauſe true affection, eſpecially in accidents of this nature, cannot ſtill bee exempt of feare, therefore if any ariſe, or engender in your thoughts, let this diſſipate and diſpell it, that al-though my Father have baniſhed you his houſe, yet his Daughter is (till death) conſtantly reſolved to retaine and cheriſh you in her heart, and none but you: Manage this your* Pratie-res *advice with diſcretion towards my Father, and not with choller towards your Brother, and be but a little time a patient Spectator of my affection and conſtancie to you, and you ſhall aſſuredly ſee him act his owne ſhame, and your glory; his affliction, and your content and deſire.*

La Pratiere.

Valfontaine having received and read this Letter; the baſe ingratitude and foule treachery of his brother *Quatbriſſon*, doth extremely afflict and torment him; yea the knowledge and remembrance thereof, throwes him into ſuch paſſions of choller, and fumes of revenge, as once he reſolved to right himſelfe on him, by ſending him a Challenge, and fighting with him; vowing that the bonds of na-ture were not by farre ſo ſtrong, as thoſe of affection, and that his brother having given the firſt cauſe of offence, and breach of amity betwixt them, it was no marvell that he tooke that courſe, and preferred that forme of proceeding to any other. But then againe conſidering his deare *La Pratieres* injunction and prohibi-tion from choller, this laſt reaſon ore-ſwaied and prevailed againſt his former re-ſolution, when knowing himſelfe infinitly obliged to her for her courteſie, and conſtancie, ſo ſweetly expreſſed to him in this her Letter, he can doe no leſſe, then returne her an anſwer thereof in requitall; the which he doth by her owne Meſſenger in theſe termes.

Val-

VALFONTAINE to LA PRATIERE.

OF all men of the world, I leaſt thought that my brother Quatbriſſon *would have proved my Rivall, in attempting to love you, becauſe he perfectly knowes, I affect you farre dearer then the whole world; yea this errour (or as you juſtly terme it, this treachery) of his, is ſo odious, ſo ſtrange to me, as it had farre exceeded my beliefe, if your affection and conſtancie had not ſo courteouſly revealed it to me in your Letter, the which I both bluſhed and palled to peruſe. Neither is it any thankes to him, that he miſſed of his deſire, in miſſing of you, rather to your vertuous ſelfe, which diſtaſted his courting and complements for his owne ſake, and disdained him for mine. Deare and ſweet* La Pratiere, *in that my brother hath won your Father, I exceedingly grieve, but in that I have not loſt his Daughter, I farre more triumph and rejoyce: But why thinke I of loſing you, ſith to call your conſtancie in queſtion, is no leſſe then to prophane your affection and my judgement, and ſo to make my ſelfe both uncapable and unworthy of you, for how can my love to you, retaine any ſpice or ſparke of feare, for that being baniſhed your Fathers houſe, I am yet ſo happy, to recover ſo ſafe a Harbour and Sanctuary, yea ſo precious a Temple, as your heart; In which regard it is every way fit, that your requeſts ſhould be to me commands, for otherwiſe my Sword had already called me Coward, if by this time I had not called my Brother to a ſtrict and ſevere account for this his treachery. I will ſtill obſerve your Father with reſpect, though he refuſe to reſpect me with obſervance; and for my ingratefull and treacherous Brother, he may act his owne ſhame and affliction, but cannot conduce to content, or deſire, becauſe that muſt ſoly proceed from your ſelfe, ſith in the ſweet enjoying of you to my Wife, conſiſts the onely content of my life, and the chiefeſt of all my earthly felicity.*

VALFONTAINE.

Some two dayes after that *La Pratiere* was made joyfull with this anſwer of her *Valfontaine*, ſhee hath againe ſorrowfull newes of *Quatbriſſons* arrivall to her Fathers houſe at *Saint-Aignaw*, who had purpoſely given it out to his brother *Valfontaine* at *Vannes*, that he rides to *Hennbon*. He here renewes his late ſute to the Father and Daughter, but he finds them both in the ſame humours and reſolutions, he left them; he willing, and ſhe coy, hee deſirous to have him his Sonne in law, and ſhe reſolute never to make him, but his brother *Valfontaine* her Husband. He profereth her many rich gifts and preſents, and a blancke to write downe what Iointure ſhe pleaſeth to demand, but ſhe peremptorily refuſeth it all, and bids him beſtow it on ſome other, of whom it may find better acceptance; yea I may ſafely ſay, and truely affirme, that their affections are farre more oppoſite, and contrary, then their ſexes; for the more he ſees her, he loves her, and the oftner ſhe beholds him, the more ſhe hates him; ſo that when he apparantly perceives, that ſhe deeply vowes to her Father, and himſelfe, onely to marry his brother *Valfontaine*, or her Grave, he ſeeing his labour for the time preſent loſt, and his affection to her in vaine; having nothing left to comfort him againſt the repulſe of this amorous ſute, but the conſtant friendſhip of her Father, hee ſorrowfully takes his leave of them, and rides home to *Vannes*; but as cloſe as hee beares this his Iourney from his brother *Valfontaine*, yet *La Pratiere* holds her ſelfe bound to ſignifie it to him, the which the very next day ſhe doth by her ſecond Letter, which ſpeakes thus.

LA PRATIERE to VALFONTAINE.

I Hold it a part of my duty and affection to advertise you, that these two dayes, I have beene againe importunately haunted and solicited by your unkind Brother Quatbrisson *for marriage, but hee hath found my first answer, to bee my second and last; Yea I have so nipt his vaine hopes in their blossomes, by signifying to him and my Father, my infallible resolution, either to wed you or my grave, as I thinke (except their hopes betray their judgements) the one is assured, and the other confident, that time will make it apparant to the world, that my words will prove deeds, and that the last will make the first reall: But if your said brother will yet (notwithstanding) farther exercise his folly in my patience, and so make himselfe as ridiculous to mee, as to you he is treacherous, I (out of the deare affection, and tender respect which I beare you) will then fall on my knees to my Father, to hasten his consent to our marriage; that in seeking my content, you may therein find your owne; and this is my resolution, wherewith if yours concurre and sympathise, Heaven may, but Earth shall not crosse our desires.*

LA PRATIERE.

Valfontaine receives this second Letter from his Mistris with smiles and frownes, with smiles to see her inviolable constancie and affection, with frownes to behold his brother *Quatbrissons* continuall malice and treacherie towards him, the which considering (as also becausе it so neerely concernes him) hee resolves to taxe him thereof, and to see whether (by faire requests and perswasions) hee may reclaime him from affecting his faire and deere *La Pratiere*, and so to give over his suite to her, but first hee knowes himselfe indebted and obliged, to returne her an answer to this her last Letter, the which he doth in these termes.

VALFONTAYNE to LA PRATIERE.

IT is every way your affection, no way your duty (sweet La Pratiere*) which againe advertiseth me of my Brother* Quatbrissons *perseverance in his treachery towards mee, by seeking to betray and bereave mee of your selfe, in whom my heart and thoughts imparadise their most soveraigne earthly felicity; and your resolution in nipping his hopes, and your Fathers will, by electing me or your grave for your Husband, doth so ravish my heart with joy, and so rap my conceits in an extasie of sweet content, as I am confident God hath reserved* La Pratiere, *to bee* Valfontaines *sweet Wife, and he to bee her deare Husband. But as I know not whether my unkind and treacherous Brother, will yet farther bewray you his folly, in exercising your patience with his importunity; so to save you that labour and penance, which for my sake and love you are ready to impose to your selfe, I am both ready and resolved, not onely to fall on my knees to your Father, but also to your sweet selfe, that our marriage be hastned; for as your resolution herein, is, and ever shall be mine, so our hearts and thoughts sympathising in these wishes, I hope that both Heaven and Earth have resolved, not to crosse, but shortly to consummate and finish our desires.*

VALFONTAINE.

He having thus dispatched and sent away his Letter, to his sweet and faire Mistresse, hee now resolves to have some conference with his unkind Brother, to see what a brazen face, hee either will, or can put upon this his ingratitude and treachery: But *Quatbrissons* policie will anticipate and prevent him; for he having his heart and contemplations deepely fixed on *La Pratieres* beauty, and having ranne over

over all the inventions of his art and affection, how to make her forsake her coyneſſe, and ſo how to obtaine her for his wife, hee at laſt reſolves to faine himſelfe ſicke, and ſo then to reveale to his brother *Valfontaine*, that it is his deare and fervent affection to *La Pratiere*; which is the cauſe thereof. To which purpoſe hee keepes his bed, and in his perfect health is twice let blood, thereby to looke ill; when ſending for his brother to his Chamber, and exempting all other company thence, he acquaints and informes him, That ſince he firſt ſaw *La Pratiere*, hee ſtill moſt tenderly loved her, and that hee muſt now die, becauſe ſhe will not affect and love him; He prayes and conjures him (by vertue of all the ſame blood which equally ſtreames in both their bodies) for the ſaving and preſerving of his life, that hee will now abandon his affection from her, and ſo yeeld him up all the power and intereſt that hee hath, or pretends to have in her, and that in requitall thereof (if occaſion require) hee ſhall ſtill find him ready, not onely to expoſe all his meanes, but his deareſt blood and life at his command: A requeſt ſo unjuſt, and a propoſition ſo devoid of common ſenſe and reaſon, as *Valfontaine* obſerving it, and therein ſeeing his brothers impudencie, now growne to the height of baſeneſſe and folly, hee exceedingly incenſed thereat (with a disdainefull looke) returnes him this ſharpe and bitter, yet deſerved reply. Was it not enough that I underſtood your treachery, by my faire and deare *La Pratiere*, in ſeeking and attempting to bereave me of her, but that thou art thy ſelfe become ſo ſottiſh, to make thy tongue the Advocate, as well to plead and apologiſe thy treachery to me, as to publiſh thy ſhame to thy ſelfe, and to the whole world, in ſeeking and deſiring me to ſurceaſe my affection to her, and to renounce my intereſt of her to thy ſelfe: No, no, baſe *Quatbriſſon* (for henceforth I highly disdaine to terme or reſteeme you my brother) I give thee to underſtand and know, that in heart, and in honour ſhe is mine, and I hers, and therefore you ſhall die and damne, before I will permit thee to inrich thy ſelfe with my loſſe of her, whom I affect and priſe a thouſand times dearer then my ſelfe, or then all the lands and treaſures of the world; when without any other farewell, he haſtily and chollerickly flings forth his Chamber from him.

Quatbriſſon ſeeing his brothers furious departure, and remarking his peremptory and incivill anſwer to him, hee (in his heart and thoughts) vowes revenge, and in his reſolutions ſweares to make him repent it. To which effect, forſaking his bed, and abandoning his counterfeit ſickneſſe, his choller hardly affording his patience three dayes to recover his blood and ſtrength, but knowing his brother to be now at *Nantes* with their Vncle *De Maſſy*, hee ſeekes out a deare and intimate friend of his named *Monſieur La Roche*, whom ingaging to be his ſecond in a Duell againſt his owne brother *Valfontaine*, they ride over to *Nantes*, when comming to a ſmall Pariſh, termed *Saint Vallerge*, within a league of the Citie, he writes a Challenge, delivers it to *La Roche*, and ſo diſpeeds him away with it to his brother. *La Roche* comes to *Nantes*, finds out *Valfontaine* at the Preſident, his Vncles houſe, being in the company of a very intimate friend of his, of that Citie, named *Monſieur de Pont Chauſey*, and delivereth him his brothers Challenge faſt ſealed, he which hee haſtily breaking open, and peruſing, hee finds that it ſpeakes this language.

QVATBRISSON to VALFONTAINE.

IN regard it is impoſible for both of us to enjoy the faire La Pratiere *to wife, therefore it is fit that one of us dye, that the other may ſurvive and live, to be enriched with ſo precious a treaſure, and crowned with ſo ineſtimable a bleſſing and felicity; which conſide-*

ring, as alſo becauſe my modeſt requeſts have (undeſervedly) met with thy incivill carriage, and beene requited with thy malicious execrations, Therefore find it not ſtrange, to ſee affection give a Law to Nature, and mine honour to contemne thy contempt and malice, in enviting thee, and thy Second, to meet me and mine with your ſingle Rapiers, to morrow twixt two or three after dinner, in a faire meddow at the Eaſt end of Saint-Vallery, *within a little flight ſhot thereof, where thou ſhalt find this Gentleman (whom I have prayed to be the Bearer hereof) who will ſafely conduct thee to me, where I will patiently attend thee; I expect no other anſwer but thy ſelfe, neither doe I any way doubt (much leſſe deſpaire) of thy meeting me, ſince by birth I know thou art Noble, and by inclination pretendeſt to be generous.*

QVATBRISSON.

Valfontaine ſmiles at the reading of this Challenge, and in conceit laughing at his brother *Quatbriſſons* errours and folly, hee cheerfully turnes himſelfe to *La Roche*, to whom he ſpeakes thus. *Monſieur La Roche*, I make no doubt but you are *Quatbriſſons* Second; to whom he replies; My reſpect to your Brother hath engaged me thereunto, inſteed of a more worthy, and yet I ingenuouſly confeſſe and proteſt (Sir quoth hee) that I have promiſed no more to him, then (if occaſion preſented) I am ready to performe for your ſelfe, *Valfontaine* thankes him, and prayes him to returne his Brother *Quatbriſſon* this anſwer, That to morrow at the appointed houre and place hee will not faile to meet him: When entreating *La Roche* to walke with him into the next Chamber, hee told him, hee preſumed hee ſhould ſhew him his Second; when *Valfontaine* taking *Pont Chauſey* to the window, hee ſhewes him his brothers Challenge, and prayes him to honour him in being his Second. *Pont Chauſey* (not out of any feare in himſelfe, but in love to theſe two brothers) as a Chriſtian Gentleman profereth to ride over to *Quatbriſſon* to *Saint-Vallery*, and to uſe his beſt power and endeavours to take up and reconcile theſe differences betweene them; but *La Roche* tels him hee may ſave that Iourney and labour, For that (to his knowledge) *Quatbriſſon* is both reſolute and irreconcilable in that quarrell; whereupon *Pont Chauſey* freely engageth himſelfe to *Valfontaine*, and ſo theſe two Seconds (though not as loving friends, yet as friendly and honourable enemies) very ſecretly that evening provide their Rapiers, which done, *La Roche* rides backe to *Saint-Vallery*, acquainting *Quatbriſſon* with his brother *Valfontaines* generous reſolution, to meet and fight with him the next day, as alſo that *Pont Chauſey* is his Second: And although (by the inſtigation of Sathan) that Choller and Revenge make minutes ſeeme houres, and houres yeares, ere it hath wrought his wiſhed effects, and effected his bloody deſignes: So theſe our foure raſh and inconſiderate Gentlemen (more full of Valour then Vertue, and of Courage then Chriſtianitie) the houre appointed for the Rendeſvous approaching, and *Quatbriſſon* with his Chirugion, being firſt in the field, hath difficultly made two turnes, before *La Roche* uſhereth in his brother *Valfontaine*, his Second *Pont Chauſey* and their Chirugion; when they all tying up their horſes to the hedge, they (according to the cuſtome of Duels) doe all throw off their dublets, and each unbooting his fellow, they appeare in their ſilke ſtocking and white pumps, as if they were fitter to dance Coranto's or Pavins, then to fight Duels.

So the two brothers firſt draw, and approach each other, and at their firſt coming up, *Valfontaine* (without being touched himſelfe) gives *Quatbriſſon* a deep wound in his right thigh, and if his Rapier had not beaten downe the thruſt, it had undoubtedly nailed him to the ground; at their ſecond encounter they are both hurt

hurt, *Quatbrisson* in the right arme, and *Valfontaine* of a scarre in the necke, and here they make a stand to take breath, *Quatbrisson* not as yet despairing, nor *Valfontaine* triumphing or assuring himselfe of the victory, and the fight and effusion of their blood is so farre from rebating or quenching, as it rather revives their courages with more spleene and animositie, so they will againe try their fortunes; They now traverse their ground, and approach each other, and although they are not lesse vallorous then before, yet (to the eyes of their Seconds and Chirurgions) they are now more cautious in their plea, and more advised in choosing and refusing their ground, when *Valfontaine* breaking a thrust (which his brother presented him) he then calling to mind the sweetnesse of his *La Pratieres* beauty, and the foulnesse of his brothers malice and treachery towards him, drives home a thrust at him, which entereth betwixt his short ribs, and making the blood to gush and streame forth, doth soone quaile his courage; so as he who right now thought himselfe master of his brothers life, now feares his owne, so that hee thinkes hee hath given enough, if not received too much in counter-exchange, as well to secure his reputation from the scandall of his friends, as to warrant his generositie from the detraction of his enemies, and therefore throwing away his Rapier, he (with more wisedome then honour) begs his life of his brother, vowing henceforth wholly to forsake and leave him *La Pratiere*, and to love him as dearely as formerly hee hated him deadly: Which cowardise of his, is so farre from being relished, or approved of the Spectators, as it proves the wonder of *Valfontaine*, the laughture of *Pont Chausey*, the disdaine of his owne Second *La Roche*, and the contempt of both their Chirurgions; but *Valfontaine* was as benigne as *Quatbrisson* was base and envious, and as noble as he was treacherous, and so upon his submission, hee sheathes up his sword, gives him his life, and with his hat in his hand embraceth him, and thus with many fraternall words and complements, these two brothers (in all outward shew) are againe reconciled, and become perfect friends: But the end proves all things.

Now to follow the streame of our History, and the ceremonies of Duels, wee must passe from *Quatbrisson* and *Valfontaine* the Principals, to *La Roche* and *Pont Chausey*, their Seconds, to see in what shape they will come forth, and how they resolve to beare themselves in the conclusion, and knitting up of this reconciliation; As for *Pont Chausey*, hee thinkes it no disparagement or shame to him now to refuse to fight, sith his Principall hath given his Enemy the foyle, in giving him his life; but contrariwise, *La Roche* being Second to the Challenger, not the Challenged, hee therefore holds it no lawfull plea or excuse for him to exempt himselfe from fighting. *Pont Chauseys* modesty seemes to over-vaile his valour with silence and indifferencie, which the insulting vanity of *La Roche* doth so farre misconstrue, as he erroniously attributes it, rather to feare and cowardise, then to reason or judgement. The worst of *Pont Chauseys* malice venteth no other speeches and language, but that he will follow and abide the censure of their Principals, whether they being their Seconds ought to fight or no, and accordingly hee is ready either to retire or advance; But *La Roches* intemperate passions (flying a higher pitch) with much vehemencie and choller protesteth, that he came into the field purposely to fight, and not to keepe sheepe, or to catch flies with his Rapier. The two brothers interpose and consult hereon, and doe joyntly affirme, that because they themselves are reconciled, and become good friends, they hold it repugnant to reason and contradictory to the right and nature of Duels, that their Seconds should once draw their weapons, much lesse fight; But this neither doth nor can as yet satisfie *La Roche*, whose choller is now become so boundlesse, as he

in

in lofty termes elevateth *Valfontaines* valour to the skies, and dejecteth *Quatbrisſons* cowardiſe as low as Hell, begging permiſſion of the one to fight with his Second, and peremptorily informing the other, that he will fight; But both *Quatbriſſon* and *Valfontaine* condemne thoſe fumes, and this heate of *La Roche*, and are ſo farre from applauding it in him, as they (in downeright termes) repute it to temeritie and raſhneſſe, and not to magnanimity and valour; yea his impatiencie hath ſo provoked and moved their patience, as (not in jeſt but in earneſt) they bandy theſe words to him, that he glorieth ſo much in his generoſitie, as in now ambitiouſly ſeeking to adde to his valour, hee ſubſtracteth from his judgement. When *Pont Chauſey* (to retort and wipe off the leaſt taint or blemiſh, which either *La Roche*, or the two brothers might conceive, lay on his reputation) thinkes it now high time to ſpeake, becauſe as yet he had ſpoken ſo little, and prayes *La Roche* to find out ſome expedient, either that they might returne as loving Friends, or fight it out as Honourable Enemies, and that for his part hee is ſo farre from the leaſt ſhaddow of feare, or conceit of cowardiſe, as hee tels him plainely, hee ſhall find his Rapier of an excellent temper, and his heart of a better: Whereupon vaine and miſerable *La Roche*, conſulting with nature, and not with grace; he to give end to this difference, reſolves on an expedient as wretched as execrable, the which he propoſeth to *Pont Chauſey* and the two brothers in theſe termes; That the onely way, and his laſt reſolution is, that a faire paire of dice ſhall be the Iudge and Vmpier betweene them, and that who throwes moſt at one caſt, it ſhall bee in his choice either to fight or not to fight, whereunto *Pont Chauſey* willingly conſenteth, although *Quatbriſſon* and *Valfontaine* doe in vaine contradict and oppoſe it. But the decree is paſt, and *La Roche* (very officious in his wickedneſſe, and forward in his impiety) ſpreads his Cloake on the ground, drawes a paire of dice forth his pocket, and becauſe he was of the Challengers ſide, he will throw firſt, which he doth, and the fortune of the dice gives him ſeven; *Pont Chauſey* followes him and likewiſe taking the dice throwes onely five: Whereat *La Roche* graceleſly inſulting and triumphing, with an open throat cryes out, fight, fight, fight; and ſo preſently drawes his Rapier. *Pont Chauſey* ſeeing his enemy armed, thinkes it no longer, either ſafe or honourable for him to be unarmed, when (yet with a kind of religious reluctancie, and unwilling willingneſſe) hee likewiſe unſheathes his Rapier, and ſo without any farther expoſtulation, they here approach each other: But becauſe (for brevities ſake) I reſolve to paſſe over the circumſtances, and only to mention the iſſue of their ſingle combat, let mee (before I proceed farther) in the name and feare of God conjure the Chriſtian Reader, here to admire with wonder and admiration, at his ſacred Providence, and divine Iuſtice which in the iſſue of this Duell is made conſpicuous and apparant to theſe two raſh and unconſiderate Gentlemen, the Combattants, and in them to all others of the whole world; For loe, juſt as many picks as each of them threw on the Dice, ſo many wounds they ſeverally received each from other, as *Pont Chauſey* five, and *La Roche* ſeven, and he who ſo extremely deſired to fight, and ſo inſatiably thirſted after *Pont Chauſeyes* blood, is now here by him nayled dead to the ground, and his breathleſſe corpes all gored and waſhed in his owne blood. A fearefull example and remarkeable preſident for all bloody minded Gentlemen of theſe our times, to contemplate and looke on, becauſe wretched *La Roche* was ſo miſerable, as hee had no point of time to ſee his errour, no ſparke of grace to repent it.

Quatbriſſon and his Chirurgion (as ſorrowfull for his death, as his brother *Valfontaine* is glad thereof) take order for his decent tranſporting to the Citie; whiles *Valfontaine* congratulates with *Pont Chauſey* for his good fortune and victory; who for

for his safety flies to *Blavet*, untill the Duke of *Rayes* (to whom he was homager) had procured and sent him his Pardon from the King, the which in few weekes after he effected. *Monsieur de Caersbaing*, and *Madamoyselle Ville-blanche* his wife are advertised of their two Sonnes quarrell at *Saint Valery*, and of the cause and issue thereof, who condemne *Quatbrisson* for his treachery and malice, and applaud *Valfontaine* for so nobly giving of his brother his life, when it lay in his power and pleasure to have deprived him thereof, which newes is likewise speedily conveied first to *Nantes*, and then to *Saint-Aignaw*, where *Pennelle* as much grieves at *Quatbrissons* foyle and disgrace, as his Daughter our faire *La Pratiere* triumphs at her *Valfontaines* victory, and because she will no longer bee deprived of his presence, whose absence deprives her of all her earthly content and felicity, shee makes her prayers and teares become such incessant Orators, and importunate Advocates to her Father, as she now drawes his free consent to take *Valfontaine* for her husband, which at last to their owne unspeakeable Ioy, and the approbation and content of all their parents of either side, is at *Saint-Aignaw* performed and consummated with much pompe and bravery.

But albeit *Quatbrisson* (as we have formerly understood) have all the reasons of the world, to bee fully and fairely reconciled to his brother *Valfontaine*, yea (and according to his promise and oath) to affect him tenderly and dearely, yet where the heart is not sanctified and in peace, the tongue may pretend though not intend it; For the more he gazeth on his sister in law *La Pratieres* beauty, the more the freshnesse and delicacie thereof, revives and inflames his lascivious lust towards her, when knowing her to bee as chaste as faire, and being confident that he was out of all hope to receive any immodest courtesie, or familiarity from her, whiles her Husband his brother *Valfontaine* lives, the Devill hath already taken such full possession of his heart, as (with a hellish ingratitude and impietie) hee wretchedly resolves to deprive him of his life, of whom as it were but right now he had the happinesse to receive his owne.

As soone as we thinke of Revenge we meerly forget our selves, but when we consent to murther we absolutely forget God, for that hellish contemplation, and this inhumane and bloody action, doe instantly worke so wretchedly in us, that of men we become Monsters, and (which is worse) of Christians Devils; for thereby we make our selves his slaves and members. A misery to which all others are not comparable, because those are finite, in regard they have only relation to the life of our bodies; but this infinite in regard it occasioneth the death of our soules: But all this notwithstanding, it is not in jest but in earnest, that *Quatbrisson* assumes this bloody resolution to murther his brother *Valfontaine*; For seeing that it was neither in his power or fortune to kill him in the Duell, he therefore holds it more safe, lesse dangerous to have him poysoned, and so deales with his brothers Apothecarie, named *Moncallier*, to undertake and performe it, and in requitall thereof he assureth him of three hundred crownes, and gives him the one halfe in hand, whereupon this Factor of the Devill, this Empericke of Hell, confidently promiseth him speedily to effect and performe it, the which he doth, The manner thus.

Valfontaine within fixe weekes of his marriage, finds his body in an extreme heate, some reputing it to an excesse of wine, which he had the day before taken at *Pontivie* Faire, and others for having beene too amorous and uxorious to his sweet young wife *La Pratiere*; But it matters not which excesse of these two gave him his sickenesse, onely let it satisfie the Reader, that (as we have already heard) his body was very much inflamed and hot, the dangerous symtomes either of a burning

ning Feaver, or a Plurisie, the which to allay and coole, he sends for his Apothecarie *Moncalier* from *Vannes* to *Saint Aignaw*, and after their consultation he openeth him a veine very timely in the morning, and drawes ten ounces of blood from him, and towards night gives him a Glister, wherein hee infused strong poyson, which spreading ore the vitall parts of his body, doth so soone worke its operation, and extinguish their radicall moisture, that being the most part of the night tortured with many sharpe throes, and heart-killing convulsions, hee before the next morning dyes in his bed: His wife *La Pratiere* being desperately vanquished with sorrow, doth (as it were) dissolve and melt her selfe into teares, at this sudden and unexpected death of her Husband *Valfontaine*, and indeed her griefes and sorrowes are farre the more infinite and violent, in that she sees her selfe a widdow almost as soone as a wife. Her Father is likewise pensive and sorrowfull for the death of his Sonne in Law, and so also is his owne Father and Mother at *Vannes*. But for his inhumane brother *Quatbrisson*, although he neither can, or shall bleare the eyes of God, yet hee intends to doe those of men, from the knowledge and detection of this foule and bloody fact; for hee puts on a mournefull and disconsolate countenance, on his rejoycing and triumphing heart, for the death of his brother, the which he endeavoreth to publish in his speeches and apparell; so hee rides over to *Saint Aignan* to his sister in law *La Pratiere*, condoles with her for her Husband his brothers death, and with his best oratory strives to dissipate and dispell her sorrowes; but still her thoughts and conscience doe notwithstanding prompt her, that (considering his former affection to her, and his fighting with his brother her Husband for her) sure hee had a hand in his death, but in what manner or how she knowes not, and so as a most vertuous and sorrowfull Lady, leaves the revealing thereof to the good pleasure and Providence of God; and the curious heads both of *Nantes* and *Vannes* concurre with her in the same conceipt and beliefe.

But three moneths are scarce past over, since *Valfontaine* was laid in his grave, but *Quatbrisson* is still so deepely besotted with his owne lust, and the beauty of *La Pratiere*, as he sels his wit for folly, and againe becomes a Sutor to marry her, having none but this poore Apologie to colour out his incestuous desires; that hee will procure a dispensation from *Rome* to approve it; and that hee hath already spoken to *Yvon* Bishop of *Reimes* to that effect, who was many yeares Penitentiarie (or Almoner) to Pope *Paulus Quintus*. And what doth this indiscretion of his worke with *La Pratiere*, but onely to encrease her jealousie, to confirme her suspicion, and to make her the more confident, that her Husband had beene still in this world if he had not beene the meanes so soone to send him into another: Wherfore she rejecteth both his sute and himselfe, tels him, that if he can find in his heart and conscience to marry her, shee cannot dispence with her soule to espouse him, and therefore that he shall doe well to surcease his sute, either to the Pope or Bishop, sith if it lay in their powers, yet it should never in her pleasure to grant, or resolution to effect it; but this peremptory refusall of hers cannot yet cause *Quatbrisson* to forsake and leave her; For if his lust and concupiscence formerly made him peevish to seeke her for his wife, now it makes him meerely sottish and impudent to alter his sute, and so to attempt and desire to make her his strumpet: But hee hath no sooner delivered her this his base and obscene motion, but all the blood of her body flushing in her face, shee highly disdaineth both his speeches and himselfe, and vowing and scorning henceforth ever more to come into his company, so she informes her Father of his dishonourable intent, and unchast motion to her, who to rid himselfe of so incivill and impudent a guest, thereupon (in

gnin sharpe

ſhip-termes) forbids him his houſe and his Daughters company, as having hereby altogether made himſelfe unworthy to enjoy the priviledge of the one, or the honour of the other, when this ſweet and chaſte young Lady (to be no more haunted with ſo laſcivious a Ghoſt and Spirit) being ſought in marriage by divers noble and gallant Gentlemen, ſhee among them all (after a whole yeares mourning for her firſt) makes choice of *Monſieur de Pom Chauſey* for her ſecond Husband, and marries him; *Quatbriſſon* ſeeing himſelfe ſo disdainefully ſleighted and rejected of *La Pratiere*, he (as a baſe Gentleman, and diſhonourable Lover) metamorphoſeth his affection into hatred towards her, and vowes that his revenge ſhall ſhortly match her diſdaine, and meet with her ingratitude, and ſo flies her ſight and company as much as hee formerly deſired it. But as the beſt Revenge is to make our enemies ſee that we proſper and doe well, ſo hee quite contrary makes it his praiſe and ambition to doe evill; For from henceforth among many other of his vices he defileth his body with whoredome, and gives himſelfe over to Fornication and Adultery, which hath taken up ſo deepe a habit in him, as it is now growne to a ſecond nature; for he wholly abandoneth himſelfe to Queanes and Strumpets, that be ſhe maid, wife, or widdow, his wanton eye ſcarce ſees any, but his luſtfull heart deſireth, and his laſcivious tongue ſeekes.

Now *Quatbriſſon* (among many other) hearing that a poore Peaſant, or countrey man, termed *Renne Malliot*, of the pariſh of *Saint-Andrewes*, three miles from *Vannes*, had a ſweet and faire young Daughter, hee therefore very lewdly reſolves to ſee her, and to tempt her to his obſcene deſires, when provoked and halled on by his luſt, as that was likewiſe by the Devill, hee rides over to her Fathers houſe, and alighting from his horſe cals there for ſome wine, but with his Hauke on his fiſt, and his laquay and dogs at his heeles, thereby the better to over-vaile and colour out his laſcivious deſigne and intent: And that the Reader may the better and apparantly behold this countrey Virgin *Marieta*; ſhee was aged of ſome fixteene yeares, and towards her ſeventeenth, tall and ſtraight, and rather a little enclining to fatneſſe then to leaneſſe; her haire was of a bright flaxen colour, and ſhe of ſo freſh a beauty, and ſweet and delicate complexion, that her eyes were capable to inflame deſire, and her cheeks to engender and exact affection, ſo that as it was a wonder among many to find ſo delicate a Countrey-laſſe, it was alſo many wonders in one, to ſee how ſweetly her rich beauty graced her poore clothes, whiles they (though in vaine) endeavour to diſgrace it. *Quatbriſſon* no ſooner ſees *Marieta*, but ſhe is ſo faire and amiable in his eyes, as they informe him, that report comes infinitely ſhort of her beauty, when burning in the flames of his beaſtly concupiſcence towards her, his luſt ſo exceedingly out braves his reaſon, that his eyes and heart doe already doe homage to hers, and he is ſo farre caught and inſnared in the contemplation of her freſh youth and beauty, as hee vowes to leave no art unattempted to obtaine his luſtfull deſires in enjoying of her virginity: To which end hee very often and ſecretly viſiteth her, diſcovereth her his lewd deſires and affection, gives her Gloves, Bonlace, Lawne, woorſted Stockings, and the like trifles, thereby the ſooner to prevaile with her, when God knowes this faire poore maiden was ſo chaſte, as yet ſhee knew not what belonged to unchaſtity, ſuch was her obſcure dwelling, and innocent education, and yet behold the Devill was ſo buſie with her, and *Quatbriſſon* with the Devill, to draw and proſtitute her to ſinne, as ſhe was ſo farre in love with his gay clothes, ſugred ſpeeches and faire promiſes, rich gifts, and eſpecially becauſe hee was a Gentleman, that in a few weekes ſhee had hardly the power or will to deny him any thing, no not her ſelfe.

But whiles thus *Quatbriſſon* laies cloſe ſiege to the chaſtity of the daughter, her Mother *Iane Chaumeti* (being of a quicke wit and ſharpe apprehenſion, meaſuring his youth by her Daughters beauty) begins to miſtruſt and feare that by his often viſits, he endeavored to put a rape on her vertue, in ſeeking to inrich himſelfe with the loſſe of her maiden-head, the which to prevent, ſhe forbids him her houſe, ſhewing him that ſhe had rather dye, then live to ſee her Daughter made a Strumpet, adding farther, that if hereupon he did not forbeare her houſe and her daughters company, ſhee would forthwith acquaint his Father *Monſieur de Caerſtaings* therewith, alleadging, that how cloſe ſo ever hee bore himſelfe, ſhee knew him to be his Sonne and heire, and termed *Quatbriſſon*; which croſſe ſpeeches of hers doe much afflict and perplexe him, and the more becauſe hee ſees he cannot now approach *Marieta*, and which is worſt of all, in regard he knowes not whom to employ towards her, to win her to his deſires: But at length remembring that hee was well acquainted with an old Franciſcan Frier of *Auroy*, named Father *Symplician*, who many yeares begged the Countrey for the repairing of their Monaſtery, and with whom he had often carouſed and beene merry: He therefore holds him a fit Inſtrument and Agent for his purpoſe, and ſo rides over to *Auroy*, and ſends for him to his lodging, where giving him good cheere, and well heating his head with wine, he there from point to point diſcovereth this ſecret, and laies open himſelfe to him: So this old Frier loving his cups better then his beads, and *Monſieur de Quatbriſſon* better then his Guardian (becauſe hee had twice formerly expelled him the Monaſtery for ſome of his diſhoneſt and debauched prancks) hee freely engageth himſelfe to him, affirming that he well knew both Father, Mother, and Daughter, having heretofore many times layen in their houſe, when hee hath beene over taken, either by night or raine.

Hypocriſie is the Devils Maske or Viſard, and there is no way ſo ſubtle or fitting to deceive, as under the Cloake and Colour of Religion, and therefore it is a moſt pernitious and odious ſhame to Chriſtians, that thoſe who profeſſe piety ſhould prophane it. This good fellow Frier *Symplician* (taking the tide of time, and the wind of opportunity) under the pretext of viſiting ſome of his kinſfolkes leaves *Auroy*, repaires to *Kannes*, and ſo to *Malliots* houſe in the countrey, where purpoſely faigning himſelfe ſicke, thereby to procure himſelfe the better colour for his ſtay, and the better meanes for the diſpatch of this love buſines for *Monſieur Quatbriſſon*, there *Malliot* and his wife *Iane Chaumet* (out of their reſpect to Religion, and reverence to Church-men) entertaine him lovingly, and attend him carefully and diligently, thinking no coſt too much, nor any meat, care or labour enough which they ſpent and beſtowed on him; But we ſhall ſee him requite this Hoſpitality, and repay this courteſie of theirs with a baſe ingratitude.

For in the abſence of the Father and Mother, this deboſhed Fryer teacheth their faire Daughter *Marieta* a new Catechiſme; hee tells her that *Monſieur Quatbriſſon* is deeply in love with her; that if ſhee will hearken to his Affection, and ſo become flexible to his deſires, hee will ſhortly ſteale her away from her Parents, and either maintaine her Gentlewoman-like in brave apparell, or els marry her to ſome rich Serving-man, or Farmers Sonne, with whom ſhe might live merrily, and at her hearts content, all the daves of her life; adding withall, that it was pitty her delicate freſh beauty ſhould bee ſo ſtrictly and obſcurely mewed up in her Fathers poore Cottage, and that it was a ſhame to her to prove an enemy to Nature, who had beene ſo bountifull and ſo true a friend to her, with many more obſcene reaſons, and deboſhed ſpeeches looking that way, the which (in modeſty) I cannot remember without ſhame, nor relate without deteſtation. So this pandarizing old

Fryer

Fryer (degenerating from his habit, profession, and name) what with the honey (or rather indeed the poyson) of his speeches and promises, and the sugar of some gifts and tokens which he delivered her from *Quatbrisson*, he drawes this harmlesse and innocent poore Countrey mayd, so farre to forget her selfe, her Parents, and God, that in hope of rich apparell and a good husband, shee tells Father *Symplician*, that she is wholly *Quatbrissons* at command, and that for his sake and love she is absolutely resolved to forsake her Father and Mother, and to goe away with him any night or day, when he pleaseth to fetch her; the which he shortly doth, and shee accomplisheth. And thus was the odious ingratitude of this Fryer *Symplician*, towards honest *Malliot* and his Wife, for his good cheere, lodging, and entertainment, to betray and bereave them of their onely childe and daughter, whom they well hoped would have proved the Ioy of their life, and the staffe and comfort of their Age.

Quatbrisson (in the vanity of his voluptuous thoughts) having thus (by himselfe and the Fryer) played his prize in stealing away faire *Marieta*, hee by night brings her to his owne old Nurse her house, which is a little mile distant from that of his Father, where he secretly keepes her, takes his pleasure of her, and as often as hee pleaseth, lyes with her whole nights together; but *Marieta's* sorrowfull Father and Mother seeing themselves thus robbed of their only Iewell their daughter, they bitterly lament her losse, and their owne misfortunes therein. They complaine to all their Neighbours thereof, and leave few adjacent Parishes or houses unsought for her; yea her Mother *Iane Chaumets* griefe and jealousie transport her so farre, as vehemently suspecting that *Monsieur de Quatbrisson* had stolne her away, she trips over to his Fathers house, and there (with sorrow in her lookes, and teares in her eyes) acquaints both him and the Lady his Wife thereof; who presently send for their Son *Quatbrisson* before them. They shew him what an infinite scandall this foule fact and crime of his will breed him, and likewise reflect upon themselves, and all their Kinsfolkes and Family. How the Iustice of God infallibly attends on whordome and fornication, and that he hath no other true course or meanes left him to expiate and deface it, but Confession, Contrition, and Repentance, and by returning the poore Countrey girle againe to her aged and sorrowfull parents: But *Quatbrisson* their Sonne (as a base deboshed Gentleman) denyes all, termes old *Malliots* wife an old hagge and devill, to charge him thus falsly with the stealing away of her Daughter; and so without any other redresse or comfort, this poore Mother returnes againe home to her sorrowfull husband, and *Quatbrisson* secretly to his Nurses, to frollicke and sport it out with his sweet and faire Countrey Mistris *Marieta*.

But to observe the better Order and *Decorum* in the dilation and unfolding of this History, leave we (for a small time) this lascivious young couple, wallowing in the beastly pleasures of their sensuality and fornication, and come we a little to speake how suddenly and sharply (at unawares) the vengeance and justice of God surpriseth our execrable Apothecary *Moncallier*, who so wretchedly and lamentably (as we have formerly understood) had sent innocent *Valfontaine* from earth to heaven, by that damnable drug and ingredient of Poyson. The manner whereof briefely is thus:

Quatbrisson (as wee have already seene) having exchanged his former affection into future malice and envie towards his Sister in law *La Pratiere*, doth still retaine such bloudy thoughts against her, as (striking hands with the Devill) hee (in favour of three hundred Crownes more) hath againe ingaged his Hellish Apothecary *Moncallier* likewise to poyson her, at his first administring of Physicke

to her; which intended deplorable Tragedy of theirs is no sooner projected and plotted of the one, then promised speedily to be acted and performed by the other, to the end (quoth these two miserable wretches) to make her equall, as in marriage, so in death with her first husband *Valfontaine*. Thus *Quatbrisson* longing, and *Moncallier* hearkening out for *La Pratieres* first sickenesse, two moneths are scarce blowne over, since her marriage with *Pont Chausey*, but shee is surprised with a pestilent Fever; when hee as a loving and kinde husband (at the request of his sicke Wife) rides over to *Vannes* for this monster of his profession and time *Moncallier*, to come with him and give her Physicke, the which presently (with as much treacherous care, as feigned sorrow) hee promiseth to effect, and so inwardly resolves with the Devill, and himselfe to poyson her: but we shall see here that Gods providence will favorably permit the first, and his goodnesse and mercie miraculously prevent the second.

Moncallier sees this his faire and sweet Patient *La Pratiere*, but he is yet so farre from shame or repentance that he had poysoned her first husband, as (with a graceless ratiocination) he confirmes his former impious resolution likewise to dispatch her selfe: but for that time hee contenteth himselfe onely to draw sixe ounces of bloud from her, and promiseth to returne to her the next morning with Physicke, and therein to insinuate and infuse the Poyson. But here (in the feare, and to the glory of God) let mee request the Christian Reader to admire and wonder with mee at the strangenesse of this suddaine and divine punishment of God, then and there showne on this wretched Apothecary *Moncallier*. For as he was ready to depart, and being on the top of the Stayres (next to the Chamber doore where *La Pratiere* lay sicke) complementing with her husband *Pont Chausey* at his farewell, hee trips in his Spurres, and so falls downe headlong at the foot thereof, there breakes his necke, and which is lamentable and tearfull, he hath neither the power or grace left him to speake a word, much lesse to repent his cruell poysoning of *Valfontaine*, or to pray unto God to forgive it him. And thus was the miserable end of this wretched Apothecary *Moncallier*, who, when hee absolutely thought that that bloudy fact of his was quite defaced and forgotten of God, then God (as we see) in his due time remembred to punish him for the same, to his utter confusion and destruction, that as his Crime was bloudy, so his punishment should bee sudden and sharpe.

Returne we now againe to *Quatbrisson* (who amidst his carnall pleasures with his young and faire *Marieta*) is advertised of *Moncalliers* sudden and unnaturall death at *S. Aignan*, wherat (resembling himselfe) he is so far from any apprehension or griefe, as he exceedingly triumpheth and rejoyceth thereat; yea, he is as glad that he hath thus broke his necke, because hee can now tell no tales, as sorrowfull if now before his death he have not poysoned *La Pratiere*, as formerly he did her first husband *Valfontaine* his brother. Whiles thus *Quatbrissons* joy in injoying *Marieta*, proves the griefe and disconsolation of her Parents, for it is now generally bruted in *Vannes*, that *Quatbrisson* hath stolne away *Malliots* daughter *Marieta*, whereof her Father and Mother being sorrowfully acquainted (hee being weake and sickly) shee againe repaires to *Monsieur de Cuerstaing* and his Lady, and with teares in her eyes throwing her selfe at their feet, acquaints them with this publicke report, humbly beseeching them to bee a meanes to the Gentleman their sonne, that hee restore them their daughter; but they are (in a manner) deafe to her requests, and so only returne her this generall answer, that they will again examine their son, and cause all their tenants houses neer about to be narrowly searched for her, and this is all the redresse and consolation which this sorrowfull mother could get from them;

Whereof

Whereof *Quatbrisson* being advertised, he (with much secrecie and haste) about midnight, causeth *Pierot* his Fathers Miller, to fetch *Marieta* away from his Nurses house to his Mill, which is some quarter of a League from his Fathers house, the which accordingly *Pierot* effecteth. The very next morning *Quatbrisson* goes secretly to the Mill and visits her; he informes her how her parents have incensd his against him, and against her selfe likewise; he bids her be of good comfort, that shee shall want nothing, that hee will very shortly procure her a better lodging, and provide both for her safety and reputation, and so continually frollickes it out, and there takes his pleasure of her; yea, he lyes so often with her many whole nights and some dayes at this Mill, that, at last, her belly swells, and both of them apparantly perceive that shee is with child by him: when poore soule, seeing her selfe as it were pent up in a prison, that she had no new Apparell, nor was towards any Husband; yea looking backe into the foulnesse of her fault, and seeing that she had made her selfe the griefe of her Father and Mother, the laughter of the world, and almost the contempt and disdaine of *Quatbrisson*, who (surfetting in his pleasures with her) beganne now to looke lesse familiar, and more strange to her then accustomed, shee with many sighes and teares repents her selfe of her errour; but how to remedie it, she knowes not.

As for *Quatbrisson*, hee supposing he had his Fathers Miller *Pierot* at his command, profereth him two hundred French Crownes to marry her; whereat this Meal-cap Miller (being a lusty young fellow of some five and twenty yeares old) could not at first refraine from blushing and laughing; when seeing *Marieta* to be young and faire, hee is so farre in love with her, as at first hee wisheth her to his wife; but then againe considering that shee hath a great belly by his young Master, that hee still lyes with her, and that if he should marry her, he would undoubtedly bee more Master and owner of her then himselfe, hee prayes him therefore to excuse him, for that hee is fully resolved not to marry her. When *Quatbrisson* yet further desirous to draw him to take her to his wife, profereth *Pierot* a new Lease and Estate of his Mill from his Father for seven yeares, at his owne cost and charges. But this Miller (being a pleasant joviall wag) tells his young Master that hee had rather never heare the clacking of his Mill, then to live to see himselfe cornuted; and so upon no tearmes will marry *Marieta*, but for any other service, hee sweares to him, that he is, and ever will bee wholly at his command. Poore *Marieta* now seeing her hopes grow small, and her belly great, and consequently her joyes decline, and her sorrowes increase, finding that she is now rather *Quatbrissons* prisoner then his prize, and the Miller rather her Goaler then her Landlord, shee (with many farre fetcht sighs and brinish teares) very passionatly beseecheth *Quatbrisson* on her knees, that he will speedily either provide her a husband, or permit her with her shamefull and sorrowfull burthen to returne home to her afflicted and angry parents. Two requests, and both so reasonable (quoth she to him) as if it be not in your power to grant me the first, yet I hope it will be your pleasure not to deny me the second. But *Quatbrisson*, notwithstanding all these teares and prayers of *Marieta*, he is still so vexed, as well with her importunity, as with the sharp complaints of his own parents, and the bitter lamentations and outcries of hers, that (in the heat of sottish choller and ingratefull disdaine) he flies from her, absents himselfe longer then accustomed, and thenceforth (by degrees) beginnes as much to loath her, as hee formerly loved her. *Marieta* perceiving this his unexpected and ingratefull unkindnesse towards her, it pierceth her very heart with griefe, and her soule with despaire; Shee requests the Miller to tell *Monsieur de Quatbrisson* that she prayes him to see her, or to permit her to see him; but hee perceiving that his

young Maſter ſlighted her, and that his hot affection was by this time waxed cold and frozen to her, hee refuſeth to goe himſelfe, and ſo ſends his boy: But what doth this importunity of hers procure or effect with *Quatbriſſon*, but onely the more inflame his choller, and therein the more increaſe her owne ſorrowes, and accelerate and haſten on her miſeries? For he bids the boy tell her, that he is gone to *Remes*, and will not returne in a moneth; and withall, he wills him to bid his Maſter to come ſecretly to him in the morning, at his Fathers Orchard. So if *Quatbriſſons* unkindneſſe to *Mariett* formerly made her ſeeme to bee the picture of ſorrow, Alas, now this his diſcourteous departure, and diſdayning either to ſee her, or once bid her farewell, makes her really to bee ſorrow her ſelfe; for ſhee teares her haire, and (with a mournfull and ſorrowfull Ambition) indeavoureth to drowne her ſelfe in the Oceab of her teares; yea, her griefes are ſo infinite, and her diſcontents ſo inſupportable (in that ſhe hath ſo deeply diſobeyed her parents, and offended God with her Fornication) as the remembrance of theſe ſinnes and crimes of hers make her not dare to looke up to heaven for aſſiſtance; a thouſand times ſhee repents her ſelfe of her folly, and as often ſayth and dictateth to her, that ſhee ſhould be as happy as now ſhe is miſerable, if ſhe againe were a child, and not with child, and that ſhe were againe as living in her Mothers belly, as now by this time ſhe findes her owne poore unfortunate innocent babe is in hers. Shee as high as heaven exclaimeth on *Quatbriſſons* ingratitude, and curſeth the name and memory of Fryer *Simplician* as low as hell, for thus betraying and ſeducing her to ſinne, which hath now brought her to miſery and diſconſolation; yea, her unfortunacie is ſo great, as ſhe cannot write for aſſiſtance from any where, or if ſhe could, ſhee knowes not from whom once to expect, much leſſe to receive it: but rather ſees her ſelfe reduced to ſuch extreme affliction and miſery, that ſhe is every way fatre more capable to weep or ſigh forth her ſorrowes to her ſelfe, then to ſpeake, or make them knowne to the world.

Whiles thus *Mariett* is penſively and pittifully ecchoing forth her complaints to the bare walls of her poore Chamber, *Pierot* the Miller findes out his young Maſter *Quatbriſſon*, in the Orchard behinde his Fathers houſe, according to his appoyntment, where betwixt this wretched and execrable couple the Reader muſt prepare to ſee them conſult and conclude a moſt bloudy and mournfull buſineſſe, which will both exact pitty, and command lamentation from the moſt flinty and barbarous heart, yea in a word, from any living mortall man, whoſe prophane life and impiety hath not abſolutely made him a meere devill. For *Quatbriſſon* having thus ſatiated and ſurfetted himſelfe in reaping his beaſtly pleaſures of poore *Mariett*, and (as before) exchanged his familiarity into malice, and his affection into envie towards her, knowing that ſhee will bee a perpetuall eye-ſore to his parents, and a continuall ſhame and ſcandall to himſelfe, as long as ſhee lives in this world, hee therefore moſt ingratefully and cruelly reſolves ſpeedily to ſend her into another; and no conſideration whatſoever, either of her youth or beauty, of her great belly, or of his quicke childe within her, or of his owne ſoule, can prevaile with him to the contrary: but the Devill is ſo ſtrong with him, that hee is miſerably reſolute not to retire, but to advance in this bloudy buſineſſe. To which effect, hee breakes with *Pierot* the Miller to attempt and finiſh it, and againe promiſeth him the Fee-ſimple (or at leaſt a Leaſe of ſeven yeares) of his Mill, to finiſh it; which this bloudy miſcreant (out of his helliſh covetouſneſſe, and itching deſire to pleaſe his young Maſter) promiſeth to accompliſh. They now conſult of the manner how to murther *Mariett*: The Miller affirmes it to be the ſureſt way (under ſome pretext) to take her into the next Wood by night, and there to mur-

ther

ther her, which *Quatrisson* contradicteth, because (saith he) her dead body being found so neere his Fathers house, this her murther will reflect on him; and therefore to make sure worke, hee bids the Miller to strangle her by night in her bed, and so to bury her in his outer yard, and there to clap a Wood-vine over her: whereon they both agree. When (swearing perpetuall secrecie each to other) this execrable Miller here promiseth *Quatrisson* to dispatch her within three dayes at farthest.

This bloody bargaine and compact being thus concluded between them, *Pierot* the Miller returnes to his Mill, where poore *Marieta* (little suspecting or dreaming what a dismall stratagem was plotted and resolved against her life) shee (finding comfort from no where, and therefore seeking it every where) enquires of him if he came from *Monsieur de Castelainges* house, and if his Sonne *Monsieur Quatrisson* were departed for *Rennes*, as his Mill-boy had told her; who (here the better to lull her asleepe, thereby with more facility to finish his bloody designe on her) tels her that he was gone thither, but that before his departure he had left secret word for him to use her courteously in his absence, the which hee swore to her hee would carefully performe; whereat *Marieta* thankes him, but yet againe prying more narrowly into this Millers lookes then his speeches, shee found that he now looked more sullen and haggardly to her then accustomed, or else that either her conceit or his countenance and Physiognomy deceived her therein. But here (before I proceed further) let us remarke the strange effects, and events hereof: For as dreames prove seldome true, because they are as incertaine as their causes, which for the most part either proceed from the influence of the heart, or else now from the operations of the braine in their different passions of affection, Envie, Hope, Feare, Joy, Sorrow, or the like; So it pleased God that the very same night *Marieta* dreamt, that *Pierot* the Miller killed her, and threw her dead body into the Pond; the which remembring the next morning, shee likewise remembred to acquaint him therewith, who (vild wretch and dissembling Hypocrite) seemed to bee in choller thereat, vowing and swearing to her with many oathes and deprecations, that shee was and should be as safe in his Mill, as if shee were either in the Tower of *Blyn*, or the Castle of *Blavet*, which indeed are reputed to be two of the strongest and most important peeces of little *Britany*; whereat poore *Marieta* againe and againe thankes him. But this notwithstanding, I now here tremble to report, that the very next ensuing night (*Marieta* proving too true a Herauld and Propheteſſe, to her owne immediate mournfull Tragedy) as the night had given truce to her teares, and sleepe administred rest to her eyes, as shee lay in her poore pallet bed, then this bloody villaine *Pierot* the Miller very secretly enters her Chamber, and softly convaies a small cord under her head, and fastning it to her further bed poast (his strength conspiring with his malice) hee then and there strangles her dead, giving her neither the power or time to cry, much lesse to speake one word, and as soone as this Agent of Hell had bereaved her (and consequently the fruit of her wombe) of life, hee within lesse then an houre after (not to give the lye to her owne dreame) changeth his purpose in the manner of her buriall, and so (in her clothes as she was) carries her to his little Mill-boat in the Pond, where fastning a great peece of an old broken Mill-stone to her middle (or waste) by a strong new rope which he had purposely provided, hee there throwes her into the deepest place of his Pond, hoping, yea assuring himselfe, that he should never see nor heare more of her.

The very next morning after the finishing of this deplorable fact, *Pierot* the Miller (not able to sleepe for joy) at the very breake of day, despeeds himselfe away with

with the newes hereof to his yonng Maſter *Quatbriſſon*, who heares and receives it with much content and joy, when (by his promiſe and oath againe aſſuring the Miller of his Mill) he the better to beare, and wipe off the ſuſpicion which this Murther might reflect or caſt on him (if it ſhould ever hereafter come to be detected or diſcovered) rides away to the Citie of *Rennes*, where the States Generall of that Province (which we in *England* terme our Parliament) was then to aſſemble, where rejoycing that hee had ſo happily diſpatched his clowniſh Stumpet *Marieta*; and *Pierot* the Miller at home likewiſe ſinging and triumphing at this his eaſie purchaſe of his Mill, they not ſo much as once looke up to Heaven and God, or downe to their owne conſciences and ſoules, what this foule and deteſtable Murther of theirs deſerves. And not to goe farre, by this time the Lord thinks it high time, to bring this their cruell Murther to light, by a ſtrange (I may juſtly ſay by a miraculous) accident, which at unawares and when they leaſt thinke thereof, will (amidſt their mirth and ſecurity) befall them.

A moneth is not full paſt over ſince this murther of *Marieta*, but God (in his ſacred mercie and juſtice) is now reſolved to make *Monſieur de Pont Chauſey* (*La Pratieres* ſecond Husband) to be the firſt meanes for the detection hereof (and in that likewiſe afterwards of the poyſoning of *Valfontaine*) who being one day at *Vannes* with three other Gentlemen, his friends, hee is deſirous to hunt a Ducke with two of his owne Spaniels; And no Pond being ſo fit or neere as that of *Monſieur de Caerſtaignes*, he makes choiſe thereof, but the Ducke is no ſooner in the Pond and the Dogs after her, but theſe two poore harmeleſſe curs ſwimming eagerly for their prey, as they come to the place where *Marieta's* dead body was ſuncke and tied, they inſtantly forſake and abandon the Ducke, and there pudling with their feet, and ſnuffling with their noſes in the water, they moſt lamentably ſet up their tunes, and aloud houle and barke each at other, without departing or ſtirring thence; the which *Pont Chauſey* and the other Gentlemen well obſerving, God inſtantly inſpires their conceipts with this apprehenſion, and their hearts with this jealouſie; that (peradventure) there was ſome body, either accidently or purpoſely drowned there, and that it now pleaſed his divine Majeſtie to make theſe two poore dogs his Agents and Officers to diſcover it, whereupon they once reſolve to draw up the ſluce, and to let out all the water of the Pond, but firſt they reſolve to make another triall and experiment hereof, ſo for that time they take up their Ducke, depart, and call away their Spaniels, but after dinner they returne, and the Ducke being againe put in, the Spaniels in the very ſame place doe the like as in the morning, ſtill howling and barking moſt lamentably, the which indeed yeelds harſh and diſpleaſing muſicke to the trembling heart and guilty conſcience of this murderous Miller, but ſtill the Devill his Schoole-maſter makes him put a brazen face on his feare. Now this ſecond action and demeanor of the Spaniels, confirmes the firſt jealouſie and apprehenſion of *Pont Chauſey* and his aſſociats, who (to vindicate this truth) are now reſolute in their former propoſition, and deſire of letting out the water of the Pond, the which they attempt to effect: But then this wretched Miller ſeeing himſelfe now ſo narrowly put to his trumps and ſhifts, and therefore knowing it high time to prevent them, at leaſt if he meane to provide for his owne ſafety and life; hee with many humble and fugred ſpeeches (not ſeeming any way to take notice of their apprehenſion) tels them, that he is a poore young man, that this is his firſt yeare of ſetting up his Trade of a Miller for himſelfe, that it being now in the midſt of a hot and dry Summer, his Pond will not receive in water againe for his Mill to goe in a weeke or two after, which will infallibly begger him, and therefore (almoſt with teares) he

he beseecheth them to desist from their purpose, and not to turne out the water of his Pond, yea he speakes so passionatly and pittifully to them, as his reasons prevaile with the three other Gentlemen, but with *Pont Chausey* they cannot, but rather the more confirme his former apprehension and beliefe, that sure there was some one or other drowned, and withall God doth afresh distill and infuse into his imaginations, that this very Miller himselfe might have some hand therein, notwithstanding all his humble prayers and smooth speeches to the contrary: To which end *Pont Chausey* the better to effect his desire and resolution, hee (as a wise and discreet Gentleman) grants the Miller his request, when purposely sending away his Servants, Ducke and Dogs, hee enquires of the Miller if he have any dice or cards in his Mill, who answereth him that he hath cards, but no dice; So into the Mill they all fower goe, and play at Lanskenight for Cartdescus, and the Miller (now ravished with ioy to see how his faire tongue hath kept the water in his Pond) is wonderfull diligent to waite, and officious to attend them and their commands.

But they having played an houre, *Pont Chausey* now thinkes it high time for him to effect his designe and resolution, and then tels *Pierot* the Miller, that he is very dry and thirsty, demanding of him if there bee any wine to sell neere his Mill, who tels him there is none neerer then the Towne, where heewillingly profereth to goe and fetch some speedily, which indeed is that very part and point whereat *Pont Chausey* only aimed: So hee gives him money to fetch two grand pots of wine; when this inconsiderate and secure Miller (without either feare or wit) seemes rather to fly then to run to the Towne with ioy for it, thinking and assuring that the storme of his danger was now already quite past and blowen over; but he is no sooner out of sight, but *Pont Chausey* presently throwes up the Cards, and prayes the rest of the Gentlemen to assist him in drawing up the sluce and emptying the Pond, for that his heart still prompts him there is some one drowned therein, whereunto they all give free consent; so by that time the water is halfe out, Loe (with much admiration and pitie) they behold a dead body floating therein, and yet fastned with a rope to the bottome of the Pond. And prying more narrowly to discerne it, they (by the coats it ware) perceived it to be a woman, whom they cause to be taken up in the Mill-boat, but her flesh is so rivelled and withered with the water, and eaten and disfigured by the fish, as it was impossible to know what she was, and she stunke so odiously, as almost none durst approach her. *Pont Chausey* (and his associats) seeing this wofull and lamentable spectacle, and comparing therewith the Millers earnest refusall, not to permit them to empty his Pond, he here confirmes his former jealousie, and now confidently suspects him, either to be the Author or Actor of this cruell murther; To which end hee and his associats lay exact and curious waite for his returne with the wine; who comming therewith from the Towne merrily singing, and not so much as once dreaming what had hapned at the Pond, hee ascending the top of the Hill by the Woods side, and espying his Pond emptied, then the foulnesse of his fact and conscience, and the eminencie of his danger doth so terrifie and amaze him, that he sets downe his pots of wine on the ground, and (committing his safety to the celerity and swiftnesse of his heeles) he with all possible speed runs away towards the centre of the Wood; the which *Pont Chausey* and the rest of the Gentlemen espying, they need no other evidence but this his flight, to proclaime himselfe guilty of this murther, and so they speedily send after him, and within one houre after he is found out, apprehended and brought backe; they vehemently accusing, and he as resolutely excusing himselfe of this murther; but notwithstanding they

shut

ſhut him up cloſe in his own Mill, till it be found out what this drowned murdered woman is.

The report of this mournfull accident being ſpeedily divulged in *Vannes*, and bruted in the neighbour pariſhes, there are a world of people, who from all parts flocke to the Pond, to bee ſpectators of this dead woman; and among the reſt, *Twin Mallet* and his wife *Jane Chaunet*, no ſooner underſtand hereof, but knowing it to be a woman, and drowned in *Monſieur de Caerſtaings* Pond, they exceedingly feare it is their Daughter *Marieta*, and to ſee the iſſue and truth hereof ſhe runs before, and hee limpes after as faſt as he can, as if they ſhould not come time enough to make themſelves miſerable, with the ſight and object of their miſery. Now they are no ſooner arrived to the Pond, but they ſee all the people ſtand aloofe from this murthered corpes, becauſe of the ſtinch thereof; but they (hardned by their feare, and encouraged by their affection) doe willingly ruſh towards it, but cannot as yet diſcerne what ſhe was, by reaſon the fiſhes had almoſt eaten away all the fleſh from her bones, which therefore no way ſatisfying their curioſity and enquirie, they then fall to waſh away the mud and oze from her clothes, hoping to draw ſome information and light from them, as alas they now inſtantly doe, for they find the Waſt-coat and two Petty-coats, that of aſh colour ſerge, and theſe of greene and red bayes to be the very ſame which their Daughter *Marieta* wore, when ſhe either fled, or was ſtolen from them; whereat croſſing their armes, and ſending their ſighes to heaven, and their teares to earth, this poore afflicted Father and Mother cry out that it was the dead body of their faire and unfortunate Daughter *Marieta*, and doubtleſſe, that either *Monſieur Quatbriſſon* or *Pierot* the Miller, or both of them were her Murtherers; whereat all the people admire and wonder, every one ſpeaking thereof as their ſeverall fancies led them, and as they ſtood affected, or diſaffected to *Quatbriſſon*, and the Miller.

But *Pont Chauſey* rides preſently to *Vannes* (leaving the other three Gentlemen his friends to guard the Miller in his mill) and advertiſeth the Seneſhall, and the other two Iudges of this deplorable fact; ſo they ſend for this Miller to *Vanes*, and the next day being brought before them, they examine and accuſe him for thus murthering of *Marieta*, but (having learnt his anſwer and reſolution of the Devill) hee with many bitter oathes and curſes denies it, depoſing and ſwearing that he never knew her nor ſaw her; but this falſe anſwer and counterfeit coine of his will no way paſſe current with his Iudges, but they forthwith ordaine him to the Racke. Our wretched Miller *Pierot* is amazed and terrified at the ſight hereof, yea now his courage begins to faile him, as fearing it to be the true Prologue, and fatall Harbinger to his death; ſo he endures the ſingle torment reaſonable well, but feeling the pinches and tortures of the ſecond, and well knowing that his heart, Ioints, and patience can never endure it, hee then and there confeſſeth to his Iudges, that he was the only Author and Actor of this murther, and that he ſtrangled her in his Mill, and then ſuncke her in his Pond, becauſe ſhe would never conſent or yeeld to be his wife, but ſpeakes not a word of *Quatbriſſon*, or that hee had any way ſeduced or hired him to commit it; but fed his exorbitant thoughts and erroneous hopes with the ayre of this vaine beleefe, That when he was condemned to die here in *Vannes*, that hee would then appeale thence to the Court of Parliament of *Rennes*, where he knew his young maſter *Quatbriſſon* then was, and where he preſumed he had ſo many great and noble friends, as he ſhould not need to feare his life: But (contrary to theſe his weake and poore hopes) the very next morning when hee expected to heare the ſentence of death pronounced againſt him, his Iudges againe adjudge him to the torments of the Scarpines, to know if

Monſieur

Monſieur Quatbriſſon, or any other were acceſſary with him in this murther, when they cauſe his left foote to be burnt ſo ſoundly, as hee will not endure to have his right touched, and ſo confeſſeth that his young maſter *Quatbriſſon* ſeduced and hired him to ſtrangle *Marieta* in her bed in his Mill, and promiſed him the Fee Simple or Leaſe thereof to performe it, that he it was who likewiſe threw her into the Pond, and that he alſo beleeves ſhe was quick with child by his ſaid maſter.

All *Vannes* wonder and talke of *Quatbriſſons* baſe ingratitude and cruelty, towards this ſilly and harmeleſſe young countrey maiden *Marieta*, yea this foule and lamentable murther, adminiſtreth likewiſe talke in all the adjoyning Townes and Pariſhes; So this execrable Miller *Pierot* is by the Seneſhall condemned to be broken alive on the Wheele, but yet (in regard of the neceſſitie of his confrontation) they deferre his execution till *Quatbriſſon* be apprehended in *Rennes*, where the Seneſhall, and Kings Atturney Generall of *Vannes*, doe by poſt ſend away his accuſation to that famous Court of Parliament; where whiles hee is prauncing in the ſtreets of that Citie on his great Horſe, and ruffling in his ſcarlets and ſattins, with three Lackies (richly clad) at his heeles, the height of this his pompe and bravery makes his ſhame the more apparant, and his crime the more foule and notorious; For then when he thought himſelfe to bee fartheſt from danger, loe the Iuſtice and Providence of God brings him neereſt to it; for hee is now here by a band of Huyſiers (or Purſevants) taken off from his horſe, apprehended and impriſoned by the command of the Lieutenant Criminall of that great Court, who yet vainely repoſing on the fidelitie and ſecrecie of *Pierot* his Fathers Miller, hee ſeemes to be no way diſmaid or daunted thereat; But when he heares his accuſation and enditement read, that *Marieta's* murthered body was found in the Pond, that *Pierot* the Miller was apprehended and impriſoned for the ſame, and that he had confeſſed him to bee the Author, and himſelfe the Actor of this her cruell murther, then I ſay hee is ſo appalled and daunted, and ſo farre from any hope of life, as he utterly deſpaires thereof, and palpably ſees the Image of death before his eyes: When (with a few teares, and many ſighes) he here to his Iudges confeſſeth himſelfe to be the Author of this foule fact, and ſo begs pardon thereof of God; for from theſe his grave and incorruptible Magiſtrates hee is aſſured and confident to find none; Whereupon although foure of the Counſellors, and one of the Preſidents, were reſolved in regard of this his inhumane and baſe crime, to have him hanged, yet the reſt of that wiſe and honourable Senate, knowing him to bee Sonne and Heire to a very ancient Gentleman, nobly deſcended, they ore ſway and prevaile with the others, and ſo they adjudge him the very next day to have his head cut off, although this his ſorrowfull aged Father *Monſieur de Caerſtainge*, offred the one halfe of his lands to ſave his life, and likewiſe was a moſt importunate Suppliant to the Duke of *Tremoville* (who then and there preceded at the Eſtates for the Nobility) to intercede with that Parliament for his reprivall, and with the King for his pardon, but in vaine; For that noble Duke (conſidering the baſeneſſe and enormity of this his inhumane fact) was too wiſe to attempt the one, and too honourable and generous to ſeeke the other. So the very next morning *Quatbriſſon* (apparalled in a ſute of blacke Sattin, trimmed with gold Lace) is brought to the Scaffold (at the common place of execution, which is in the midſt of the Citie) where a very great concourſe of people of all ſorts, reſort and flocke to ſee him take his laſt farewell of this world, of whom the greateſt part and number, lamented and pittied, that ſo proper and noble a Gentleman, ſhould firſt deſerve, and then receive ſo untimely a death: When after the Prieſts and Friers have here prepared and directed his ſoule, hee aſcending the

Scaffold

Scaffold, with ſome what a low voice, and dejected and ſorrowfull countenance, he delivered this ſhort ſpeech.

That in regard hee knowes, that (now when he is to take his laſt leave of this life) to charge his conſcience with the concealing of any capitall crime, is the direct and true way to ſend his ſoule to hell in ſtead of heaven, hee will now therefore reveale, that hee is yet more execrable and bloudy, then his Iudges thinke or know, or his ſpectatours imagine, for that he not only hired *Pierot* his Fathers Miller to murther *Marieta*, but alſo the Apothecary *Moncallier* to poyſon his owne brother *Valfontaine*; of both which foule and bloudy crimes of his, he now freely confeſſeth himſelfe guilty, and now from his heart and ſoule ſorrowfully lamenteth and repenteth them; that his filthy luſt and inordinate affection to women was the firſt cauſe, and his neglect of prayer to God the ſecond, which hath juſtly brought him to this ſhamefull end and confuſion; that therefore he beſeecheth all who are preſent to bee ſeriouſly forewarned of the like by his wofull Example, and that (in Chriſtian charity) they will now joyne their devout prayers with his to God for his ſoule: When on the Scaffold praying a little whiles ſilently to himſelfe kneeling, and then putting off his Doublet, hee commits himſelfe to the Executioner; who at one blow ſevered his head from his ſhoulders. But this puniſhment and death of *Quatbriſſon* ſuffiſeth not now to give full content and ſatisfaction to his Iudges, who (by his owne confeſſion) conſidering his inhumane and deplorable poyſoning of his owne brother *Valfontaine*, they as ſoone as hee is dead, and before he be cold, adjudge his body to bee taken downe, and there burnt to Aſhes at the foot of the Gibbet, which accordingly is performed.

And here our thoughts and curioſity muſt now returne poaſt from *Rennes* to *Vannes*, and from wretched *Quatbriſſon* to the baſe and bloudy Miller *Pierot*, whom God and his Iudges have now ordayned ſhall likewiſe ſmart for this his lamentable murther on poore and harmeleſſe *Marieta*. Hee is brought to the Gallowes in his old duſty mealy Suite of Canvas, where a Prieſt preparing him to dye, hee (either out of impiety, or ignorance, or both) delivereth this idle ſpeech to the people, That becauſe *Marieta* was young and faire, hee is now heartily ſorry that he had not married her, and that if he had beene as wiſe as covetous, the two hundred Crownes, or the Leaſe of his Mill, which his yong maſter *Monſieur Quatbriſſon* profered him, might have made him winke at her diſhoneſty, and that although ſhe were not a true Mayd to her ſelfe, yet that ſhe might have proved a true and honeſt wife to him, with many other frivolous words and lewd ſpeeches tending that way; which I purpoſely omit, and reſolve to paſſe over in ſilence, as holding them unworthy either of my relation, or the Readers knowledge: when not having the grace once to name God, to ſpeake of his ſoule, to deſire heaven, or to ſeeme to bee any way repentant and ſorrowfull for this his bloody offence, hee is ſtripped naked, having onely his ſhirt faſtned about his waſte, and with an Iron barre hath his legs, thighes, armes, and breſt, broken alive, and there his miſerable body is left naked and bloudy on the Wheele, for the ſpace of two dayes, thereby to terrifie and deterre the beholders from attempting the like wretched crime. And the Iudges of *Vannes* being certifyed from the Court of Parliament at *Rennes*, that *Quatbriſſon* at his death charged the Apothecary *Moncallier* to have (at his hiring and inſtigation) poyſoned his brother *Valfontaine*, they hold the Church to be too holy a place for the body and buriall of ſo prophane and bloudy a Villaine: When after well neere a whole yeares time that he was buried in Saint *Francis* Church in that Towne, they cauſe his Coffin to be taken up, and both his body and it to bee burnt by the common Hang-man, and his Aſhes to bee throwne into the aire; Which to the Ioy of all the Spectators is accordingly performed.

GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE CRYING AND EXECRAble Sinne of *Murther*.

HISTORIE XXV.

Vasti first murthereth his Sonne George, *and next poysoneth his owne wife* Hester, *and being afterwards almost killed by a mad Bull in the Fields, hee revealeth these his two murthers, for the which he is first hanged, and then burnt.*

TO religious hearts, there can nothing be so distastfull as Sinne, nor any Sinne so odious and execrable as Murther; for it being contrary to Nature and Grace, the very thought, much more the act thereof, strikes horrour to their hearts and consciences. Wherefore, if this foule and bloudy Sinne bee so displeasing to godly men, how infinitely more detestable is it then to God himselfe, who made all living creatures to serve Man, and onely created Man purposely to serve Himselfe? But as Choller and Malice proceede from the passions of men, so doth Murther from the Deuill; for else wee should not so often and frequently see it perpetrated in most Countryes and Cities of the World as we doe: A mournefull Example whereof I here produce to your view and serious consideration.

THe place of this History, is *Fribourg* (an antient city of *Switzerland*) which gives name to one of the Divisions (or Cantons) of that famous and warlike country; Wherein (of fresh memory) dwelt a rich Burger named *Peter Vasti*, who had to his wife a modest, discreet, and vertuous woman named *Hester*, by whom he had one only child, a Sonne called *George Vasti*, whom God sent them the latter end of the first yeare of their marriage; and for the tearme of some ten yeares following, this marryed couple lived in most kinde and loving sort each with other, yea their hearts and inclinations so sympathized in mutuall and interchangeable affection, as they held and reputed none of their Neighbours so rich in content as themselves; for she was carefull of her Family, and he very diligent and industrious to maintaine it; both of them being chaste and continent in themselves, very religious towards God, and exceeding charitable, affable, and courteous to all their Neighbours and Acquaintance, onely they are so temperate in their drinking, as neewould not, and shee could not bee tainted with that beastly Vice of Drunkennesse, whereunto that Countrey, and the greatest part of that People, are but too excessively addicted and subject: So that had *Vasti* still imbraced and followed

thoſe Vertues in the courſe and conduction of his life, hee had not then defiled this Hiſtory with the profuſion of ſo many ſinnes, nor beſprinckled it with the effuſion of ſo much innocent bloud, nor conſequently have adminiſtred ſo much ſorrow to the Reader, in peruſing and knowing it: but as contrary Cauſes produce contrary Effects, ſo he (by this time) polluting himſelfe with filthy and pernicious Company, it is no marvell if he leave his temperancie to follow drunkenneſſe, his chaſtity to commit fornication and adultery; yea, it is no marvell I ſay, if theſe foule ſins (as Bawds to rage and revenge) exact ſuch power in his heart, and predominancie in his ſoul, as in the end to draw him to murther: for goodmen cannot receive a greater plague, nor the Devill afford or give them a worſe peſtilence, then bad company. It is the fatall Shelves, and diſmall Rocks, whereon a world of people have, and doe daily ſuffer ſhipwracke; yea, it is the griefe of a Kingdome and Countrey, the bane of our Age, and the corruption and poyſon of our Times; for it turnes thoſe who profeſſe and purſue it, out of their eſtates and homes, which they are then inforced either to ſell, or rather to give away to Vſurers and Cormorants, and conſequently which makes themſelves, and their poore wives and children ready to ſtarve and dye in our ſtreets. So this is now the cauſe of our *Vaſti*, and therefore it will be his happineſſe, if it prove not his miſery hereafter; for after twelve yeares time of a moſt peaceable cohabitation, and Godly converſation betweene him and his vertuous wife *Heſter*, it is a thouſand griefes and pitties that ſhe muſt now be inforced to ſee ſo brutiſh and beaſtly a Metamorphoſis in her husband; for hee is no more the man which hee was, nor the husband which ſhee formerly found him to bee. Hee loves neither his houſe nor his wife, but ſtayes abroad every day with his whores, and then at night returnes home to her ſtarke drunke, and in lamentable ſort reviles and beats her, whereas heretofore he would rather have loſt his life then have ſtrucken her, and whereas heretofore he affected and loved her ſo dearely, as he thought he could not be kinde enough to her, now (in the extravagancie of theſe his deboſhed humours) he hates her ſo deadly as he deemes and ſuppoſeth hee cannot be ſufficiently cruell to her, although her affection be ſtill ſo fervent to him, and her care ſo vigilent and reſpectfull of him, as ſhee gives him nothing but either ſweet words, teares, ſighs, ſilence, or prayers; yea, ſhee proves her ſelfe ſo good a woman to ſo bad a man, and ſo courteous and vertuous a wife to ſo unkinde and vitious a husband, as to the eyes and judgements of all their kinsfolkes and neighbours, they know it is now her praiſe and glory, and feare it will hereafter prove his ſhame and miſery. She leaves no meanes unaſſayed, or invention unſought and unattempted, to divert and turne this foule inundation of his Vice into the ſweet ſtreames of Vertue, and the pure rivers of Godlineſſe: But Ahlas good woman, her care proves vaine, and her affection and zeale impoſſible herein, although her pale cheekes, mournefull eyes, briniſh teares, farfetcht ſighs, religious prayers, and ſweet perſwaſions, doe ſtill ſecond and accompany her indeavours in this her deſired hope of his reformation; for ſhe is inforced to know that hee keepes a young ſtrumpet, named *Salyna*, at the Towne of *Cleraux*, ſome fixe Leagues from *Fribourg*, whither moſt mornings hee goes to her, and to make himſelfe the more treacherous a diſſembler to his wife, and the more execrable a traytor to his ſoule, he fortifyeth and coloureth out this his accuſtomed journey to his ſtrumpet with this falſe Apologie, that he goes to *Cleraux* to heare the Sermons of M^r *Abraham Tifflin*, a very famous and religious Preacher there, when God and his ulcerated ſoule and conſcience know the contrary, and that this pretended excuſe of his is but only a falſe cloak to overvail his true Adultery, and prophane Impiety: for he needed not to have formerly added Whordom to his

Drunkennesse, and now Ingratitude, Cruelty, and Impiety to his Whordome, in regard the least of these enormous crimes and sinnes assuredly have the power, and will infallibly finde the meanes to make him futurely as miserable, as now he foolishly thinkes himselfe happy; for these his journeyes to *Cleraux* are onely the Pilgrimage of his wanton Lust. *Salyna* is the Saint of his voluptuous devotion, her House the Temple of his obscene wishes, and Adultery the Oblation and Sacrifice of his lascivious desires.

Wee can difficultly make our selves guilty of a fouler sinne on earth, then to seeme sanctifyed in our devotions towards God, when we are prophane, or to indeavour to appeare sound without, when we are rotten within in our Faith and Religion: For as Man is the best and noblest of all Gods creatures, so an Hypocrite towards God is the worst of men, yea or rather a Devill and no man; for our hearts and actions, and our most retired thoughts, and secret darling sinnes, are as conspicuous and transparant to Gods eyes, as his decrees and resolutions are invisible to ours, sith he sees all things, and we see nothing when we doe not see him. A miserable hight of impiety, in making of our selves foolishly sinners, and wilfully Hypocrites, and yet it is a more fatall and fearefull degree thereof, when we so delight in sinne and glory in hypocrisie, as to make Apologies for the same.

But *Vasti* not thinking either of Religion or God, frolicks it out with *Salyna* his strumpet in *Cleraux*, whiles his owne vertuous wife *Hester* weepes at home at *Friburg*, and when he returnes thence, hee is still so hard hearted and cruell to her, as he continually beates her. Now by this time *George* their Sonne is sixteene yeares of age, of a mans courage and stature, and of a very pregnant wit; so that as young as he is, hee hath beene long enough a sorrowfull eye-witnesse of his Fathers cruelty, in beating of his Mother; Hee hath formerly seene the lamentable effects, and now he falls on his knees to her, and (with teares and prayers) beseecheth her to acquaint him with the true cause thereof, and from whence it proceeds; when his Mother (adding more confidence to his wisedome then to his youth) from point to point fully relates it to him, accordingly as we have formerly understood, *George* bursts forth into sorrowfull passions at her repetition, and his knowledge hereof, as not able to refraine from sighing to see her sigh, nor from weeping to see her weepe; Hee as much grieves to be the Sonne of so vicious a Father, as he rejoyceth and gloryeth to be that of so vertuous a Mother, so he makes her sorrowes his, and here weds himselfe to her quarrell (with promise and oath) either to right it with his Father, or to revenge it on *Salyna*, whom he knowes to be the originall cause of all these stormes and tempests, of all these afflictions and miseries which befall his Mother, and in her himselfe: He will no longer bee a child, because God and nature hath now made him a man; so the very next time hee sees his Father beate his Mother hee steps to her assistance, and defends her from the tyrannie of his blowes, and then advanceth so farre, as hee performes it with an unwilling willing resistance of him, the which his Father takes extremely ill and chollerickly from him, gives him sharpe words, and menaceth him with bitter blowes. *George* his Sonne, first returnes him a briefe rehearsall of the wrongs and indignities he still offereth to his Mother, when protesting of his obedience to him, he yet tels him, that he is willing to entertaine his words, but no longer capable to digest and receive his blowes, adding withall (as a passionate Corolary) that ere long he will visit his Strumpet *Salyna* in *Cleraux*, and make her feele a part of her base carriage, and ill deservings, both towards his Mother and himselfe: *Vasti* is much astonished at this audacity and boldnesse of his Sonne, but farre more to heare him name and threaten *Salyna*, the very thought of which his

ſpeeches grates him to his heart, and grieves him to his ſoule, ſo he puts water in his wine, holds it for that time a vertue, to be no longer ſtormy but calme, and then (chollerickly threatning him with his finger) he departs to his Chamber, leaving his Wife and his Sonne conſulting in the Parlour, how (with moſt aſſurance, and leaſt ſcandall) they may provide for their affaires.

The next morning, *Vaſti* his Father keepes his bed, and gives order, that neither his Wife or Sonne have admittance to him, the which diſcourteſie of his, gives his Sonne a freſh and ſtrong motive, to revive his laſt nights diſcontent againſt his Father, and his choller againſt *Salyna*, when bidding his Mother the good morrow, and craving her bleſſing, he (purpoſely) frames an excuſe to leave her till ſhe be ready, and ſo very privately takes horſe, and that morning acts a buſines, every way worthy of himſelfe, and indeed farre more worthy of laughture, then of our pitty. For it is not ſo much his malice to *Salyna*, as his affection to his Mother *Heſter*, which carries him and his reſolution to *Cleraux*; where entring *Salyna's* houſe; he (with fire in his lookes and thunder in his ſpeeches) cals her whore and ſtrumpet, chargeth her for abuſing his Father, and in him his Mother and himſelfe. His choller cannot retaine his patience, to heare her falſe anſwers and apologies to the contrary, but diſdaining as much to uſe his ſword on a woman, as to foule it on a ſtrumpet, hee takes his mans ſhort cudgell, and gives her at leaſt a doſen blowes on her backe, armes and ſhoulders therewith, ſeriouſly vowing and ſwearing to her; That if ſhe forſake not his Fathers company, and uſe the meanes that henceforth he doe utterly abandon hers, hee will ſhortly give her ſo bitter a payment and requitall, as hee will hardly leave her either the will or power to thanke him for his courteſie, and ſo remounts his horſe, and preſently gallops home to his Mother, whom hee acquaints therewith, but yet conceales it from his Father, whereat ſhe ſeemes not to be a little joyfull, and yet heartily prayeth to God, that this breed no bad blood in her husband, or prove either an incitation to his choller againſt her ſelfe, or a propenſion of revenge againſt their Sonne.

But this joy of *Heſter* and her Son *George*, proves the ſighes and teares of *Salyna*, who not accuſtomed to receive ſuch ſharpe payment, and uſage from any mans hands whoſoever, it makes her extreme chollericke and vindictive, ſo that her ſtomacke is ſo great, and her heart ſo highly and imperiouſly lodged, that ſhe will not ſuffer this cruell affront offered her by *George Vaſti*, to goe unrequited; but yet ſhe will be as adviſed and ſecret in her revenge towards him, as hee was raſh and publicke in his towards her. To which end and purpoſe, ſeeing that *Vaſti* his Father came not to her that day (whereby ſhe judged hee was wholly ignorant what had befallen her from his Sonne) ſhe that night writes him a ſhort Letter, and the next morning ſends it home to *Fribourg* to him, by a confident meſſenger of hers, who arriving there and finding him penſively walking in his Garden, hee reſpectfully delivered it to him, who breaking up the ſeales thereof, found it ſpake thus.

SALYNA TO VASTI.

BY all the inviolable love and tender affection which is betwixt us, I pray and conjure you to leave Fribourg, *and come over to me with haſte and expedition to* Cleraux, *becauſe I have a great and important ſecret to revele you, which equally concernes us, and which I dare not to commit to pen and paper; for that the relation and knowledge thereof needs no other witneſſes but our ſelves. If you any way neglect this my adviſe, or deny, or doe forbear this my requeſt, the griefe will bee mine now, but the prejudice and repentance yours hereafter. I write you theſe few lines with infinite affliction and ſorrow, which nothing*

can

can deface but your sight, nor remedy but your presence, and when you come to mee, prepare your heart and resolution, to receive it from mee, with farre more teares then kisses.

SALYNA.

This letter of hers doth so nettle *Vasti* with apprehension and feare, that his Son *George* hath offered her some violence and out-rage, as he is almost as soone in *Cleraux* as he is out of *Fribourg*, where his Mistris *Salyna* very passionarly and chollerickly informes him of his Sonnes cruelty towards her, and (to adde the more efficacie to her speeches, the more power to her complaints, and the more oyle to the fire of his anger and revenge) she forgets not to paint out to him (in all their colours) the number of his Sonnes blowes, and the nature and quality of his threats given her, when watering her words with her teares, she sweares, that if he speedily doe not right and revenge these her wrongs upon his said Sonne, she will never kisse, or see him more. *Vasti* takes these speeches from *Salynas* tongue, and placeth them in his owne heart; yea he hereat is so chollerickly intended towards his Sonne, and so sottishly affected to her, as consulting with rage, but not with reason, and with Sathan, not with God, hee (to exhale her teares, and so to give consolation to her sorrowes) tels her; That hee loves her so tenderly and constantly, as he will not faile to kill his Sonne for this incivill and inhumane fact of his towards her. *Salyna* is amazed and astonished at this his unnaturall resolution to his Sonne, the which (as vitious as she is) shee abhors and condemnes in him as soone as understands. So she tels him plainely, that albeit she have given him her heart and body, yet that she is not so exempt of grace, or so wretchedly instructed in Piety, as to take away her soule from God, and therefore that although she bee guilty of Adultery, yet shee will never bee of Murther; so in religious termes (worthy of an honester woman then her selfe) shee powerfully seekes to dissuade him from this bloody and unnaturall attempt, as well to prevent their future wrongs and feares, as to secure their dangers and reputations, and so prayes him to seeke out some other remedy and requitall towards his Sonne, the which hee promiseth her, and seales it with some oathes and many kisses, stayes and dines with her, and immediatly takes horse and rides homewards. His Sonne *George* finding his Father ridden forth, and being ascertained that hee was gone to *Cleraux*, to his strumpet *Salyna*, where she would acquaint him at full with his beating of her, he fearing his choller, holds it more discretion then disobedience in him, to take his sword with him for his defence; when choosing a good horse out of the stable, hee deemes it more secure and lesse dangerous to meet his Father halfe way, betwixt *Cleraux* and *Fribourg*, and there in the open field to expect and attend what he had to say to him. *Vasti* seeing his Sonne *George* a farre off come riding towards him, with his sword by his side, hee much marvelleth thereat, when well knowing his courage and valour, and that (as young as hee was) he had lately at *Rhufonse* acquitted himselfe of a Duell to his honour and reputation, hee therefore resolves to make it a tongue and not a sword quarrell with him, and so they meet; *George* doing his duty to his Father with his hat off, and his Father speaking not angerly but mildly to him; Their meddow conference which they then and there had betwixt them was thus.

Fa. What reason hadst thou so cruelly to beat poore *Salyna?*

So. A thousand times more then you have to beat my Mother *Hester.*

Fa. Tell me why.

So. The reason is just and pertinent, because that is your lascivious whore, and this your chaste and vertuous wife.

Fa. What haſt thou gotten by this thy raſh choller in beating her?

So. Not by farre ſo much as you have loſt by your ſottiſh lust in kiſſing her.

Fa. It is thy Mothers jealouſie which hath ſowne and ſcattered theſe untruths in thy beliefe.

So. I pray excuſe me, for they are palpable and apparant truths, and ſuch as it is wholly impoſſible either for your hypocriſie or policie to root thence.

Fa. Since when becameſt thou ſo ſawcie and peremptory?

So. From that very time I firſt underſtood you were become ſo vicious.

Fa. I have a mad Sonne in thee.

So. It were a great happineſſe both for my Mother and my ſelfe, if you proved a tamer Husband to her, and an honeſter Father to me.

Fa. If thou follow thoſe courſes, to love thy Mother better then my ſelfe, I vow I will wholly diſinherit thee.

So. If you follow theſe courſes, to love Strumpets better then my Mother, I ſweare you will ſhortly conſume all your eſtate, and diſinherit your ſelfe firſt.

Fa. This word Strumpet is very rife in thy mouth.

So. I wiſh to God that the thing were not ſo frequent in your heart.

Fa. Wilt thou be friends with *Salyna*, and reconcile thy ſelfe to her?

So. Yes, when I ſee you become an enemy to her, and a friend to my Mother, and your ſelfe, but not before.

Fa. Why, Charity is the true marke of a Chriſtian.

So. But I aſſure you, ſo is not Adultery and Cruelty.

Fa. Shall I make peace betwixt thee and *Salyna*?

So. No, but I would make it the joy of my heart, and the glory of my life, if I might be ſo happy to knit & confirm a good peace betwixt your ſelf & my Mother.

Fa. Wilt thou attempt it, if I requeſt thee?

So. I will, if you pleaſe to command me.

Fa. I pray thee *George* doe.

So. My beſt indeavours ſhall herein wayt on your deſires, and dutifully follow your commands.

Fa. But be carefull to make my reconciliation with thy Mother eternall.

So. It can never ſubſiſt, nor proſper, if you henceforth reſolve to make it temporary, becauſe affection and amity which once receives end, had never beginning.

Fa. Here I vow conſtantly a reformation of my life from all other women, and a perpetuall renovation of my affection to my Wife thy Mother.

So. God and his Angels bleſſe this your converſion, and confirme this reſolution in you.

Fa. And God bleſſe thee my Sonne, for wiſhing and deſiring it.

So. I thanke you Sir, but I humbly pray you likewiſe to forgive and forget this my boldneſſe to you in my Mothers behalfe.

Fa. *George*, here in preſence of God I cheerfully & freely doe it from my heart.

So. *Amen, Amen*, Sir.

This meddow conference thus ended betweene them, they ride home towards *Fribourg*, and by the way *Fa.* willeth and prayeth his Sonne, to finiſh this peace betweene him and his mother that very night, and to diſpoſe her ſo effectually thereunto, as that they may make a merry ſupper of it, and all former differences betweene them, to be then and there ended, and for ever trampled under foot, the which *George* his Sonne to the beſt of his poſſible power cheerefully and joyfully promiſeth him; So home they come, *Fa.* walkes in his Garden, and *George* finds out his Mother in her own Chamber, being newly riſen from her prayers, wherin

she was so zealous and religious as shee spent the greatest part of her time. Here *George* informes his Mother *Hester* at full, what conference had now past in the open fields betwixt him and his Father: And (in a word) he here acts his part and duty so well and discreetly, as hee leaves no art nor perswasions unattempted to draw her to this attonement with his Father. When shee at first considering the nature and quality of her husbands unkind and cruell usage to her, shee found an opposition hereof in her mind, a resistance in her will, and a reluctancy in her nature and judgement; But at last giving now her former discontent to charity, her passions to peace, her sorrowes to silence, her resolutions to religion, her anger to affection, her malice to oblivion, and her griefe unto God, she (after a briefe consultation, and a short expostulation hereof betweene them) with a cheerefull countenance thankes her Sonne for his care of her, and his affection to her herein; and so informes him, That shee (having never justly offended her husband in thought word or deed) is as willing of peace and reconciliation with him, as he can possibly desire or wish, and here to testifie it to her Sonne as well in action as words, shee would then have gone downe with him to her husband, there privately to have concluded this Christian busines betwixt them, had her Sonne not divered her from it; For being exceeding carefull to preserve his Mothers right and reputation, he prayes her to stay, alleadging that he would presently fetch and conduct his Father to her Chamber to her, as holding it more requisite and just, that the delinquent should first see and seeke the party wronged, before the party seeke the delinquent, whereat she cannot refraine from smiling, and then bids him goe: So *George* descends to the Garden, and acquaints his Father with his Mothers free disposition, and cheerefull resolution to a perpetuall peace with him, whereat he seemes infinitly glad and joyfull, and so ascends her Chamber, and having saluted her, tells her, that hee is very sorrowfull and repentant for his former ill carriage and unkindnesse towards her, whereof he prayes her pardon, and constantly vowes reformation; so this his vertuous and kinde wife *Hester* freely forgets and forgives *Vasti* her husband; and then her gives her many kisses in requitall, and bids his sonne *George* to provide good cheere for Supper; and the better to seale and solemnize this their reconciliation and atonement, hee bids him to invite some of their Kinsfolkes and Neighbours to bee present thereat, who were formerly acquainted with their debates and differences; where no good cheere and choice wine is wanting; So they are wonderfull frolicke, pleasant, and merry, all rejoyce at this good newes, and highly applaud their Sonne *George*, for his discreet carriage and care in the managing of this busines. Thus all things seeme to be fully reconciled, and here *Vasti* drinkes many times to his wife *Hester*, and shee againe to her husband with much affection and joy: When supper being ended, their guests departed, and their Sonne *George* having received both of their blessings, they betake themselves to their Chamber and Bed.

Now (in all humane sense and reason) who would once conceive or thinke, that after this Meadow conference of *Vasti* to his Son *George*, but that this his now Table reconciliation with his wife *Hester* were true, and pronounced with much integrity from himselfe, with deep affection to her, and infinite zeale and devotion to God; but Ahlas nothing lesse, for here I am inforced to relate, that *Vasti* the same night had not laien in bed by his wife five or six houres, but she (good woman) sleeping in her innocencie, he (as a devill incarnate) was waking in his malice and revenge, and laughing in his sleeve to see how cunningly and subtilly he hath lulld asleep the courage of his Sonne with a Meadow conference, and the jealousie of his Wife with a Supper, and a few sweet words and kisses: When here againe the

Devill

the Devill blowing the coles to his luſt, and marſhalling up his former obſcene deſires and reſolutions, onely his body is in bed with his wife *Heſter*, here in *Fribourg*, but his affection and heart is ſtill in the boſome of his ſtrumpet *Salyna* in *Gerlaxo*; yea the Devill I ſay, is now both ſo buſie and ſo ſtrong with him, that (as a helliſh councellour, and prodigious pen-man) he writes downe this definitive ſentence in his thoughts, and fatall reſolution in his heart, That *Salyna* he will love, and his wife *Heſter* he cannot, and that ſhortly he will give ſo ſharpe a revenge to his ſon *George*, for his diſobedience towards him, and for beating of his *Salyna*, as ſhe ſhall have no further cauſe to feare his cruelty, nor himſelfe his courage; and becauſe he prefers her love to his owne life (as being dangerouſly intangled and captivated in the ſnares of her youth and beauty) hee likewiſe reſolves to write and ſend her a Letter the very next morning.

Now judge Chriſtian Reader, is not this like to prove a ſweet reformation and reconciliation of *Vaſti* to his wife and ſonne, ſith theſe are the ſparkes which diffuſe and flie out from the fire of his luſt, and the fatall lines which iſſue forth from the Centre of his bloudy heart, and ſinfull ſoule; for in the morning before his wife is out of her bed, hee is ſtirring, and writes this Letter to *Salyna*, which hee ſends her by a truſty meſſenger.

VASTI to SALYNA.

I Am plotting of a buſineſſe, which will infinitely import both our contents; ſo if thou wilt reſolve to brooke my abſence, with as much patience, as I doe thine with ſorrow, I ſhall finiſh it the ſooner, and conſequently the ſooner ſee thee. I have met with an Accident, which I thought was wholly impoſſible for mee to meet with; and though at firſt it brought me feare and affliction, yet at length I was inforced to interpoſe diſcretion, inſteed of courage, thereby to draw ſecurity out of policie, which I could not hope for out of reſiſtance; for I muſt informe thee of this truth, that if my Zeale and Affection to thee had not beene of greater power and conſideration then that of mine owne life, I ſhould then with more facility and willingneſſe rather have hazarded it for thy ſake, then have reſerved it for mine own. But the miſts of thoſe doubts are now diſſipated, and the clowds of theſe feares blowne away; or if not, I will ſhortly take that order, that thou ſhalt have no cauſe to feare the one, or I to doubt the other. When I ſhall be ſo happy to ſee thee, I know not, but if Fortune prove propitious to my deſires and wiſhes, my returne ſhall be acted with as much celerity, as it is eagerly longed for of me with Affection and Paſſion.

VASTI.

Salyna receives this letter of *Vaſti* with equall feare and joy; for as ſhe was glad to hear of him and his news, ſo ſhe was ſorowfull, as fearing that for her ſake he ſhould imbarke himſelfe in ſome bloudy buſineſſe, which might proove ruinous to them both: And although her apprehenſion doe farre exceed her knowledge herein, yet her ſuſpicion will give her no truce, neither can her jealouſie adminiſter any peace either to her heart or minde, before ſhe be reſolved by *Vaſti* of the doubtfull and different truth hereof. Shee is ſo prophane and laſcivious, as ſhe can content her ſelfe to make him guilty of Fornication; but yet Religion hath left ſome ſparkes and impreſſions of Piety in her, that ſhe would ſtill have him innocent of Revenge and Murther: to which effect, by his own meſſenger ſhe returnes him this anſwer.

SALYNA to VASTI.

BEcauſe you deeme mee unworthy to know your Deſignes, therefore I have aſſumed the boldneſſe to feare them; in which regard and conſideration, finde it not ſtrange that I now intreat

intreat you to ingrave in your heart, and imprint in your memory, that Malice is moſt commonly ſquint-ey'd, and Revenge ſtill blinde: therefore if you will not ruine our affections and fortunes, take heed that you imbrue not your heart or hand in innocents bloud; for Murther is a crying and a Scarlet ſinne, which God may forgive and make white by his Mercie, but will not by his Juſtice; whereof this my Letter of Advice to you ſhall be a witneſſe betwixt God, your ſelfe, and mee: and therefore, as you love mee, hazard not your life for my ſake, but preſerve it for your owne. As it is in your will to make your ſtay from me as long or ſhort as you pleaſe, ſo it ſhall be in my pleaſure to judge thereof, and thereby likewiſe of your affection to me. I wiſh I could be more yours then I am, and your ſelfe as often in my ſight and company, as I deſire God proſper you in your ſtay, and mee in your abſence.

SALYNA.

Vaſti having thus ſettled his affection and affaires with *Salyna*, he ſees with griefe that it is now almoſt impoſſible for him to ſee her in *Cleraux*, becauſe of the vigilant and watchfull eye of his Sonne *George*, over himſelfe and his actions here in *Fribourg*; wherefore notwithſtanding her wholſome and religious advice to him to beware of bloud, yet his luſtfull affection to her doth ſo outbrave and conquer his naturall love to him, that to ſatisfie his inordinat concupiſence, and to give content to his obſcene and beaſtly deſires, he vowes he will ſhortly ſend him to heaven in a bloudy Coffin. Now the ſooner and better for him to compaſſe and finiſh this his deplorable ſtratagem, and unnaturall reſolution againſt his ſonne, his counſellour the Devill adviſeth him that hee muſt for a ſhort time make wonderfull faire weather with him, and gild over all his ſpeeches and actions to his wife *Heſter*, with much reſpect and courteſie; the which *Vaſti* doth ſpeedily put in practice: So for a moneth or ſixe weekes time, hee ſees not *Salyna*, but all things (to the eye of the world) goe in great peace, affection, and tranquillity betwixt Father, Mother, and Sonne. But this falſe ſunſhine will be too ſoone o'retaken with a diſmall ſtorme and tempeſt; for what religious or Chriſtian ſhew ſoever *Vaſti* externally makes unto them, yet although he have God in his tongue, he nevertheleſſe internally carries the Devill about him in his heart; ſo againe and againe he definitively vowes & ſwears to himſelf, that his ſon *George* ſhal not live but die. Thus being reſolute in his bloody purpoſe, he likewiſe reſolves to adde policie to his malice againſt him, as thinking and hoping thereby, with more facility to draw him to the lure and ſnare which (in his diabolicall invention) he hath ordained for his deſtruction, hee fills his head with the fumes and honour of military actions, inflames his courage with the generoſity and dignity of a ſouldier, whereunto as alſo to travell into other Countries, he knew that this his Sonne of himſelfe was already ambitiouſly inclined and affected. At other times hee repreſenteth to him, to how many dammages and dangers Idleneſſe is expoſed and ſubject, and what a noble part and ornament it is in young men to learne Vertues abroad, thereby to bee the more capable to know how to practiſe them at home, and with what renowne and glory their Anceſtors have heretofore beaten and ruined the Dukes of *Burgundie*, their profeſſed enemies, and now made themſelves and their country famous to the greateſt Princes and Potentates of *Europe*, eſpecially to the Kings of *France* & *Spain*, who theſe many yeares, and now likewiſe at preſent (qd. he) doe equally court our affections & ſervice, though not with the ſame or like integrity. And theſe, and ſuch treacherous Lectures, doth *Vaſti* ſtill reade unto his ſonne *George*, as often as he calls him into his company and preſence, untill at laſt the fame and name of a ſouldier, and the honour of travell, have ſo ſurpriſed his youthfull affection, and ſeiz'd on his ambi-

ambitious resolutions, that at last hee beseecheth his Father to send him abroad, in some martiall service, or generous imployment. But the Father being as cunning as his sonne is rash and inconsiderate, suffereth himselfe of purpose to bee earnestly and frequently importuned by him to that effect; the which hee doth: When at last his Father promiseth to send him to *Rome*, to his Vncle *Andrew Vasti*, who (he saith) is a chiefe Captaine of one of the Companies of this present Pope *Vrban* VIII. his Guard, who was an old man, very rich, and without wife, child, or kinsman with him. *George* thankes his Father for this his courtesie and honour, and importuneth him againe and againe to hasten this his departure and journey to *Rome* to his Vncle; the which hee then firmely promiseth him: but yet the greatest difficulty hereof is, how hee may obtaine his Wifes consent to this journey of her Sonne; who at first opposeth it very strongly and passionately, as knowing her Sonne to bee her onely childe, her right arme, a great part of her selfe, the delight and joy of her life, and the prop and stay of her age. But the Father leaves his Sonne to draw and obtaine his Mothers consent, as politickely knowing and foreseeing, that the lesse himselfe, and the more his Sonne importun'd her, the sooner she would graunt it; the which indeed fell out as he expected. Onely whereas the Sonne requested to stay foure yeares abroad, his Father gave him but three, and his Mother would graunt him but two, whereunto at last both Father and Sonne were inforced to condescend; and now this cruell-hearted Father provides his courteous-natur'd sonne *George* a new Sute of apparell, a Horse, and Money, and resolves to accompany and bring him as farre as *Turin* in his journey; which courtesie of his, his Wife and Sonne take most lovingly and thankefully. The morne of *George* his departure comes, and because his Mother the precedent night dreamt that her Sonne should dye in this journey, she was now exceeding sorrowfull to let him goe and depart from her; but being againe fortifyed and rectifyed by the advice of her husband, and likewise vanquished by the importunate requests and praiers of her son, she bedewes his cheeks with her teares, gives him much good counsell, some gold, and her blessing; and so they take leave each of other, God putting apprehension into her heart, and the Devill assurance into her husbands resolutions that shee should never see her sonne againe: And indeed I write with grief, that we shall progresse very little farther in this History, before we see her dreame verifyed, and her apprehension confirmed. The manner thus:

For *Vasti* (being privately as resolute in his malice and revenge to his sonne, as this his sonne is innocent in not deserving it of his Father) is so farre from bringing him to *Turin*, as hee will not bring him as farre as *Geneva*, but a mile before hee comes to *Losanna* (where he tels his son he would lye that night) the night approaching, and in a long narrow Lane, where he saw that no earthly eye could see him (being wholly deprived of the grace and feare of God, and absolutely abandoned to Satan an Hell) as his sonne rides close before him, hee shoots him thorow the backe with his Pistoll, charged with a brace of bullets, who immediately falling dead to the ground, hee there descends his horse, and (without any remorse or pitty, as no Father, but rather as a Devill incarnate) cuts off his nose, most lamentably scarres and mangles his face, that he might not be knowne, and so takes him on his shoulders, and there throwes him into a deepe ditch or precipice, as also the saddle and bridle of his horse, and turning the horse to seek his fortune in the wide fields, hee (to provide for his safety) rides swiftly to *Morges*, and there very secretly husheth himselfe up, pretending to bee sicke, and eight dayes being expired (which was the prefixed time and day hee gave his wife for his returne) hee by a contrary Rode way of *Rolle*, and *Saint Claude*, arrives home to *Fribourg* to her, brings her word of the health of her sonne, and of the remembrance of his duty to

to her, and that he left him well in *Turin*, expecting the benefit of good company to travell up to *Rome*; whereat, harmlesse loving Mother, she weepes for joy, and yet rejoyceth in weeping.

And now for some ten dayes after his returne from acting this wofull and deplorable tragedy on his sonne, hee keepes a good correspondencie and decorum with his wife *Hester*; but at the end thereof (soly forgetting his heart and soule, his God and his conscience, his promises and oaths, and his attonement and reconciliation) hee againe falls into the dangerous relapse of his former old Vice; Whordome and Drunkennesse; and yet counselled by a better Angell then his owne, hee forbeares to beate her, as well seeing, and now knowing, that thereby nothing redounded to him, but scandall and scorne from all his Neighbours, Friends, and Kinsfolkes. But now his lust is againe so great, and his desires so fervently lascivious towards *Salyna*, that in staying lesse then eight weekes, hee thinkes hee hath stayed more then seven yeares from her; when pretending another journey to his Wife, hee rides over to *Cleraux* to her. *Salyna* gives him many kisses for his welcome, and as many more for relating her that hee hath sent away his sonne *George* to *Rome*, to reside and live there: for shee being his Fathers Strumpet, her guilty and sinfull conscience made her stand in extreame feare of him; but yet amidst her kisses and pleasures with him (remembring the tenour and contents of his last Letter to her, and her answer thereof to him) her thoughts are something touched with doubt, and her minde assaulted and perplexed with feare, that the Father had played no faire play with his Sonne, but that in regard of his inveterate malice to him for beating her, hee might have sent him to heaven, and not to *Rome*. To which purpose, shee feeles and founds him every way, but he is as constant to denye it, as shee curious to inquire after it. So shee believing that hee had assumed no bloudy thoughts against his Sonne, she is not yet so devoyd of grace, or exempt of goodnesse, but shee gives him this religious caveat for a *Memento*, which she delivers to him accentively and passionatly, That if shee knew hee had made away his Sonne by any untimely end, or unnaturall accident, or that hee were any way accessary to any prodigious disaster which had befalne him, shee vowd to God, and swore unto him, that shee would spit in his face, disdaine his company, and reject his affection and himselfe for ever; for that shee was most assured and confident that God (in his due time) would poure down vengeance and confusion on those whom the Devill had seduced and drawn to imbrue their hearts and hands in innocent bloud. But *Vasti* is past grace, and therefore slightly passeth over these vertuous speeches of his vicious *Salyna*, with a denyall and a kisse; and then againe they fall to their mirth and familiarity, and hee stayes there all that day, and lyes with her the whole night following; but still *Salyna* (resembling her selfe and her profession) is very fingrative of his gold, and he as sottishly prodigall in giving it to her, as shee is covetous to crave and desire it of him: so (after hee had glutted himselfe with his beastly pleasures of *Salyna*) hee the next day rides home to his wife, who knowing where, and with whom hee had beene, and considering it to be the first time of his new errour, and his first relapse into his old one, since their reconciliation, shee sayes nothing to him to discontent him; but yet thinkes and feares the more: When retiring her selfe into her Garden (after many bitter sighes and teares for these her immerited crosses and calamities) shee there grieves and repents her selfe for permitting her sonne *George* to goe to *Rome*, and a thousand thousand times wisheth his returne to assist and comfort her: but her teares herein prove as vaine, as her wishes are impossible to be effected, although at present very needfull and necessary for her.

For now *Vasti* her husband (to make her sorrowes the more infinite, her hopes the more desperate, and her afflictions the more remedilesse) fals againe to his old practice of beating her, notwithstanding all his late oathes and new promises to the contrary; but he the more especially playes the Tyrant with her in this kind, when he comes home to her from his cups and whores, for she knowes with griefe, that he retaines and entertaines more then *Salyna*, onely she is too sure that *Salyna* hath his purse, his company, his affection, and his heart at her command, farre more then her selfe; she sends her sighes to heaven, and her prayers to God, that (out of the profunditie of his mercie and goodnesse) hee would bee pleased, either to amend her Husband or to end her selfe; for griefes, sorrowes, and afflictions are so heaped on her, and (like the waves of the Sea) fall so fast one upon the necke of the other to her, that she is weary of her life, and of her selfe. When on a time after hee had cruelly beaten her, torne off her head attire, given her a blacke eye and swollen face, and desheveled and disparpled her haire about her eares and shoulders (making God her Protector, and her Chamber her Sanctuary, excepting her servants who came to assist and comfort her, and fast bolting her doore) she to her selfe very pensively and mournfully breathes forth these speeches.

O poore *Hester*, what sensible griefe is it to thy heart, to thinke, and matchlesse torments to thy mind, to see and remember, that whiles thou art true to thy husband *Vasti*, hee proves both ingratefull and falsse to thee, and that hee continually makes it his delight and glory to hate thee who art his deare wife, purposely to bestow his time and his affection, yea to cast away his estate and himselfe, on his lewd young strumpet *Salyna*: O were hee more happy and lesse guilty in that lascivious and beastly crime, I should then be lesse miserable, and more patient and joyfull in the remembrance thereof. O how wretched is his estate and condition, and therefore how miserable is thine, in that hee wilfully forsakes God and his Church to follow adultery, and drunkennesse, and abandoneth all piety and prayer, to shipwracke himselfe, and (which is worse) his soule, upon all carnall pleasures and voluptuous sensualities; The which grieving to see, and almost drowning my selfe night and day in my teares to understand, I have none but God to assist mee in these my bitter afflictions and miseries, and under God, none, but my hopefull Sonne *George*, left to comfort mee in these my unparalelled calamities and discomfolations. Therefore, O God, if ever thou heardest the prayers, or beheldest the teares of a poore miserable distressed woman, because I can neither now see, nor futurely hope for any reformation, in the life and actions of my debauched and vicious Husband; be (I beseech thee) so indulgent and gracious to me, thy most unworthy Hand-maid, that either shortly thou returne me my said Sonne from *Rome*, or speedily take mee to thy selfe in heaven; But yet O my blessed Saviour and Redeemer not my, but thy will be done in all things.

She having thus (privately to her selfe) vented her sorrowes, but not as yet found the meanes, either how to remedy or appease them, because her husband is no Changeling, but is still resolute in his ingratefull unkindnesse and cruelty towards her, she is now resolved (though with infinit griefe and reluctation) to acquaint the Preacher of the parish, and some two of her husbands dearest and nearest kinsfolkes to speake with him againe, and to acquaint them with his pernitious relapse into all his old vices of drunkennesse, whoredome, and fighting, and to desire them to use all their possible power to divert him from it, wherein her resolution hath this just excuse, that if they cannot worke it, none but God can; But all their care, affection and zeale cannot prevaile with him; For he with the filthy dog returnes to his vomit, and with the brutish swine againe to wallow in the durt, and wicked-

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in the mire of his former vices and voluptuousnesse. For now her husband *Vasti* is often at *Cleraux* with his *Salyna*, then at home at *Fribourg* with his wife, who (as formerly we have understood) still makes him pay deare for his pleasures, and as a subtle rooking strumpet, emptieth his purse of his gold, as fast as he foolishly filleth it, he being not contented to waste his body, to shipwracke his reputation, to cast away his time, but also to cast away his estate, and himselfe on her; the which his vertuous wife cannot but observe with sorrow, and remember with griefe and vexation; but she sees it impossible for her how to redresse it: For she is not capable to dissemble her discontent to him so privately, as he publickely makes known his cruelty to her, wherefore her thoughts suggest her, and her judgement prompts her, to proove another experiment and triall on him. To which end she tels him, that if hee will not henceforth abandon beating of her, forsake his old vices, and become a new man, and a reformed husband, that then all delayes set apart, she will speedily (by some one of her neerest kinsfolkes) send poast to *Rome* to his brother Captaine *Andrew Vasti*, that her Sonne *George* returne home to her to *Fribourg*, the which shee is more then confident, upon the receipt of her first Letter, he will speedily and joyfully performe.

Her husband *Vasti* is extremely galled with this speech, and netled with this resolution of his wife *Hester*, because (wretched villaine as he is) he (but too well) knowes hee hath already sent his Sonne to heaven in a bloody winding sheet, and therefore both feares and knowes, that by this his wifes sending poast to *Rome*, his deplorable and damned fact will infallibly burst forth and come to light, the which therefore to prevent, hee (as bad, and cruell hearted as the Devill himselfe) is execrably resolved to heape *Ossa* upon *Pelion*, to adde blood to blood, and murther to murther; and so now to poyson the Mother his wife, as hee had lately pistolled his and her onely Sonne to death. O *Hester*, it had beene a singular happinesse for thee, that thou hadst not thus threatned thy husband *Vasti*, to send to *Rome* for thy son *George*, but that thou hadst either bin dumbe when thou spakest it, or he deaf when he heard it: for hereby thinking to preserve, thou hast extremely indangered thy selfe, and hoping to make thy Son thy refuge and champion, I feare with griefe, and grieve with feare, that thou hast made thy selfe the ruine of thy selfe.

For *Vasti* is so strong with the Devill, and so weak with God, in this his bloody designe, to murther his wife *Hester*, as neither Grace or Nature, Religion or God, the feare of his bodies tortures in this life, or of his soules torments in that to come are able to divert him from it, he having no other reason for this his damnable rage, nor no other cause for this his infernall and hellish cruelty, but this trivial and yet pittifull poore one, that his wife *Hester* is an eye-sore to him, because his *Salyna* is so to her. A wretched excuse, and execrable Apologie, and no lesse execrable and wretched is he that makes it. So he (turning his backe to God, and his face and heart to the Devill) provides himselfe of strong poyson, and cunningly infusing it into a muske Mellon, which he knew she loved well, and resolved to eate that day at dinner, shee greedily eating a great part of it, before night dies thereof. When very subtlely he gives out to his servants and neighbours, that she died of a surfet, in then and there eating too much of the muske Mellon, and so all of them confidently beleeve and report.

Thus we have seene with sorrow, and understood with griefe, that this execrable wretch *Vasti* hath played the part of a Devill, in poysoning his vertuous and harmelesse wife *Hester*, and now we shall likewise see him play the part of an Hypocrite to conceale it, as if it lay in his power to blind-fold the eyes of God as well, or as easily, as to hoodwincke those of men from the sight and knowledge

there-

thereof. He seemes wonderfull sorrowfull for his wifes death, dights himselfe and his servants all in blacke, provides a great dinner, and performes her funerall with extraordinary solemnity. But notwithstanding God lookes on him with his eye of Iustice, for both these his cruell and inhuman barbarous murthers of his son and wife, and therfore now (in his Providence) resolves to punish him sharply and severely for the same; As marke the sequell, and it will instantly informe us how.

Our debauched and bloody *Vasti*, immediatly upon his wifes death and buriall, doth without intermission haunt the house and company of his lascivious strumpet *Salyna* at *Cleraux*, as if the enjoying of her sight, presence, and selfe, were his chiefest delight, and most soveraigne earthly felicity. Hee spends a great part of his estate on her, and to satisfie her covetous and his lustfull desires, hee is at last enforced to morgage and sell away all his Lands. For as long as hee had money, she was his, but when that failed him, then she (as a right strumpet, acted a true part of her selfe) failed in her accustomed kindnesse and familiarity towards him, and casts him off.

The judgements of God, and the decrees of Heaven, are as secret as sacred, and as miraculous as just, which we shall see will now by degrees be apparantly made good and verified in this Monster of men, and Devill of Fathers and Husbands, *Vasti*. For his mansion house, and all his utensills and moveables in *Fribourg*, are consumed with a sudden fire, proceeding from a flash of lightning from heaven; as also all his granges of corne, and stacks of hay, and yet those of all his neighbours round about him are untouched and safe. His corne also which growes in the field brings forth little or no encrease, his vines wither and die away, all his horses are stolen from him, and most of his cattle, sheepe and goats, dye of a new and a strange disease; For being (as it were mad) they wilfully and outragiously run themselves to death one against the other; hee is amazed at all these his (unexpected) wonderfull losses and crosses, and yet this vild Miscreant and inhumane Murtherer, hath his conscience still so seared up, and his heart and soule so stupified and obdurated by the Devill, that he hath neither the will, power, or grace to looke up to Heaven and God, and so to see and acknowledge, from whom and for what all these afflictions and calamities befall him: He growes into great poverty, and againe to raise him and his fortunes, hee now knowes no other art or meanes left him then to marry his strumpet *Salyna*, to whom hee hath given great store of gold, and on whom (as wee have formerly heard) he hath spent the greatest part of his lands and estate. Hee seekes her in marriage, but (hearing of his great losses, and seeing of his extreme poverty) shee will not derogate from her selfe, but very ingratefully denies and disdaines him, and will not henceforth permit him to enter into her house, much lesse to see or speake with him: hee is wonderfull bitten and galled with this her unkind repulse, and then is driven to such extreme wants and necessity, as he is enforced to sell and pawne away, all those small trifles and things which are left him, thereby to give himselfe a very poore maintenance. So (as a wretched Vagabond whom God had justly abandoned for the enormity of his delicts and crimes) he now roames and straggleth up and downe the streets of *Fribourg*, and the country parishes and houses thereabouts, without meate, money, or friends, and which is infinitly worse then all, without God. But all these his calamities and disasters, are but the Harbingers and Fore-runners of greater miseries and punishments, which are now suddenly and condignly prepared to surprize and befall him; whereof the Christian Reader is religiously prayed to take deep notice, and full observation, because the glory of God, and the Triumphs of his Revenge, in these his Iudgements, doe most divinely appeare, and shine forth to the whole world therein.

Vasti

Vaſti on a time returning from *Cleraux* towards *Fribourg* (where hee had beene to begge ſome money or meate of *Salyna*, either whereof ſhe was ſo hard hearted to deny him) the Providence and pleaſure of God ſo ordained it, That in the very ſame Meadow and place, and neere the ſame time and houre, which formerly he, and his Sonne *George* had their conference there (being very faint and weary) he lay himſelfe downe to ſleepe there at the foote of a wild Cheſnut-tree; yea, he there ſlept ſo ſoundly, the Sunne being very hot, that he could not heare the great noyſe, and out cry which many people there a farre off made in the Meadow, for the taking of a furious mad Bull; This Bull I ſay, no doubt but being ſent from God, ran directly to our ſleeping and ſnoring *Vaſti*, toſt him twice up in the ayre on his hornes, tore his noſe, and ſo wonderfully mangled his face, that al who came to his aſſiſtance held him dead; but at laſt they knowing him to bee *Vaſti* of *Fribourg*, and finding him faintly to pant and breath for life againſt death, they take off his clothes and apparell, and then apparantly diſcover and ſee, that this mad Bul with his hornes hath made too little holes in his belly, whereof at one of them a ſmal peece of his gut hangs out, they carry him to the next cottage, and laying him downe ſpeechleſſe, they and himſelfe beleeve, hee cannot live halfe an houre to an end, and as yet he ſtill remaines ſpeechleſſe; but at laſt breathing a little more, and well remembring himſelfe, and ſeeing this his diſaſterous accident, it pleaſed the Lord (in the infinitneſſe of his goodneſſe) to open the eyes of his faith, to mollifie the flintineſſe of his heart, to reforme the deformity of his conſcience, & to purge and cleanſe the pollution of his ſoule; for now he laies hold of Chriſt Ieſus and his promiſes, forſakes the Devill and his treacheries, and God now ſo ordaineth and diſpoſeth of him, that for want of other witneſſes (ſeeing himſelfe on the brink and in the jawes of death) he now becommeth a witneſſe againſt himſelfe, and confeſſeth before all the whole company, That he it was, neere *Loſanna*, who murthered his owne Sonne *George* with a Piſtoll, and who ſince poyſoned his owne wife *Heiter* with a muske Mellon, for which two foule and inhumane facts of his, he ſaid, he from his heart and ſoule begged pardon and remiſſion of God.

Here upon this his confeſſion, ſome of the company ride away to *Fribourg*, and acquaint the Criminall Officers of juſtice thereof; who ſpeedily ſend two Chirurgions to dreſſe his wounds, and foure Sergeants to bring *Vaſti* thither alive, if poſſibly they can. They ſearch his wounds, and although they find them mortall, yet they believe hee may live three or foure dayes longer. So they bring him to *Fribourg* in a Cart, and there hee likewiſe confeſſeth to the Magiſtrates his two aforeſayd bloudy and cruell Murthers, drawne thereunto as he ſaith, by the treacherous alluremements and temptations of the Devill: So the ſame day, they, for ſatisfaction of theſe his unnaturall crimes, doe condemne him to be hanged, and then his body to be burnt to aſhes; which is accordingly executed in *Fribourg*, in preſence of a great concourſe of people, who came to ſee him take his laſt farewell of the world, but they thinking and expecting that he would have made ſome religious ſpeech at his death, he therein deceived their hopes and deſires: for he only prayed to himſelfe privatly, and then repeating the Lords prayer, and the Creed, and recommending his ſoule to God, and his body to Chriſtian buriall, without once mentioning or naming his ſon *George*, his wife *Heſter*, or his ſtrumpet *Salyna*, he (lifting up his eies to heaven) was turned over; and although (being a tall and corpulent man) he there brake the rope and fell, yet he was found ſtarke dead on the ground.

And thus was the wretched life, and deſerved death of this bloudy Monſter of Nature *Vaſti*. May we therefore reade this his Hiſtory to Gods glory, and to our owne reformation.

The End of the Fifth Booke.

Iunij xiij°. 1634.

Perlegi hunc Librum cui titulus (The 5th part of the Triumphs of Gods Revenge againſt the crying and execrable ſinne of Murther) *junâ cum Epiſtolâ Dedicatoriâ ad illuſtriß Comitem de Bedford: qui quidem Liber continet Paginas circa* 103. *in quibus nihil reperiò ſanæ Doctrinæ aut bonis Moribus contrarium, quò minus cum utilitate publicâ imprimatur, ſub eâ tamen conditione ut ſi non intrà annum proximè ſequentem Typis mandetur hæc licentia ſit omninò irrita.*

GVILIELMVS HAYVVOOD

Capellan: domeſt: Archiep: Cant:

THE TRIUMPHS OF GODS REVENGE, AGAINST THE CRYING AND Execrable ſinne of Murther.

Expreſſed

In thirty ſeverall Tragicall Hiſtories, (digeſted into ſix Bookes) which containe great variety of memorable Actidents, Hiſtoricall, Morall, and Divine.

Booke VI.

Written by IOHN REYNOLDS.

LONDON,
Printed by *John Haviland* for WILLIAM LEE, and are to be ſold at his ſhop in Fleetſtreet, at the ſigne of the Turks Head, neere the Mitre Taverne. 1634.

THE TRIUMPHS OF GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE CRYING AND Execrable Sinne of MURTHER.

In thirty Several Tragicall HISTORIES, Digested into Six Books.

Books VI.

LONDON,
Printed by John Haviland for William Lee, and are to be sold at his shop in Fleet-street, at the sign of the Turks Head, neere the Mitre-Ivine [illegible]

TO THE RIGHT HONOVRABLE, Sr. IAMES STANLEY, KNIGHT OF the Bath, Lord STRANGE, Sonne and Heire apparent to WILLIAM Earle of *Derby*, one of the most ancient Knights of the Illustrious Order of the Garter.

MY LORD,

THe first time that I had the honour to see and know your Lo. was in France, *when you then began your travels, accompanied with your* Noble *and* Generous *younger brother* Sir Robert Stanley, *(likewise Knight of the Bath) who now lives with God: And (if my fancie deceive not my Judgement) it is equally worthy both of my thoughts, and of your Lordships memory, to see how propitious God hath since proved to your content, and remaines to your felicity, in so highly recompensing this your losse of a* Noble Brother, *with the rich gift of a* Vertuous Wife, *your Right Illustrious Lady, who is*

descended from no meaner house than the famous Dukes of Tremouille *by her Father, and the Victorious* Princes *of* Orenge *by her Mother, and who being transplanted from* France, *and (in the Sacred Bonds of Mariage) here matched and incorporated to your Lordship, hath (by the* Mercy *and* Providence *of God) in a few yeares brought yoursnery sweet* Olive Plants *and* Branches *to perpetuate your ancient* Name, *and most Honourable* Family *of the* Stanleyes.

And what are all these benefits of Nature, *and blessings of* Grace, *which God hath so opportunely sent, and graciously given you, in and by them, but such, and so sublime and transcendent, that they are strong proofes of his* Mercy *and* Goodnesse *towards you, and I doubt not but (in a pious resolution) your Lordship reciprocally makes them the cause of your eternall gratitude and thankfulnesse to his sacred* Majesty *for the same.*

And indeed who can possibly have, or conceive a different thought, that observes how your Lordship conducts all your actions by Reason, *and not by* Passion: *That as you esteeme* Vertue, *to be the chiefest earthly* Honour, *so you likewise value* Piety *and* Godlinesse *to bee the best and most Soveraigne* Vertues. *That you are confident, that in* Hearts *and* Soules *which are well and fairly endowed,* Honour *and* Honesty *should still be* Twins, *or inseparable Companions and Individuals, because the former without the latter, is but as fire of straw to the Sunne-shine; and to shut up this point, that your Honour gives the chiefest functions and faculties of your* Soule *to* God, *and the second to the prosperity and service of your* Prince *and* Countrey, *that being the true markes of a Religious Christian, and this of an excellent Subject, and Honourable* Patriot.

And thus (my good Lord) was the Originall cause, and

these are the prevailing Motives and Reasons, why I trench so farre upon your Lordships Greatnesse *and* Goodnesse, *in proffering up this my Sixth and last Booke of* Gods Revenge against Murther, *to your Noble* Protection *and* Patronage; *not that your Lordship is the last in my* Affection *and* Zeale, *much lesse in my* Respects *and* Observance: *But that I could give no satisfaction to my selfe, before I had prefixed your* Illustrious Name, *to this my unpolished Worke, and before I had given a publike testimonie to the whole world in generall, and more especially to our little world* England *in particular, what place and power your Honourable* Birth *and* Vertues *have deservedly taken up in my heart, and worthily purchased in my most reserved and entire affection.*

The Histories *which this Booke relates, are memorable and mournfull, and to give your Honour my opinion of them, they are as lamentable for the bloudy facts, as memorable for the sharp, yet just punishments inflicted for the same; wherein Gods sacred* Iustice *and* Revenge (*with equall* Truth *and* Glory) *triumphed ore their wretched Perpetrators. I have cast them in a low Region of language, and therefore if they come short of your Lordships accurate Iudgement, my* Presumption *in this my* Dedication *to you, hath no other hope of excuse or pardon, then to flie to your Lordships innate* Goodnesse, *and to appeale to your knowne and approved* Generosity *and* Candor, *as making it your Honourable* Ambition *to cherish* Vertue *in all men, and to defend it against unjust scandall, and malitious detraction.*

Proceed my Lord, as you have fairly and fortunately beganne, in the happy exercise and progresse of Piety, Vertue *and* Honour; *and as the hopes are now ours, so may the happy fruits and effects thereof, infallibly still prove your*

Lordships

Lordships hereafter, untill it have perfected and compleated you to be a most Illustrious Patterne *of* Goodnesse *in this world, and a glorious Saint in that to come, the which none shall pray to God for with more true* Zeale, *nor desire with more unfaigned* Affection, *then*

Your Honours humblest

devoted Servant,

IOHN REYNOLDS.

The Grounds and Contents of theſe Hiſtories.

Hiſtory XXVI.

Imperia *for the love ſhe beares to young* Moroſini, *ſeduceth and cauſeth him (with his two Conſorts,* Aſtonicus *and* Donato) *to ſtifle to death her old Husband* Palmerius *in his bed*; Moroſini *misfortunately letting fall his gloves in* Palmerius *his chamber that night which he did it*; *They are found by* Richardo *the Nephew of* Palmerius, *who knowes them to be* Moroſinies, *and doth thereupon accuſe him and his Aunt* Imperia, *for the Murther of his Vnkle*; *So they together with their acceſſaries* Aſtonicus *and* Donato, *are all foure of them apprehended and hanged for the ſame.*

Hiſtory XXVII.

Father Iuſtinian *a Prieſt, and* Adrian *an Inne-keeper, poyſon* De Laurier, *who was lodged in his houſe, and then bury him in his Orchard*; *where a moneth after a Wolfe digges him up, and devoures a great part of his body*; *which father* Iuſtinian *and* Adrian *underſtanding, they flie upon the ſame, but are afterwards both of them apprehended and hanged for it.*

Hiſtory XXVIII.

Hippolito *murthereth* Garcia *in the ſtreet by night, for the which he is hanged.* Dominica *and her Chamber-maid* Deniſa, *poyſoneth her husband* Roderigo; Deniſa *afterwards ſtrangleth her owne new borne Babe, and throwes it into a Pond, for the which ſhe is hanged*; *On the ladder ſhe confeſſed that ſhe was acceſſary, with her Lady* Dominica *in the poyſoning of her Husband* Roderigo; *for the which* Dominica *is apprehended, and likewiſe hanged.*

Hiſtory XXIX.

Sanctifiore (*upon promiſe of mariage*) *gets* Urſina *with childe, and then afterwards very ingratefully and treacherouſly rejecteth her, and marries* Bertranna: Urſina *being ſenſible of this her diſgrace, diſguiſeth herſelfe in a Friers habit, and with a caſe of Piſtols kils* Sanctifiore *as he is walking in the fields, for the which ſhee is hanged.*

Hiſtory XXX.

De Mora *treacherouſly kils* Palura *in a Duell with two Piſtols: His Lady* Bellinda *with the aid of her Gentleman Vſher* Ferallo, *poyſoneth her Husband* De Mora, *and afterwards ſhe marieth and murthereth her ſaid Husband* Ferallo *in his bed*; *ſo ſhee is burnt alive for this her laſt murther, and her aſhes throwne into the aire for the firſt.*

GODS

GODS REVENGE, AGAINST THE CRYING AND Execrable ſinne of Murther.

History XXVI.

Imperia *for the love ſhe beares to young* Moroſini, *ſeduceth and cauſeth him (with his two Conſorts,* Aſtonicus *and* Donato) *to ſtifle to death her old Husband* Palmerius *in his bed*; Moroſini *misfortunately letting fall his gloves in* Palmerius *his chamber that night which he did it*; *They are found by* Richardo *the Nephew of* Palmerius, *who knowes them to be* Moroſinies, *and doth thereupon accuſe him and his Aunt* Imperia, *for the Murther of his Vnkle*, ; *So they together with their acceſſaries* Aſtonicus *and* Donato, *are all foure of them appehended and hanged for the ſame.*

THoſe Intemperate and laſcivious affections which ſavour more of Earth than Heaven, are ſtill attended on with ſhame and repentance, and many times followed by miſery and confuſion: For God being our Maker by Creation, and our Saviour by Redemption, conſequently ſhould be of our loves and affections, and the true & ſole object, in whom only they ſhould begin and terminate: For Nature muſt be a handmaid, not a Miſtreſſe to Grace, becauſe God (in his Divine decree and creation of man) hath made our bodies mortall, but our ſoules immortall. And the like Antitheſis which there is betweene Luſt and Charity, the ſame there is betweene ſinfull adultery, and ſanctified mariage. But where our youthfull affections beginne in whoredome, and end in murther, what can be there expected for an iſſue, but ruine and deſolation. Crimes no leſſe than theſe doth this enſuing Hiſtory report and relate: A Hiſtory I confeſſe, ſo deplorable for the perſons, their facts and puniſhments, that I had little pleaſure to pen it, and leſſe joy to publiſh it; but that the truth and manner thereof gave a contrary

Law to my resolutions, in giving it a place among the rest of my Histories; That the sight and knowledge of others harmes, may the more carefully and conscionably teach us to avoid and prevent our owne.

THe free Estates and Common-weales of *Italy*, more especially the famous Seigniory of *Venice*, (which for wealth and power gives place to no other of Christendome) holds it no degree of disparagement, but rather an honour and honourable vertue in their Nobles and Gentlemen, to exercise the facultie and profession of Merchants; the which they generally performe in Turkie, and all other parts of the Levant Seas, with as much profit as glory, to the admiration of the whole world, and the envie of their private and publike enemies: Of which number of Venetian Gentlemen, Seignior *Angelo Morosini* is one, a young man, of some twenty & foure yeares of age, descended of a Noble name and family, and (if reports be true) from whence ours here in *England* derives their Originall: He is tall and slender of stature, of a lovely sanguine complection, a bright Chestnut-coloured haire, but as yet adorned with a small apparition of a beard: He is active of body, of a sweet carriage, and nimble wit, and a most pleasing and gracefull speech; and hee is not so young, but he hath already made two severall voyages to *Constantinople* and *Alexandria*, in both which he resided some five or six yeares, and through his wisdome and industry wonne some wealth, but more reputation and fame, in so much as his deportments and hopes, to the eye and judgement of the world, promiseth him a fortune, equall, if not exceeding his bloud and extraction. Holding it therefore rather a shame than a glory as yet to marrie, or which is a thousand times worse, to passe his time vainly and lasciviously at home among the Ladies and Courtisans of *Venice*, upon whom (by the way of a premonition and precaution) he saw so many debosht young Gallants to cast away their Estates and themselves, he assumes his former ambition to travell, and so undertakes a third voyage to *Constantinople*: He embarkes himselfe upon a good ship, named the Little Saint *Marke* of *Venice*, and in company of *Seignior Astonichus*, and *Seignior Philippo Donato*, likewise two young Gentlemen, Mearchants of *Venice*, of his deare and intimate acquaintance (with a pleasant gale and merry wind, they set saile from *Malamocca*, the Port of that City, and so direct and shape away their course for the Ilands of *Carfu* and *Zant*, where they are to stop, and take in some commodities, and from thence thorow the *Archipelagus*, by *Candy* and *Cyprus*, to the Port of the Great *Seignior*. But as men propose, and God disposeth of all terrestriall actions and accidents; so they are overtaken by a storme, and with contrary winds put into the Harbour and City of *Ancona*, a rich, populous and strong City which belongs to the Pope, and which is the Capitall of that Province of the *Marca Anconitana*, from whence it assumes and takes its denomination, and wherein there are well neare three thousand Jewes still resident, who pay a great yearly Revenue to his Holinesse. The wind being as yet contrary for our three Venetian Gallants, and they knowing that our Lady of *Loretto* (the greatest and most famous Pilgrimage of the Christian world) was but fifteene small miles off in the Country, whereas yet they had never either of them beene, they in meere devotion ride thither, their ship now being fast anchored and moored in the Peere of *Ancona*, which stands on the Christian side, upon the *Adriatique* Sea, vulgarly tearmed the gulfe of *Venice*.

And here it is neither my purpose or desire to write much, either of the (pretended)

pretended pietie of this holy Chappell of *Loretto*, which the Romanists say was the very Chamber wherein the Virgin *Mary* brought up her Sonne, our Saviour Iesus Christ; or of her Picture which they likewise alleadge was drawne by the hand and pensill of the Apostle Saint *Luke*, and both the one and the other, as they affirme miraculously brought over the Seas from *Palestine* by Angells, and first placed by them on the Hills of *Recagnati* (three little miles thence) and long since by the said Angels translated and placed here in this small Towne of *Loretto*. But as for my selfe, this legend is to weake to passe current with my faith, much lesse to esteeme it as an Article of my Creed. Only this I will confesse and say. That as it was devotion not curiosity which carried our *Morisini*, *Astonicus* and *Donato* thither: so it was my curiosity not my Devotion which made me to take the sight thereof in my Travells. Where in the rich and sumptuous Quire of a stately Cathedrall Church, I saw this little old Bricke Chamber (now termed the Holy Chappell, verie richly adorned with great variety of massie Gold and Silver Lampes, and this Picture of the blessed Virgin in a Shrine of Silver, most richly decked with Chaines and Robes, imbroidered with Gold and Silver, and set with pretious Stones of inestimable valew, which (to expresse the truth in one word) bred much admiration in my thoughts, but no veneration at all in my heart. So I leaue *Loretto*, and returne againe to our History, which was the onely Relique that I brought thence.

The two first dayes, our three *Venetian* Gallants visit this holy Chappell with much solemnity and devotion, where not to Iesus the Sonne, but to *Marie* the Mother they offer up their prayers, and pay their vowes of thankfulnesse for their deliverance from the late storme which put them and their Ship in safety at *Ancona*. But the third day there betides an unexpected accident to *Morisini*, which will administer matter and life to this History. Hee leaves his two friends and companions in bed, and steales away to the holy Chappell, where being on his knees to his devotion, hee neere to him, sees a sweet young Gentlewoman likewise on her knees at her devotion and orisons very rich in apparell, but incomparably faire and beautifull. He curiously markes her Roseat Lilly Cheekes, her piercing Eye, the Amber Tresses of her Haire, her Alablaster Necke and Paps, and her streight and slender wast, all which made her to bee the Pride and Glory of Nature; At whose sight and contemplation, his minde is so sodainely inflamed with affection to her, that hee who heretofore could not possibly bee drawne to love any Gentlewoman, or Mayden, now despight of him selfe, (and of his contrary inclination and resolution) hee at first sight is inforced to love her and only her. For the more hee sees her, the more hee affects her, which engendereth such strange motions, and sodaine passions in his heart that the sweetnesse of this sweet object, enforced his eyes incessantly to gaze on her both with affection and admiration. Our *Morosini* would faine have boarded and saluted her there, but that hee would not make Heaven so much stoope to Earth, nor prophane the holinesse of his affection and of this place with such impietie. But at last seeing her to rise from her prayers, and so to depart the Chappell, hee could not, hee would not so leave her, nor forsake the benefit of this sweet opportunity to make himselfe knowne to her; When withdrawing his Devotion from the old Lady of *Loretto* to give it to this his young Lady (and pretended Mistris) in *Loretto*, hee trippes away after her, into the body of the Church where seeing her only attended, by a well clad Boy and her young waiting Gentle-

woman, (after salutes on both sides performed,) hee there profereth her his service in these generall Tearmes.

Moros. I know not sweet young Lady, whether I may terme my selfe happy or unfortunate, in being this morning honoured with the sight of so beautifull a Nymph, and Virgin as your selfe, because in thinking to gaine my soule, I feare I have lost my heart in the amorous extasies of that delitious Object and Contemplation; therefore I beseech you thinke it not strange, that having received my wound from your Beautie, I flie to your Courtesie for my cure and remedy thereof; and that seeing you so weakely guarded, I presume to request the favour of you that you will please to accept of my Company to reconduct you to your home.

This young Lady, seeing her selfe so much gazed on by this unknowne Gentleman in the holy Chappell, and now so courteously saluted by him in the Church, shee could not refraine from dying her Lilly Cheekes with a Vermillian blush, when having too much beautie to bee too unkinde, and yet too much coyneſse and modestie at first to prove too courteous to him, shee (brooking her name well) returnes him this answer.

Imp. Sir you being so happie to have given up your Soule this morning in your devotion to the blessed Lady of this place, I doe not a little wonder, that you so soone prophane it, by endevoring to make mee believe, that you have lost your heart in the contemplation of so poore, and so unworthie a beautie as mine; For herein as you prophane your zeale to her, so doe you your affection to me, sith that should bee more sacred, and this not so much faigned or hypocriticall. But such wounds still carry their cures with them, and therefore as my beauty was not capable to occasion the one, so shall not my courtesie be guilty in granting the other: If my weake guard bee not strong enough to conduct mee to my home, my *Innocency* and *Chastity* are, as also to defend mee from the snares and lures of those Gentlemen, whose best Vertue consists more in their tongues then their soules, and more in their complements then their actions; Of which number fearing and taking you to be one, and my Fathers house being so nigh, I shall not want your company, because as I deserve so I desire it not, and therefore I will leave you, and yet not without leaving my thankes with you, for this your proffered favour, and unexpected courtesie.

Although *Morosini* could not refraine from smiling at this her sharpe and wittie answer, yet hee seeing his complement retorted, and his courtesie returned with a refusall, hee could not yet refraine from biting his Lip thereat. But againe considering her to bee exceeding faire and vertuous, and hoping withall that her father might likewise prove rich, hee would not disgrace his breeding nor make himselfe a Novice in Love to bee put off with this her first repulse, but againe sounds her in these tearmes.

Moros. My devotion to the Mother of our Saviour doth not prophane but I hope blesse and sanctifie my affection to you, and therefore if it bee not the custome of the young Ladies and Gentlewomen of *Loretto* to use strangers with this discourtesie, I cannot believe that you would purposly thus exercise your wit in my patience, by inflicting on mee this your unjust refusall. As for your feigned shewes of Hipocrisie; I am as innocent of them as you suspect and tearme mee guiltie, and have no more snares or lures in preferring you my affection and service, than that which your poore beautie and chast vertues give mee. Neither am I of the number of those Gentlemen whom you please

to

to traduce and disparage because their hearts and tongues agree not, or for that their actions prove not their speeches, and complements reall; because I as much disdaine as you condemne them; Therefore if you cannot give me the courtesie, I pray at least lend me the favour that I may waite on you to your Fathers house; whom I shall ever bee readie to serve with as much humility for your sake, as to cherish and obey your selfe with affection for mine owne.

This answer of *Morosini* makes this young Gentlewoman (whose name he and wee shall anon know) as sweetly calme, as right now shee was unkindlie passionate, so that looking stedfastly on him, and composing her countenance rather to smiles than frownes, she rejoynes with him thus.

Imp. It is the custome of the Ladies and Gentlewoman of *Loretto*, to use Strangers rather with too much respect than too little favour, especially those Gent. who savor more of honor than vanity. If therfore I haveany way wronged mine owne judgment, in suspecting or not acknowledging your merits, I know I am yet as worthy of your excuse as of your reprehension. And because I understand by you that you are a stranger to this place though not to this Country, as also that you seeme to be so importunatly desirous and willing to conduct me to my Fathers house; I will therefore give a contrarie Law to my owne will, and now make civillitie dispence with my discretion by accepting of this your kinde proffer, and you shall not accompany mee thither to him, with so much respect and zeale as I will you with observance and thankes.

Which kind speech she had no sooner delivered and *Morosini* received, but he againe closed with her thus:

Moros. Sweet Lady, this courtesie of yours seconding your beautie, shall eternally oblige mee to your service; and in requitall thereof, I will ever esteeme it my best happinesse to receive your Fathers commands, and my chiefest felicity and glory to execute yours: When reciprocally exchanging salutes, hee takes her by the hand and arme, and very gracefully conducts her to her Fathers house, not farre off from this sumptuous Church, and by the way th ther (among other speeches and complements he gathers from her that her Fathers name is *Signior Hierome Bondino*, and hers *Donna Imperia* his only Daughter. Wherein hee for the former fame of his wealth and the present sight of her Beautie doth both delight and glory, as dreaming of a future felicity which hee shall enioy in her sight and company; whereof for the time present hee hath farre more reason to flatter than to assure himselfe.

Now wee must heere understand that this *Seignior Bondino* her Father, is a Gentleman of an ancient house and noble descent; and of a verie great estate both in lands and meanes, and withall he was exceeding covetous, as glorying more in his wealth than in his generositie, and more in his faire and beautifull Daughter *Imperia*, then in any other of his Children. Heere *Morosini* brings *Imperia* home, and shee presents him and his courtesie to her Father, who receives him respectfully and kindly thankes him for this his observance and honour to his daughter: who led by the lustre of her eyes and the delicacie of her beautie, was so extreamly inflamed with affection towards her, as at that very instant he proclaimed himselfe her Servant, and shee the Lady Regent of his heart and desires, and then it was that hee first acquainted her with his name and quality, with his intended voyage to *Constantinople*, but chiefely with his constant desire and resolution to seeke her in marriage both of her selfe and her father. Wherefore to contract this History into a narrow Vo-

lumne, I will paſſe over his often courtings and viſits of her, as alſo thoſe ſweet ſpeeches, and amorous diſcourſes and conferences which paſt betweene them during the ſpace of three weekes; wherein the winde proving contrary to his voyage, proved therefore propitious to this his ſute and affection. In which time hee proved himſelfe ſo expert a Scholler (or rather a Maſter) in the Art of Love that hee exchanged hearts with her, obtained her affection and conſent to bee his Wife upon his firſt returne from *Conſtantinople*, but yet it was wholly impoſſible either for he or her to draw her fathers conſent hereunto, although many times hee ſought it of him with prayers, and ſhee with teares. For hee making wealth to bee the verie image and idol of his devotion, and gathering that *Moroſini's* birth farre exceeded his eſtate and meanes, as alſo that in his opinion, that his eſtate was yet farre greater than his capacitie or judgement, hee would never hearken to him, much leſſe give way that hee ſhould bee his Sonne in Law: but with much obſtinacie and reſolution, vowed that hee would firſt rather ſee his Daughter married to her grave than to him, the which froward and harſh reſolution of his, makes our two lovers exceedingly to grieve and lament thereat. But how to remedie it they know not. *Moroſini* now acquaints his two conſorts *Aſtonicus* and *Donato* with his affection to *Imperia*, and brings them the next morning to ſee her, who highly commend his choice, and extoll her beautie and vertues to the skies; They in *Moroſini's* behalfe deale effectually with *Bondino* to draw his conſent to this match, mount his praiſes and merits as high as Heaven, and in a word they leave no friendly office, or reaſons unatempted to perſwade and induce him hereunto, but they ſpeake either to the winde, or to a deafe man; for his will is his Law, and therefore they finde it a worke, not only of extreame difficultie but of meere impoſſibilitie to effect it; for neither they nor *Moroſini*, can ſo much pray and exhort *Bondini* to this match, as hee with ſharpe words and bitter threates ſeekes to divert his Daughter from it; which pierceth and galleth theſe two Lovers to their verie ſoules. For by this time their affections and hearts are ſo ſtrongly and firmely united, that *Imperia* loves *Moroſini* a thouſand times deerer than her owne life, and hee her no leſſe. So when they thinke of their ſeperation and departure each from other, the verie conceit and thought thereof drawes even droppes of blood from their hearts, and an Ocean of teares from their eyes. But becauſe they are more amorous then ſuperſtitious in their devotion and affection each to other and that (in their thoughts and deſires) they ſacrifice more to the Altars of *Venus* then to that of the Virgin *Marie*. Therefore Fortune more envying then pittying them, and therefore reſolving to ſeparate their bodies as farre aſſunder, as their hearts are neerely linked and combined together: the winde comes faire, and the Maſter of their Shippe ſends ſpeedily from *Ancona* to them to *Loretto* to come away, for that he is reſolute to omit no time but with all expedition to weigh Anchor, and ſet ſaile for *Corfu*.

Moroſini receives this newes with infinite ſorrow, and *Imperia* with extreame griefe and amazement, ſo as if grace had not prevailed with nature, and her obedience to her Father vanquiſhed and given a law to her affection towards *Moroſini*, ſhee could then and there have found in her heart to have left *Italy*, and to accompanyed him in his voyage to *Turkie* and *Conſtantinople*, ſo ſweet was his ſight and preſence, and ſo bitter was the verie thought of his abſcence to her heart and minde; Here *Moroſini* comes againe with his hat in his hand and *Imperia* on her knees with teares to her father, that hee will

grant

grant they may contract themselves each to other before his departure, but he is deafe to his requests, and inexorable to her teares and prayers. For hee vowes hee cannot, and sweares hee will not consent thereunto; And therefore heere the Reader must conceive, for it is impossible for mee to expresse the thousand part of the sighes which hee, and the teares which shee expends at this their sorrowfull departure, in so much as I cannot truly define whether hee then gave her more kisses, or shee him teares. So here shee vowes to remaine unmarried till his returne, and hee both promiseth and sweares, that he will returne within one yeare to her and marrie her, the which the more authentically to seale and confirme hee gives her a rich Emerauld ring from his finger, and shee him a faire carkanet of Orient Pearle from her necke, with whom the great droppes of her teares tricking downe her vermillion cheekes seemed to have some perfect sympathy and resemblance; Of which interchangeable and mutuall contract *Astonicus* and *Donato* are joyfull witnesses, who seeke to adde comfort and consolation to these her unspeakeable sorrowes, and unparalleld afflictions for this their separation; whiles *Imperia* in the meane time at the verie thought and consideration hereof, (shee gazing on her *Morosini*) seemes to burst her heart with sighing, and to drowne the Roses and Lillies of her beautie with the showers and rivulets of her teares. So *Morosini* being againe and againe called away by *Astonicus* and *Donato*, hee then takes leave of *Bondino*, and then of his deere and sweet Daughter *Imperia* in whose heart and brest hee imparadiseth all his most religious prayers, and treasureth up all his amarous desires and wishes, and from thence (with his two faithfull friends and companions takes horse for *Ancona*, where as soone as they come, their long boate is a shoare and takes them in, when the Winde continuing still exceeding faire, they presently for *Corfu* and *Constantinople*. Where wee will leave them floating on the Seas, exposed to the favour and mercy of the windes, and according to the order of our History come wee againe to speake of *Bondino*, and of his sweet and faire daughter *Imperia*, to see what matter they will administer us, and what Actions and Accidents they will produce.

Whiles our faire *Imperia* day and night weepes and sighes for the absence of her deerest and second selfe *Morosini*, and with her eies and hands erected to Heaven continually praies for his prosperitie and returne, her old Father *Bondino* assumes a direct contrary course and resolution; for within two or three moneths of *Morisini's* departure, hee makes it his greatest care and ambition to provide another husband for this his Daughter. Hee is not ignorant of her teares and pensiveneese for his absence, and knowes full well, that her solitarie walkes and palle thinne cheekes, lookes still constantly to him and never from him. But hee is resolute that his old covetousneese shall prevent and deceive this her young affection, and that to worke on the advantage of *Morosini's* absence, his best and shortest course is to heave him out of her heart and minde, and contrariwise to propound and place another Husband in his stead. To which end his said daughters beautie and his owne wealth having already procured her two or three other Sutors, who earnestly seeke her in marriage, hee likes none of them so well, as old Seignior *Palmerius* a rich Marchant of *Ancona*, aged of at least sixtie yeares; whereas his faire Daughter *Imperia* was not above twentie foure, who was of so deformed and decrepit a personage and constitution, that hee seemed but as a withered Ianuary to this fresh Lady May, and his age but a frozen Winter to the fragrant flouri-

shing

shing Sommer of her youth and beautie. But this old dotard *Palmerius* (who is every way fitter for his owne grave than for *Imperia's* bed) is so taken with the daintinesse of her personage, as he hopes that her youth and her fathers age will stoope and strike saile to his wealth, and therefore hee trickes and prides himselfe up both in his apparell and beard, as if Love had taken away much of his Age, now purposly to adde it to his vanity and indiscretion, so hee comes to *Bondino's* house at *Loretto*, and seekes this his faire daughter in marriage, where the consideration of his great estate and wealth act such wonders with her fathers heart and resolution, that her father and hee have already swapt a bargaine that hee, and none but hee shall marry his daughter, before as yet hee have the happinesse to see her. But at last her father brings her to him, chargeth her with his commands to dispose her selfe to affect and marry him, and speakes to her not onely in the language of a father, but of a King, for such is his pleasure. These speeches of her father, and the sight of this her old lover yet new sutor *Palmerius*, doth much amaze and terrifie his young Daughter *Imperia*: so shee receives and heares those with infinit affliction and sorrow, and him with much contempt and disdaine; For she rejects his suit and himselfe, and boldly tells both her father and him, that *Morosini* is too deeply lodged in her heart, for any other of the world to have entrance or admittance, and therefore (with sighes and teares) casts her selfe at her fathers feet, and prayes him that hee will not force her to marry Signior *Palmerius* whom shee affirmes shee cannot possibly affect, much lesse obey. But her father is resolute to have it so, and therefore (passing over all other respects and considerations) hee addes threates, to his commands, and vehemently chargeth her againe and againe to consent thereto. But her absent *Morosini* is still so present in her heart and minde, and so fresh and pleasing to her eye and memorie, that shee cannot, shee will not forget him. So that for this time her father can no more enforce her to speake with *Palmerius*, or draw her to see him, and thus shee puts him off for his first comming to *Loretto* to her. *Imperia* being now infinitly glad to have thus given her father the foile, and old *Palmerius* the repulse, shee raiseth a thousand new Trophees of joy, and victories of delight in her heart for the same, as if that outragious storme and tempest (so contrary and displeasing to her heart) had received end almost as soone as beginning. Thus now ruminating on nothing lesse then on *Palmerius*, nor on nothing more than on her sweet and deere *Morosini*, (to whom in his absence shee sacrificeth all the flames of her heart, and all the vowes, desires and wishes of her soule) shee passeth away her time in perpetuall praying for his returne, for the which shee leaves not the Lady, no nor any other Saint of *Loretto* unadored, or unprayed to. But contrary to her hopes and desires herein, this her old sutor *Palmerius*, (having wholly lost the soliditie of his judgement in the excellency of her beautie) hee still keepes good correspondence, and curious intelligence with her father, and continually his heart runnes as much on her youth as her fathers covetousnesse doth on his wealth and gold; so within two moneths hee returnes againe to *Loretto*, where he is received with as much joy of *Bondino*, as with extreame discontent and sorrow of his Daughter *Imperia*, who now poore soule can receive no peace nor truce from either of them, but they incessantly haunt her as her ghosts, and faile not day and night to importune her for the consummation of this contract and marriage, but her heart is so close united and wedded to *Morosini*, that it is as yet impossible for either, or both of them to

divorce

divorce or withdraw her from him. *Palmerius* thinkes to gaine her by rich gifts and presents, but shee refuseth them all for the sake of the giver, and her father now tempts her with sweet speeches and perswasions, and then againe, terrifies her with bitter commands and threats, hoping thereby in the end to make her flexible to his desires and wishes. But his daughter *Imperia* notwithstanding all this (with a constancie worthie of her beautie, and every way equall to her selfe) resolves to frustrate the hopes of the first, to annihilate and make vaine the expectation of the second, and so to deceive the desires and wishes of them both, and to keepe her heart wholly for *Morosini* as shee hath formerly promised and obliged her selfe to doe.

But although *Palmerius* were heretofore the first time so easily beaten off with *Imperia's* refusall, hee will not bee so the second, and therefore his heart and mind telling him that the sweetnesse of her youth, and the delicacy of her beauty deserve a stronger, and longer siege of his affection. Hee (by the free advise and consent of her Father) resolves to stay and burne all that Sommer in *Loretto*, hoping that time would change her resolutions and make that feasable in his Daughters affection, which now in a manner seemed to bee impossible. Thus if *Palmerius* use his best endevours to beare and conquer *Imperia* one way, no lesse doth her Father another way, for the first gives her a world of sugred words and promises, and the second of sharpe and bitter threates to effect it; Poore *Imperia* seeing her selfe thus streightly and narrowly begirt on both sides, shee hath againe recourse to her sighes and teares, the only weapons left her in the absence of her *Morosini* to defend her affection and constancie against the lust of *Palmerius*, and the power and tyrranny of her father *Bondino*. A thousand times a day shee wisheth that *Constantinople* were *Loretto*, or *Loretto Constantinople*, and as often prayes that either she were in *Morosini's* armes, or hee heere in hers. But *Palmerius* being as obstinate as her father was resolute and furious in this suite and motion towards her, shee shuts her selfe up in her Chamber, where seeming to drowne her selfe in her teares, shee consults with her affection, how shee should beare her selfe in a matter of this weight and importance, and what invention shee should finde out and practise, to abandon *Palmerius*, and to call home her *Morisini* to marry her, then which under Heaven shee desired nothing more, or to write truer nothing else. So at last shee resolves to send one purposely to *Constantinople* to hasten his returne (which now wanted but a little of his prefixed time of a yeare) when making choice of a deere friend of his of *Ancona* named Seignior *Mercario*, and furnishing him with gold for so long a journey, as to saile from *Brundisium*, to *Ragusa*, and so from thence by poast to *Constantinople*, she takes pen and paper, and thereon (as much with teares as incke) traceth her *Morosini* these lines wherewith shee dispatcheth him away.

Imperia to Morosini.

I should betray my affection to thee, and consequently make my selfe unworthy of thine, if by this my letter (which I purposely send thee by thy friend Seignior Mercario*) I did not now acquaint thee, with how much impatiencie and sorrow my selfe, and with how much joy my Father brookes thy long absence. Thou knowest in what a sweet, and strict sympathie of Love, our hearts are united. So as measuring* Morosini *by* Imperia, *I am confident that all those Seas betweene* Ancona *and* Constantinople *are not capable to wash away the remembrance thereof either from thy heart or my soule. And yet holding it a part both of my dutie and of my selfe, I am enforced to command my pen to re-*late

late, that my Father Bondino *hajnta excercisa a point not onlie of his will, but of his power, yea I may justly say of his tyrannie over me, to perswade me to leave my young* Morosini *to the sea-mercy his of* Palmerius. *In which regard & consideration, if my poore beautie or merit, hath left any impression in thy brest or memorie, I now most heartily pray thee to end* Turkie *for* Italy, *but* Constantinople *for* Loretto, *and to make me as happie in injoying thy sight and presence, as I am miserable without it. And when our God, and my ill fortune, shall permit this my innocent and sorrowfull letter to fall into thy hands, thinke, yea judge with thy selfe, what an ingratitude, yea what a crime it will bee for thee not to bring me thy selfe, but to send mee any excuse whatsoever to the contrary. Farewell my other selfe, thy sweet selfe, and may God and his Angells ever prove propitious to thy Desires, and thy Wishes.*

Imperia.

Mercario (in three weekes time) arrives at *Constantinople*, and finds out his friend *Morosini*, to whom he delivereth his Mistris *Imperias* letter, the which he first kissing, presently perused it, and very passionately both rejoyceth & grieves thereat: So *Morosini* very kindely feasts his friend *Mercario* there some eight dayes, and then returneth him home with an answer, which in lesse than a moneths time hee delivereth into *Imperias* owne hands in *Loretto*, who is extreamely glad thereof, and then beautifying her snow white cheekes, with some crimson blushes, thee hies to her closet and breaking up hastily the seales thereof, findes it traced and charged with this message

Morosini to Imperia.

THy health and constancy makes mee as joyfull in the receit of thy Letter, as thy Father Bondino *his disrespect to mee and love to* Palmerius *makes mee sorrowfull, for so deere and tender is the true affection of my* Imperia *to her* Morosini, *and the sympathy of our hearts so sweet and sacredly united, that for my part not only those small rivers of the* Mediteraneum *and* Adriatique *Sea betweene* Constantinople *and* Ancona, *but that of the vast Ocean is incapable to wash off the least sense or memory thereof. But as in the actions and accidents of humane life, reputation and profit, deserve some times to bee entermixed with pleasure, because the sweetnesse thereof is still made sweeter by its subsistance and permanency. So by the Seignior of* Venice, *and by* Landy *their Ambassadour resident here in* Constantinople, *(contrary to my expectation or merit) I am now made Generall of* Aleppo. *I cannot therefore so soone leave* Turkie *for* Italy *which I infinitely desire, nor in that consideration so soone imbrace and kisse my faire and deare* Imperia, *which above all the Crownes and Scepters of the world I do fly love and long for; but what this yeare cannot performe the next shall, and then (all delayes and excuses set apart) I will bring thee thy* Morosini *with as much true joy as hee transported himselfe from thee with bitter teares and unfained sorrows, in the meane time my hopes and heart tell mee, that thy affection to mee shall surmount thy Fathers tyranny to thy selfe, and that thy beauty and merit are so incomparably resplendent, that though* Palmerius *bee the fayrer, yet* Morosini *shall love and dye the Diamond of thy love and the Lotte of thy Heart, as God is of thy Soule. O then my deare and sweet* Imperia, *repute it no ingratitude much lesse a crime in mee to send thee this letter of excuse in steed of bringing thee my selfe, for I speake it in presence of God and his Angels, that as thou art my other halfe so I am wholly thine, and that thou canst not bee the thousand part so sorrowfull as I am miserable in this our short yet too long sequestration. Farewell, Farewell the only Saint of my heart, and Goddesse of my affections, and*

assure

assure thy selfe that no mortall man whatsoever is, or can bee so much thy faithfull Servant and Slave, as

MOROSINI.

Our *Imperia* kisseth this Letter a thousand times for her *Morisini's* sake who wrote and sent it her, and againe as often weepes to see, that hee loved Honor and profit better then her selfe, and *Turkie* better than *Italy*, so whereas shee formerly hoped, now shee begins to despaire of his speedy returne, and esteemes herselfe as miserable without him, as shee thought to have beene happy with him. Shee reades over his Letter againe and againe, and then weepes as fast as shee reades, at the very perusall and consideration thereof; shee would faine draw comfort from any part or branch of it, but then his intended stay affords her nothing but disconsolation and sorrow in stead thereof. Shee blames her owne misfortune, as much as his unkindnesse, and then againe imputes this impatiencie of hers, more to her fathers crueltie, than to *Morosini's* discourtesie; shee loves him as much as shee hates *Palmerius*, and hates her selfe because *Morosini* will not love her more, and *Palmerius* lesse. But *Morosini* is so firmly seated and enthronized in her heart, that she is constantly resolved to stay his returne, and rather to dy his victim and martyr than to live *Palmerius* his wife. And here her affection acts a great part in passion, as this passion doth in Love, she cannot refraine from enquiring of *Mercario* how *Morisini* lives, and how he looks, who performes the part of a friend, to his friend and tells her that hee lives in great pompe and reputation, and is the properest and bravest young Gallant either of *Venice* or *Italy*, which hee saw in *Constantinople*, at the report whereof shee could not refraine from blushing and smiling as if her delight and ioy thereof were such, as shee could not receive or heare it, without these publike expressions and testimonies of her private zeale and interiour affection to him; But all this notwithstanding, whersoever shee goes or turnes her selfe, her Father as her shadow, and *Palmerius* as her spirit, are never from her, but still follow her in all times and places without intermission. It is a wonder to see and consider their obstinacy to make it a match, and her resolution and refusall against it, as if they were wholly composed and made of commands and shee of denialls. In which interchangeable comportment, and different carriage of theirs, Wee must allow sixe moneths time more past and slidden away, where in despight of *Palmerius* his importunities and her fathers power shee still remaines inflexible to them constant to her *Morosini*, and true to her promise. But at last this old lustfull Lover *Palmerius* (who was fitter to kisse an image in the Church, then so sweet and faire a yong Lady as *Imperia* in her bed) seeing that hee had consumed and spent so long time in vaine by courting her, and that shee sleighted him and his sute as much if not more now, than when hee first meant and intended it to her, hee bethinkes himselfe of a new policy and proposition to gaine her, which love can not so much excuse, as discretion iustly condemne in him; Hee goes to her father *Bondino*, and proffers him that if his daughter will become his wife, that he will infeoffe, and endow her with the one halfe of his lands, and give all the rest of his Estate and wealth into his hands and custody, for him to purchase her more. Which great and unexpected proffer of his doth solely and fully weigh downe her covetous father to *Palmerius* his will and desire, as hee constantly tells him; that in lieu of this his great affection and bounty to his daughter: hee will speedily use all his power and authority with her fully to

dispose her to affect and content him; To which end *Bondino* goes to his daughter *Imperia*, acquaints her with this great gift, and voluntary proffer of *Palmerius* to her if shee will marry him. Hee lyes before her how infinitly it will import his content, and her owne good and reputation, and that few Gentlewoman of *Loretto*, or Ladies of the whole *Marca* of *Ancontana*, doe enioy such rich Fortunes, that his wisdome and wealth is farre to be preferred to the vanitie and prodigallity of *Morosini*, and that the first will assuredly bring her much content and prosperitie, but the second nothing else but poverty, ruine and misery, and therefore hee most importunately conjures and commands her to cut and cast off all delayes and so forthwith to dispose her selfe to love and marry *Palmerius*, or else hee vowes for ever to renounce her for his Daughter, and no more to acknowledge him selfe for her Father. A crueltie which (in my opinion and judgement) ought to bee admired with pittie and pittied with admiration, and not to serve for a precedent and Example to other Parents, because this of *Bondino's* was grounded on farre more passion than reason, and covetoulnesse than vertue; and which Nature hath all the reasons of the world rather than to tearme tyranny then Providence or fatherly affection in him.

Our *Imperia* is, as it were, strucke dead with griefe and sorrow, at the thunderbolt of these her Fathers cruell speeches towards her, so that shee cannot speake, nor yet weepe for sighing and sobbing, but at last encouraged by her owne Vertue, as much as shee was daunted and dismayed by her fathers severitie and crueltie towards her, shee (casting her selfe at his feete) with a trembling heart and faltering voice, returnes her heart and minde to him in these tearmes.

Honoured Sir, although my afflictions and sorrowes are such, and so infinit that I am farre more capable to weepe and sigh, then to breathe or speake them forth to you, yet I hold it my dutie, not my disobedience to acquaint you, that because marriages are first made in heaven, before contracted or consummated in Earth, therefore being so happie first to love *Morosini* before I was so unfortunate as to see Seignior *Palmerius*, I hope it is the pleasure of God, that hee hath ordained the first to bee my Husband, and consequently my selfe never to bee Wife to the second; I am proud in nothing but in my humility and obedience and therein I hope I shall still both triumph and glory, and yet I farre more undervallew *Palmerius* wealth than you doe *Morosini's* vertues. If then you will not for my sake, I humblie beseech you for my Mothers sake or which is more, for Gods sake, to make mee Wife to *Morosini* and not to *Palmerius*, because my heart and mind tells me, that I shall bee as happy in the company of the one, as miserable in that of the other. In granting mee which iust desired favour and courtesie, my soule shall become pledge and caution for my heart, and my heart for my tongue, that you shall have no true cause, either to renounce mee for your daughter, or to deny your selfe for my Father; And to conclude this my sorrowfull and humble speech, it is impossible for you to wrong mee, but you must and will extreamely wrong your selfe, by attempting and resolving to enforce mee to the contrary; But if yet you will not bee sensible heereof, then I invoke God to bee a just witnesse, and Iudge betweene us, of your crueltie towards mee, and of my candid innocency towards you, and my betrothed spouse *Morosini*.

Imperia had no sooner (with sighs and teares) delivered this her speech to her

her father on her knees, but (as if he had lightning in his eyes, and thunder in his tongue) he ſuddenly ruſheth forth her company, when, more to diſpleaſe her than to pleaſe himſelfe, hee looking backe on her, gives her this ſharp anſwer, and cruell farewell; Minion (quoth hee) I will very ſhortly coole thy courage and thy tongue, and make thee know with repentance, what it is to diſobey thy father, in making ſo much eſteeme of *Moroſini*, and ſo little of Seignior *Palmerius*, contrary to my adviſe and requeſt to thee, for I ſay, conſider well with thy ſelfe, and thou ſhalt then doe well ſpeedily to forſake this errour and obſtinacy of thine, except thou reſolve to die as miſerable, as I deſire thou ſhalt live happy: Once more Girle conſider and remember what I have now ſaid to thee, and beware leaſt *Moroſini* prove thy ſhame, as much as *Palmerius* will thy glory. *Imperia* weeps becauſe ſhee can weepe no more at theſe heart-killing ſpeeches of her father to her againſt her abſent *Moriſini*: So being not well ſhe betakes her ſelfe to her bed, and there againe conſults with God and her ſelfe, what ſhe ſhall doe in this perturbation of minde, and affliction of heart, and then and there (with waking eyes) reads a whole nights lecture to her ſelfe of her obedience to her father, and her affection and conſtancie to the other halfe of her ſelfe, *Moroſini*; when in the morning being prompted by her thoughts and deſires, that ſhee ſhall receive more delights and joyes from the laſt, then diſcontents from the firſt, ſhe at her up-riſing reſolves againe to write away for her *Moroſini*, as hoping that his preſence would eaſily diſpell and ſcatter all theſe her clouds and tempeſts, when diſpatching a private meſſenger to *Ancona* for *Mercario*, ſhe againe earneſtly prayes him to undertake a ſecond voyage for her either to *Aleppo* or *Conſtantinople*, to her *Moroſini*, the which he then promiſeth; ſo that night againe peruſing over his Letter, ſhee then from point to point punctually makes anſwer to it, and the next morning very ſecretly gives it to *Mercario* in her chamber, and therewith takes off a rich bracelet of ſparks of Diamonds from her right arme, and prayes him to deliver it to him as a token of her true affection and conſtancie, the which ſhee affirmes to him ſhall, ever live and die with her. *Mercario* having received his commiſſion from *Imperia*, as alſo more Gold for the diſcharge and defraying of his journey, hee hires a ſmall Brigantine to tranſport him to *Corfu*, and from thence embarques himſelfe on a ſhip of *Marſeilles*, which accidentally ſtopped there, and ſo ſailed firſt to *Aleppo*; where being arrived in leſſe than three weeks, and finding his deare friend *Moroſini* to be Conſull there for the *Seignory* of *Venice*, he ſecretly delivereth this bracelet and Letter of *Imperia* to him in his ſtudy, where he was then haſtily writing a diſpatch for *Conſtantinople*: But the arrivall of *Mercario*, who hee knew came from his deareſt friend and Miſtreſſe *Imperia*, (for meere joy) made him preſently to caſt away his hat and pen, and ſo to kiſſe and receive this her Letter and token from him, whereof with much haſte, and more affection breaking up the ſeales, he therein found couched theſe enſuing lines.

IMPERIA to MOROSINI.

I Had little thought (becauſe leſſe deſerved) that either profit or preferment had beene dearer to thee than Imperia, *or that the* Seignory *of* Venice, *or their Ambaſſador* Landy *had had more power to ſtay thee in* Aleppo, *than ſhe to have requeſted or conjured thy returne to* Loretto; *for if my poore beauty, or rich affection to thee, bee of ſo low and baſe an eſteeme, as thou preferreſt thy wealth and reputation to it, then I am as miſerable*

miserable as I thought my selfe happy in my choice, and the sweetnesse of my desires and wishes consequently have end, as soone as they received a beginning. And see what a palpable incongruity, yea, what an apparant contradiction there is betweene thy heart and thy pen, sith feignedly endevouring to make me beleeve thou lovest my kisses & embraces above all the Crownes and Scepters in the world, I y't am truly enforced to see that thou lovest Turkie *far better than* Italy, *and art well contented that* Palmerius *should love me better than thy selfe for else thou wouldest never permit that my fathers tyranny to me should (in thy absence) give a law to my affection to him, or consent that* Palmerius *should be the Diamond, and thy selfe prove onely the faile of my heart and love: And if this ingratitude of thine be not a crime, I know what a crime is, nor how, nor in what tearmes to define or determine thereof. Iudge therefore with thy selfe, (at least if thou art not as wholly exempt of judgement as of love) what a poore halfe, yea, what a small part I am of thee, when by thy voluntary absence thou wilt wholly resigne me up to another, and that* Palmerius *must be my husband, when my heart and soule, yea, when God and his Angels well know, I desire nothing under Heaven so much, as to live and die thy Wife, or else thou wouldest not have beene so unkinde, to confine thy will, or to bound thy obstinacie to no lesse than a whole yeares sequestration and absence from me, which if thy heart were equall, or but the least shadow of mine, thou wouldest deeme to containe as many moneths as houres, and as many ages as moneths. But God forbid this discourtesie of thine should prove so great a cruelty to me, or before I know what belongs to fortunacie, I should be constrained to feele and suffer so much infelicity. Come away therefore my deare* Morosini, *and my sighs, teares, and prayers shall implore the winds and Seas to prove propitious to thy speedy returne; and blame not me but thy selfe, if thy absence, and my fathers obstinacie bereave me of my sweet* Morosini, *and thee of thy Deare.*

IMPERIA.

Morosini could not refraine from blushing at the reading of this his Mistresse *Imperia's* Letter, as ashamed to see what an exceeding advantage her courtesie had got of his unkindnesse. He oftentimes kisseth this her Letter and bracelet, as the two sweet pledges of h r sweetest love and affection to him, the which he vowes to requite, and shortly to make his returne, redeeme and ransome the ingratitude of his long stay from her. Hee shewes this Letter of hers to his two old Camerados, *Astonicus* and *Donato*, (for their friendship and familiarity is still so great, as they cannot, they will not forsake each other) who infinitely tax his unkindnesse, and condemne his inconstancie, in sequestring himselfe so long from so sweet and faire a Mistresse as *Imperia*. Now for the space of some ten dayes *Morosini* feasteth his friend *Mercario* in *Aleppo*, wherein he forgets not continually to solemnize his *Imperia's* health in the best and richest Greeke wines; at the end whereof (very hountifully rewarding his love and paines, for so often crossing those dangerous Seas in his behalfe) he chargeth him with his Letter in answer of his, and in requitall of her bracelet of sparks of Diamonds, he returnes and sends her a faire chaine of Gold, and a rich Diamond Ring fastned to the end thereof, with a paire of Turkish silver embroydered bracelets, and so commits him to the mercie of the winds and Seas; who in six weeks after arrives safely to *Ancona*, and the next morning poasts away to *Loretto*, where repairing secretly to *Bondino's* house, he finds out his daughter *Imperia* alone, solitarily walking at the farther end of the Garden among banks of Sicamour and Olive trees: Who no sooner espies *Mercario*, but all her blood flashing into her face for joy, shee speedily

speedily trips away towards him, (who after salutes) bidding him a thousand times welcome home, and hee giving her *Morosini's* Letter and token, shee clappes the last in her pocker, and hastily kissing and breaking up the seales of the first, steps aside a pace or two, and therein findes and reades these lines.

MOROSINI TO IMPERIA.

THy sweet beautie, and rich affection and constancy, shall not only command my resolution but my selfe, and it is impossible either for my profit or reputation to give but to receive a Law thereof; for thy requests beeing to me commands, and consequently thy felicity and misery equally mine, I will therefore shorten and hasten the time of my stay and so convert a whole yeere into a few moneths: For if Imperia *bee* Palmerius *his wife* Morosini *can then never bee either himselfe or his owne friend, and to write thee the life of my heart, as thou hast now the heart of thy soule, It is not the ambition of a Consulary dignity, nor all the treasure of* Turkie, *or the* Indies, *which shall keepe mee from enioying of my faire and sweet* Imperia, *in whose divine cheekes and eyes, my heart hath imparadized, all my most soveraigne earthly felicitie; So that I not only deny but defie that* Palmerius *or any other of the world, is capable to love her the thousand part or so tenderly or deerely as my selfe, to whose sake and service I will still be found readie to lay downe my best blood, and to prostitute and sacrifice my deerest Life. O then my faire and sweete* Imperia *live therefore my deere wife, and* Morosini *will assuredly dye thy loving and constant Husband, and thou shalt briefly see that I will have ingratitude as much as thy inconsiderate Father loves and intends cruelties towards thee, and make thee as joyfull in my presence, as thou writest mee thou art afflicted and sorrowfull in my absence. I come my sweet* Imperia, *and if I want windes or Seas to bring mee to thy blessed presence, my sighes shall encrease the one and my teares supply and augment the other to effect it. Prepare therefore thy heart and eies to see and salute mee, as I doe mine armes and lips to imbrace and kisse thee, and I both hope and rest confident, that my praiers and constancy seconded by thine, will make thy Fathers obstinacie vaine, and prove* Palmerius *his attempts and hopes ridiculous in thinking to have thee to his Wife, who art already mine, by choise and promise.*

MOROSINI.

This Letter of *Morisini*, affoords no small musique to the heart, or melody to the minde of our *Imperia*, for shee sweetly and carefully treasureth it up in her breast and memory, and now in hope of his short returne shee leaves no Church nor Chappell in or about *Loretto* unfrequented to pray for it, yea shee is so religious and vertuous, as shee gives her selfe wholly to prayer, the sooner to obtaine it; whiles (in the meane time) her cruell Father *Bondino* (contrary to her expectation and desires) cuts her out new worke, in resuming his old resolution to marry her to her old Lover *Palmerius* who still loves her so tenderly that for her sake, hee will not forsake *Loretto* to live in *Ancona*, so that heere the Reader is prayed to understand and know, that *Bondino* finally, (and once for all) to cast his daughter *Imperia* and her affection from *Morosini* to *Palmerius*, seeing that all other meanes will not prevaile, he infinitly debarres her of her liberty, takes away from her, her chiefest apparell and jewels (the delight and glory of young Ladies and Gentlewomen) as also her best viands and diet, and in a word intreateth her so rigorously, as (upon the matter) hee makes her more his prisoner than his Daughter. *Imperia* who was never heretofore

tofore acquainted with ſuch ſharpe ſeverity and courſe entertainement, bites her lip and hangs her head hereat, But the more ſhee prayes her father to reſerve her for *Moroſini*, the more tyrannouſly hee commands her ſpeedily to marry *Palmerius*, ſo that all her ſighes and teares to the contrary doe rather exaſperate then appeaſe his indignation againſt her, and now ſhee findes the long ſtay of *Moroſini* from her, not only to exceed her firſt expectation, but alſo his laſt promiſes to her in his Letter, and is inforced to ſee, that her Father is as cruell as *Palmerius* is obſtinate and reſolute in his ſute to her. Shee hath nothing to comfort her but the memory and letters of *Moroſini*, and yet nothing doth ſo much confound her hopes and patience, as her fathers crueltie in croſſing this her affection. But at laſt diſpairing of *Moroſini's* returne, and vanquiſhed by her Fathers tyranny, ſhee with an unwilling willingneſſe) is inforced to ſuffer her ſelfe to bee overcome by him, as alſo to permit the walles of her affection, and the bulwarkes and fortifications of her conſtancy to bee battered and razed downe, by the inceſſant ſollicitations, gifts, and prayers of *Palmerius*, So that forgetting her promiſe, and her ſelfe, and putting a rape on her former reſolution, ſhee is at laſt contracted and married to him, or rather to the calamities and miſeries which wee ſhall ſhortly ſee will enſue thereof.

Heere now then this old dotard *Palmerius* is married to faire *Imperia*, who eſteemes himſelfe as happie as ſhee findes her ſelfe unfortunate in this match. His Age is to old for her Youth, and her youth farre to young for his Age; Diſparity of yeares ſeldome (or never) breedes any true content or felicitie in marriage. Hee cannot ſufficiently eſtimate, much leſſe deſerve or requite the dainties of her youth, ſo that truth muſt heere needs implore this diſpenſation for mee of modeſty, to affirme that his chiefeſt power was deſire; and his beſt performance but luſt towards her, for whiles every night, as ſoone as he comes to bed to her, he falls to his ſleepe; ſo poore young Gentlewoman ſhee turnes to her repentance, wiſhing (from her very heart and ſoule) that her husbands bed were her grave, and that her Nuptialls had beene her funerall. A thouſand times every day and night ſhee accuſeth her Fathers crueltie and (with bitter ſighes and teares) as often condemneth her owne levity and inconſtancy for conſenting thereunto. Shee can neither honour or love her husband, or rather not love him becauſe ſhee ſo tenderly loves the perſon, and honoureth the memory of *Moroſini*. Thus whiles *Palmerius* retaineth and enjoyeth our *Imperia* in his bed, no leſſe doth ſhee her *Moroſini* in her heart, ſo that the firſt hath only her body, but the ſecond wholy her minde and affection, the ſorrowfull conſideration and remembrance whereof, doth ſo torment her heart and perplexe her minde, that ſhee proteſteth publikely to her ſelfe, and privatly to all the world, that there is no calamity equall to hers, nor no miſery comparable to that of a diſcontented bed. Thus being as much a maid as a wife, and yet more a Nunne than a maid, ſhee makes ſpirituall bookes her exerciſe, ſolitarineſſe her paſtime, her chamber her chappell, and her cloſſet her Oratory to pray to God to forgive her Fathers cruelty, and her husbands indiſcretion towards her, as alſo her owne inconſtancy and treachery towards *Moroſini*, which foule ingratitude and crime of hers ſhee cannot remember but with extreame griefe, nor once thinke of, but with infinite ſhame ſorrow, and repentance. Although this her old husband *Palmerius*, bee ſo amorous and kinde to her, and ſo tender of this his faire young wife, that hee leaves no coſt unbeſtowed on her; aſwell in rich apparell, as chaines

and

and Iewells, wherein the Ladies and Gentlewomen of *Italy* chiefly pride themſelves. But this was not the content and felicity which our *Imperia* deſired becauſe deſerved; becauſe her freſh youth, and her husbands feeble and frozen Age, caſt her heart on other oppoſite conceits, and her minde on other different contemplations.

Whiles thus *Bondino* and *Palmerius* as much rejoyce as *Imperia* mournes and grieves at this her unequall and diſcontented match, and *Moriſini* confidently relying on the firme affection & conſtancy of his *Imperia* made his ſtay in *Alepo*, ſome 10. months longer than his promiſe to her. He at laſtled by the ſtar of her beautie and his owne affection to her, leaves *Turkie*, and (in company of his conſtant old friends *Aſtonicus* and *Donato*) ſets ſaile for *Italy*, and purpoſly puts in with their ſhip into *Ancona*, where they and hee are no ſooner arrived, but *Mercario* finding him out, entertaines him with the welcome of this ſorrowfull newes, that his Miſtris *Imperia* is now in this Cittie of *Ancona*, and married to old *Signior Palmerius*, whereat *Moroſini* infinitely grieves and *Aſtonicus* and *Donato* much wonder. He is ſtricken at the heart at this ſorrowfull newes, and (too too ſoone for him) believes it with as much affliction as admiration. By this time likewiſe is *Imperia* advertiſed of his and their arrivall, whereat ſhe ſeemes to drowne her ſelfe in a whole deluge of teares; yet not for ſorrow but for joy of his arrivall. He imployes *Mercario* to her to grant him a private viſit, the which moſt joyfully the next night ſhee doth in her owne houſe, her old husband being in bed and ſnoring faſt a ſleepe. At *Moriſini's* firſt ſight and entrance into her chamber (where ſhee all alone privately ſtayes for him) ſhee throwes her ſelfe on her knees at his feet, and with ſighes, teares, and bluſhes begges his pardon for her unconſtancy in marrying *Palmerius*, the which ſhee no way attributes to his long ſtay, but rather to her fathers cruelty and her owne misfortune. *Moroſini* is as joyfull of her ſight as ſorrowfull of this her errour, and ſo will not permit her to kneele, becauſe hee ſees and knowes, and alſo aſſureth her, that ſhe is ſtill the Goddeſſe of his heart and affection. Hee takes her up in his armes, and there embraceth and freely pardons her, and ſo they reciprocally ſpeake each to other in the ſweet language of love, I meane of kiſſes, ſighes, and teares, with the laſt whereof, they againe and againe, bedew and waſh each others cheekes, as if love had made them far more capable to ſigh than ſpeake, and to weepe than ſigh: Here their old affections revive, and flame forth a new with more violence and impetuoſitie. Shee hath no power to deny him any thing, no not her ſelfe. For as he ſweares to live her ſervant, ſo ſhe conſtantly vowes to live and dye his handmaid, and that his will ſhall ever bee her Law, and his requeſts in all things her commands. Heere his heart beates for love, and her breſt pants for joy. For as he promiſeth her, that ſhee ſhall bee his ſole and only love; ſo ſhee willingly) forgets her ſelfe ſo farre, as ſolemnly to proteſt to him, that hee ſhall bee more her Husband than *Palmerius*, when with many embraces and kiſſes, they for that night part.

The next morning *Moroſini* and his two conſorts *Aſtonicus*, and *Donato* (by the feigned way of a rejoycing complement) doe viſit his young Miſtris *Imperia*, and her old husband *Palmerius*, who (more out of his owne goodneſſe than their deſerts) bids them all moſt kindly and courteouſly welcome. They congratulate with him for this his happy match with *Imperia*, for which, old *Palmerius* reſpectively thanks them, but he knowes not what dangerous ſnakes lurke under the greene leafes of this their pretended faire courteſie. As for

his Wife *Imperia*, shee is so reserved in her comportment, and so coy in her carriage towards them, that (according to the custome of *Italy*) her Husband can hardly perswade or cause her to see and salute them, the which at last shee faintly and feignedly performes, rather with an eye of disdaine than of respect. They all see the young Wife with love and pity, but looke on her old Husband with contempt and envie; yet *Morosini* then and there in stealth sees *Imperia's* heart in her eyes, when in counterchange, she knowes his heart by his enamoured lookes and countenance: So *Palmerius* (being as innocent as aged) having discoursed with them about their voyage, and about *Turkie* and *Constantinople*, and courteously prayed them to be no strangers to him and his house, whiles the contrary winds kept them here in *Ancona*, which they readily and thankfully promise him, they for this time take leave each of other, *Astonichus* and *Donato* highly applauding the beauty of *Imperia*, and *Morosini* infinitely condemning and contemning the simplicity and age of her old Husband *Palmerius*.

But this is not all, for that very after-noone *Morosini* (out of the intemperate heat and passion of his love) by a confident messenger sends to pray *Imperia* to meet him at three of the clocke in her Garden, which was a pretty way distant from her house, the which shee joyfully grants him; and here it is where they meet, and where I am enforced to say, that in the pavillion or banquetting house of this Garden, these our two youthfull lovers (after a thousand sweet kisses and embraces) first received each of other those amorous delights and pleasures, which modesty will not, and chastity and honesty cannot permit mee to mention, as also for that these pils of sugar are most commonly candide in bitter wormwood and gall, and but too frequently prove honey to the palate, but poyson to the heart and soule.

And here in this her Garden (I say againe) was the very first time and place where our faire *Imperia*, who was so famous in *Loretto* and *Ancona* for her piety and chastity, forgetting the first, made shipwracke of the last, and where of a Gentlewoman of honour, shee lost her honour, by committing this her beastly sinne of sensuality and Adultery. When the winds, which were contrary to *Morosini's* voyage, proved so favourable and propitious to his lustfull desires, that he thinks of nothing lesse than of his returne to *Venice*, nor of any thing so much as of his stay here in *Ancona*, with his faire and sweet love *Imperia*; who likewise finds lesse content and pleasure in the company of her Husband *Palmerius* than she hoped for, and now farre more in her deare friend *Morosini* than she either dreamt or expected: In which triviall regard, and sinfull consideration, shee (in a manner) abandons the first, and gives her selfe wholly over to the will and pleasure of the second, and so turning the custome of these their lascivious daliances into a habit, and that into a second nature, both in her Garden, and her owne house, shee very often (both by day and night) commits this bitter-sweet sinne of Adultery with *Morosini*, whereof a subtill young Nephew of *Palmerius*, of some eighteene yeares old, who was his sisters sonne, and termed *Richardo*, takes exact and curious notice, and once among the rest hee peeps in at the key-hole of his Aunts chamber doore, and there sees her and Seignior *Morosini* on the bed together, and in no lesse familiarity than was requisite, or could be expected betwixt his Unkle her Husband *Palmerius* and her selfe; whereupon secretly envying and hating her, because he was afraid shee should beare away all, or at least the greatest part of his said Uukles Estate and wealth from him, (who for want of chil-

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dren, hoped that he therefore should be his adopted heire) he therefore malitiously beares the remembrance of this object & accident in his mind, with an intent, that when occasion should hereafter present the report and knowledge thereof to his said Unkle, might justly cause him wholly to heave and raze her out of his good opinion & affection. As for *Morosini* and *Imperia*, they (notwithstanding all this) doe still strongly endeavour to bleare the eyes of her Husband *Palmerius*, who (thinking his wife to be as chaste as faire, and rather a *Diana* than a *Lais*) out of his good nature doth sometimes in his house feast *Morosini*, and his two Consorts *Astonicus* and *Donato*: But they will prove pernitious and fatall guests to him, for ere long we shall see them require this hospitality and courtesie of his, with a prodigious and treacherous ingratitude. In which meane time all *Ancona* resounds of the great expence and profuse prodigality of *Morosini*, and his two associates, for they here revell it out in the best Tavernes and companies of the City, and not onely exceed others, but also themselves, in the richnesse and bravery of their apparell, but most especially *Morisini*, whose apparell is every way fitter for an Italian Nobleman, than a Venetian Merchant. Our lustfull and lascivious *Imperia* is never well contented or pleased but in his presence, and her Husbands absence; and here to relate the truth of her heart, *Morosini* is more her Husband than *Palmerius*, or rather *Palmerius* is but the shadow, and *Morosini* the essentiall substance of her Husband, and therefore (I desire the Reader to know and remember) that in that regard and consideration I have purposely entituled this History not to be of *Palmerius* and *Imperia*, but of *Morosini* and *Imperia*.

Morosini, *Astonicus*, and *Donato* (in their lodging and chambers) have many times many private speeches and conferences, what pity it is that so sweet and faire a young Gentlewoman as *Imperia*, should (by the constraint of her unkinde and cruell father) thus bee clogged and chained in mariage to so old a dotard as *Palmerius*, (for a more favourable Epithite their vanity and folly could not afford to give him) and *Morosini* (in the dumbe eloquence and Logicke of *Imperia's* sighs and teares) apparantly beleeves that (in her heart and soule) she infinitely desireth and wisheth that *Palmerius* were in Heaven, and himselfe now her Husband here on earth in his place: He reads as much in her looks and countenance, and is therefore confident that her heart and ambition aspire to no sweeter earthly felicity. Hee hath not lost his wit in his affection, nor wholly drowned his judgement, either in the fresh Roses and Lillies of her beauty, or in the resplendent lustre of those sparkling Diamonds and starres, her eyes. He knowes that his Estate is farre inferiour to his birth and extraction, and yet that his prodigalities and expences (both in *Turkie* and *Italy*) are farre superiour and above his Estate: He would faigne (therefore) finde out the meanes to beare up his port, and consequently to preserve his reputation with the whole world, the which he esteemes equall to his life, if not above it. Hee knowes that *Imperia* is already more his Wife than her Husbands, and is very confident that he can make her apt for any impression, and capable of any designe, which may advance his owne fortunes, and confirme both their contents, whereunto conjoyning the sweetnesse of her beauty, the excellencie of her feature, and the exceeding great wealth of her old Husband, hee adding all these considerations together, they here weigh him downe to Hell & Satan, by terminating his thoughts and fixing his heart upon this hellish resolution, to send him speedily to Heaven in a bloudy winding sheet; and no other charitable thought, or Christian consideration

can divert him from this inhumane and bloudy project, neither can hee possibly reape any truce of his thoughts, or peace of his heart, before hee have attempted and finished it.

To which end, the very next night that he lay and wantonized in bed with his *Imperia* (for God knowes her old Husband lay but seldome with her) and finding her extraordinarily to sigh, hee layes hold of this advantage, and opportunitie, and very earnestly demands of her what ayles her, whereat her tongue then fled to her heart, because her heart was then flying from God to the Divell, so shee continues her sighing, but is still mute and returnes him no answer. Till at last *Morosini* suspecting that in her which his hopes desired, and his desires hoped for, then I say what his demands could not obtaine of her his kisses doe, when swearing him to secresie, shee) after many farre fetcht sighes) tells him; that shee loves him so deerly and tenderly, as for his sake shee either wisheth her selfe in her grave or her husband *Palmerius* in Heaven which is the sweet musique and melody that *Morosini* expects, and which to his unexpressable joy hee now receives from her, when paying her the principall and interest of this her deerest Love and affection towards him, with many kisses; he passionately intreates her, that shee will imploy him to finish this pleasing tragedy, but shee is againe mute hereat, and therefore hee againe more earnestly entreates her to conferre this favour on him; Who then taking counsell of her Lust, and of Hell, shee grants his first request herein with silence, but his second with a free and cheerefull consent. When as two wretched and bloody miscreants) they reciprocally sweare secresie herein each to other, as also that they wil speedily, dispatch him, and so in a very short time after marry each other & no longer live in *Ancona* but in *Venice*. But what a fatall, what a hellish contract was this, which they equally confirme aswell with oathes as kisses, and how at one time do I pitty both their youth & folly, and hate their obscene affections each to other; and their foule crimes unto God herein. They cannot content themselves with lust but with blood, for they are so resolutely inhumane and impious, as they will needs adde murther to adultery, as if one of these two foule sinnes were not enough sufficient to make both of them wretched in this life, if not miserable in that to come; but the Devill is so strong with them as they vow to advance, and disdaine to retire in the perpetration of this deplorable businesse; So from the matter they proceed to the manner hereof. *Morosini* proposeth poyson, but *Imperia* rejects this his opinion, as being dangerous both in the procuring, and administring When she propoundeth to have him stifled by night in his bed, to the which after two or three pauses and considerations, hee will and freely consenteth. So heereon they both doe finally agree and resolve. But because *Morosini* knowes his *Imperia* to be a wise and weake woman, and therefore fitter for counsell than execution, and himselfe alone peradventure not strong enough (with safetie) to performe it without some other mens assistance, he therefore tells her that hee will likewise engage his faithfull friends and companions *Antonio* and *Donato* hereiti. But *Imperia* is extreamely against it, as grounding her apprehension and feare upon this Maxime. That as one is more capable and proper to keepe counsell then two, so consequently are two than foure. But when (in answere hereof) he vowes and sweares to her that they they are no lesse his faithfull friends and servants than hee hers; then (with much alacrity and joy) shee yeelds thereunto, so they confirming this their agreement with many oathes, and sealing it with a world of kisses

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hee leaves this his faire ſweet-heart in bed, and at breake of day departs from her, and ſo hies him home to his owne Lodging to his two companions *Aſtonicus* and *Donato*, who (the premiſes conſidered) doe perfectly know, at what midnight Maſſe he hath beene, what ſhrine he hath viſited, and what Saint adored and prayed to.

Some three houres after they all call for their breakfaſts, the which as ſoone as they have taken and ended, (for ſtill as yet the winde is contrary for them to ſet ſaile for *Venice*) *Moroſini* prayes them forthwith to walke with him up to the *Domo* (or Cathedrall Church) of that Cittie which ſtands over it on a high rockie Hill, and there proudly lookes up toward the Mountaines of *Loretto*, and *Recagnati*, and downe to the azurd plaines and valleyes of the Adriatique Sea (whereon *Boreas* rings his Northerne peales, and *Neptune* danceth his Southerne Lavolta's.) So here in this famous Church, (which was built for offering up religious prayers to God, and not for making up bloody conferences and contracts to, and with the Devill) *Moroſini* firſt acquaints them with this buſineſſe, and with his, and his *Imperia's* moſt earneſt prayers, and affectionate requeſts for their aſſiſtance therein; Sith the life of her old doating Husband was no leſſe their affliction and miſery, then this his death would infallibly prove their proſperity, triumph and glory, becauſe ſhee was formerly contracted to himſelfe, long before hee marryed her: which ſhee was enforced and conſtrained to doe through the cruelty and tyrannie of her Father. Now as their needs not many good words and perſwaſions to baſe hearts, and polluted and prophane ſoules, who of themſelves are already diſpoſed to wickedneſſe, and prepared to ſinfull actions. So (becauſe of *Moroſini's* old friendſhip and familiarity of *Imperias* beauty, and her old Husband *Palmerius* his exceeding great wealth and riches) theſe two graceleſſe wretches *Aſtonicus* and *Donato* doe cheerefully promiſe *Moroſini*, the very utmoſt of their poſſible powers for the accompliſhment heereof, whereon they all three doe there ſolemnly and interchangeably give their hands and oathes as alſo for eternall ſecreſie. Which done they returne to their Lodging; and at dinner (when they had purpoſly ſent away their Servants, as alſo thoſe of the houſe) they in very great glaſſes of *Albania* wine, doe on their knees drinke healths to the proſperitie of this their intended great buſines: The which after dinner *Moroſini* (with much ioy) fully relates to his *Imperia*, and ſhee (for her part) underſtands and receives it from him with no leſſe delight and exhileration. When being (as ſtrongly ſeduced & provoked by their lacivious deſires, as they were meerely propagated and engendered by the Devill who was the firſt and ſole Author thereof, impatient of all delayes, they conclude to finiſh this buſineſſe the ſecond night after, which (as I have beene credibly informed in *Ancona*) was the very Eve of the purification of the bleſſed Virgin *Mary* ſo famous and famouſed in *Loretto*, and hereon theſe our two luſtfull and lewd Lovers *Moroſini* and *Imperia* doe give and take exact and curious directions each from other, both of the houre and the manner thereby the better to diſpatch it, with leſſe danger and more aſſurance and facilitie; And they are ſo laſcivious in their wiſhes, ſo vaine and prophane in their hopes, ſo cruell and inhumane in their deſires, and ſo fierce and bloody in their reſolutions, as they thinke every houre an age before they ſee it effected.

All this while our innocent and harmeleſſe old *Palmerius*, albeit hee have the will but not the power to pleaſe his young wife *Imperia* by night, yet by day (yea and almoſt every day) hee hath both the power and will to beſtow

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ſome rich gifts and preſents on her, and to raine downe ſhowers of Gold into her lap, as *Iove* did to his faire *Danae*, and as one way hee held it his felicity to gaze & contemplate on the excellency of her pure beautie, ſo againe he made it his delight and glory to ſee her flant it out in rich and brave apparell, and alſo to provide her the moſt rareſt Viands and dantieſt dyet that gold or ſilver could procure. But poore *Palmerius* (all this coſt and courteſie of thine to thy Wife notwithſtanding) I am enforced to write with equall pitty to thee, and ſhame to her, little doſt thou conceive or thinke, what a dangerous Cockatrice or pernitious Viper thou harboureſt in harbouring her in thy Houſe, thy Bed, thy Boſome.

The diſmall night being now come, which theſe foure execrable perſons have deſigned and deſtined for the finiſhing of this deplorable buſineſſe. It is no ſooner twelve of the Clocke by *Moroſini's* watch, but hee with *Aſtonicus* and *Donato* (with their Rapiers and Piſtols without any light) iſſue forth their Lodging, and preſently trip away to *Palmerius* houſe, where (according to promiſe) they find the ſtreet doore a little open and *Imperia* (as a fury of hell) there readie to receive them, when although it were a time and place farmore fitter for them to tremble than kiſſe; yet ſo fervent is the fire of *Moroſini* & *Imperias* laſcivious and furious affection; as they cannot yet refraine from giving each other one, or two at leaſt. When leaving *Donato* (with his Rapier drawn) cloſe within the doore, to guard and make it good againſt all oppoſing and intervening accidents, *Moroſini* leades *Imperia* by her right arme, and *Aſtonicus* by the left, and ſo for the more ſecuritie (purpoſely) leaving their ſhoes below with *Donato*, and drawing on wollen pumpes, they all three aſcend the ſtaires when ſhee with wonderfull ſilence) firſt conducts them to her owne Chamber (which was ſome two diſtant from her (Husbands) where the windowes being cloſe ſhut, and a ſmall waxe candle burning on her table, and her prayer booke by it wherein (ſtill expecting the houre of midnight) ſhee ſilently read whiles the Divell held the candle to her, ſhee there gives each of them a pillow to worke this damnable fact, having ſilently given ſuch order, that her Husbands Nephew *Richardo*, and all the Servants of the houſe, were gone to bed above three houres before: Thus this treacherous Shee-Devill *Imperia* (for I can no more tearme her a woman, much leſſe a wife, and leaſt of all a Chriſtian) is the fatall guide to bloody *Moroſini* and *Aſtonicus*, who brings them firſt to the doore of her old Husband *Palmerius* his Chamber, which ſhee had purpoſly left a little open, and then to his bed, who is deeply and ſoundly ſleeping in his innocency towards them, as they were but too too wide waking in their inveterate malice againſt him, ſhee keeping the doore, and *Moroſini* ſtanding by one ſide of the bed and *Aſtonicus* by the other, they there in regard of his impotency and weakeneſſe) doe eaſily ſtifle him to death, not ſo much as ſuffering him either once to cry or ſcreech, and then to make ſure worke, they ſpeedily and violently thruſt a ſmall Orenge into his mouth, thereby the better to cover and colour out this their villany to the world in making all men beleeve, that it was *Palmerius* himſelfe, who had put that Orenge into his owne mouth thereby purpoſely to deſtroy himſelfe, when leaving his breathleſſe body in his bed, they ſecretly iſſue forth the Chamber and ſhee drawes faſt the door after her, and ſo deſcends with them down the ſtaires to the ſtreet doore, where with much triumphs ioy, and thankes betweene them all; *Moroſini* giving his *Imperia* many kiſſes, and ſhee deſiring them all three immediately to repaire to their Lodgings, and not to ſtirre

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thence till they heare from her, which ſhe promiſeth *Moroſini* ſhall be as ſoone as conveniently and poſſibly ſhee can, they depart home. When ſhe firſt ſoftly bolting the ſtreet doore, and then her owne chamber doore, ſhee preſently (with much ſecurity and no repentance) betakes her ſelfe to her bed, where (vilde wretch that ſhee is) ſhee no more wakes for griefe at the life, but now ſleepes for joy at the death of her old doating Husband *Palmerius*. But wee ſhall not goe farre before we ſee God convert theſe her triumphes into teares and this her falſe joy into true miſery and confuſion for the ſame, The manner thus.

Whiles *Moroſini*, *Aſtonicus*, and *Donato*, doe in their lodging for joy of this their bloudy fact, carowſe the remainder of the night, and the next morning keepe their beds till nine of the cloke, without once thinking of God or heaven, or of fearing either Hell or Satan. *Imperia* putting an Angells face on her divelliſh heart, goes (according to her accuſtomed manner) about ſixe of the clocke in the morning away with her waiting maid, and her prayer booke and beades in hand to heare Maſſe at Saint *Francis* (which is the gray Fryers) Church neere to the Iewes Street, with an intent to ſtay there in her Oraiſons till paſt eight. But let the reader judge with what a prophane zeale, and prodigious and impious devotion ſhee doth it, as alſo farther know, that God who is the great Iudge of Heaven and Earth (in his ſacred Iuſtice) is now reſolved to bring this lamentable murthering of *Palmerius* to detection and light and to proclaime and publiſh it to the ſight and knowledge of the world by a way no leſſe ſtrange than remarkeable.

Within leſſe than halfe an houre that *Imperia* went away to Maſſe to Saint *Francis* Church, an Innekeeper of *Loretto* who dwelt there at the ſigne of the Crowne named *Antonio Herbas*, arrives there in *Ancona* to *Palmerius* houſe with a letter for him from his Father *Bondino*, who ſpeaking with his Nephew *Richardo*, hee delivereth and ſendeth up the Letter to his Vncle, who then opening the latch of his chamber doore, he no ſooner entereth but with his foote hee ſtumbles at a paire of rich gloves, which taking up and knowing them to belong to *Seignior Moroſini*, becauſe ſome two or three daies together he had ſeene him weare them, he with a ſmile claps them into his pocket, and ſo giving his Uncle the good morow, he advanceth up to his bed to deliver him this Letter; When withdrawing the curtaines he (contrary to his expectation) findes him dead, and well neere cold in his bed with a whole ſmall Orenge in his mouth, wherat he makes ſo lamentable and ſorrowfull an outcry, that the noiſe thereof brings up two Servants of the houſe to enquire and know what the cauſe thereof might be. Who being likewiſe ſad ſpectators of this their maſters ſodaine and unfortunate death, they conceieve and beleeve, that hee had voluntarily ſtopped his owne breath, and deſtroyed himſelfe by putting this Orenge in his mouth, and that his face being blacke and ſwollen, was only his owne ſtrugling for life againſt death; which opinion of theirs in common ſence and reaſon was probable enough, if God had not here reſolved to diſprove it, in verifying and making apparant the contrary. For *Richardo* (who was of a pregnant wit, and of a ſharpe and quicke apprehenſion) conſidering that theſe were *Moroſini's* gloves which hee found there in his Vncles chamber; And his memory now telling his heart what laſcivious daliances and obſcene embraces and familiarity his eyes had lately ſeene and known between him, and his Aunt *Imperia*, as alſo that God heretofore prompted and informed his ſoule, that they both had an equall ſhare and hand

hand in this lamentable murther of his Uncle, and that it was farre better for him justly to ruine her now, then she unjustly to begger him hereafter. Hee therefore (with teares in his eyes) prayes the Servants to stay a little while in the Chamber with his dead Vncle till his returne; and then with those gloves in his pocket, and this letter in his hand) hee speedes away to the Podestate (or criminall Iudge) of this Cittie named Seignior *Londovicus Ceranno* and in a passionate and sorrowfull speech makes him know as much as himself knowes of this lamentable murther of his Vncle *Palmerius*, for the which hee strongly chargeth *Morosini* and his said Aunt *Imperia* to bee the Author and Actor, and so craves Iustice on them both for the same. This grave personage is very sorrowfull at this lamentable accident, and likewise at this relation and accusation of *Richardo*, aswell for the manner thereof, as for the qualitie of the persons who he heares, and feares are interested herein, when walking a turne or two deeply contemplating hereon in his chamber, he sits himselfe down in his Chaire, and then (bidding *Richardo* approach neerer to him) he seriously demands of him these foure Questions. First if he were assured that these were *Morosini's* gloves, to which *Richardo* answered he perfectly knew them to bee his, for that hee had seene him weare them three or foure severall times. Secondly, where *Morosini* was lodged in that Cittie, whereat he replyed that he and his two associates *Astonicus* and *Donato*, lay at the signe of the ship upon the Kaye; Thirdly, where he thought his Aunt *Imperia* now was, whereat he tells him, shee is now in Saint *Francis* Church in her devotions, and fourthly what letter that was which hee held fast sealed in his hand, when hee also informed him, that this was the very same Letter, which hee formerly told him of, the which Signior *Bandino* (the Father to his Aunt *Imperia*) sent to his Vncle this morning from *Loretto*, by an Innekeeper of that Towne named *Antonio Herbas*, whom he said hee had brought along with him to affirme so much, the which being called up before the Podestate, hee upon his corporall oath did so, when the Podestate taking that Letter from *Richardo*, and breaking up the seales thereof, hee findes it to speake this language.

BONDINO TO PALMERIVS.

IT was a sensible griefe to me, when I first heard of Morosini's *arrivall from* Turkie *to* Ancona; *But farre the greater, when I since understand of his long and lingring stay there, and to write thee the truth of my heart, my thoughts by day, and my dreames by night doe still prompt and assure mee, that as it is likely hee will attempt some thing against the Chastity of thy wife my Daughter, so it is not impossible for him likewise to plot somewhat against thine owne life, for by Nature and inclination I feare he is very malitious and revengefull. If he depart speedily to* Venice, *then burne this Letter in* Ancona (*which I now send thee there by my Neighbour* Antonio Herbas) *But if he farther protract his stay there, then speedily bring thy selfe, and thy wife away to me here in* Loretto; *where my House shall be a Sanctuary for her, and a Castle and Cittadel for thy self: Sleight not this my carefull, and tender advise to thee, but rather resolve with confidence, that as God gave it first to my heart, so from my Heart I most affectionately now send it to thee.*

BONDINO.

The Podestate being ascertained of all these Evidences, from the confession of *Richardo*, the gloves of *Morosini*, the Letter of *Bondino*, and the acknowledgment of *Herbas*, although hereupon hee verily beleeves that *Palmerius* was stifled

ſled in his bed by his Wife *Imperia* and her lover *Moroſini*, yet (as a wiſe Iudge and a prudent magiſtrate) hee will informe his knowledge of one important point more, for the better diſquiſition and vindication of the truth of this deplorable buſineſſe. Hee will not ſend any ſubordinate Officer, but a priuate friend of his to the Hoaſt of the Ship upon the Key, where *Moroſini* lodged, whoſe name hee now knowes to bee, *Stephano Fundi*, and that (in favour of a cup of Wine) hee ſhould courteouſly allure him home to his houſe and preſence, the which that friend of his performes, where the Podeſtate then told him, that hee hath beene informed by divers, that hee is an honeſt man, and therefore in friendly ſort hee prayes him to anſwer him the truth of three demands which he ſhall make unto him. Firſt if *Moroſini* and his friends *Aſtonicus* and *Donato* lay in his houſe all the laſt night, or if not, when they went abroad, and at what houre returned. When *Fundi* (performing his duty & reverence to the Podeſtate) tells him, that they all three went forth of his houſe together the laſt night with their Rapiers without any lights, a little after twelve of the clocke and returned home againe a little before two as neere as hee could gueſſe. Secondly, the Podeſtate ſhewes him the gloves, and askes of him if he thought theſe were *Moroſini's* to the which he anſwered, he did aſſure himſelfe they were, for that he had many times ſeene him weare them. Thirdly he enquires of him if he knew where *Moroſini*, *Aſtonicus*, and *Donato* now were; whereunto he made anſwer, that after they came home to his houſe the laſt night, they merrily carowſed and dranke in their Chamber till ſixe of the clocke in the morning, that they then went to their beds, and there as yet, they all lay ſoundly ſleeping. The Podeſtate having thus happily cleered all theſe rubs he makes no doubt they were the murtherers of *Palmerius*, and therfore reſolves ſpeedily to lay ſure hold of them all. But hee is ſo ſolid and wiſe in his adminiſtration of juſtice, as he will adde ſubtiltie to his power, and diſcretion to his authority. Firſt therefore in friendly manner he confines *Fundi* to a chamber here in his owne Houſe to prevent that hee ſhould not returne home to tell tales to *Moroſini* and his aſſociates. Then hee preſently ſends away two of his owne Sonnes who were gallant young Gentlemen, named *Seignior Alexandro* and *Thomaſo Ceranno* (who were ignorant of all this matter) with his coach to Saint *Francis* Church, and when they there ſee the faire Gentlewoman *Imperia* to iſſue forth, then in courteous manner not to faile to bring her away in coach with them to his Houſe, under pretext and coulour that the Lady *Honoria* their mother doth deſire to ſee and ſpeak with her, and that ſhe will pleaſe to paſſe one houre with her in her garden, with whom, and where ſhe (by the way of viſits) had formerly ſometimes beene. Theſe two young Gentlemen (in obedience to their fathers commands) drive away to that Church, and preſently eſpie *Imperia* on her knees who now riſeth and goes forth, they follow her, and in the ſtreet with their hats in their hands do preſent their Lady Mothers requeſt and errand to her, as wee have formerly heard. *Imperia* knowing them to bee the Podeſtates two Sonnes, ſhee at firſt is ſo infinitly perplexed, grieved and amazed hereat. Yea ſhee is hereupon vexed and tormented in ſo ſtrange a manner, that with much perturbation of mind, ſhe now (through her foule and guilty conſcience) looks pale for ſorrow, and preſently red againe for ſhame, ſo that in the turning of a hand, and twinckling of an eye ſhee exchangeth the Lillies of her cheekes into Roſes, and thoſe Roſes as ſoone againe into Lillies. But then (fearing her danger leaſt when ſhee had all the reaſons of the world both to doubt and feare it moſt) conſidering that

the Podestate and the Lady his wife were her kinde and honourable good friends, and had now sent their coach for her, as also observing the faire carriage, and courteous language of these two her young sonnes towards her. Shee then (being blinded by the Devill) doth so wholly forget both her crime and her danger, her judgement and her selfe, that rejecting her feare, and composing her countenance to a modest cheerefullnesse, she willingly obeyes the mothers commands, and accepts of the Sonnes courtesie and so goes along home with them in their Coach, where being arrived. These two young Gentlemen, doe usher and conduct her up to the gallery, where not the Lady their Mother, but the Podestate their father, (accompanied with two other grave Officers of Iustice attend her comming. Their very first sight is sufficiently capable to daunt her courage with feare, and to transpierce her heart and soule with sorrow; When the Podestate calling her to him, hee with a sterne countenance gives her this thundering peale for her goodmorrow and breakefast. That hee is sorry to see that so faire a Gentlewoman as her selfe, should harbour and enshrine so foule a heart. That her good old Husband *Seignior Palmerius* is this morning found stifled to death in his bed with an Orenge in his mouth, and that he both thinkes and assures himselfe, it is done by her, and by her bloody Ruffian and Enamourato *Morosini*, for the which he saith he is constrained (in honour to justice) to make her Prisoner to the Pope his holinesse, his Soverainge Lord and Master, wherat this false Hipocrite *Imperia* (with a world of sighes and teares cries out and tells him, that she left her old Husband *Palmerius* in perfect health in his bed this morning, that therfore shee hopeth and trusteth in God hee is not murthered, or if hee bee, that it must needs bee done by his wretched Nephew *Richardo*, who impatiently gaped and hoped for his great wealth and riches, or else by some Devill in his shape, of his seducing and hiring him therunto. That *Morosini* is not her Ruffian or Enamourato, but a brave marchant by his profession, & an Honorable Gentleman of *Venice* by birth and extraction, and that shee dares pawne her life for his that they are both of them as innocent of this foule crime, as the infants who were borne but the last night, and that shee hath farre more reason to weepe for the death of her husband, than any way to feare her owne life, because shee knowes that God is the defender of innocents, and the protector of the righteous, with many other passionate and sorrowfull speeches conducting and looking that way; but these her speeches and teares cannot prevaile with the Podestate, for both hee and his two collegues doe yet firmely beleeve that shee is guilty of this inhumane murther; So he imprisoneth her in a chamber of his owne house for that day, and intends at night to send her to the common Goale of that Citty. Now as shee is led along betwene two Ushers (or Serjeants) through a lower roome, where all the Podestates Servants and some few others of the Citty were flocked thither to see her passe by, shee infinitly more caring for her *Morosini's* life, and fearing his death than her own, it is her chance to espy *Mercario* (whom we have formerly understood shee sent with her Letters to him to *Constantinople* and *Aleppo*, and knowing that the Serjeants would then difficultly permit her to speake with any of the company, shee amidst her teares bethinkes herselfe of a pretty policy; for as shee past close by *Mercario*, shee purposly lets fall her gloves and wet handkerchiefe for him to take up, the which he doth; and as hee was stooping to effect it, shee secretly and swiftly rounds him in his eare thus. I pray goe instantly upon the Kaye to *Morosini's* lodging, and tell him that I am a prisoner

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in the Podestates house, for the businesse hee knowes of, and therefore that he (and *Astonicus* and *Donato*) doe speedily provide for their safety; as also that if I had a thousand lives I would willingly lose and sacrifice them all for to preserve his, and that I will live and dye his most loving friend and faithfull handmaide; the which as soone as shee had uttered, shee is imprisoned in a darke Chamber: where shee hath none but her guilty conscience, the bare walles, and the two Serjeant for her miserable comforters; and yet here (thinking to breath and draw some hope among all her dispaire and sorrowes) she praies one of the Serjeants to report her humble service to the Lady *Honoria* the Podestates Wife, and to pray her to oblige and honour her so much as to see and speake a word with her. But she having beene informed by the Iudge her husband that he absolutly held and believed her to be the murtherer of her own Husband *Seignior Palmerius*, shee was too Honourable to grant *Imperia* this courtesie, and therefore (in detestation of her foule fact) highly disdained to afford her this charitie and consolation, and so flatly denies either to see or speake with her.

And now doe the Podestate, and his two Colleagues sit and debate in councell with themselves, how and in what manner to surprise *Morosini*, *Astonicus*, and *Donato*, for although they are not sure, yet by their absence the last night from their lodging with *Morosini* they thinke that they two are Accessaries with him herein; First, they are of opinion to seize on their ship, which is at anchor in the Roade, termed the Realto of Venice (a name I thinke derived and taken from the marchants Exchange of that city tearmed the Realto, or else from the Realto Bridge, which (for one Arche) is doubtlesse the rarest, fairest, and richest Bridge of the world) which ship was of some three hundred Tonnes, and bore some twenty peeces of Ordinance, and then presently after to seize on themselves in their Lodging. But upon more mature deliberation, they resolve to abandon this their opinion, and so to seize on their persons, but not to arrest or make stay of their Ship and although their zeale to justice, and hast for their apprehension be very great, yet *Mercurio* out of his respects to *Imperia* and affection to *Morosini* tripped on through the by streetes and neerest way to the Key so swiftly, as hee had allready secretly related him and his two consorts the sorrowfull newes which *Imperia* sent them by him. Whereat with feare in their hearts and courages, and amazement in their lookes and countenances, they all three leape from their beds to their swords, discharge their Inne, packe up their Trunckes and bagage and resolve with all possible speed to flie to their ship, and then if not with, yet against the windes to put into Sea, and for their safetie to leave *Ancona*, and saile for *Venice*. But yet here *Morosini's* heart is perplexed with a thousand Torments to understand of his *Imperia's* eminent and apparant danger, and with many Hels in stead of one to see that hee must now thus sodainly leave her deere sight and company, which hee every way esteemes no lesse then either his earthly felicity, or his Heaven upon earth. But here againe violently called away by the importunate cries of *Astonicus* and *Donato*, and yet farre more by the consideration of his owne proper feare and danger; *Mercurio* is no sooner stollen away from them, but they all three with their swords drawne rush downe the stayres with equall intents and resolution to exchange their Inne for their Ship, and thereby to metamorphose their danger into security; But they shall see that these weake and reeling hopes of theirs will now deceive them. For they finde all doores of their Inne lockt within side, and surrounded and beleagured

leagured without, with many armed Serjeants, Soldiours, and Citizens for their apprehension: And although *Morosini*, *Astonicus* and *Donato*, were so inflamed with their youthful bloud and courage, as they were once generously resolved to sell their lives dearely, and with their Pistolls, and Swords to prefer an honourable to an infamous death, yet being farre overmastered with numbers and therefore enforced to take a Law of the stronger; Whereunto they the sooner hearken and consent, in regard the Serjeants and officers doe politickly cry out to them, and pray them to yeeld, as affirming that to their knowledge their resolution and feare doth far exceed the danger of their offences. They make a vertue of necessity, and unlocking the doores of their In and chambers do cheerfully yeeld up their persons, pistolls and swords to the Popes Officers of Iustice, who as soone conveigh them all three to the common prison of that Citty, which was the same wherein our not so sorrowfull as unfortunate *Imperia* was already entred, and where to her unexpressible griefe, and *Morosini's* unparalel'd affliction & disconsolation, such exact charge was given of the Podestate, and such curiousheed observed and taken of the Goaler, that he could not possibly be permitted either to see or speak with her, or she with him, the which indeed they conceived to be farre more sharp than their crime, and infinitly more bitter than the consideration either of their feare or danger.

Now the newes of these lamentable Accidents being speedily posted from *Ancona* to *Loretto*, our *Imperia's* cruell Father *Bondino* no sooner is ascertained thereof. But seeing his sonne in law *Palmerius* murthered in his bed, and his wife and his own only daughter *Imperia* (with her Ruffian *Morosini* and his two consorts) to be imprisoned as the Authors, and actors thereof, hee for the love hee bore to her life and the tender pitty and sorrow hee felt of the infamy of her approaching death, sodainly falls sicke, and dies; Whereof his imprisoned Daughter *Imperia* understanding, shee (in regard of his former severity towards her) is so much passionate, and so little compassionate as shee rather rejoyceth than lamenteth at it; Onely shee prayes God to forgive his soule of that cruelty of his in enforcing her to marry *Palmerius*, which shee knowes to bee the the originall cause, and fatall cloud from whence have proceeded all these dismall stormes of affliction, and tempests of untimely death, which shee feares must very shortly befall both her selfe, and her second selfe *Morosini*.

Whiles thus *Astonicus* and *Donato* grieve at their hard fortune and danger, and *Morosini* and *Imperia* doe reciprocally more lament and sorrow for their separation then for their imprisonment, and that the Podestate and other officers of Iustice of *Ancona* are resolved first to informe the Pope, and then to expect his holinesse pleasure for the arraignment, and punishment of these foure prisoners, it pleased God, exceedingly to visit the towne of *Loretto*, and especially the Cittie of *Ancona* with the Plague, wherof many thousands in a few moneths were swept away, so by speciall commission and order from Rome, they (in company of divers other Prisoners) are conveyed to the citty of *Polegnio*, two small dayes journey from *Ancona* and there to be arraigned and tried upon their lives and deaths; At which time as they past by the old, little, Citie of *Tolentino* where I then (in my intended travells towards Rome) lay upon my recovery of a burning feaver; When I say the nature of their crimes, and the quality of their persons made my curiosity so ambitious, as to see and observe them in their severall chambers of the Inne where they that night lay which was at the signe of the Popes armes, as for *Astonicus* and *Donato* I found them

them to be rather sad than merry: *Morosini* to be farre more merry then wise, and *Imperia* to bee infinitly more faire than fortunate, and all of them to bee lesse sorrowfull for their affliction and danger, than for the cause thereof.

Within three houres of their arrivall to *Foligno* they are all foure convented before the two criminall Judges, who are purposly sent from Rome thither, and are there, and then severally charged with this foule murther of stifling to death the old *Signior Palmerius* in his bed when all and every one of them apart doe stifly deny. Notwithstanding that *Fundi* the hoast, and *Richardo* the Nephew, give in evidence of strong presumption against them, and also notwithstanding of *Morosini's* gloves and *Bonsino's* letter written to his Sonne in law *Palmerius*, and delivered by *Herbas* as we have formerly understood. But these two grave and prudent Iudges, yet strongly suspecting the contrary, they will not be deluded with the airy words, and sugred speeches and protestations of their pretended innocency, but consult between themselves what here to resolve on for the vindication of this truth; So at last they hold it expedient and requisite first to expose *Astonicus* to the torments of the Racke, the which (hee being a strong and robustuous man) hee endureth, with a firme resolution and constancy every way above himselfe, and almost beyond beliefe, and still confesseth nothing, but his innocency and ignorance of this deplorable fact, whereof the Judges resting not yet satisfied, they within an houre after adjudge *Donato* to the tortures of the Scarpines, who being a little timbred man, of a pale complexion and weake constitution of body, his right foote no sooner feeles the unsufferable fury of the fire, and his tormentors then confidently promising him all desired favour from his Iudges if hee will confesse the truth, but after some sorrowfull teares, and pittifull cries hee fully and amply doth, and in the same manner and forme, as in all its circumstances we have formerly understood. The which when the Iudges heare of, they cannot refraine, first from admiring and wondering thereat, and then from lamenting that personages of their ranke and quality should bee the Authors and Actors of so foule and lamentable a murther, especially of this faire Gentlewoman *Imperia* to her owne good old husband *Palmerius*. Now by this time also are *Morosini*, *Imperia* and *Astonicus* acquainted with this fatall confession and accusation of *Donato* against them for this murther, whereat they do infinitely lament & grieve, because they are thereby perfectly assured that it hath infallibly made them all three liable, and obnoxious to death, as also for that their supposed firme friend *Donato* proved himself so false a man, and so true a coward to be the cause therof, wherin they so much forget themselves, as they doe not once thinke, and they will not therefore remember, that the derection of this their foule murther proceeded immediatly from Heaven, and originally from the providence and justice of the Lord of Hostes.

The very same after noone, the Iudges send for *Morosini*, *Imperia* and *Astonicus* to appeare before them in their publike tribunall of Iustice, where they first acquaint and charge them with *Donatos* confession and accusation against them for murthering of *Palmerius*, whereat they are so farre from being any way dismayed or danted, as they all doe deny, and refell his accusation, and so in high tearmes doe stand upon their innocency, and justification. But when they see *Donato* brought into the court in a chaire, (for his fiery torments of the Scarpines, had so cruelly scorched, and pittifully burnt away the flesh of the sole of his right foote almost to the bone that he was wholly unable either to goe or stand) and that they were to be confronted face to face with him, as

also

alſo they being alſo hotly terrified and threatned by the Iudges with the torments of the Racke and Scarpines, then God was ſo gratious to their hearts and ſo mercifull to their ſoules, that they looking mournefully each at other, ſhee weeping, and they ſighing, and all of them diſpairing of life, and too perfectly aſſured of death, they all confeſſe the whole truth of this foule fact of theirs, and ſo confirme as much as *Donato* had formerly affirmed of this their bloody crime of murthering *Palmerius* in his bed; when one of theſe two reverend and grave Iudges, immediately thereupon doe condemne them all foure to be hanged the next morning at the common place of execution of that cittie: although *Donato* becauſe of his confeſſion hereof (in vaine) flattered himſelfe that he ſhould receive a pardon for his life; So they are all ſent backe to their priſon from whence they came, where all the courteſie which the importunate requeſts of *Moroſini*, and the inceſſant ſighes and teares of *Imperia* an obtaine of their Iudges is that they grant them an houre of time to ſee, converſe, and ſpeak one with the other that night in priſon, in preſence of their Goalers, and ſome other perſons before they dye. When *Moroſini* being guided towards her chamber, ſuch is the weakeneſſe of his religion towards God: and the fervency (or rather the exorbitancy) of his affection towards her, that as he paſſeth from chamber to chamber, he is ſo far from once thinking much leſſe fearing of death, as he abſolutely beleeves he is going to a Victory, and a triumph, here *Moroſini* with a world of ſighes throwes himſelf into his *Imperia's* neck & breſt; and here *Imperia* with a whole deluge of teares embraceth and encloyſtereth her *Moroſini* in her armes, when after a thouſand kiſſes, they beg pardon one of another, for being the eſſentiall and actuall cauſe each of others death, and doo enterchangeably both kiſſe and ſpeake, ſometimes privately, and moſt times publikely before the ſpectators, that if thoſe reports be true which I firſt heard therof in *Tolentino*, next in *Foligno*, and laſtly in *Rome*, I ſay to depaint and repreſent it at life in all its circumſtances, I ſhould then begin a ſecond hiſtory, when I am now on the very point and period to end the firſt, neither in my conceit is it a taske either proper for me to undertake or pertinent for my pen to performe, becauſe (to ſpeak freely and ingeniouſly) I hold the grant and permiſſion of this their amorous viſit & enterview in priſon before they dye, to be every way more worthie of the pittie than of the gravity or piety of their Iudges. If therefore I doe not content the curioſitie, I yet hope I ſhall ſatisfie the judgement of my Chriſtian Reader, here briefly to ſignifie this their limited houre is no ſooner paſt, but to the ſharpe affliction of *Moroſini*, the bitter anxiety of *Imperia*, they by their Goalers are ſeparated and confined to their ſeverall chambers, where (by the charity of their Iudges) they finde two Friers and two Nuns attending them, to prepare their ſoules for Heaven, and in a leſſe vaine, and a more ſerious and religious conference to entertaine both their time, and themſelves, from an Earthly to the ſpeculation and contemplation of a divine and heavenly love, as alſo from them to *Aſtonicus* and *Donato*.

But before I proceed farther, Wee muſt underſtand, that the two Fryers have not been with *Moroſini* and the two Nuns with *Imperia* above an houre, But by the two Iudges there is a cheife ſubordinate Officer of theirs ſent to priſon to tel *Imperia*, that her Uncle *Seignior Alexandro Bondino*, a great Senator and famous Iudge of *Rome*, hath obtained her pardon of this preſent Pope *Vrban* the eighth. But ſhee is not of glad of this newes, as ſhee is then curious to enquire if her *Moroſini* bee likewiſe pardoned, ſo the Officer tells her no, and

that

that hee abſolutely muſt ſuffer death, then ſhee weepes farre faſter than ſhee rejoyceth, and affirmes that ſhee will not live but dye. The Iudges ſend for her, and perſwade her to live, but ſhe begges them as importunately to give *Moroſini* his life, as they doe her to accept and receive her owne. They tell her they have not the power to grant her the firſt, and ſhe replies, that ſhee then hath not the will to embrace and entertaine the ſecond. They acquaint *Moroſini* herewith, who by their order and by their ſelves doe ſtrongly perſwade her hereunto, but her firſt anſwer and reſolution is her laſt, that ſhee will accept of no life if he muſt dye, neither will hee refuſe any death conditionally that ſhee may live to ſurvive him. The two Friers and two Nunnes uſe their beſt Art and Oratory to perſwade her hereunto, but they meet with impoſſibility to make her affection to *Moroſini*, and her reſolution to her ſelfe flexible hereunto. Her life is not halfe ſo pretious to her as is his, for if ſhee had many as ſhee hath but one, ſhee is both ready and reſolute to loſe and ſacrifice them all for his ſake, and would eſteeme it her felicity that her death might redeem and ranſome his life. The Judges (out of their goodneſſe and charity) afford a whole day to invite and perſwade her hereunto, but ſhee is ſtill deafe to their requeſts, and ſtill one and the ſame woman, deſirous to live with him, or conſtant and reſolute to dye for him. Therefore when nothing can prevaile with her, becauſe dye he muſt, ſo dye ſhee will; to the which ſhee cheerefully prepares her ſelfe, with an equall affection and reſolution, which I rather admire than commend in her.

So the next morning they are all foure brought to the place of common execution to ſuffer death. Where *Donato* is firſt lifted up to the Ladder, who being fuller of paine than words ſaid little in effect, but that he wiſhed he had either died in *Conſtantinople* or *Aleppo*, or elſe ſunke in the ſea before he came to *Ancona* and not to have here ended his daies in miſery and infamy. The next who was ordered to follow him was *Aſtonicus*, who told the world boldly and plainly, that hee cared leſſe for his death than for the cauſe thereof, and that hee loved *Moroſini* ſo perfectly and dearely, that he rather rejoyced than grieved to dye for him, only he repented himſelfe for aſſiſting to murther *Palmerius*, and from his heart and ſoule beſeeched God to forgive it him, and ſo he was turned over. Then *Moroſini* aſcends the Ladder clad in a haire coulour ſattin ſute and a paire of crimſon ſilke ſtockings, with garters and roſes edged with ſilver lace, being ſo vaine in his carriage, action, and ſpeeches, as before hee once thought of God, hee (with a world of ſighes) takes a ſolemne leave of his ſweet heart *Imperia*, and with all the powers of his heart and ſoule prayes her to accept of his life, and ſo to ſurvive him. He makes an exact and godly confeſſion of his ſinnes to God and the world, and yet nevertheleſſe hee is ſo vaine in his affection toward *Imperia*, as hee takes both to witneſſe, that had hee a thouſand lives he would cheerefully loſe them all to ſave and preſerve hers. As for *Imperia* ſuch was her deere and tender affection to him, as ſhe would faine look on him, as long as he lives, and yet ſhe equally deſires and reſolves rather to dy than to ſee him die, and becauſe ſhe hath not the power, therefore ſhe turnes her face and eies from him, and will not have the will to ſee him dye; When he having ſaid his prayers and ſo recommended his ſoule into the hands of his Redeemer, he is alſo turned over.

Now although our *Imperia* bee here againe and againe ſolicited by the Iudges, Friers and Nuns to accept of her life, yet ſhe ſeeing her other ſelfe *Moroſini* dead, ſhee therefore diſdaines to ſurvive him; ſhee hath ſo much love in her heart,

heart, as she now hath little life, and lesse joy in her lookes and countenance. Shee ascends the Ladder in a plaine blacke Taffeta Gowne, a plaine thicke set Ruffe, a white Lawne Quayfe, and a long blacke Cypresse vayle over her head with a white paire of gloves, and her prayer booke in her hands. When beeing farre more capable to weepe than speake, shee casting a wonderfull sad and sorrowfull looke on her dead lover *Morosini*, after many volleyes of farre fetchd sighes shee delivers this short speech to that great concourse of people who from Citty and Country flocked thither to see her and them dye.

Good People: I had lived more happy and not dyed so miserable if my Father *Bondino* had not so cruelly enforced mee to marry *Palmerius* whom I could not love, and to leave *Morosini*, whom in heart and soule I ever affected a thousand times deerer than mine owne life, and may all fathers who now see my death, or shall hereafter heare or reade this my History bee more pittifull and lesse cruell to their daughters by his Example. I doe here now suffer many deaths in one to see that my deere *Morosini* is dead for my sake, for had hee not loved mee deerly and I him tenderly he had never died for mee, nor I for him, with such cheerefullnesse and alacrity as now we doe. And here to deale truly with God and the world, although I could never affect or fancy my old husband *Palmerius*, yet now from my heart and soule I lament and repent that ever I was guilty of his innocent and untimely death, the which God forgive me, and I likewise request you all to pray unto God to forgive it me. And not to conceale or dissemble the truth of my heart, I grieve not to dye, but rather becaus I have no more lives to lose for my *Morosini's* affection and sake. I have and doe devoutly pray unto God for his soule, and so I heartily request and conjure you all to doe for mine. Thus I commend you all to happy and prosperous lives, my selfe to a pious and patient death in earth, and a joyfull and glorious resurrection in Heaven, when signing her selfe often with the signe of the crosse, she pulls her vaile downe over her face, and so praying that she might be buried in one and the same grave with *Morosini*, she bad the executioner performe his office, who immediatly turnes her over.

And if reports be true. Never three young men, and one faire young Gentlewoman died more lamented and pittied then they. For *Morosini* died with more resolution than repentance, and *Imperia* with more repentance than resolution; thus was their lives, and thus their deaths. May wee extract wisdome out of their folly, and charity out of their cruelty, so shall wee live as happy as they died miserably and finish our daies and lives in as much content and tranquillity as they ended theirs in shame, infamy, and confusion.

GODS

GODS REVENGE, AGAINST THE CRYING AND Execrable sinne of Murther.

History XXVII.

Father Iustinian *a Priest, and* Adrian *an Inne-keeper, poyson* De Laurier, *who was lodged in his house, and then bury him in his Orchard; where a moneth after a Wolfe digges him up, and devoures a great part of his body; which father* Iustinian *and* Adrian *understanding, they flie upon the same, but are afterwards both of them apprehended and hanged for it.*

WHeare our hearts are given to Covetousnesse, and crueltie, there is little signe of grace, and therefore lesse hope of our prosperity either in this life, or the next; For those are sinnes which so eclipse our judgments, and obscure and darken our Vnderstandings, that we thereby runne blindefolded, and headlong to all misery and confusion, and make our estates so desperate, that we shall not deserve to be pitied of others, because wee would neither pitie nor compassionate others, or which is worse our selves. A deplorable example whereof, this ensewing History will present to our knowledge and consideration, in the persons of two execrable wretches which did wilfully cast away themselves, and their lives upon foule and enormous motives. May we religiously reade it to the information of our Consciences, the reformation of our lives.

A Rich Gold-smith of *Dijon* (the Capitall City of *Burgundie*) named Monseiur *De Lanier*, aged of some threescore yeeres or upwards, having bin at *Franckford Marte*. and there sold many Iewells, Bracelets, and chaines of Pearle, for the which hee had there received some 1700 Crownes; as hee re-

turned homewards with all that great summe of money, converted into double pistolls, which hee carried behind him in his cloake bag and some remaining Iewells; and in a private leather girdle next to his body; It chanced that he fell sicke on the way, whereof finding himselfe ill and weak, and therefore both unwilling and unable to travell, hee got into a poore Countrey Taverne upon the high way, some five leagues off from the towne of *Salines*, where he tooke up his Lodging for that night, and there three other marchants who were in his company (whereof one was of *Auxone*, and the other two of *Troyes* in *Champagne*) very unkindly forsooke him, and left him alone to himselfe; His sickneſſe that night increasing (which gave him much paine and little rest) he not liking his lodging, and fearing himselfe not safe there; the next morning takes horse, and very softly rides towards *Salynes*, where hee arrived about some two of the clocke after dinner and went into the very first Inne which he met, at the extreamest end of the Town, at the signe of S. *Denis*, whereof the Hoast of the house was named *Adrian*, and his wife *Isabella*, they were both of them about some forty yeeres old, very short of stature, and weake of constitution of body, he of a cole blacke countenance, but she faire and of a palle white colour, as for him hee was of a dissolute life and carriage, extreamly given to wine and women. He was of poore Parentage and borne to no means at all, but shee was well descended, and brought him at least two thousand Crownes to her portion in marriage, the which hee had prodigally wasted, and deboshedly spent and squandered away, in following of his vitious riots and obscene pleasures and prodigalities: As for her she was of a modest carriage and of a vertuous disposition and inclination, so that by Antitheſis I may well averre and affirme, that his base Vices made her sweet Vertues the more apparant and conspicuous, and her vertue his vices to all that knew them Shee made Chastity and Piety to bee the two sweet ornaments and Iuncall vertues of her life, yea to be the Elixar of her life, and the life of her soule. It was therefore an extreame griefe to her heart, and a matchleſſe torment to her minde, to see the sordid actions and humors of her Husband, as being every way more capable to pitty than to remedy them. Shee grieved to see how because hee would not serve God, shee could not serve him, and therefore that hee had vitiously spent so much, as now in a manner hee had almost nothing more left to spend. The sight and knowledge whereof drownes all the pleasures of her life, insomuch as shee could sacrifice to nothing but to Sorrow and Repentance, and that which grieved her most and worst of all was to see that hee disdained her advise and counsell, and that hee was so far from reformation, as his vices grew and encreased with his yeares: and had now not only taken up a habit but a second nature in the perversity of his lewd actions and affections. All the Lillies of her joyes and the Roses of her content were turned into thornes of griefe, and briers and thistles of her vexation, insomuch as shee was farre more able to sigh than to speake forth her Calamities and miseries. He loved not his house, and which was worse he hated her company, yea his estate was so miserable, so deplorable, as hee never conversed with God in prayer, and very seldome frequented his Church, the Service or Sacraments, and to shew himselfe the more prophane he hated all Priests and Preachers of Gods holy word and ordinances, and loved none so well as his riotous and roaring companions, the very bane of the heart, and the true poyson and contagion of the soule.

And into this house, and to this vicious Hoast *Adrian*, is our sicke *De Laurier* entred,

entred, for the end of his ſickneſſe, and the recovery of his health; and I write rather with teares than inke, that it was impoſſible for him to have entred into a worſe; but ſuch was his fate, ſuch his misfortune. He likes the carriage of *Iſabella* his Hoſteſſe, farre better than the countenance or condition of *Adrian* her Husband; but as his diſeaſe gives him no truce, ſo conſequently he can give no peace to his patience. He grieves to be ſicke in an unknowne place, and among ſtrangers, but farre more to be ſo farre off from his owne houſe, and from his onely childe and ſonne *Leonardo*, whom hee loves farre dearer than himſelfe. It is another affliction to him, that his money and ſome jewels are here, and not at his home, and if his judgement faile him not, he ſuggeſteth to himſelfe, that the ſight and knowledge thereof may engender him farre more danger than ſecurity; but hee conceales and diſſembles that, farre better than he can his ſickneſſe, for he puts his little Casket wherein it is, under his head and bolſter. Hee cauſeth *Adrian* his Hoaſt to bring him a Phyſitian, named *La Morte*, who ſeeing his water, and feeling his pulſe, tels him he is very dangerouſly ſicke of a burning Feaver, the which to prevent, hee lets him bloud two ſeverall dayes following, and then gives him farre more hope than deſpaire of his health: But all this notwithſtanding, *De Laurier* finds himſelfe very weake, and his ſickneſſe rather much to increaſe, than any way to diminiſh. As for *Iſabella*, according to the lawes of hoſpitality (which ought to be unviolable to all the world) ſhee tends him with much reſpect and diligence, and in a word, performes the part and duty, both of a good Hoſteſſe, and of a good woman: But for her Husband *Adrian*, his thoughts and reſolutions runne another contrary courſe and Carriere; for hee imagining *De Laurier* to bee rich, doth therefore verily hope and pray that hee may ſpeedily die in his houſe, or elſe hee hath already ſwapt a bargaine with the Devill, to murther him, thereby to make up the breaches and ruines of his poore and totteri g eſtate. He finds it a worke not onely of difficulty, but of impoſſibility, to know what rich ſtuffe hee hath in his Casket and Cloak-bagge, becauſe hee ſtill keeps it under his pillow; and yet gathering and wreſting from him, that hee is a Goldſmith of *Dijon*, and that hee came now from *Franckford* Mart, he therefore beleeves that he hath ſtore of Gold and Jewels about him. His poverty and his covetouſneſſe gives the ſwitch to the Devill, and the Devill gives the ſpur to him, to raiſe his uncharitable contemplation into bloudy actions, and his thoughts and reſolutions as ſo many lines, runne to terminate in this one onely Centre, which is that of *De Lauriers* death. He ſets his wits and invention on the Tenter-hooks, to diſcover this imagined *Indies* but he finds him to be as cautious and ſecret in concealing, as hee himſelfe is curious to bewray it. Hee purpoſly keeps all company from him, and will not ſo much as permit his Phyſitian or Apothecary to ſpeake a word with him, but hee will ſtill bee preſent to heare and underſtand it. Hee with oylie words and ſilken ſpeeches, pryes into his deepeſt ſecrets, and purpoſly endevoureth to inſinuate and ſcrew himſelfe into his familiarity. But *De Laurier* doth rather feare than love him, and ſo eſteemes the revealing of his Gold to be the accelerating of his danger, to which end, with many colourable excuſes and evaſions, he puts him off the knowledge thereof. But hee is ſo miſerable to ſee his miſeries approach, becauſe the violence and impetuoſity of his Feaver doth every way advance, no way retire; and now it is that his hopes of the recovery of his health doe fade, not flouriſh, and rather quaile than proſper. Hee reſolves to bee as Religious as hee is ſicke, and therefore

prayes his Hoast *Adrian* to bring him a Priest to give him the Sacrament; *Adrian* performes his request, but brings him a Priest named father *Iustini n*, of his owne humour and complexion, and who loves Whores and Wine, better than he doth either Heaven or God; so this unspirituall Father gives him the extreame Unction, and prepares him for his journey and transmigration from Earth to Heaven. His continuall vanities and prodigalities hath likewise made him poore, so being equall with *Adrian* both in Vice and Poverty, he is likewise equall, and sympathizeth with him in hope and desire to repaire his Indigence, and to enrich himselfe by the supposed treasure and death of *De Laurier*. But as this deboshed Priest is malitious in this his policy, so he is also polititike in this his malice, for imagining that *Adrian* levels and aimes with him at the same Butt and marke; he dares, but yet will not acquaint him with his bloudy purpose, to contract a hellish league and confederation with him, for the violent dispatch, and inhumane and untimely dispeeding of him away from Earth to Heaven. Whiles thus *De Lauriers* sicknesse and weaknes encreaseth, and his Priest and *Adrians* covetousnesse begins wholly to weigh downe their soules and resolutions to hasten his deplorable death; as the Priest is ready to breake his minde to *Adrian*, how and in what manner they should finish and compasse this bloudy businesse, *Adrian* contrariwise, yea, and directly contrary to the rules of Nature, and Lawes of Grace, breaks his minde hereof to his vertuous and Religious wife *Isabella*, whom he seeks to draw in as an Actor in this mournfull, and as an Agent in this cruell Tragedy. He is as graceleese, as impudent in this foule and fatall attempt of his; for he sets upon her with the sweetest speech, and smoothest perswasions, that either Art could suggest, or the malice of the Devill invent or dictate to him, and therein ever and anon, leaves not to conveigh and distill in her minde, yea, and to imprint in her memory their fore-past wealth, their present poverty and misery, and the undoubted great riches of Gold and Jewels which *De Laurier* had with him, in that (as formerly we have observed) he very carefully day and night kept his Casket under his pillow, and in a hellish eloquence represents unto her the facility of this fact, either by Ponyard or poyson, adding withall, that the danger thereof would infallibly die with him, with a thousand other damnable alluring speeches, conducing and looking that way, which I am farre more inclinable to silence than expresse: But wretched Villaine, and execrable miscreant that hee is, hee speaks not a word, no not a syllable of God or his Justice, of Heaven or Hell, or of the foulnesse of that fact, or the just revenge and punishment incident and due thereunto.

His vertuous wife *Isabella* is amazed and astonished at this bloudy and inhumane proposition of her Husband, and all trembling, with sighs and teares, receives it from him with no lesse true affliction and sorrow, than he delivered it her with cruelty and impiety. Her cheeks were as red for shame, as his were pale with envie thereat; when God infusing as much goodnesse into her heart and tongue, as Satan had cruelty into his soule and resolutions, she fell on her knees to his feet, and with her eyes and hands erected towards Heaven, delivered him this vertuous and Religious speech; That it was with infinite griefe and amazement that shee understood this his bloudy position to her, which he knew she could derive from none but Hel and Satan: She represents to him (with much griefe and passion) that as punishment is ever the reward of sinne, so that of all sinnes murther was the foulest, and the most perni-

tious and diabolicall. She tels him farther, that covetouſneſſe is the root of all miſchiefe, that for her part ſhe is as thankfull to God, as he is diſpleaſed with himſelfe for their povertie, and that ſhee would ever chooſe rather to live in want, than to dye in ſhame and miſery, and which is worſt of all either to live or dye in the horrours and terrours of a guilty and ulcerated Conſcience. That it is a prophane and prodigious impiety to violate the lawes of Hoſpitality, but a fearefull, yea a horrible crime, to kill any one under our owne roofe, and who (in the right of humanity and chriſtianity) comes to us for ſhelter and protection. When riſing againe from her knees, ſhee takes him about the neck and (bedewing his cheekes with her teares) conjures and prayes him, by the remembrance of her youth and beautie, which had formerly beene ſo deere and pretious to him, by the memory of their ſixteene yeares ſweet cohabitation and converſation together in the holy Eſtate of Wedlocke, yea for his owne ſake, for his ſoules ſake, and for Gods ſake, that hee would defie this divell, which thus with his two bitter ſweet pills of Covetouſneſſe and Murther mocked and ſought to betray him: and that therefore (in the name and feare of God) hee would henceforth reſume, and put on a conſtant and religious reſolution, no more to ſeduce her, or to ſuffer himſelfe to bee ſeduced by the Devill in imbruing their guilty hands in the innocent blood of this honeſt and harmeleſſe Goldſmith *De Laurier*, whom God hath now made their gueſt and Lodger; In doing whereof (quoth ſhee) the ſame our ſacred Lord and God, (in his due time) will bee gratiouſly pleaſed to encreaſe our eſtate and means and to bleſſe our povertie with plenty. But her Husband *Adrian* (as a moſt wretched Villane takes this godly refuſall and deniall of his Wife in ill part, and in requitall and conſideration thereof, henceforth lookes on her with a ſquint eye, I meane with an eye rather of contempt and envie than of affection; But at board, and bed, yea day and night he haunts her as a ghoſt, and never leaves purſuing of her with his prophane and importunate ſolicitations to draw her conſent to the acting and perpetrating of this bloody buſineſſe; But God ſo well aſſiſted her minde and thoughts, with the grace of his holy Spirit, and ſo divinely fortified her heart and ſoule with his ſacred feare, that her Husbands ſweet perſwaſions could not gaine, nor his threats or menaces obtaine any thing of her but ſtill ſhee anſwered this murtherous requeſt of his, ſometimes with religious refuſalls, and then againe with paſſionate and peremptory denialls, and therefore the more that ſhee ſees her Husband bent to maligne and hate *De Laurier*, the more devoted and reſolute ſhee is to reſpect and tend him, ſtill bearing a curious, a carefull, and a vigilant eye over him during all the time of his ſickneſſe to ſee that no diſaſter whatſoever might befall him in her houſe

Adrian miſſing of this his purpoſe and deſire in his Wife hee is yet ſo haſtie and violent in this his bloody malice towards *De Laurier*, that meaſuring of Father *Iuſtinian* the Prieſt, by himſelfe, and finding a conformity in their deboſhed vices and inclinations, hee the ſooner hopes to finde a ſympathy in their affections and reſolutions, and therefore although hee bee a Prieſt, yet knowing him to bee extreame poore, hee therefore the more eaſily beleeves, that the hope of Gold and Silver will act wonders with him, and make him act wonders for the obtaining thereof.

Upon theſe hopes, and this confidence, hee delayes no time, but on a Munday morning repaires to his houſe, and after their morning cups, telling him he hath a ſecret of great importance to reveale him, he takes him into a little

Grove

Grove of Walnut Trees, behinde his house and there (swearing him to secresie) reveales him this his bloody businesse, where this vitious Priest *Iustinian*, in hope of *De Lauriers* wealth needed no great labour or industrie to be drawn to make one in this deplorable Tragedy. For had not *Adrian* now opened it to him, such was his insatiable thirst and desire of gold though with bloud, that the next day he was fullie resolved to doe it to him, so he freely consents to him herein, and sweares to assist and second him in murthering of *De Laurier* and the tye and condition of this their hellish bargaine is, that what gold, silver, or jewells they shall finde him to have, they will instantly after his death equally divide and share betweene them; and hereunto like two bloody hell-hounds, they enterchangeably give hands, and solemnly sweare each to other. Now from the matter of this their bloody designe and resolution, they proceed to the manner and time thereof, but they then are prevented therein, For Father *Iustinians* little Boy which was accustomed to answer him at Masse comes thither hastily and with his little wine pot on his finger tells him, that there were many persons who stayed for him before the Altar on their knees and earnestly enquired for him to say Masse, whereupon they both referre the conclusion hereof to the very next morning, and in the very same place and Grove, but at least an houre sooner; So away goes *Adrian* home to his house, and away likewise trips Father *Iustinian* with his Surplesse under his arme and his Breviary (or Matines booke) in his hand to the Church, where every one may imagine what a prophane sacrifice, his bloody heart and hands offereth up to the Lord.

They this night thinking of nothing but of gold and blood, in the morning they (impatient of all delayes) come at the aforesaid time and place of their rendezvous where they presently fall to their former consultation of the manner and time of murthering *De Laurier*, first, they propose to stabbe him in his bed to death, but this they reject, because the blood would appeare in the sheets, bed, and chamber; So they resolve to poyson him, and to this end *Adrian* buies the poyson and Father *Iustinian* will give and administer it to him in a wafer or *Agnus Dei*, the which hee is sometimes accustomed to give him in his sickneese; But here father *Iustinian* suggesteth another doubt; and proposeth another designe, which is that *Adrian* must likewise draw in his wife *Isabella* to make one in this bloody conspiracy and murther, or else hee alleadgeth that it can never bee safe for them to attempt or effect it; *Adrian* answereth him that hee hath heretofore with his best power and art sought to seduce his wife hereunto, but that hee finds it wholly impossible to draw her to this consent: But father *Iustinian* will yet make another tryall and experiment on her himselfe, so hee and her Husband *Adrian* set afresh on her, to allure her to bring at least her consent, if not her hand to the murthering of *De Laurier*. But our sweet and vertuous *Isabella* is still one and the same woman, for shee heares these bloody speeches and perswasions of theirs, with infinite discontent and detestation. Shee is too much a Christian to bee so much a Devill to consent to the murther of this honest man; and therfore (with a world of teares and prayers) shee seekes to divert them from it, but especially her Husband, because (quoth shee) the issue thereof will infallibly prove ruinous to them both. They are both much grieved at this her resolute repulse and denial, and yet to make a vertue of necessity, and to cast the better glosse and varnish on their villany, they now falsly seeme to bee diswaded from this murther, by the sight of her teares and the consideration of her requests and

prayers

prayers; Wherfore with a prophane & hellish dissimulation) they tell her, that God by her religious speeches and dissuasions hath now made them wholly to abandon that bloody attempt of theirs against *De Laurier*, as also the very thought thereof, and therefore they conjure her to keepe and sweare secresie herein from all the world, the which she willingly doth. But yet her feare prompts her heart, that this humane conversion, and religious resolution of theirs is only false and faigned, as every way savouring more of dissimulation than truth. In which regard shee feares with suspition, and suspects with doubt, that no lesse than honest and innocent *De Lauriers* life, lies now at the stake of their bloudy malice and envie.

Here Father *Iustinian*, and *Adrian* (to make smooth and cleere work) do conclude and resolve that *Isabella* must bee speedily removed from *Salines* to some place in the countrey without once seeing or speaking with *De Laurier* when a favourable occasion seconds their damnable intents, and desires herin: for now there is unexpectedly brought them word, that her owne old Father who dwelt some foure leagues off from *Salines* is very sicke and not like to live; Whereupon *Adrian* presently dispatcheth away his wife *Isabella* to him, and with her their Servant maide *Graveta*. But before her departure shee is desirous to see *De Laurier*, and to take her leave of him; but her Husband will by no meanes permit her; So shee goes from her home, and from him into the Country, with a sorrowfull and a trembling heart, as farre more fearing *De Lauriers* unnaturall death, then doubting of her fathers naturall case. For her heart frames her so many apprehensions, feares, and terrours; that her husband and father *Iustinian* are fully resolved to murther and make away *De Laurier*, as shee absolutely and sorrowfully beleeves, that shee shall never see her more nor she him. Poore *De Laurier* takes his Hostesse *Isabellas* sodaine and unexpected departure from him very pensively and heavily, and far the more in that shee could not bee permitted to see him before shee went. He holds it for a bad presage, and fatall Omen to him, in regard she was as diligent as her Husband distrustfull to him, for that her care and carriage towards him, pleased him as much as his harsh lookes and foule countenance discontented him; and now it is that God first imprints in his heart and thoughts, a fearefull suspition and a suspitious feare, that his Hoast *Adrian*, and father *Iustinian* the Priest have assuredly some dangerous and execrable plot, both against his gold and his life. For hee now sees himselfe reduced to this misery and despaire, that hee can bee permitted to see no body, nor no body to see him, except onely these two. Hee prayes them both, that his Phisition *La Motte* may come to him to conferre with him about the state of his sicknesse, but they maliciously and willfully deny it him, and tell him hee is gone into *France*. This returning answer of theirs doth now very much appale and daunt our sicke and discontented *De Laurier*, so that his feare encreaseth with his sicknesse, and his sicknesse with his feare. Every day and night brings him more cause of despaire, than hope of consolation, and almost every moment hee wisheth his gold and himselfe in *Arles* with his Sonne *Du Pont*, or he heere in *Salynes* with him, to comfort him with his sight and presence. He still conceales his gold and jewells from this Priest and his Hoast, with the greatest art and care hee can, and yet hee thinkes and feares that their jelousie thereof is not onely the foundation, but will also prove the acceleration of his danger, for he very often sees them privatly whispering together and still hee observes some bad signe and and fatall apparition in their lookes and countenances, which infallibly tell him

him that all is not well. And although they yet give him some sweet words and sugred speeches, yet hee notwithstanding the more beleeves that they are candide in wormewood and confected in gall; and that they are no other but false and flattering Sune shines, which portend some ensewing cruel storms and dismall tempests towards him. Once he was minded to write and send to *Dijon* for his Son, but then hee as soone resolves the contrary, as finding it to relish more of danger than discretion, aswell for the matter which his letter might contain, as also for the party who should carry it thither to him. But leave we him a little to his weaknes, and sicknes to his doubts and feares, and to his sorrowes, calamities and perplexities, and come wee againe to speake of wretched *Adrian* his Hoast, and of prophane father *Iustinian* the Priest, to see in what shapes they will come forth to act their bloody parts upon the stage of this History.

They are both of them so inhumane and cruell in their resolution to murther poore sicke *De Laurier*, that neither the consideration of Heaven nor Hell is capable to reclaime or divert them from this their bloody attempt. As fos his hellish hoast *Adrian*, hee is so willfull and hastie in his malice, as hee tels father *Iustinian*, that they delay too long from murthering *De Laurier*, and that it is high time yea more than time for them to dispatch him. But for father *Iustinian* who was no lesse malitious in his subtilty, but yet farre more subtill in his malice towards *De Laurier*. Hee I say maturely considering that it were both a folly and a madnesse for them to murther him before they first knew hee were rich, and that hee had some store of gold about him, hee therefore in sweet tearmes and phrases pathetically adviseth him to write and send for his Sonne *Du Pont*, to come over to visit and comfort him, when likewise the better to guild over his speeches with the more pleasing and palpable shew of affection hee proffereth to ride to *Dijon* himselfe to deliver it him with his own hands. Our poore sicke *De Laurier* taking this Priests kinde advise to him in good part, hee thereupon first thankes him for this his courtesie, but then againe deeming and fearing that it proceeded more from false treachery, than from any true or reall affection to him, hee begins to grow cold therein, and so rather to reject, than embrace and follow that resolution. But at last weighing and considering his sicknesse by his danger, and his gold and jewells by both, as also if he should chance to dye or miscarry there, that his Sonne were then consequently ruined in the losse thereof; Hee thereupon changeth his resolution, and presently resolves to write and send over to *Dijon* for his Son and to that end requesteth Father *Iustinian* to excuse him, and so prayes his Hoast *Adrian* to undertake that journey and businesse, the which hee willingly and cheerefully granteth. Now the rest of that day and the greatest part of the next night *De Laurier* lies ruminating and musing in his bed what he should write to his Sonne, and no lesse doth father *Iustinian* and *Adrian* to thinke and know what hee would write him. The next morning, sixe of the clocke having strucken, *De Laurier* takes his pen and paper, and with a weake and trembling hand writes his Letter to his Sonne: An houre after, *Adrian* comes into his Chamber booted and spurred to receive his commands, whom hee bad to take and ride his owne horse, then gives him foure double pistolls to defray his journey, and so seales and gives him this ensewing Letter, and prayes him and his Sonne *Du Pont* to make all possible speed backe from *Dijon* to him.

De Laurier

DE LAVRIER to DU PONT.

SOme seven weekes since, comming from Frankford *Marte, I fell sicke at* Salynes *where I still lie very weake in body and much discontented in minde in the House of mine Hoast* Adrian *(the bearer hereof) whom I purpose send over to thee, to pray and command thee to come ride hither to me with all possible speed, I have herewith me in gold and Iewells to the vallew of one thousand seven hundred Crownes, and for some private reasons) I feare that neither it nor my life is safe here; Come away with an intent to finde me dead or dying. Conceale this Letter from all the world. Love this Messenger but trust him not; God prosper my Health, and ever blesse thy prosperity.*

DE LAVRIER.

As soone as *De Laurier* had delivered his Hoast *Adrian* this Letter, and he taken leave of him, father *Iustinian* begs leave of *De Laurier* to see *Adrian* take horse. But alas these two lewd Villaines doe deceive his honest hopes, to performe their own treacherous Intents and purposes; For they fly to a low parler, and then locke and bolt the doore to them; where (as if the devill had throwne them on covetousnesse, or covetousnesse on the devill) they hastily breake up the seales of *De Lauriers* letter to his Sonne (which we have already seene and understood) wherein they glut and surfet their hopes with joy of this new desired treasure and discovered *Indyes*, and so they presently sacrifice it to the fire, and wretchedly resolve to make that very same ensuing night to bee the very last of *De Lauriers* time and the first of his eternity. To which end *Adrian* husheth himselfe up privately in his house from the sight of all the world, and especially from *De Lauriers* knowledge and so here he ends his pretended, but not his intended journy to *Dijon*, before he begin it: And hee having procured exceeding strong poyson therewith that night to send *De Laurier* to Heaven whereof giving a little to his great old mastive dog in a peece of bread for a triall he therewith presently fell dead to the ground; he likewise sends away *Thomas* his Ostler a dayes journey into the Country upon some feigned businesse, to the end hee should bee no witnesse of this foule and cruell fact of theirs and then all things being first by the devill, and then by these his two execrable agents prepared in a readinesse; Father *Iustinian* goes up to *De Lauriers* chamber, and treacherously entertaines him with the hope of his recovery of his health, the hast of *Adrians* Iourney, and consequently with the speedy returne of his Sonne *Du Pont* to him from *Dijon*. But I write it with truth and griefe, that *De Lauriers* heart and mind is preoccupated with too many obnoxious apprehensions and feares, and taken up with too much doubt and dispaire to the contrary; For as most sicknesses and diseases are most commonly devanced and preceeded by their symptomes so all that day and all that evening he found a swimming in his head, and his sight obscured and darkened, as if some blacke scarfe, or fatall cloud had been drawn and extended before his eyes. His heart likewise pants, beats and trembles within him, as if it and his senses were in a factious mutinie each with other at this their direfull departure and fatall sequestration. For still his feares and doubts informe him, and his apprehensions and dispaire prompt him that either father *Iustinian* the Priest, or his Hoast *Adrian*, or both of them, had conspired to murther him, the which hee once thought to have revealed to

Father *Iustinian*, but yet againe he dares not, as holding it more folly than discretion, and that it might therefore produce him more danger than safety; he neither can nor will eat any thing that day, and his heart and minde is so incessantly perplexed with feare, that he feares he shall not out-live the next ensuing night: And now indeed comes that sorrowfull and dismall night, wherin these two bloudy Villaines have fully resolved to poyson him, *Adrian* having in a lower roome the poyson ready, and Father *Iustinian* above, almost ready to call for it: Whiles thus the candle in *De Lauriers* chamber burnt dimme and obscure, as disdaining to see, or bee accessary to so cruell a murther; neare about twelve of the clocke of that night hee awakes out of his sorrowfull distracted slumbers, and prayes Father *Iustinian* to give him a little spoonfull or two of warme wine, in a small earthen pot wherein he was used to drinke; when this monster of men rejoycing for this fit opportunity, hee steps forth to his bloudy companion *Adrian*, takes the poysoned wafer from him, and powres the poyson from it into this small blacke pot of wine, and so warmes it a little by the fire in *De Lauriers* chamber, and then gives it to him to drinke, the which he as greedily as innocently doth, whereof, after many strong convulsions and struglings, he within one houre after dieth, having neither the meanes to utter one word, or the power to scritch or cry, and yet for feare and doubt hereof, like two furies, or Devils incarnate of Hell, they with the bed-staves ramme in a great holland towell into his mouth, that he may tell no tales, when God knowes that deadly strong poyson had wrought its operation before, made a full conquest of his life, and given up his soule into the hands of his Redeemer, of whom he had formerly received it.

As soone as these two wretched miscreants have dispatched this lamentable businesse, then they teare off his secret leather girdle full of gold from his waste, and then breake open his Casket which was under his pillow, wherein (before his breathlesse body was halfe cold) they finde this aforesaid great summe of Gold and Iewels, the which they presently divide, and equally share betweene them, when having curiously searched his purse, pockets, doublet and hose, they make a great fire, and immediately burne it all, as also his riding Coat, Casket, and leather Girdle, yea, and his hat, band and cuffes, that no marks might remaine either of it or him, and likewise turne his horse into the open field and hye-wayes, to seeke for the fortune of a new Master; so wise (as they thought) were they in their villany, and so industrious and cautious in this their devillish cruelty and inhumanity. By this time, as the murthered corps of *De Lauries* growes cold, these two Factors of Hell likewise beginne to provide for his buriall; so a little after two of the clocke, they digge a pit in *Adrians* Orchard, next adjoyning to his house, and so giving him no other winding sheet or coffin but his shirt, they secretly and silently carry downe his body betweene them, and there bury him, and to make all things sure, they cover over the pit, or his grave with greene turffes, that no mortall eye might take suspition or notice thereof. This bloudy businesse being thus acted and perpetrated by these two execrable wretches, Father *Iustinian* and *Adrian*, who now surfet in Gold, and wallow in Iewels, they presently dight themselves into new apparell, and costly suits, and then day and night haunt and frequent the Tavernes and Stewes, as if they wilfully meant to drowne themselves in all sorts of ungodly riots, prodigalities and voluptuousnesse, whereof their neighbours, yea, all *Salynes* take exact observation and knowledge, as wondring at the manner, but farre more

more at the cauſe thereof, or from whence it ſhould proceed.

Some three weeks being paſt over, *Adrian* now holds it fit to ſend home for his wife *Iſabella* to *Salynes*, the which hee doth, who much wondring at her Husbands unaccuſtomed bravery, ſhe preſently enquires of him for *Monſieur De Laurier*, as if ſhe had farre more cauſe to doubt and feare of his danger, than any way to aſſure her ſelfe of his ſafety and welfare: When, he putting on a brazen face, and ſteeling and tempering his tongue with equall falſehood and impiety, tels her that hee departed thence ſafe and well ſome ten dayes ſince; that he gave him fifty crowns for the charges of his entertainment and lodging, and for a token of his love, had likewiſe left her and Father *Iuſtinian*, to each of them twenty other Crownes in Gold: But his wife *Iſabella* out of her goodneſſe and piety) deeming theſe ſpeeches of her Husbands to be as falſe as fatall, and verily ſuſpecting and fearing, that he (with the aſſiſtance of Father *Iuſtinian*) had ſent that harmleſſe good old man to an untimely death and grave; ſhee burſts forth into immoderate ſighs and teares, as ſuſpecting all was not well, yea, fearing nothing more, and beleeving nothing leſſe, than that which hee affirmed to her herein. He proffers her the twenty Crownes in Gold, but (good vertuous woman) ſhe fearing it to bee the hire and price of innocent bloud, her tender conſcience is too prevalent, and her harmleſſe heart and ſoule too powerful with God to accept therof, and therfore ſhe refuſeth it with as much diſdaine and diſcontent, as he endeavoureth to give it her with affection and deſire. And that the Reader may the more fully be informed of her integrity and charity herein, I mean to the preſent memory and well wiſhes of abſent *De Laurier*, whom ſhe ſilently feares is for ever abſent, both from this life & this world; ſhe never goes into the chamber where he lay ſicke, but ſhe ſacrificeth ſome ſighs to ſorrow in his behalfe, and her imaginary apprehenſion of his death, makes her mournfully conceive, that either ſhee ſtill ſees his living picture, or his dead ghoſt and repreſentation, ſuch was her charitable care of him, ſuch her Chriſtian feare for him.

We have ſeene this deplorable and cruell murther committed on the harmleſſe perſon of old *De Laurier*, by theſe two members of Satan, *Adrian*, and Father *Iuſtinian* the Prieſt, and if the truth deceive not my hopes, wee ſhall not proceed much farther in this their Hiſtorie, but we ſhall ſee Gods juſt Iudgements miraculouſly to reſplend and ſhine forth in his puniſhments on them for the ſame: For I may properly tearme murther and puniſhment to be Individuals and Companions, in regard the one followes the other, as the ſhadow doth the body, as the firſt derives its originall from Satan, ſo doth the ſecond from God, towhom (in a language of bloud) it ſtil cries for reſtauration and ſatisfaction. But nevertheleſſe God is as ſecret as ſacred in diſpoſing of the manner and time thereof, and in ordaining by whom, when, and how he will afflict and execute it: It is no falſe axiome in Philoſophy, but a true tenent and maxime in Divinity; *That God who made all things, ſees and governes all things, and that nothing can be concealed from the eyes of his ſacred Power and divine Providence*: All the foure Elements are the miniſters of his juſtice, yea, Men and Angels, the Sunne, Moone, and Starres, the fowles of the aire, and the beaſts of the field prove many times the Agents of his Revenge; of which laſt ſort and nature, the Reader (to Gods glory, and his owne information and admiration) may here obſerue a lively example, and receive a moſt powerfull preſident; but whether more ſtrange for the truth, or rare for the

ſtrangeneſſe thereof I know not, and therefore will not define. For the ſame day moneth next after, that *Adrian* and father *Iuſtinian* had buried the dead body of *De Laurier*, behold a huge and ravening Wolfe (being lately arrouſed from the the adjacent vaſt woods) ſeeking up and downe for his prey, came into *Adrians* Orchard next adjoyning to his houſe (purpoſly ſent thither by God as a miniſter of his ſacred Iuſtice and revenge) who ſenting ſome dead carrion (which indeed was the dead Corpes of *De Laurier*, that was but ſhallowly buried there in the ground) hee fiercely with his pawes and noſe tares up the Earth, and at laſt pulls and dragges it up, and there till an houre after the breake of day remaines devouring and eating up of the fleſh of his armes legges, thighes, and buttocks. But (as God would have it) hee never touched any part of his face, but leaves it fully undisfigured; When inſtantly ſome Gentlemen hunters of *Salynes*, & the Neighbour pariſhes, being aſcertained by ſome Peaſants in the fields, that the Wolfe was paſt that way, they cloſely follow him with their Dogges and Hornes, and ſo at laſt finde him in *Adrians* Orchard, eating as they thinke of ſome living beaſt or dead carrion; But the Wolfe being terrified with the noiſe of the hunters loud ſhoutes and cryes, as alſo of their Dogges fierce yawling and bawling, preſently forſakes his prey, and ſaves his life by his flight, although the Dogges and many Peaſants doe eagerly purſue him; Whiles all the Gentlemen (as if led by the immediate finger of God) with their Iavelins and boareſpeares in their hands, ruſh into the Orchard to ſee and finde out whereon the Wolfe had preyed, when loe (contrary to their expectations) their amazed eyes are enforced to behold the pitifull ſpectacle, and lamentable object of a mangled dead mans body, miſerably devoured and eaten by that ſavage Wolfe, and the which they ſaw he had digged and torne vp, as they fully beleeved from his untimely grave: They therefore at firſt ſtand aſtoniſhed with griefe, and amazed for ſorrow at this prodigious and deplorable ſight, and yet ſuch was their living compunction to this dead corpes, and conſequently their zeale to Gods glory and Iuſtice, as confidently beleeving that he was proditoriouſly murthered by ſome inhumane perſon or perſons; that the odious ſtinch of this long buried body; could not hinder them from approaching to ſurvey and behold it; They find the greateſt part of the fleſh of his body devoured by the Wolfe, but (as before) his face whole and untouched, when they ſee (and extreamly grieve and ſorrow to ſee) that it was a grave old man with a long white beard, bnt ſo beſmeared with earth and duſt as they coud not refraine from ſighes and teares to behold it. Here they ceaſe to purſue the Wolfe, and becauſe neither of them knew this poore and miſerable dead carkaſe, they therefore ſtep to the other end of the Orchard, and there conſult what is fit to bee done in this lamentable buſineſſe and accident. But their opinions as ſo many lines concur and terminate in this centre, that abſolutely this dead body was cruelly murthered, and there by the murtherers privately and ſilently buried. They farther vehemently ſuſpect and beleeve, that becauſe it was buried in *Adrians* Orchard, that therefore it was apparantly probable, it was hee with his wife and Servants who had murthered and buried him there, wherefore to keepe theſe ſuſpected bloody birdes in their Cages, they (as wiſe and juditious Gentlemen) place a ſtrong guard of their Servants and Peaſants to watch the doores and windowes of *Adrians* houſe, that none iſſue forth thence, and they themſelves goe preſently to the Criminall judges of the Towne, and acquaint them with this lamentable object and accident.

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In the mean our harmeleſſe and vertuous *Iſabella*, hearing theſe loud ſhouts and outcries at her doores ſo ſoone in the morning, ſhee in the abſence of her Husband; (who lay forth of his houſe that night deboſhing and revelling with his cups and Queanes) fearing that all was not well, and therefore her amazed and ſorrowfull heart; not willing to know that whereof ſhee was infinitely deſirous to bee ignorant, ſhee lay ſtill bitterly ſighing and weeping in her bed, becauſe her thoughts and mind, her ſuſpitions and feares told her, that this unſeaſonable alarum and noiſe might deſcend and reflect from ſome fatal newes which had betided *De Laurier*, and if this ſtorme and tempeſt fell not on her, yet alas ſhee extreamely feares and doubts it would fall on *Adrian* her husband, whom ſhee vehemently thought and feared had imbrued and imbathed his hands in the innocent blood of this honeſt man. As for *Thomas* her Oſtler, and *Gracetta* her maid, although this unaccuſtomed noiſe made them ſodainly forſake their beds and apparell themſelves to receive their miſtris commands how they ſhould beare themſelves in this hurly burly, yet becauſe they were white with innocency, yea ſo innocent as they knew no hurt, or thought of danger they only deemed, that it was either ſome unlawfull aſſembly of Peaſants, or elſe ſome caſt and disbanded ſouldiers from Flanders who came to rob their maſters houſe or poultry in his abſence, wherfore meere feare hereof, kept them from either opening the doores, or looking out at windowes. By this time the Gentlemen hunters bring the criminall Iudges on the place to view this dead body, and with them come a great number of the Neighbours and Inhabitants of *Salynes* to doe the like, and amongſt the reſt, the Phyſitian *La Motte* (of whom this Hiſtory hath already made mention and he of all the reſt knowes the dead body, and therefore with much paſſion and ſorrow cries out: that it was a Gold-ſmith of *Dijon* named *Monſieur De Laurier*, who lay long ſicke in *Adrians* houſe, and that hee had formerly given him Phyſicke there, and ſo hee ſaid and affirmed that hee perfectly knew him to be the ſame, and verily imagined that he was brought to ſome untimely end, and ſo buried there, but by whom he knew not.

The Iudges therefore beleeving the report of this honeſt Phyſitian *La Motte*; they cauſe the remainders of the fleſh of this dead body to be ſearched and viſited, the which they finde without any wounds. And yet nevertheleſſe deeming both *Adrian*, his wife *Iſabella*, and their Servants to bee the murtherers of this honeſt man; they breake open the doores, and miſſing *Adrian* they ſeize on his wife *Iſabella*, as alſo on her Oſtler *Thomas*, and his maide *Gracetta* and then bring them to the ſight of this dead body with whoſe murther they flatly charge them, and enquire what is become of *Adrian* himſelfe. At this unexpected ſorrowfull newes and object, *Iſabella* is all in Teares, yea ſhee is ſo extreamly perplexed and afflicted, as wanting all other aſſiſtance and comfort ſhee implores that of God. Shee tells them that her Husband *Adrian* lay not at home with her the laſt night, and freely and plainely affirmes to them; that that dead body was *Monſieur De Laurier* a Gold-ſmith of *Dijon*, who lay long ſicke in her houſe as he came from *Frankford* Mart, but how he came to his end or by whom, ſhee takes heaven and earth to witneſſe ſhee knowes not, and with this her depoſition doe her Oſtler and maid concurre and agree in all proofes and circumſtances. The Iudges likewiſe cauſing a curious ſearch to be made in *Salynes* for *Adrian*, it was found out that that night he lay in father *Iuſtinians* houſe the Prieſt, and two whores in their Company drinking and revelling all night, and upon the very firſt report they heard of *De Lauriers* unburiall

buriall by a Wolfe, they both (galled with guilty consciences) betake themselves to their heeles, and left both their two Strumpets to their repentance. Their flight proclaimes their guiltinesse of this murther to all the world especially to the Iudges. Whoupon knowledge thereof to finde out the truth of this deplorable disaster, they adjudge *Isabella*, *Thomas* and *Graceta* to the racke: As for *Thomas* and *Graceta*, their innocency makes them brooke their torments with admirable patience and constancy, for they can never bee drawne to reveale that of which they are ignorant nor to accuse themselves of that wherof they are not guilty. But for *Isabella* the incessant prayers and importunate requests and solicitations of many of her honest neighbours, doth ingrave such deep impressions of her vertues and piety, and of her sweet inclination and disposition in the hearts of the iudges, as they change their resolutions against her and so dispence with her for that torture. When sending every way abroad to pursue *Adrian* and father *Iustinian*, they content themselves to keepe the Mistris, the man and the maid close prisoners. They are so advised in their iudgments, and so juditious in their advise, as they speedily send away Poast to *Dijon* to acquaint *Du Pont* the Sonne, with this disasterous accident which had betided his father *De Laurier* here in *Salynes*, who at the first alarum of this sad unexpected newes, seemes now to drowne himselfe in his teares thereat, and so thereupon rather to flye than poast away from *Dijon* to *Salynes* where hee confers with the criminall Iudges of that Town, who report to him the flight of father *Iustinian* and *Adrian*, as also of their imprisoning of his wife *Isabella*, of her maid *Graceta*, and her Ostler *Thomas*, in whose house his father lay sick. So *Du Pont* visits the dead, stinking, mangled body, and findes it to be that of his father, wherat nature and duty prescribe him so powerful a Law, as at the sight thereof, he bursts forth into many bitter teares and lamentable cries and passions. When giving him a decent and solemn burial in the next Church, he then informes the Iudges, that to his knowledge his father had good store of gold and jewells about him, so hee entreats them, that *Adrian* and father *Iustinian* houses may be curiously searched for the same, which is performed, but finding no part thereof, and both of them fled, he is confident in his heart, that their flight proclaimes them guilty of his fathers murther, and consequently that *Isabella* her Ostler and maid infallibly were accessaries thereunto: Whereupon he repaires againe to the Iudges, and with many importunities prayes them that all three of them may be put to the rack for the same, thereby to bolt and find out the truth of this lamentable accident, the judges approve of *Du Ponts* living affection and zeale to his dead father, but (as impartiall Oracles and Officers of Iustice) they tell him that they have already caused *Thomas* and *Graceta* to be racked, and that they both have strongly justified their innocency of his fathers Murther, by suffering their torments with incredible fortitude and patience. And as for their Mistris *Isabella*. They tell him they are fully resolved and assured, that shee was absolutely innocent, aswell for that shee was many daies absent with her father in the Country, when by all likelihood and circumstance, his father was murthered, as also becaus the generall votes and voices of all her neighbours reported her to bee a very vertuous and religious woman, and that therefore in their hearts and consciences, they must needs exempt and free her from those torments. But they told him farther, that in honour to justice, and to see what God and time might produce, they would detaine them all three in Prison for the space of three or foure moneths, in which meane time concurring with him in opinion that father

Iustinian

Justinian and *Adrian* undoubtedly were the murtherers of his father *De Laurier*, they therefore perswade him with all possible speed and diligence to pursue them up and downe the Countrey, untill hee had detected, apprehended, and brought them to justice; the which *Du Foot* doth, but with such extraordinary zeale and hast, that he forgat a singular circumstance, of no meane importance, the omission whereof might very well have made his research of them vaine. For hee forgate at *Salynes* to take with him their Pictures and Effigies whereby to finde them out in the Country, with farre the more ease and facility, whereof hee afterwards much repented himselfe.

As for our two execrable wretches, father *Justinian* and *Adrian* their guilty thoughts and consciences (like so many Ghosts and bloodhounds) so incessantly pursued them and stupified their judgements, that resolving to flye and save themselves from the free Countie, into Switzerland, they hush themselves up the day for shelter in some thicke grove or Wood, and travelling all night from *Salynes*, they notwithstanding, the next morning (to their unspeakeable feare and vexation) saw themselves againe within a little league thereof, and in this manner they for some eight nights following, travelled a foote through unknowne waies and woods, and yet here let the Reader behold and observe the wonderfull Justice of God towards them, for at the end thereof, they are not as yet fully gone seven leagues off from *Salynes*, and they could not ascend the least Hill or Hillocke, but they looking backe behind them, the Towers and Turrets of *Salynes* were still apparent and conspicuous to them, as if they pursued and followed them, the which indeed stroke extreame feare to their guiltie hearts and, and infinite terrour and amazement to their foule and trembling consciences. But this circumstance of Gods wrath and revenge towards them, is forthwith seconded and followed by another, wherein his divine Providence and justice miraculously appeares and shines forth (with infinite lustre and glory) to all those who shall reade, or heare this History. For the tenth evening after their flight from *Salynes*, they being extreamely wearied and tired with their foote Travells (for horses they dared not buy any) and within a mile off entering into a great wood, they in a faire plaine, seeing no body present, they at last espyed an Erring Horse, without Rider, Saddle, or Bridle: which resolving to seize on thereby to recreate their wearied limbes and bodies they approach and surprize him. And then *Adrian* knowing him well to be *De Laurier's* horse, which (we have heard they had formerly turned off in *Salynes* the same night wherein they murthered his Master. They extreame joyfull of this unlooked for good fortune, make a halter of their girdles and garters, and so casting their cloakes under them, they both ride away on him, and night drawing on, they hope to recover the Towne of *Pontarlin* before break of day; But God is here strongly bent against them, so that this Horse which they tooke for the cause of their joy, will verie shortly prove the matter of their misery, & that which they thought would be the matter of their safetie will fall out to produce their inevitable danger and confusion. For God (in his revenging Justice) carting their horse, and he them a straying and masking that night through contrary waies and Lanes, they the next morning at break of day to their unspeakeable griefe, doe see themselves three great leagues off from *Pontarlin*, when their foule facts and consciences make them still so tremblingly fearefull, that every Bush they beheld, every bird they heare, and everie leafe they found wagging, they thinke are so many Serjeants come to arrest them, as also every tree they fall, they confidently

beleeve

beleeve are so many Judges come to sentence and condemne them to death for this their cruell murthering of *De Laurier*, such was their prodigious dispaire, such their ominous and fatall feare for the same.

But here their horse (orecharged with this foule and monstrous burthen) beginnes to faile them, so the more hee lesseneth his pace the more it increaseth their apprehension and feare: And here they consult what to doe, whether to retire with their horse into the next Wood till night, or else to advance towards *Pontarlin*. But their Bread and Meat failing them, and they seeing the coast cleare, they therefore resolve to ride thither, and far the sooner doe they assume and embrace this resolution; because as yet they knew it was timely in the morning, and consequently few or no people stirring. Now to dispatch their journey the sooner, *Adrian* is content to walke on foote, and father *Iustinian* to ride, and both of them are equally resolved to put cheerefull faces on their perplexed and trembling hearts. And here as I will not say it was their bad, but their just fortune, which conducted them within lesse than one league of *Pontarlin*, without being espyed or seene of any. So it was likewise the providence and Iustice of God, at that very houre and place first to bring *Du Pont* in sight of them, who in two dayes was parted from *Salynes*, and in all that time had left no Hamlet Village, or Towne unsought to finde out and apprehend these murtherers of his father; Now as hee drawes neere them, his eye tells him that the Horse whereon one of these two men rid, was of the very same haire and shape as was that of his fathers, which strucke some suspition and apprehension in his heart, that sure these were father *Iustinian* and *Adrian* and farre the more because by his habit hee knew that hee who rid was a Priest. The better therefore to bee fully assured hereof, hee resolves to outride them, thereby the more narrowly to observe both the horse and them, the which hee doth. Hee passeth by them and viewes them with his countenance purposly composed more of neglect than of observation towards them. When perfectly knowing the horse (by his two white feete, and white Starre in his forehead) to bee his Fathers, and therefore they by all consequence and apparance they to bee his murtherers, then I say Nature and Grace infused a secret reluctation into his heart and soule, whether hee should more grieve or rejoyce to see them; Now as hee is loth to leave them behinde him, so hee bethinkes himselfe of a prettie policie. For riding some hundred paces before them, hee descends from his horse, ties him up to the branch of a Tree, casts downe his sword and riding coate in the high way untrusseth his points, and steps within the hedge, as if hee purposly meant to ease himselfe; but indeed it was to have them passe before him, that so hee might incompasse them as two murthering Wolves in a Tovle; At his descent from his horse (as guilty consciences are still afraid of all things) father *Iustinian* and *Adrian* first beginne to feare this Stranger, as being sent to apprehend them, and so resolve to trust to their heeles and the woods for their safety, but when they see his sword, and coare in the way, and himselfe within the hedge with his hose downe, then they againe take courage and heart at grace and so proceed on in the way towards the Towne but still they looke backe on him as if the foulenesse of their fact continually made their feares and dangers the more eminent. This is carefully and curiously observed of *Du Pont* who (now comes after them a soft trot) contenting himselfe to see them a flight shot before him; as well knowing that his horse was farre nimbler

bler and swifter than theirs, and that therefore he might fetch them up at his pleasure. By this time they two arrive at *Pontarlin*, which they enter; where (being hungrie and fearefull, and their horse wearie and hungry) they take up one of the next Ins, which is at the sign of the *Tygre* where thinking themselves free of him who followed them, they recommend their horse to the Ostler, and calling for some Mutton, Bread and Wine, they there privately hush themselves up in their Chamber. But the vigilant eye and care of *Du Pont* sees where they are entered, so hee puts up his Horse to another Inne close by, and presently with much silence and celerity, trippes away to the *Tygre* Inne where they are; and knowing them to bee above the staires in their chamber to breakfast, he calles for the Hoast thereof, takes him into a close low roome next the doore; tells him that the Priest and the other man which entred his house right now, had cruelly murthered his father in *Salynes*, and therefore most courteously and earnestly prayes him, to step presently and fetch the Criminall officers of that Towne to apprehend them for the same, and till his and their returne, that he will give him two of his servants to guard the doors that they escape not away; The Host of this house in detestation of this foule fact of theirs, and to the honour and reputation of himself and his house, speedes away to the Officers who presently arrive with him, to whom *Du Pont* sorrowfully and passionately relate, that this Priest named *Iustinian* and this *Adrian* who was an Innekeeper of *Salynes* and now above, had very lately in his owne house, murthered his father *De Laurier*, who was a Goldsmith of *Dijon*, stript and robbed him of much gold and Jewells, and then buried him in his Orchard, and therefore (with teares in his eyes) conjures them to doe him justice by speedily apprehending them for the same, the which they as soone grant him. So they all ascend to their Chamber where they find them deeply tippling in their cups, asmuch devoid and insensible of danger as of grace. Here *Du Pont* (with equall passion and sorrow) strongly chargeth them both with the murther of his father *De Laurier*, as also for robbing of his gold and jewells and for burying of him in the Orchard. But these two bloody factors of Hell, with a world of stout lookes, impious oathes and fearefull asseverations, vow and sweare the contrary. So the Officers take them aside and examine them severally hereon. But they can receive nothing from them but peremptory denialls and prophane execrations. The which *Du Pont* hearing and understanding hee (with much affection to his father, and discretion to himselfe) to vindicate and know the truth hereof with the more facility and the lesse time; entreats the Officers to search them both narrowly for his fathers gold and Iewells, which by Gods direction they doe, the one after the other, when they finde quilted up in their dublets and hose, store of gold, and some rich jewells and rings, and yet these two bloody villaines deny this murther of theirs with much audacity and impudency, swearing that they found this treasure in a Casket in the high way a little league beyond *Salynes*. But this lye of theirs is as false, as their murther and robbery of honest old *De Laurier* was too true, which God (in his mercy and Justice) will briefly bring to light and punishment far sooner than these bloody Miscreants either think, or feare of.

Du Pont (all this notwithstanding) constantly assures these Officers, that all this gold and jewells, and much and many more were his Fathers, and therefore are now his both by right and propriety, as being his only Sonne and child and so demands possession thereof. But these Officers stifly deny

this request of his, tell him they must take them by an inventory, and so together with the two prisoners to send them to the Iudges of *Salynes* under whose iurisdiction they affirmed they were. So for that night they commit father *Iustinian* and *Adrian* to two severall prisons, where they shall finde leisure though not enough to repent this foule and lamentable fact of theirs. Which was no sooner done, but *Du Pont* (having thanked these Officers of *Pontarlin*) sends away a Poast to *Salynes* to acquaint the Iudges thereof, of his apprehending of these the two Murtherers of his father, whom hee earnestly besought to hasten their executions; so according to his request at the end of two daies these two Prisoners are sent for, and brought from *Pontarlin* to *Salynes*, and there imprisoned.

The very next morning the criminall Iudges send for them to one of their houses, and first severally private, and then publikely by confrontation, examine them on this cruell murther and robbery, but the Divell is still so strong with them, that with much courage and vehemency, they continue and stand firme in their negative resolution and deniall; But *De Laurier* being now found and knowne to have layen some seven weekes sicke in *Adrians* house, aswel by the confession of *Isabella* his wife, of *Graceta* her maid and of *Thomas* their Ostler, as also of the Apothecary *La Motte*, then his body found buried in his Orchard, and *Adrian* and father *Iustinian* their sudden flight upon the same, and now lastly his horse, gold, and jewels found upon them in *Pontarlin* by the officers of that Towne, and his Sonne *Du Pont*, were evidences as bright and apparant as the Sunne that (in honour to justice and in glory to God from whom all true justice is derived) these wise and grave Iudges of *Salynes*, doe reject these denials of *Adrian* and father *Iustinian* as false, prophane, and impious, and therefore that very instant adjudge them both to the racke, at the hearing of which sentence they seeme to be nothing apalled and daunted, but they being advertised that *Isabella* his Wife was likewise imprisoned for this fact, she for her part, by some friends of hers makes sute to the Iudges, that she may be permitted to speake with her Husband, and so doth father *Iustinian* that hee likewise may speake wirh her. But the Iudges hold both of these their requests to bee vaine and impertinent and therefore flatly contradict and deny them.

So *Adrian* is first brought to the racke, who though hee bee weake of constitution yet hee is still so strong in his villany, as hee will not bee perswaded or drawne to confesse it, but with much courage of body, and animosity of minde, suffers himselfe to bee fastned thereto, whereof the Judges being advertised, they in their discretion, hold it expedient to delay his torments for a time, and so first to make triall of father *Iustinian*, to see if these his torments will make him lesse stout, and more flexible in the confession thereof. Wherein (I write it with joy) their judgements nothing deceive them, for at the very first wrench of the racke, God is so mercifull to his soule, and so propitious to his new conversion and repentance, that hee then and there confesseth this lamentable murther, in all its branches and circumstances (as wee have formerly understood; Affirmes only himselfe and *Adrian* to be the Authors and Actors thereof; Sweares that *Isabella*, *Graceta* and *Thomas* were every way innocent thereof, and had no hand or knowledge therein whatsoever. Whereupon the Iudges send againe for *Adrian*, and cause him anew to bee brought to the racke, but first they hold it fit to confront him with his bloody companion father *Iustinian*, who boldly affirming, and constantly

confirming

confirming all his former deposition to him in his face to bee sincere and true. *Adrian* is amazed and daunted thereat, as also at the sight of the racke which was againe prepared and brought for him, when the devill flying from him, and hee casting his heart and soule at the sacred feet of Gods mercy, hee there very sorrowfully confirmed all father *Iustinians* confession to be true, and then falling on his knees, hee with many bitter sighes and teares, cried againe and againe aloud; that his wife his man, and his maid were as truly innocent, as father *Iustinian* and himselfe were alone truly guilty of this foule and cruell murther and robbery of *De Laurier*. When their Iudges, as much rejoycing at the detection and confession of these their crimes, as they lamented and detested their perpetrations thereof. They condemne them both to bee hanged the next morning and because father *Iustinian* had violated his sacred Order, and *Adrian* the humane and Christian Lawes of Hospitalitie, their bodies after to bee burnt to ashes.

So as soone as Father *Iustinian* was degraded of his Sacerdotall Order, and Habit, and committed to the secular powers, hee together with *Adrian* were for that night returned to their prison and repentance, where two Priests, and one Fryer of the order of the *Iacobyns* prepare their soules for Heaven against the next morning. It was a griefe to *Isabellas* heart, to heare that he was guilty of this foule and lamentable murther, but a farre greater torment and Hell to her minde to understand that hee must suffer death for the same, and that she should neither see nor speake with him any more either in this life, or this world. Againe looking from him to her selfe, as shee could not hope for his life, so shee thought shee had some small cause, or at least scruple to doubt and feare her owne, in regard it lay at the courtesie or cruelty of her Husband and father *Iustinian*, for that (as we have formerly understood) they acquainted her with their intents and desires to murther *De Laurier*, and shee revealed it not. But yet (nevertheless) in the purity of her heart, and the candid innocency of her soule, shee commits the successe both of her life, or death to God, and not being able to sleepe away any part of that night for sorrow, shee as a religious woman, and a most vertuous wife) passeth out the whole obscurity thereof, in the brightnesse of heavenly ejaculations and prayers, which from the profundity of her heart, shee proffereth up to Heaven both for her Husband and her selfe.

Very early the next morning, before father *Iustinian* and *Adrian* went to their execution; *Du Pont*, and (at his request) the Iudges repaired to the Prison to them; where hee and they enquire of him, to what valew of gold and iewells they had taken from his dead father, who tell him, that in a letter which his Father had written to him, o *Dijon*, and the which they had suppressed and burnt; hee therein mentioned the vallew of one thousand seven hundred crownes. And being againe demanded by him, what and where was become of all that great summe in gold and Iewels, they freely and ingeniously tell him, that one third part thereof was taken from them, by him and the Officers of justice in *Pontarlin*, and another third he should finde hidden in such and such secret places of their houses, and for the other third part, they durst not to confesse and averre, that they had since paid some old debts bought some new apparell, and spent the rest thereof upon their whores, and other o' their voluptuousnesse and prodigalities. So the Iudges and *Du Pont* speed away to *Adrian* and father *Iustinians* houses, where they finde the gold and jewels according to their confessions, the which together with the other

former pace taken from them at *Pontarlie* (both which amounted to some 11. miles) Groanes, sighes, and teares of all sorts of people, as they passed by, accompanied them, till at last the Judges delivered up unto *De Pont*, who received them from them with joy and thankfullnesse, but as a good Sonne rejoyces his heart more at the now approaching deserved deaths, of these two bloody and execrable wretches, father *Tufinian* and *Adrian*, the murtherers of his good old father *De Laurier*, of whom some twenty and five yeares before, he had the happinesse to receive his life.

Some two houres after, which was about tenne of the clocke in the morning these our two condemned malefactors are brought to the place of execution where a great concourse of people of *Salynes*, and the country thereabouts attend to see them finish the last Scene and Catastrophie of their lives. The first who ascends the Ladder is *Adrian*, who speakes little; Only he takes it to his death, that his deere wife *Isabella*, his servant maid *Graceta*, and his Ostler *Thomas*, are as absolutely innocent of this murther of *De Laurier*, as hee himselfe here againe confesseth hee is guilty thereof. Hee praves God to forgive him this foule fact, and beseecheth all that are present to pray to God for him, and for his wretched and miserable soule, the which he knoweth hath great need and want of their prayers, when casting his handkerchiefe over his face, and privately ending some few prayers to himselfe hee is turned over. Instantly after him father *Tufinian* mounts the Ladder, who (in his lookes and countenance) seemes to bee very repentant and penitent for this his foule and hainous fact, the which hee praves God to absolve and forgive him, hee here againe cleeres *Isabella*, *Graceta*, and *Thomas* of this murther. Hee much lamenteth that hee hath so highly scandalized the sacred order of Priesthood in his crime and person; and therefore beseecheth all Priests and Churchmen either present or absent to forgive it him; when repeating some *Ave Maries*, and often making the signe of the crosse, hee was likewise turned over.

And thus was the miserable life and death of this impious Priest, and wicked and bloody Host, and in this sharpe manner did God justly revenge himselfe and punish them with shame and confusion for this cruell and lamentable murther. Immediately after which execution of theirs, the Iudges set our vertuous and innocent *Isabella*, and her maid, and Ostler free from their undeserved indurance and troubles, whereat all the Spectators, doe as much praise God for the liberty of the three last, as they detest the foule crime, and rejoyce at the just punishments of the two first: If we make good use of the knowledge of this sorrowfull history, the profit, and consolation thereof will be ours, and the glory Gods, which God of his best favour and mercy grant us.

Amen.

GODS

GODS REVENGE, AGAINST THE CRYING AND Execrable sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XXVIII.

Hippolito *murthereth* Garcia *in the street by night, for the which he is hanged.* Dominica *and her Chamber-maid* Denisa, *poysoneth her husband* Roderigo; Denisa *afterwards strangleth her owne new borne Babe, and throwes it into a Pond, for the which she is hanged*; *On the ladder she confessed that she was accessary, with her Lady* Dominica *in the poysoning of her Husband* Roderigo; *for the which* Dominica *is apprehended, and likewise hanged.*

HOw easily doth malice and revenge enter into our hearts, and how difficultly doe wee expell and banish it thence, & what doth thus promise, or rather threaten unto us, but that it is a wretched signe and testimony that the Devill hath more power with us than God, that wee more dearly affect Nature than Grace, and Earth than Heaven. In many sinnes there is some pretence or shadow of pleasure, but in murther there is none except wee deeme that it should bring griefe and repentance to our hearts, horrour and terrour to our consciences, and misery and confusion to our soules, which indeed despight of our earthly policie and prophane prevention it will infallibly both shew and bring us. But (to shew our wickednesse in in our weakenesse) through the live subtilty and treachery of Satan, we think wee act and perpetrate it so secretly, that it cannot bee found out of men, nor detected or punished of God. Wherein what foolish fooles, and foolish madmen are we thus to deceive and betray our selves with false hopes and erroneous suggestions, for although men may be deluded and not see it, yet can God

be

bee mocked, or will hee be blinded and deceived herein. O no, his decrees and resolutions are secret and sacred, and though invisible to our eyes, yet our designes and actions are transparant to his. For hee in his all-seeing providence reserves to himselfe the manner and time, how and where to punish it. Attende wee this approaching History, and it will confirme as much in the lives and deaths of some bloody and inhumane personages, who were borne to honour, and consequently to have lived more happie, and died lesse ignominiously.

IN the rich and populous Citie of *Granado* (which *Ferdinand* and *Isabella* King and Queene of *Spaine*, *Anno.* 1492. so famously and fortunately conquered from the *Moores*) there (within these few yeares) dwelt an ancient Lady, named *Dona Alicia Servantella*, who was descended of noble parentage, and by her late Husband, *Don Pedro de Carbinas* (dying a chiefe Commander in the West *Indyes*) shee had two children, a sonne and a daughter, hee named *Don Garcia*, and shee *Dona Dominica*, hee of some twenty yeeres of age, and shee of some eighteene, hee tall of stature but somewhat hard favoured, and shee short but exceeding faire and beautifull. Their mother *Cervantella* being not left rich by her deceased Husband, did yet bring up these her two children very honourably and vertuously, and maintained them exceeding gallant in their apparell, though shee clad her selfe the worse for it for their sakes. Shee observes her Sonne *Don Garcia* to be of a mild disposition, and very wittie and judicious, but for her daughter *Dominica*, shee sees with feare, and feares with griefe, that her wit will come short of her beauty, and her chastity of her wit; In which regard and consideration shee loves him better than her, and yet beares so vigilant an eie over her actions, that as yet she keepes her within the lists of Modesty, and the boundes of obedience, as holding in farre truer discretion to make her more beloved than feared of her, or rather that feare and love by turnes, might act their severall parts upon the Theatre of her youthfull heart and resolutions. There is an old rich gentleman of that City nobly descended, yearmed *Don Hippolito Scvino*, commonly knowne and named onely *Don Hippolito*; aged of some threescore and tenne yeares and much subject to the Gowt, a disease better knowne than cured, and which loves rich men as much as poore men hate it. And this old *Hippolito* in the Frost and Winter of his age falls in love with our faire young Lady *Dominica*, and so by the Lady the Mother seekes her daughter in marriage. As for the Mother shee loves *Hippolito's* gold better than her daughter doth his age and affects his lands as much as she hates his personage. But *Don Garcia* at the often requests of his sister being at last vanquished by her importunitie, soone changeth his mothers opinion and good esteeme of *Hippolito*, and so they all three give him the repulse and denial. But his affection to this delicate fresh young beauty makes him more perverse and obstinate than his age, so he will take no answer for an answer, nor a refusall for a refuse from them but will or nill frequent their company daily, and their house almost hourely, they are all three tired with his sottish incivility and doting importunacy, especially *Dominica*, who measuring his age by her youth, and knowing him to be farre fitter for his grave than a wife, she therefore scornes him as much as he loves her but yet say shee what shee will, or doe her Mother and Brother what they can, yet they cannot free their house or shift their hands of him; although they many times make him looke upon bare walles, content himselfe to con-

verse

verse with the meaneſt of their Servants and ſo to returne without ſeeing either of Mother, Sonne, or Daughter.

But *Dominica*, holding her beautie and yeares now to bee worthie of a husband, ſhee is ſo incivill and incontinent, as ſhee prayes her mother to procure and provide her one. For (to uſe her owne words) ſhee ſaith *ſhee is weary to lye alone, and live ſingle, and fully reſolved no longer either to triffle away her time, or to caſt away her youth and beautie*; Her Lady Mother (in moſt vertuous tearmes) checks her impudency, blames her impudicity, and concludes that if ſhee forſake thoſe immodeſt humours and inclinations, and ſo ſerve and feare God religiouſly then there is no doubt but in good time, hee (of his propitious favour and goodneſſe towards her) will provide her one, when turning from her Daughter, the verie teares of ſorrow fall aboundantly from her old eyes, to ſee her thus immodeſt, thus irregular and wanton, as doubting and fearing that in the end it will prove ominous and fatall to her.

But her laſcivious Daughter *Dominica* is not contented with this generall anſwer of her Mother, for ſhee is yet ſo vainly impudent, and ſo viriouſly imprudent, as ſhee importunately prayes her brother *Don Garcia*, effectually and ſpeedily to ſolicite her Mother to provide her a husband, whereat hee rather laughes than gives eare. But when againe hee ruminates and conſiders with himſelfe this her fooliſh levity and wantonneſſe, fearing the worſt, and to the end ſhee might not hereafter prove a diſgrace to her ſelfe, a ſcandall to their houſe, and a diſhonour to their blood, hee (taking time at advantage) breakes and treates with his mother hereon; who concurring in opinion with him, returnes him rather her conſent than her deniall, the which hee reports to his immodeſt ſiſter *Dominica*, who is thereat as joyfull as before ſhee was diſcontented.

Not long after it fell out that *Dominica* with her Mother going on a great Holyday in the morning to the Church of the *Benedictine* Monkes, and being behinde her on her knees to her Beades and Oraiſons, her devotion was ſo cold and her zeale ſo frozen towards God, as ſeeing a very proper young Gentleman (richly apparreled) likewiſe there on his knees to his prayers not farre from her; ſhee as a poore (I may ſay as a prophane) Chriſtian beckons her mothers man to come to her, and whiſpers him in the eare, that he diſcreetly goe and enquire what that young Cavallier is, whom ſhe deſcribes to him by his apparell and eſpecially by a rich Diamond Ring which hee weares on his finger; Her mothers man demanding of the Gentlemans ſervants returnes ſpeedily to his young Lady, and tells her in her eare, that it is *Don Roderigo*, Sonne and heire to *Don Emmanuell de Cortez*, whereat her luſtfull affection makes her heart leape and dance within her for joy, for ſo incivilly unchaſt is ſhee in her deſires and wiſhes, that at his very firſt ſight ſhee deſires him for her Husband before any other man of the world, yea before any other earthly felicity. Whereupon ſhee vowes that her Mother ſhall have no truce, nor her Brother any peace of her before they powerfully make this motion of mariage for her to *Don Roderigo*, who being often ſolicited and provoked by her importunate requeſts, they conſult hereon, and both of them approve and deſire it, as holding it a match equally honourable to them both. The Sonne will have his mother firſt to breake the ice of this motion to *Don Roderigo*, but the mother will have her Sonne firſt to performe that office to him, and ſo to take a faire occaſion to invite him home to her houſe to ſpeake with her, the which *Don Garcia* performes, and deales herein ſo effectually with *Don Roderigo*,

rigo that home hee comes with him. The Lady *Cervantella* (after many complements and ſpeeches) preſents this motion to him. Hee ſees the young Lady *Dominica* her daughter, and finding her to bee exceeding faire and wittie, hee likes and loves her and ſo takes time to adviſe hereon with his father, for the Lady his Mother was formerly gone to heaven. *Roderigo* breakes this motion to *Don Emanuell* his father, who not pleaſed therewith ſeekes to divert his Sonne from it, In regard he knowes that her Mother *Dona Cervantella* is very poore and of a weake eſtate, as being much incumbred with the great depts of her deceaſed Husband. *Roderigo* alleageth to his Father, his true affection to the true beautie and vertues of *Dominica*, and that her deſcent and blood is no way inferiour to his. But his father being of an exceeding covetous diſpoſition, will have wealth to overſway beauty, and not beauty wealth, and ſo is reſolute to heare no more of this motion, whereat his ſonne *Roderigo* bites the lippe, and is much diſcontented. Yet nevertheleſſe hee hath caſt his affection ſo deepely and firmely on the freſh and delicate beauty of *Dominica*, that holding it to bee the Gold of Nature, and ſhee the Queene and Phœnix of Beauty, hee cannot, hee will not refraine, but very often frequents *Dona Cervantella's* houſe, and her daughters company. To whom (notwithſtanding his Fathers diſtaſt of her) hee yet gives farre more hope than diſpaire that hee wil bee her Husband, which raviſheth her with delight, her Mother *Dona Cervantella*, and her brother *Don Garcia* with content.

But the order of our Hiſtory envites us for a while to leave *Don Roderigo* to feaſt his eyes and ſurfet his thoughts and contemplations on the Roſes and Lillies of his Miſtris beauty, and againe to returne to ſpeake of our old Dotard *Hippolito*. Who now (led by his luſt and voluptuous deſires, as they are by the inſtigation of the Devill) comes to performe and act a bloody and deplorable part on the ſtage of this Hiſtory. Hee ſees with griefe and grieves to ſee that hee is refuſed of the Lady *Dominica* whom hee loves farre deerer and tenderer then his life, and underſtanding that *Don Roderigo de Cortez*, doth ſtill frequent her company, hath gained her affection and ſhall ſhortly marry her, he thereupon turnes his reaſon into rage, converts his judgement into revenge, and ſo reſolves to murther him by night, as ſoone as hee findes him to iſſue forth of the Lady *Cervantella's* houſe, the Devill making him ſtrong in the vanity of this beliefe and confidence, that hee being once dead, undoubtedly the faire *Dominica* will fall for his ſhare and wife. So hee is reſolute in this his bloody and damnable deſigne: and conſults with himſelfe whether hee ſhould doe it by himſelfe, or by ſome ſecond inſtrument, but finding it dangerous to effect it by another, becauſe he muſt then commit his life to his courteſie, and ſeeing that his Gout had now forſaken him, hee therefore reſolves to doe it by himſelfe. But firſt hee thinkes it not improper, rather pertinent for him to write *Roderigo* a letter, the which hee doth in theſe tearmes and ſends it him by one of his owne confident Servants.

Hippolito to Roderigo.

WErt thou informed but of the hundred part of my deere affection to the faire young Lady Dominica, *and reciprocally of hers to me, thou wouldſt (if not out of honour, yet out of Indgement) forceaſe thy ſuite to her, and not make thy obſtinacie ridiculous by thinking to obtaine her to thy Wife, and although ſhee feede thee with the ſugar of many ſweet proteſtations and promiſes to the contrary yet if I have any eyes in my head, or thou*

thou judgement in thine to discerne the truth hereof, thou hast farre more reason to rely upon the integrity of my age, than the Vanity and inconstancy of her youth; And wert thou not a Gentleman whom I love for thine owne and honour for thy Fathers sake, I had not so long permitted thee to frequent her company, nor so often to converse with her to the prejudice of my content and thy discretion, and if this friendly Ambassador of my heart, my Letter, will not yet induce thee to leave her to mee, whom Heaven and Earth, God and her Mother have given mee. I will then either by thy Father, or by the usuall course of Justice take that order with thee therein, as shall redound as much to my honour and fame, as to thy infamy and disreputation,

HIPPOLITO.

Roderigo having received and read this Letter of *Hippolito*, hee cannot refraine from smiling and laughing to see his sottish errour and ridiculous ignorance herein, for he perfectly knowes, that both *Dominica*, and the Lady *Cervantella* her mother are long since resolved to heare no more either of him or of his sute, and therefore hee holds it more worthie of his laughter than of his observation, likewise to see, that this old dotard, when nature is ready to wed him to his grave, that his lust should yet bee so forward to desire to marry so young and beautifull a Lady as *Dominica*; The which considering, once hee thought to returne him no other answer but silence, but at last respecting his age and Quality more than his indiscretion or power, after he had shewne his letter to *Cervantella*, to *Dominica*, and her brother *Don Garcia*, who all concur in opinion with him to make it the publike object, as both it and himselfe were the private cause of their generall laughter, hee calles for pen and paper and (rather with contempt than choller) by *Hippolito's* owne servant returnes him this answer.

RODERIGO to HIPPOLITO.

I Have as small reason to doubt of thy affection to the young Lady Dominica, *as to beleeve that hers is reciprocally so to thee and therefore I see no just cause in honour or solid ground in Iudgement to surcease my sute towards her, much lesse to deeme my obstinacy ridiculous in hoping to obtaine her to my Wife; And although it bee in thy pleasure, yet it is not in thy power to make mee doubtfull of her faire words, or to call in question, or suspition her sweet promises and protestations to mee, sith that were to prophane the purity of my zeale to her, and of her true and sincere affection to mee, the which yet to doe thee a courtesie, I will rather excuse than condemne in thee, because I am confident it exceeds thy knowledge, though not thy feare, and in this behalfe and assurance, thine eyes cannot so much prevaile with my Iudgement, but that I will more rely upon the integrity of her youth, than the vanity of thy Age. As for thy love to mee or honour to my Father, when I finde it so I will acknowledge it to bee as true, as now I conceive it feigned: but for thy threates to mee in thinking thereby to make mee forsake the conversation and company of that faire and vertuous young Lady, I doe rather pitty than esteeme them, and every way more contemne than care for them, assuring thee that I cannot possibly refraine from laughter to see thee so devoid of common sence, as to thinke to bee able, either to scarre mee with the power of the Law, or to daunt me with the prerogative and authority of my father in making mee to forsake her whom in life and death, I neither can nor will forsake, resolve therefore henceforth to prevent thy infamy and disreputation, for I will bee left to my selfe to establish mine owne content and honour, as I please.*

RODERIGO.

Hippolito upon the receit and consideration of this peremptory letter of *Don Roderigo*, is so inflamed and incensed against him to see that (perforce) he will

make him weare a *Willow* Garland, as (without any more delayes or expoſtulations) underſtanding him to bee that very ſame night which hee received his Letter with his Lady *Dominica* at her mothers houſe, the Devill cauſeth him to gather all his malice, wits and ſtrength together about him that night to murther him as he iſſueth forth to goe home, which bloody ſtratagem of his to effect and finiſh, hee chargeth a piſtoll with three bullets and hee waites his comming thence: but *Don Garcia* accidentally iſſuing forth all alone privately to goe viſit a friend of his not farre off, this wretched old villaine *Hippolito* taking him to bee *Roderigo* lets flye at him, and all three bullets pierce his body, ſo hee falles downe dead to the ground. The blow is heard, and the breathleſſe body of *Don Garcia* is found reeking in his blood, whoſe mother, ſiſter, and *Don Roderigo* are amazed and aſtoniſhed at this deplorable diſaſter, and ready to drowne themſelves in their teares for ſorrow thereof. So *Roderigo* leaving ſome Neighbours to comfort them, hee takes order to finde out the murtherers, and goes himſelfe ſpeedily throughout the ſtreet to that effect; When the good pleaſure and providence of God directs his courſe to finde out this old execrable wretch *Hippolito* going lirping and limping in the ſtreet, having throwne away his Piſtoll, and only holding his darke lanthorne in his hand, which then (the better to collour out this damnable fact of his) hee opened to light him. *Roderigo* meaſuring things paſt by the preſent, and finding *Hippolito* there in the ſtreets all alone, at this undue and unſeaſonable houre of the night. God prompts his heart with this ſuſpition, that hee in likelyhood was the murtherer of *Don Garcia*, and ſo layes hold of him, and cauſeth him to be committed to the priſon, notwithſtanding all the entreaties, meanes and friends, which hee could then poſſibly make to the contrary. The next day all *Granado* rings and reſounds of this murther, and of the ſuſpition and impriſonment of *Don Hippolito* for the ſame, when the Lady *Cervantella* goes to the Criminall Iudges of the City and accuſeth him for the ſame, and with griefe, ſorrow, and paſſion, followes it cloſe againſt him; and although *Hippolito* at his firſt examination denies it, yet being by his cleere-ſighted Iudges adjudged to the racke for the ſame, hee at the very firſt ſight thereof confeſſeth it, for the which bloody and lamentable crime of his, hee is ſentenced the next day to be hanged, although hee proffered all his eſtate and meanes to ſave his life; But the zeale and integrity of his judges was ſuch to the ſacred name of Iuſtice as they diſdained to bee corrupted herewith.

So the next Morning this old bloody wretch *Hippolito* is brought to the common place of execution, where a very great concourſe of people repaire from all parts of the Citty to ſee him take his laſt farewell of the world, moſt of them pittying his age, but all condemning the enormity of this his foule and bloody crime. He was dealt with by ſome Prieſts and Fryers in priſon, whoſe Charity and Piety, endevoured to fortifie his heart againſt the feare of death, and to prepare his ſoule for the life and joyes of that to come. But the Devill was yet ſo ſtrong with him, that hee could not bee drawne to contrition nor would not bee either perſwaded or enforced to repentance, or to aske God, or the world forgiveneſſe of this his bloody fact, but as hee lived prophanely ſo hee would dye wretchedly and deſperately, for on the Ladder hee made a fooliſh ſpeech, the which becauſe it ſavoured more of beaſtly concupiſcence and luſt, than of Piety or Religion, I will therefore burie it in oblivion, and ſilence, and ſo hee was turned over.

Come

Come we now to speake of *Don Emanuell de Carter* the Father, who understanding of his Sonne *Roderigo* his continuall frequenting of *Dona Cervantella's* house, and her daughter *Dominica's* company, and now hearing of this murther of her Sonne to her doore, his owne Sonne being then therein present, he is much discontented therewith; and because he will sequester him from her sight and provide him another Wife, hee sends him to *Asnalos*, a mannor house of his, some tenne leagues off in the Country, with a strong injunction and charge, there to reside till his farther order to returne. *Roderigo* is wonderfull sorrowfull thus to leave the sight of his faire and deere Mistris *Dominica*, and (to the view of the world) no lesse is shee, so hee transporteth only his body to *Asnallos*, but his heart he leaves with her in *Granado*. But a moneth is scarce expired after his departure, But the Lady *Cervantella* (by the death of her Sonne *Don Garcia*, wanting a man to conduct and governe her affaires, especially her law sutes, wherewith (as wee have formerly heard) she is much incumbred, shee thereupon (as also at the instant request of her Daughter) writes *Roderigo* this letter for his returne.

CERVANTELLA to RODERIGO.

AS thou tenderest the prosperity of my affaires, and the content and joy of my Daughter, I request thee speedily to leave Asnallos, *and to returne to reside heere in* Granado, *for I wanting my Sonne* Garcia, *who was the joy of my life, and shee her* Roderigo *who art the life of her joy, thou must not finde it strange, if my age, and her youth, and if my Law sutes and her love affections and desires assume this resolution: Thy Father is a Noble man of Reason, and his Sonne shall finde this to bee a request both honourable and reasonable, except thou wilt so farre publish thy weakenesse to the world, that thou doest more feare thy Father than love my Daughter, for if thou shouldest once permit thy obedience to him so farre to give a Law to thy affection to her, thou wilt then make thy selfe as unworthy to bee her Husband, as I desire it with zeale, and love with passion. Shee is resolved to second this my letter with one of her owne to thee, to which I referre thee; God blesse thy stay, and hasten thy returne.*

CERVANTELLA.

Dominica resolving to make good her promise to her mother, and that of her mother to *Roderigo* she withdrawes her selfe to her chamber to write and knowing her mothers messenger ready to depart, chargeth him with the delivery of her letter to her lover *Roderigo*, and to cast the better lustre and varnish over her affection, she takes a Diamond Ring from her finger, and likewise sends it him for a token of her love.

DOMINICA to RODERIGO.

AS the death of my Brother Don Garcia *made mee extreame sorrowfull, so this of thy absence made mee infinitely miserable, for as that nipt my joyes and hopes in their blossomes, so this kills them in their riper age and maturitie. When I first received thy love, and gave and returned thee mine in exchange, I had well thought thou hadst affected me too dearly so soone to leave my sight, and to banish thy selfe from my company, but now I see with griefe, and feele with sorrow that thou lovest thy Father more better than mee, and delightest to preserve his content before mine, for else thou*

thou hadst not made me thus wretched by thy absence, who am as (it were) but entring into the happinesse of thy presence. If thou canst finde in thy heart to obey his commands, before thou grant my request; then come not to Granado *but stay still in* Asnallos, *but if the contrary, then leave* Asnallos, *and come to mee in* Granado, *where I will chide thee for thy long stay, and yet give thee a world of thankes and kisses for thy so soone returne, and as my heart and soule doth desire it, so the prosperity of my Mothers affaires doth likewise want, and therefore crave it. Judge of the fervency of my affection to thee, by thine to my selfe; and then thou wilt speedily resolve to see thy* Dominica, *who desires nothing so much under Heaven as to have the happinesse of thy sight, and the felicity and Honour of thy Company.*

DOMINICA.

Roderigo receives these their two Letters; reputes that of the mother to much respect, and this of her Daughter to infinite affection, so as the very knowledg and consideration thereof makes him rejoyce in the first, and triumph in the second, and therefore knowing himselfe to be a man, and past a child, and that as he is bound by nature and reason to obey his father, so he is not tyed to bee commanded by him beyond it, wherefore he resolves to give content to the mother for the daughters sake, and to the daughter for his own sake and so by their own messenger returnes them these answers; That to the Lady *Cervantella* spake thus.

RODERIGO to CERVANTELLA.

I so much tender the prosperity of thy affaires, and thy daughters content and joy, that my resolutions shall so dispose of my selfe toward my Father; as verie shortly I will see thee with respect and observance, and visit her with affection and zeale; for this desire of hers and request of thine, is so honourable so reasonable, as my Father should be guilty of unkindnesse, to deny the one, and my selfe of ingratitude not to grant the other; Or if he will yet continue to crosse our affections I will then make it apparant to the world, that I will not feare him the thousand part so much as I will love her, and that I will ambitiously strive and resolve to make my affection to her; to equalize thy zeale and her passion to mee and that I cannot receive a greater felicity and honour, than to see her my Wife and my selfe her Husband. I have given an answere to her Letter, and very shortly I will give her my selfe every way answerable to her merits, to thy expectation and my promise.

RODERIGO.

His Letter to *Dominica* was charged and fraughted with these lines.

RODERIGO to DOMINICA.

TO deface thy sorrowes for thy Brothers death, and thy miseries for my absence and likewise to preserve thy loyes in their blossomes, and thy hopes in their riper age and maturity, I am fully resolved very shortly to grant thy request in leaving Asnallos; *to live and dye with thee in* Granado, *and thou doest offer a palpable wrong to the truth and an unmerited disparagement to the purity and candour of my affection, to thinke that I any way preferre my obedience to my Father, before my affection to thee, or consequently his content to thine. Therefore prepare thy selfe to kisse not to chide mee; for else I will resolve to chide and not to kisse thee at my returne. My best*

endevours shall waite on the prosperity of thy Mothers affaires, and my best love and service shall eternally attend on her Daughters pleasure and Commands, and judge thou if my zeale to thee, doe not exceed thine to my selfe, sith Earth is not so deere to mee, as the Honour of thy sight, nor Heaven as the felicity of thy company.

RODERIGO.

Hee hath no sooner dispatched these two Letters to his Mistris and her Mother, but the very next day after hee enters into a resolution with himselfe; that hee shall not doe well so soone to disoblige and disobey his father, by so speedily precipitating his returne from *Asnallos*, to *Granado*, as urging this reason to his consideration, and proposing this consideration to his judgement, that *Dominica's* affection and beauty can difficultly make him rich, but that his Fathers discontent and displeasure towards him may easily make him poore: Whereupon resolving to cherish his constancy to her, and yet to retaine his obedience to him, hee holds it no sinne if a little longer hee dispence with his content and promise to temporize for his discretion and profit, as grounding his hope upon this confidence, and his confidence upon this presuming infallibility, that his Lady and Mistris *Dominica* is as chast as faire, and will prove as constant to him as she is beautifull in her selfe. But she is a woman and therefore she may deceive his hopes, and he is a man and therefore it is possible that her beauty may betray his judgement, the which prediction and propheſie (to his griefe and sorrow, and to her shame and misery) wee shall shortly see made true and verified, the manner thus.

Dominica (as wee have formerly understood) being of a wanton disposition and carriage, and very unchastly and lasciviously enclined, shee finding *Roderigo's* stay in *Asnallos* to exceed his promise and her expectation, shee cannot live chast, shee will not remaine constant in his absence, but hath a friend or two, I meane two proper young Gentlemen of *Granado* to whom shee many times privately imparteth her amorous favours and affection, the which shee acteth not so closely, but the Lady her Mother, being a Lincy-eyed, and curious observer of her actions) hath notice thereof, and thinking to reclaime her from this foule sinne of fornication and whoredome, which threatens no lesse than the ruines of her fortunes, and the shipwracke of her reputation; she first attempteth to perswade her by faire meanes with teares and prayers; but seeing shee could not thereby prevaile with her, then shee gives her many sharpe speeches and bitter threates, and menaces as wholly to deprive her of her Fathers portion, and either to make her spend her daies in a Nunnery, or end them in a Prison. That shee is not worthie to tread upon the face of earth, or looke up to Heaven because this her foule crime of fornication, makes her odious to God and an infinite shame and scandall to all her Parents and friends in generall, and to every one in particular, with many other reasons looking and conducing that way, the which for brevities sake, I resolve to omit and bury in silence.

But this lecture of the Mother prevailes not with the Daughter, but rather inflames than quencheth the fire of her inordinate and lascivious lust; the which shee perceiving, and to prevent her owne scandall in that of her daughters, shee (as a carefull Mother and a wise Matron) meweth her up in her chamber, where *Dominica* (for meere griefe and choller (to see her selfe thus debard of her pleasures in the restraint of her liberty) shee growes very sicke, lookes

exceeding wanne, pale and thinne, and so keepes her bed; the which the Lady *Cervantella* takes for a fit occasion and opportunity againe effectually to write to *Roderigo* to hasten his returne to *Granado*, as doubting least her Daughters Belly should chance to swell and grow big in his absence. This her Letter to *Roderigo*, reported her minde, and represented her desires to him in these tearmes.

CERVANTELLA TO RODERIGO.

THou doest thy selfe no right, but wee and my Daughter infinite wrong in staying so long from Granado, *in regard it is contrary to thy promise, to my expectation and to her deserts and merits; For her affection is so entire and fervent to thee, because shee conceives and hopes that thine (in requitall) is so to her, that shee hath this many moneths languished in expectation of thy returne, whereof now beginning to dispaire, that dispaire of hers hath strucke her into so dangerous a consumption, that I feare it will shortly prove fatall to her, for already the Lillyes have banished the Roses of her cheekes, yea her cheekes are growne thinne, and those sparkling starres her eyes have lost a great part of their wonted lustre and glory, so if thy affection will not, yet pitty should move thee to hasten thy returne to see and comfort her; especially sith thou wilt scarce know her when thou seest her, in regard I may (almost) justly affirme that shee is no longer* Dominica, *but rather the living Anotomy of dead* Dominica. *How thou canst answer for this her sickneese to thine honour (which is occasioned by thy unkindneese, I know not, but sure I am if shee goe to her grave before thou come to her, thou canst never sufficiently answer it to thy conscience, nor thy conscience to God. In her sicke bed, thou art the only Saint to whom shee offereth up her devotions, and therefore it will bee a miserable ingratitude in thee to permit her to dye thy Martyr.*

CERVANTELLA.

At the receit and perusall of this Letter *Roderigo* is infinitly sorrowfull, especially when hee considereth that it is only *Dominicas* deere affection to him and his long stay from her, which hath occasioned her sickneese, whereupon his love consulting with his honour, his honour with his conscience, and his conscience with God, hee conjureth the Messenger to returne speedily to *Granado* to the Lady *Cervantella* and her daughter *Dominica* from him, and to assure them that all busines of the world set apart, hee will be there with them the next day, and bring them the answers of their letters himselfe; whereat at the messengers returne they both of them exceedingly rejoyce, *Roderigo* now (according to his promise) comes to *Granado*, visiteth *Cervantella*, and his sicke Mistris *Dominica*, salutes the one with complements, the other with kisses. *Dominica* intending to give him her body, but not her heart, dissembleth her affection to him, and frownes on him exceedingly, as if her love to him and his to her were deerer to her than all the world, and farre more pretious than her life. But contrariwise *Roderigo* intends as hee speakes, and speakes as hee intends; yea hee is so sincere and reall in his affection to her, as shee is counterfeit and treacherous to him. So glorying in her beauty, and triumphing in her youth, hee with much difficulty, obtaines his fathers consent and marries her, their Nuptials being solemnized in *Granado* with state and bravery answerable to their descents and qualities, but he will finde a wanton *Lais* for a constant *Lucrece*, and a lascivious *Phryne* for a chast *Penelope*. Never Husband bore himselfe more respectfully, lovingly, and courteously to his Wife than doth

Roderigo

Roderigo to his *Dominica*, for hee thinkes that her face cannot bee curious, nor her apparell costly enough for her, yea such was his tender respect to her, and affection of her, that hee willingly permitted her to goe where she would, and to come when shee pleased, contrary to the custome of *Spaine*, and generally of most Spanyards, who hold it farre more folly than affection to give this licentious freedome and liberty to their Wives, which wee doe in *England* and *France*, the which we shall see verified in our young Bride *Dominica*; for the more her husband *Roderigo* loves her, the more she sleighes him, and the more he respects her, the more she neglects and contemnes him, wherat he grieves, his mother in law *Cervantella* stormes, and his owne father *Don Emanuell de Cortez* repines and murmures: But as it is labour in vaine to thinke to make an Æthiopian white, so all of them cannot reclaime *Dominica* to love her husband nor scarce to live with him. He conceives infinite griefe hereat, which breeds him a lingring consumption in earnest, as his Wife *Dominica* was formerly possessed of one in jest, whereat shee the more hates him in regard the extreamitie of his sickneſſe and weakneſſe will not permit him to performe the rites and duties of a Husband towards her, but she need not care, much lesse grieve thereat for shee takes her obscene and lascivious pleasures abroad, whiles her deere sicke husband (for griefe of body and mind) is ready to dye at home. He bewailes his hard fortune in marying her, but yet loves her so tenderly and deerely, as hee will not speake ill of her himselfe, nor suffer any other to doe it either in his presence, or her absence. Yea, her love is so frozen to him, though his bee still constantly and fervently inflamed to her, as shee difficulty sees him once in three daies, nor yet speake two words with him when shee sees him, and yet when hee is so happy to obtaine her sight and company, hee so exceedingly reioyceth thereat, that it seemes to him, his paine for that time gives him peace, his sorrowes truce, his sickneſſe ease, his heart comfort, and his thoughts consolation. But *Dominica* hath not deserved the least part of all this true affection and courtesie from him heretofore, much lesse will shee requite it to him hereafter, except in a most ingratefull and bloody manner, which is thus.

The Devill resolves to trouble the harmony and serenity of their mariage, or rather our *Dominica* hath hellishly derived and drawne this resolution from the Devill, to poyson her Husband, and the sooner she fixeth her minde upon this infernall Ingredient, and setteth her barbarous cruelty upon this devilliſh drugge, because the violence of his consumption having already made almost an Anatomy of his body, she therefore flattereth her selfe with this opinion, that no suspition at all can seize upon the beleefe of any that hee is poysoned, much lesse of his Father, or her Mother. She cannot procure poyson her selfe, and therefore albeit shee be very unwilling to acquaint or imploy any other herein, yet she is enforced thereunto. Of all her acquaintance she thinkes shee may more safely entrust and repose this great secret with her Chamber maid *Denisa*, for having formerly made her accessary to her sinnes of Fornication and Adultery, shee thinks shee may with lesse difficulty, and more ease now draw her to conceale and participate in this murther with her; the which the better and sooner to effect, she gives her fifty Duckets, and adding thereunto many sweet perswasions, and sugred promises, of her continuall care and affection for her preferment, this wretched miserable Wench yeelds her consent thereto so they give their hands, and sweare secrecie each to other, the Devill laughing at this their bloody compact and capitulation.

So

So (without either the grace or feare of God) they are resolute in this their rage, and outragious in this their barbarous cruelty, thinking every minute a moneth, and every day a yeare, before they have finished and perpetrated this lamentable businesse: So this Fury, this shee-devill *Dominica*, being as impatient in her lascivious lust to her selfe, as in her deadly malice to her kinde and honest Husband *Roderigo*, she makes *Denisa* secretly to procure some strong poyson, from some remote unknowne Apothecary, and not only causeth, but sees her to put it into some white broth for him, which the Chamber-maid brings, and the Wife and Mistresse gives to her Husband, in morning before he was out of his bed, under pretence and colour of some comfortable broth, and hot meat; whereof (O griefe to thinke it! O pity to report it!) before night he died thereof; and *Don Emanuel de Cortez* his father, being at that time ridden to the Citie of *Sevil*, in the Province of *Andowlesia*, about some important businesse of his, she (taking the opportunity and advantage of his absence, thereby the better to overvaile this her foule and bloudy fact) doth speedily cause this his breathlesse body to be encoffined, and so buried somewhat privately, but not in that solemne manner as was requisite either for his quality, or her reputation, yea, contrary to the opinion of the Lady *Cervantella* her mother, who much grieved and feared at this sudden death of her sonne in law *Roderigo*, as doubting lest her daughter, his Wife, had too hastily and untimely sent him to Heaven in a bloudy winding sheet. This mournfull Tragedy thus acted, our wretched *Dominica*, of a discontented Wife, is now become a joyfull and frolike Widdow; and now her exorbitant lust, and lascivious desires, breake pale, and range, both beyond the bounds of chastity, and the limits of discretion, for shee will hearken to no advise, nor follow any counsell from the Lady *Cervantella* her mother, but forsakes her house and her sight the greatest part of the day, and which is worse, many whole nights, to keepe company with those vitious Gallants, and debosht young Gentlemen of her former acquaintaince and familiarity, with whom she delighteth to lose her honour, to cast away her chastity, and to shipwracke her reputation, if not her soule; when neither thinking of God or her Conscience, of Heaven or Hell, of her murthering selfe, or murthered Husband, she so incessantly (without any intermission or repentance) abandons her selfe to her prophane and beastly whoredomes, that in a very short time shee makes her selfe the laughture of the worst, and the pitie of the better and most vertuous sort of people of *Granado*, yea, her actions are so devoid of Graces and repleat of impiety, that her owne Mother is ashamed to speake with her, and *Don Emanuel De Cortez*, her father in law, to see her. And here, Christian Reader, let me request thy curiosity to observe and thy piety to remarke, how (by degrees) the indignation and Justice of God fals upon this debosht young Lady, for the foulnesse of these her crimes, the very cry and sent whereof hath pierced the windowes of Heaven, and are now ascended to the eares and nostrils of the Lord of Hosts, to draw downe condigne vengeance on her for the same, yea, and at those times when shee least dreames or thinks thereof, and when shee is in the very prime of her prophaneneſſe, and the chiefest ruffe of her lascivious jollity, and voluptuous sensuality. The manner whereof is thus:

Two moneths are scarce expired since she sent this her Husband *Roderigo* thus untimely and cruelly to his grave, but having as it were drowned her Wits and Senses, her Reason and Indgement, yea, her Heart and Soule in the

Ocean of her beastly lusts, and lustfull desires and pleasures, (but to her owne shame, to the griefe of her mother, and the contempt and anger of her father in Law *De Cortez*) she marrieth *Don Lewis De Andrada*, one of her former Favourites and Paramours, for her lover I cannot, and therefore I will not tearme him; a very proper Gentleman of his Personage, but every way as debosshed and vitious as her selfe, and therefore a fit Husband for such a Wife. That shee was honest, hee knew the contrary, but hoping that her wealth should supply his wants, and repaire the ruines of his decayed fortunes, was that which soly induced him to become her Husband. But at last when he saw her wealth to come short of his expectation, and her lustfull desires to exceed it; then he thinks it high time to be wise, in not imitating the example of his predecessour *Roderigo*, in his carriage and conduction towards this his lascivious Wife *Dominica*, so hee holds a strict hand over her, and in a manner makes her no better than a Prisoner to her Chamber, and a Scholler to her Booke and Needle, in such sort, that her ranging unchaste thoughts are now bounded in her new Husbands jealousie, and pent and immured up in her owne griefe and discontent; for thus hee reasoneth with himselfe, that although formerly hee made her his Curtisan, yet now hee will not permit that she make him a Cuckold; then he was her friend, now her Husband, and then she was answerable for her owne life and actions to God, but now hee is both for his owne and for hers. But this her present affliction and misery is but the shadow and least part of her future; for *Andrada* her Husband being as resolute in reforming her, as she was neither to digest or endure it, he the better to curbe her incontinencie, and to debarre her from any more returning to her former lewd pranks, and debosshed life and conversation, he keeps her very short of money, takes from her most of her best apparell, and all her Rings, Chaines, and Iewels, which the Ladies of *Spaine* (more than any others of the world) hold to be a great part of their earthly felicity.

Dominica is amazed, yea all in teares to see this strange alteration of her fortune, and difference of her two Husbands, and now (though too late) shee sees *Rodorigo's* love, in *Andrada's* hardnesse towards her; shee speaks to her Mother to reconcile her to her husband, but having shut up this her second match without her knowledge or consent, shee rejects and abandoneth her from her favour to seeke her owne fortune, as holding her unworthy of the blood which Nature, and the education which God and her selfe had given her. She was cruell to her first husband, and therefore no marvell if the second prove unkinde to her, yet hee doubting of her secret malice towards him hee apprehends her revenge as much as hee condemnes her lubricitie. Hee will not adde faith to her dissembling promises, nor hazard beliefe to her treacherous teares and kisses but keepes her still rather as a prisoner than a wife, and more like a criminall than a companion; and yet as close and retired as hee kept her in his house, his vigilancy and jelousie was enforced to meet with this unknowne misfortune that hee was no sooner abroad, but shee had another friend or ruffian at home with whom she very often and very dishonestly familiarized, in so much that shee had infallibly murthered her second husband, as she had formerly done her first, if God out of the inestimable treasure of his mercy and goodnesse) had not prevented her rage, and disappointed and dissipated her bloody designe and revenge by another accident as mournefull as miraculous; and wherein the Iustice and providence of God doth equally resplend and shine forth unto us for our instruction with a most divine power and heavenly influence.

For

For we must here know and understand that the fifty Duckats which *Denisa* had given her of her Lady *Dominica*, for consenting to poison her Master *Roderigo*, gave her new apparell, and they likewise procured her a new suror or sweet heart, named *Hugo* (who made shew to marry her, but intented it not) with whom shee wantonized so often, as in a short time shee became guilty of a great Belly, the which she concealed from all the world, except from *Hugo* the father of her unborne childe, who upon notice thereof, either for feare of present punishment, or of future danger, or that he should bee constrained to marry her, and so to maintaine her and her childe, when he had not means to maintaine himselfe, he fled from *Granada* to *Murcia* without taking his leave of *Denisa*, or any way acquainting her therewith, and now when it is too late, this wretched wench exceedingly grieves thereat, when knowing his returne uncertain, his affection to her doubtfull, her self poore and her Lady & Mistris *Dominica*, as then not able to maintaine her or her child; shee assumes another bloody resolution, which is, that as shee was formerly accessary to the poysoning of her Master, so shee now will bee a principall Actor in murthering and making away of her owne child, as soone as it shall be borne, and neither conscience nor her feare are able to divert her from this her bloody and damnable purpose. For being provoked thereunto first by her shame, then by her necessity, but chiefly and especially by her fatall Counsellor and instigatour the Devill, shee being delivered (almost a moneth before her time) of a faire young Sonne as soone as it had cried once (to bewaile his owne misery and his inhumane Mothers cruelty) she as an execrable fury of hell, strangles it, giving him his mournefull and untimely death, in that very same houre and instant, which God and her selfe gave it life, and the very same evening, wrappes it in a cleane white linnin cloth, and with a Packthred ties a great stone thereunto and (the devill giving her strength, the very same night caries it halfe a mile off to a pond without the east gate of the Citty, where seeing no body present to see her, shee (not as a mother, no not as a woman, but rather as a fury of hell there throwes it in, which before her departure thence presently sunck to the bottome.

And here let us behold and contemplate on the wonderfull mercy and Judgment of God in so speedily revealing this deplorable and cruell murther of this harmeless and innocent little new borne babe, whom being so newly brought from the adulterate wombe of his pittilesse mother, she malitiously cast into that Pond, giving it death for life, the Pond for its Cradle, a banck of mud and Oze for its bed and pillow. For upon the instant of *Denisas* delivery and her murthering and throwing of this her infant babe into the Pond; God (to revenge this foule and bloody fact of hers) deprived her of discretion and judgement to returne for that night to her Masters house, for shee thinking to make sure and sound work for her owne reputation and safety shee that very night takes up her lodging in the next poore Inne, which was at the signe of Saint *Iohns* head, where to the Host and Hostesse, shee pretends lameness by the receit of a fall. But God will give her but small time to rest and repose her selfe in the guiltinesse of this her cruell sinne of murthering her own innocent new borne babe, for within one houre after, a Groome riding to water his horse in the same pond, his Horse snuffeth and starts exceedingly, pawing in the water with his farther fore foote, and many times thrusts downe his head therein. The Groome gives him the spurre and switch to bring him off, but in vaine, for the horse the more paweth with his foote, and snuffeth with his

noſe, yea ſo long till at laſt (it ſeemes) the packthred being broken the white cloth appeares and flotes upon the water, which the groome upon the ſtrange behaviour of his horſe (but indeed by the immediate providence and pleaſure of God, who then and there was well pleaſed to make this reaſonleſſe Beaſt an inſtrument of his glory in the detection of this cruell murther) cauſeth to bee fetched a ſhore, where opening the cloth in preſence of ſome others, who flocke thither to the pond ſide to ſee what this may be. They find a ſweet young Infant boy, whoſe body was as white as the ſnow, with a flaxen coloured haire, a cheerefull looke, a cherrie lip, and ſome blackneſſe about his throate and necke, wherby they gueſſed it to be newly borne and ſtrangled of ſome Strumpet his mother, whom to detect and finde out, they ſearch all the adjacent houſes, and at laſt finde out *Deniſa* in her Inne, when the Officers of Iuſtice, ſetting a Midwife and ſome three or foure elderly women to ſearch her, they (diſpight of her reſiſtance or prayers to the contrary) give in evidence againſt her that ſhee was that day delivered of a child, ſo ſhee is impriſoned, and the next day brought to her arraignement, where (threatned with the racke) ſhee confeſſeth the ſtrangling of her child and the throwing of it into this pond, for the which ſoule and inhumane fact of hers, ſhee is the next day condemned to bee hanged: When deſirous to ſave her ſoule though through the inſtigation of Satan) ſhe hath miſerably caſt away her body; ſhe entreateth that father *Euſtace* a Prieſt of her acquaintance may be ſent to her in Priſon, to prepare her ſoule for her ſpiritual journy to heaven, who is accordingly ſent her. Who after a long and a religious exhortation to her, falling on this point, that ſhe ſhould do well to disburthen her conſcience of any other capitall crime which ſhe in all the whole courſe of her life might have committed, as affirming that the revealing thereof, exceedingly tended to Gods glory, and the felicity of her owne ſoule, ſhe (with teares and ſighes) deepely thinkes thereof that night in priſon. Now the next morning ſhee is brought to the place of execution, where a great number of people flocke together to ſee her end, and there on the Ladder after ſhee had againe confeſſed the ſtrangling of her infant and her throwing of it into the Pond, ſhee likewiſe then and there confeſſed, That ſhe was acceſſary and conſented with her Lady *Dominica* to poyſon her Maſter *Roderigo*, which ſhee affirmed they both effected in the ſame manner as wee have formerly underſtood. The confeſſion of this her other foule murther, as alſo of her Lady *Dominica*, doth much amaze her Auditors and aſtoniſh her Judges, who to cleere and vindicate the truth hereof, they cauſe her to deſcend the Ladder, and to be confronted with her ſaid Lady *Dominica* who by this time in the middeſt of her ſecurity is likewiſe apprehended and brought before the Criminall Judges, where contrary to her expectation being enforced to underſtand the effect and tenour of her Chamber maid *Deniſa's* confeſſion and accuſation againſt her for the poyſoning of her Husband *Roderigo*, ſhee with much paſſion and choller rearmes her witch and devill, and curſeth the houre that ever ſhee foſtered up ſo peſtilent a Viper in her houſe to eate out her own heart and life, when with more confidence and boldnes than contrition and repentance (being firſt by her judges threatned with the torments of the racke) ſhe confeſſeth her ſelfe likewiſe to be guilty of murthering her firſt Husband *Roderigo*. So *Deniſa's* ſentence is altered, for ſhee is condemned to be hanged for her firſt murther, and her dead body after to be burnt to aſhes for her ſecond, and the Lady *Dominica* to bee hanged for poyſoning her husband which newes ſo reſounds and rattles

through

through all the ſtreets and corners of *Granado*, that almoſt all the people of that Citie flocke the next morning to the place of execution, to ſee this cruell Miſtreſſe and her bloudy Chamber-maid, take their laſt farewell of this world; for the Lady *Dominica* muſt likewiſe die, notwithſtanding her Mother *Cervantelio's* teares, and her Husband *Andrada's* importunate requeſts and paſſionate praiers to her Judges to the contrary.

And firſt *Deniſa* is cauſed to aſcend the Ladder, (who was a tall and comely young woman) to whom God was ſo mercifull to her ſoule, that there with many bitter ſighs and teares, ſhe was wonderfull ſorrowfull for theſe her two foule murthers, eſpecially for that of her poore Infant babe, whom ſhe had almoſt as ſo one diſpatched out, as ſhe brought into the world: She earneſtly beſought all her auditors and ſpectators to pray unto God to forgive her, and to bee mercifull to her ſoule; ſhee affirmed that her Lady *Dominica's* enticements and Gold firſt drew her to be acceſſary to the poyſoning of her Maſter *Roderigo*, the which againe and againe from her heart and ſoule, ſhee prayed God to pardon her; when entreating all young people, eſpecially all young women, to be more wiſe and religious, and leſſe prophane and bloudy minded, by her example; and now recommending her ſoule into the hands of her Saviour and Redeemer, ſhe is turned over. When immediately after this our wretched Lady *Dominica* is likewiſe brought to her execution, whom the vanity of her heart, and the impurity and prophaneneſſe of her ſoule, had purpoſely dighted in her beſt dreſſe, and richeſt apparell; which was a purple wrought Velvet Gowne, and a curious great laced Ruffe, with all things elſe ſutable to it; but which is lamentable to ſee, and fearefull to conſider, ſhe was as careleſſe of her ſoule, as curious of her body; for the Prieſts and Friers in her priſon could not abate or beat down her impiety, but as there, ſo here on the Ladder, ſhe enters into many deepe execrations and curſes, as well againſt her ſecond Husband *Andrada*, as againſt her Chamber-maid *Deniſa*, who ſhe ſaid was now rather gone to the Devill than to God; but no ſpark of grace, no ſhew of ſorrow, or ſigne of repentance could appeare in her looks, or bee heard in her ſpeeches, for poyſoning of her firſt Husband *Roderigo*, but with much choller and vehemencie, ſhee there uttered many other lewd and laſcivious ſpeeches, the which grieved her Chriſtian Auditours to heare, and therefore I will not defile my pen, or offend the Readers religious and chaſt hearts with the knowledg thereof; ſo this miſerable and wretched Lady was turned over the Ladder, who made her death anſwerable to the foulneſſe and enormity of her life, being not ſo happy in her death as her bloudy Chamber-maid *Deniſa*, and I feare me as exempt of grace and goodneſſe as the Devill could wiſh her. But God is the Lord of Juſtice, and father of mercy, to whom I leave her.

The youth and beauty of this cruell and inhumane Lady *Dominica*, was pitied of many, but her foule fact abhorred and deteſted of all who were preſent at her death; may we who reade her Hiſtory, cheriſh our Vertues by the ſight and knowledge of her Vices, and fortifie our ſoules with Religion and Piety, as ſhe ruined hers by the neglect and want thereof. *Amen.*

GODS

GODS REVENGE
AGAINST
THE CRYING AND
Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XXIX.

Sanctifiore (*upon promise of mariage*) *gets* Ursina *with child, and then afterwards very ingratefully and treacherously rejecteth her, and marieth* Bertranna. Ursina *being sensible of this her disgrace, disguiseth her selfe in a Fryers habit, and with a case of Pistolls kills* Sanctifiore *as he is walking in the fields; for the which shee is hanged.*

IT is a poore profit, a wretched pleasure, for the satisfaction of choler and revenge, to imbrue our hands in the innocent blood of our neere kindred, sith in seeking to wound him, wee more properly kill our selves in soule and body; striking him (who is the figurative image of God) wee presumptuously stab at the Majesty of God himselfe, by whom our soules must, without whom they can never bee saved. Therefore if wee will not know as wee are men, yet wee ought firmly both to know and beleeve as wee are Christians, that revenge and murther are the two prodigious twins of *Sathan*, the last being engendered and propagated of the first, and both from Hell: For revenge is not halfe so sweet in the beginning as bitter in the end, nor murther by many degrees so pleasing as it proves pernitious to her Authors; as this ensuing History will verifie, and make apparant unto us.

LEt your thoughts be carried over those high hills of Europe, the Alpes, and Appenins, to the noble and famous citie of Naples, the head and capitall of that flourishing kingdome (and from whence it receives and derives its denomination) a city exceeding rich, populous and faire, and graced and

adorned with more Nobilitie and Gentrie of both ſexes than any other of *Italy* whatſoever. Wherein of very late yeares (when the Duke of *Oſſuna* was Vice-roy thereof) there dwelt two rich and beautifull young gentlewomen, the one named *Dona Vrſina Placedo*, the onely daughter and child of *Seignior Aguſtino Placedo*, & the other *Dona Bertranna de Tores* likewiſe the only child and daughter of *Seignior Thomaſo de Tores*, the firſt native of *Ferenzolo*, in *Pulia*, and the ſecond of *Materana* in *Calabria*, both of them being exceeding rich and well deſcended Gentlemen, who with their wives and daughters for the moſt part built up their reſidence in *Naples*, but eſpecially all the winter time. Now becauſe theſe two young gentlewomen (whom henceforth wee will tearme by their Chriſtian and not by their Surnames) are two of the chiefeſt perſonages, which give life to this Hiſtory, therefore I hold it not impertinent for mee, ſuperficially to give the Reader their different caracters and delineations; *Vrſina* was paſt the twentieth yeare of her age, and *Bertranna* entring into her eighteenth, *Vrſina* was tall and ſlender, *Bertranna* ſhort and ſomewhat crook-backed: *Vrſina* was the fairer of the two, but *Bertranna* by far the ſubtiller and wiſer. *Vrſina* was of a deepe Amber hayre, but *Bertranna* of a coale blacke: & to conclude this point, *Vrſina* was affable and courteous, but *Bertranna* coy, proud, and malitious.

The truth and order of this Hiſtory muſt here informe us, that although theſe two rich young Gentlewomen had divers brave Gallants, who were ſutors to them for marriage, yet none of them ſo dearely and paſſionatly loved *Vrſina*, as the Baron of *Sanctifiore* of *Capua*, a verie rich young Nobleman; but far more proper than wiſe, and withall far more laſcivious than rich, nor did or could *Bertranna* in her heart and mind affect any other but the ſaid Baron: neither was it poſſible for her father *De Tores* to perſwade or draw her to deſire any other Nobleman or Gentleman for her husband than him. Thus wee ſee *Sanctifiore* deeply to love *Vrſina*, and *Bertranna* him, but not hee her; and wee ſhall not goe far till we likewiſe ſee what effects theſe their different affections will produce.

Whiles *Vrſina* is aſſured of *Sanctifiores* love to her, *Bertranna* contrariwiſe by her ſelfe and her friends makes it her chiefeſt care and ambition to perſwade and draw him to forſake *Vrſina*, and to love and marry her ſelfe, but ſhee will find more oppoſition and difficulty therein than ſhee expects. True it is, that although the Baron of *Sanctifiore* doe continually frequent *Placedos* houſe, and his daughter *Bertrannas* company, yet underſtanding and conſidering with himſelfe, that *Vrſina* honoured him with her conſtant love and affection, hee therefore held himſelfe in a manner bound ſometimes to ſee and viſit her, although indeed it was every way more to content and pleaſe her, than himſelfe, where albeit that her policy to her ſelfe, and her affection to him, gives him many quips and jerkes of his Miſtris *Vrſina*, yet his reputation and diſcretion makes him comport his actions and ſpeeches ſo equally towards *Bertranna*, that although hee give her little cauſe to hope, yet he gives her none to deſpaier of his love and affection to her, in requitall of hers to him, and upon theſe and no other tearmes ſtand *Sanctifiore* and *Bertranna*. But as for *Vrſina*, her hopes and heart of *Sanctifiores* affection to her, ſayls on with a more pleaſing and joyfull gale of wind, for ſhee loving him as deeply as hee doth her dearly, ſhe accounts her ſelfe his, and he hers: as we may the more particularly and perfectly perceive by foure love-letters of theirs, which ſecretly and interchangeably paſt betweene them; the which for the Readers better ſatisfaction I thought good here to inſert and publiſh, whereof his firſt to her ſpake thus.

SANCTIFIORE.

SANCTIFIORE TO VRSINA.

THe Sweetnes of thy beauty, and the excellencie of thy Vertues have so fully taken up my thoughts, and so firmely surprised and vanquished my heart, that I am so much thine both by conquest and duty, as I know not whether I doe more affect or honour, or more admire or adore thee; Wherefore if thou art as courteous as faire, and as loving to me as I am faithfull to thy selfe, then returne mee thy heart as I now give and send thee mine, and assure thy selfe that my affection is so infinite and entire to thee, that I love and desire thee a thousand times more than mine owne life, and will esteeme my death both sweet and happy, if thou wilt henceforth live mine by Purchase, as I am now thine by Promise. Thy will shall be my law, and as there is a God in Heaven, so Vrsina hath not so fervent a lover, or constant a servant on earth as her

SANCTIFIORE.

Vrsinas answer hereunto was couched in these tearmes.

VRSINA TO SANCTIFIORE.

IF thy heart be as full of affection, as thy letter is of flattery to mee, I should then have as just cause thankfully to beleeve that, as now I have to suspect and feare this; For the iniquity of our times, and the misery of many former examples doe prompt and tell mee, that most men love more with their tongues, than with their hearts, and that they all know far better how to professe than preserve their affections and fidelities to their Mistresses. As for mee, judge with thy selfe how courteous and loving I am to thee, for if I perfectly knew that thy Letter were the true Ambassadour, and unfeigned Eccho of thy heart, I would both say and promise thee, that I would love thee, and done but thee: Make my selfe thy wife, when and as soone as thou wilt please to bee my Husband, for in life and death I here now promise thee to bee more thine than mine owne: Resolve mee of this doubt, and free mee of this feare, and then manage this affection and favour of mine with discretion, and requize it with fidelitie to thy

VRSINA.

The Baron of *Sanctifiores* second letter to her contayned this language.

SANCTIFIORE TO VRSINA.

AS I am not guilty, so I am not answerable for other mens crimes of infidelity, but doe as justly detest and scorne, as you unjustly feare them in mee. That my affection is pure and sacred, and shall bee inviolable to thee, bee God my Iudge, and my heart and conscience my witnesses: Therefore to resolve thy doubt, and to free thy feare thereof, I vow by the pureness of thy beauty, and by the dignity of thy vertues, that both my former letter and also this, are the true Ambassadours and Eccheos of my heart, and which is more, of my soule. I will shortly kisse thee for thy love to mee, then love thee for thy kisses, and after embrace and thanke thee for both, and when I faile of my affection and fidelity to thee, may God then faile of his Grace and mercy to my selfe. I will make my selfe thy deere Husband, and thee my sweet wife, when thou pleasest to crowne and honour mee with that sweet joy, and to ravish my heart with this desired felicity.

SANCTIFIORE.

Vrſinas anſwer hereunto was traced in theſe tearmes.

VRSINA to SANCTIFIORE.

RElying on the Purity of thy affection, and the preſervation and performance of thy conſtancy to mee, for the which thou haſt invoked God for Iudge, and thy heart and Conſcience as witneſſes thereof, I now freely acknowledge my ſelfe to bee thy wife by Purchaſe, and thou to bee my Husband by Promiſe, and doe therefore wholly take me from my ſelfe, eternally to give my ſelfe to thee. I deſire the enjoyance of thy company and preſence, with as much impatiency as thou longeſt for mine, and thou ſhalt find, that I will make it my chiefeſt care and ambition to love thee, and my greateſt glory to honour and obey thee, and let both of us beware of infidelity each to other, for God will aſſuredly puniſh it with juſtice, requite it with revenge, and revenge it with miſery on the Delinquents and Offenders.

VRSINA.

By the peruſall and conſideration of theſe foure precedent Letters, wee may plainly perceive, what a firme promiſe, and ſecret contract there was paſt betweene the Baron of *Sanctifiore* and the Lady *Vrſina*, and how fervently and ſweetly they had given themſelves each to other in the promiſe and aſſurance of mariage, ſo not contented to have gotten the Daughters good will, hee in very honourable faſhion and tearmes likewiſe ſeekes her Father *Seignior Placedos* conſent thereto; whom though for ſome few Monethes hee found to bee averſe and oppoſit to his deſires therein, yet upon *Sanctifiores* importunate intreaties and his Daughter *Vrſinas* frequent teares, hee at laſt conſenteth to this their mariage, only he delayed the conſummation thereof for ſome ſecret reaſons, and conſiderations beſt knowne to himſelfe, the which I cannot publiſh, becauſe I could never gather or underſtand them. Whiles thus the Baron of *Sanctifiore* remaines in *Naples*, his long ſtay, great trayne, prodigall expenſes there, and his abſence from *Capua* where his lands and meanes lay, made him bee in ſome diſtreſſe and want of mony, and not knowing how to procure it there, thereby to ſupport his fame and reputation with his pretended Father in law, and alſo with his intended wife his Daughter, it greatly perplexed and troubled him; But at laſt hee ſaw himſelfe reduced to this extremity, that hee was enforced to borrow of one Nobleman and Gentleman of his Friends to pay another; a Courſe which hee well ſaw could not long endure and ſubſiſt, without clamorouſly calling his reputation in queſtion; The which to prevent, knowing *Seignior Placedo* to bee a hide bound, and cloſe fiſted old Gentleman, who loved his gold far better than his God, and that if hee offered to borrow any of him, hee would abſolutely refuſe and deny to lend it him, and that it was not impoſſible, but rather very probable, that hereby the prodigality of the one, and the covetouſnes of the other might prove a great blot and hinderance to this his marriage, hee therefore as a deboſhed and vicious young Nobleman, deſpayring of the fathers love, reſolves to make ſure worke with the daughters affection, who with a thouſand amorous ſpeeches, and laſcivious lures, daliances and temptations, he ſeekes to draw her to his luſtfull deſires, and ſo by uſurping on her chaſtity (which is the honour of Ladyes, & the glory of Gentlewomen) to have carnall knowledge of her before he were married to her. *Vrſina* (who loved her ſweet heart *Sanctifiore* farre dearer than the whole world, and yet her honour and chaſtity a thouſand times more deare and pretious than her owne life) infinitly grieves and wonders

at

at this his intemperancy and obscenitie; when (as a chaste and vertuous Gentlewoman) shee with sighes and teares layes before his eyes and consideration, and represents to his heart and soule, the lewdnesse of his desire, the impiety of his request, the foulnes and odiousnes of this fact both to God and man; the losse of her reputation and honour, both with her father and with all the world, and that in the end it would assuredly prove the breake-necke of their mariage, and consequently the ruine of both their contents and fortunes; as also that she is ready to be his wife, but disdaineth to prove his strumpet, with many other wise and godly reasons tending that way, and therefore utterly refuseth to blemish or shipwracke her chastity, by participating with him in the share of this lascivious and impious sinne of fornication; and indeed it had been a happines and glory, very worthy both of her selfe, and of her honourable old Father, if she had lived in the purity, and continued in the piety of this chaste and vertuous resolution.

But this lascivious Baron *Sanctifiore* seeing his lust so strongly opposed by he chastity, hee is so far from grace and from God, as hee redoubleth his violence and impetuositie thereof, as also of his lures and prayers, of his art and policy, to inrich himselfe with her losse of that inestimable and irrecoverable Jewell her Virginity; so that day and night she cannot be in quiet for him, nor hee without her; but still he followes her as her ghost and shadow, and with many false oathes and feigned sighes and teares doth bewitch or rather minstralize into her eares and heart, that his desire of this sweet pleasure which hee requesteth from her, proceeds wholly from his tender affection to her, & so with a thousand lascivious words hee makes so large and so impious an Apology to her for this his obscene request, that because modesty cannot, discretion will not permit mee to relate it; as well knowing that the expression and publishing thereof, will every way prove unprofitable to the Reader, & no way pleasing but displeasing to God, when this weake and inconsiderate Gentlewoman, loving him far dearer than her owne life, and confidently relying on his sworne affection and fidelity to her, which hee so passionatly, and so often had reiterated to her, shee so rashly and foolishly permitted her selfe to be weighed downe, overcome and vanquished with the importunacy of his requests and oathes, that it was neither in her power or will to deny him any thing, no not her selfe, but as she formerly had given him the full command of her heart, now she likewise gives him the free use and possession of her body. Thus *Sanctifiore* bereaves and unparadiseth his Mistris *Vrsina* of the most pretious Jewell which ever Lady Nature gave her, I meane her chastity and honour, but both of them shall shortly pay deare for these their bitter sweet pleasures (or rather sinnes) of sensuality and fornication, and shall redeeme and ransome them with no lesse than shame and repentance: The manner whereof is thus.

After hee had thus deflowred, and taken his obscene pleasure of his young and beautifull Mistris, and stayed an houre or two complementing with her, he then takes his leave of her, when triumphing more in the conquest of her shame, and his folly, than in his owne repentance for occasioning the one and committing the other, hee within a weeke or two after againe makes her so flexible and tractable to his desires, as hee three or foure times more familiarly wantonizeth with her in this lascivious manner, and she with him, as not contented to staine and blemish, but wholly to defile and pollute themselves in this their beastly sin of concupiscence and fornication. But here now begins his infamie, and her griefe and misery: For (as a base Nobleman) hee forgetting his oathes and promises to her, and her extraordinary love and affection to him, and which is more, his

honour

honour, and himſelfe, and his ſoule, and his God, hee (by degrees) now begins to freez in his affection to her, viſiteth her ſeldome, and then but faintly and coldly, and when (with equall bluſhes and teares) ſhee motioneth him to marry her, hee is either deafe to her requeſts, or elſe anſwereth her ſo impertinently and ambiguouſly, as (with much perturbation of mind and affliction of heart) ſhee begins to ſuſpect and doubt with her ſelfe, that ſhe hath more reaſon to feare, than cauſe to hope of his future affection and fidelity towards her. Neither is her feare vaine, or her judgement and apprehenſion deceived of him herein: for as men love noſegayes in the morne, and throw them away ere night, ſo this ignoble Nobleman *Sanctifiore* after hee had ſurfetted and ſatiated his deſire of this his intended and contracted wife *Vrſina*, hee in leſſe than three moneths after, is ſo ingratefull and treacherous towards her, as in a manner hee abandoneth her fathers houſe, and forſakes her ſight and companie, leaving her nothing to comfort her, but her ſighes, teares, and repentance, and which is worſe, a growing great belly, as the true ſeale of her preſent griefe and ſorrow, and the undoubted pledge and preſager of her future ſhame and miſery, which torments and terrifies her heart and ſoule, but how to remedie it ſhe knowes not. And now (with as much ſpeed as vanity and infidelity) away goes *Sanctifiore* to his other ſecond ſweet heart *Bertranna*, who not for her beautie, but for her fathers great wealth, and his owne preſſing wants, hee now ſeemes to affect and court a thouſand times more familiarly and tenderly than before, whereof ſhee is infinitly glad & joyfull. For having a long time loved him in her heart and mind, and therefore deſiring nothing ſo much under heaven, as to ſee him her Husband here on earth, and having to that end her ſecret eyes and ſpies every where abroad upon his life and actions, ſhe is at laſt advertiſed, that there is ſome great diſtaſte and difference fallen out betweene him and the Lady *Vrſina*, as alſo that being farre from his home, hee wanteth monyes to defray his Port and expences in *Naples*; ſhee being of a ſharp wit, and deepe judgement, thinkes that the laſt of his defects was the cauſe of the firſt, and that peradventure *Sanctifiore* having attempted to borrow ſome money of her father *Seignior Placedo*, and received the repulſe, hee therefore was fallen out, and become diſpleaſed and diſcontented with his daughter: And although her conceit and judgement miſſed of the truth herein, yet the better to eſtrange *Sanctifiore* from *Vrſina*, and conſequently the more powerfully and ſtrongly to unite and tye him to her ſelfe, ſhee well knowing that her owne father *De Tores* exceedingly loved him, and deſired him for his ſonne in law, as much as ſhee did for her Husband: ſhee therefore as much in love to him, as in diſdaine and malice to *Vrſina*, doth under hand deale ſo politickly, and yet ſo ſecretly with her Father to lend *Sanctifiore* ſome monyes, that hee meeting him the very next day in his houſe, hee takes him aſide in his ſtudy and told him, that in regard of his abſence from *Capua*, and his long ſtay and great expences here in *Naples*, it was rather likely than impoſſible that hee might want ſome monyes, and therefore hee freely lent, and then and there laid him downe 500 double piſtolls: adding withall, that if hee needed more, hee ſhould have what hee pleaſed, and repay it him againe when hee pleaſed, and that if hee would honour him ſo much as to marry his daughter, hee would give him all the lands and wealth hee had.

This great courteſie of *De Tores* to the Baron of *Sanctifiore* hee held was redoubled to him in the value, in that hee lent it to him ſo freely and undemanded, as alſo for that it came ſo opportunely and fitly to pay his debts, and ſatisfie his wants, as after a long and reſpective complement betweene them.

Sanctifiores

Sanctifiores neceſſitie ſo eaſily prevailes with his modeſty, that hee moſt thankfully takes this gold of *De Tores*, and likewiſe gives him more hope than deſpaire to his motion of marrying his daughter the Lady *Bertranna*; wherewith the one reſts well ſatisfied, and the other exceeding well contented. This point of courteſie being thus performed betweene them, *Sanctifiores* joy thereof was ſo great, I may ſay ſo boundleſſe, as he preſently finds out his new Miſtris *Bertranna*, and with a frolick countenance and cheerfull voice, relates her, how much her father had obliged him, and from point to point what had paſt betweene them, and immediately after no leſſe doth her father, the muſick of which newes was ſo pleaſing to her mind, and ſo ſweet to her heart and thoughts, that ſhe hereupon flatters her ſelfe with a confident hope that hee will ſhortly marry her, and in this hope doth hee ſtill feed and entertaine her, being ſeldome or never from her, but ever and anon both together billing and kiſſing, drowning his judgement ſo wholly in her company, and his heart ranging and dreaming ſo fully on her youth and beauty, and on her fathers great wealth and eſtate, that hee hath not the grace, no nor which is leſſe, the will or good nature, once to thinke of his poore deſolate and forſaken *Vrſina*, of whom in her turne I come now to ſpeake.

Wee have formerly underſtood with ſorrow, and our ſorrowfull and unfortunate *Vrſina* hath to her griefe too too ſoone ſeene, how unkindly *Sanctifiore* hath uſed, and how baſely and treacherouſly abuſed her in the points of her honour, and his infidelity; and yet all this notwithſtanding, her love and affection is ſtill ſo deare and conſtant to him, and her hopes ſo confident of him, that all this diſcourteſie of his to her, is only but to try her patience, and that conſidering what familiarity hath paſt betweene them, it is impoſſible for him to bee ſo cruell hearted towards her, as in the end not to marry her. She hath likewiſe acquainted him, that ſhe is with child by him, and when all other reaſons and perſuaſions faile, ſhee hopes this will prevaile to reclaime his affection to her, and to induce him to take pitty of her, and compaſſion of his unborne babe within her. But to reſell and diſſipate all theſe her flattering and deceitfull hopes, and which is worſe to make her loſe all hopes of this her deſired happines and good fortune from him, his new contracted and inceſſant familiarity betweene him and the Lady *Bertranna*, is not ſo privatly carried and huſhed up in ſilence betweene them, but ſhee hath ſecret and ſorrowfull notice thereof; which ſo inflames her mind with hot jelouſie, and likewiſe afflicts her heart with cold feare and apprehenſion, that ſhee hath ſeduced and drawen his affection from her to himſelfe, as alſo that hee will utterly forſake her to marry *Bertranna*, that ſhee fully beleeves that the wind of his diſcourteous abſence from her proceedes from this point of the compaſſe. Wherefore fearing that which ſhee already knowes, but far more that which ſhee knowes not of this their familiarity betweene them, all her hopes of *Sanctifiore* are almoſt vaniſhed and baniſhed, and her heart is as it were wholly depreſſed and weighed downe with bitter griefe and ſorrow thereof. She dares acquaint no body with her diſgrace, much leſſe her Father, and her looking on her great belly doth but infinitely augment her ſorrowes and increaſe her afflictions, in regard that that which ſhould have beene the cauſe of her joy and glory, ſhee now knowes will ſhortly prove the argument of her ſhame and miſery. A thouſand times a day, yea I may truly ſay as many times an houre, ſhee wiſheth ſhee had beene more chaſte and leſſe faire, and not ſo eaſily to have hearkned to *Sanctifiores* ſugred oathes and temptations, as to have loſt her honour and fortunes in ſeeking to preſerve them in her affection to him, ſhee would faine draw comfort from all theſe her calamities,

calamities, or from any one of them, and yet shee knowes not from whom except from her *Sanctifiore*, when presently shee checks her folly and reproves her ambition for tearming him hers, when shee beleeves she hath far more cause to feare than reason to doubt, that hee already is, or shortly will bee *Bertrannas* husband. And yet againe, because the excesse of her sorrowes hath more eclipsed her joyes than her judgement, and more dulled and obscured her heart than her understanding, therefore judging it a master peece of her policy if shee can sequester and reclaime her *Sanctifiore* from *Bertranna*, and so retaine him to her selfe in marriage, shee to that end, that very morning sends for *Sebastiano* her fathers coachman (whom shee knew to be faithfull to her) and taking off a rich Diamond ring from her finger which *Sanctifiore* well knew, she bade him find out the Baron of *Sanctifiore* at his lodging, or elsewhere, to deliver that ring as a token of her love to him, and to tell him that shee infinitly desires him to honour her with his presence at her Fathers house sometimes the forenoone. *Sebastiano* accordingly findes out the Baron, and delivers him his young mistris ring and message, by whom hee returnes this answer; Commend me to the Lady *Vrsina*, and tell her I will be with her immediatly after dinner. Whiles thus our sorrowfull *Vrsina* (betwixt hope and feare, griefe and consolation) prepares to receive him; hee arrives to her in his owne coach, and her Fathers servants attending for him, doe conduct him up to her chamber, where composing her countenance to affection, and yet to sorrow, shee meets him at the doore, and conducts him to the window which answereth and lookes into the garden, where hee giving her onely one slight kisse, and shee absenting her Fathers servants, shee bursts forth into teares and sighes.

Shee complaines of the coldnesse of his affection, of his long absence from her, of the violation of his oathes and vowes to her, and of her great belly by him, which shee tells him hee may better see than shee conceale, but especially of his deepe promise to marry her, praying him to set downe the time and place when hee will performe and consummate it, and that it would infallibly prove his shame and infamy, if hee forgat himselfe, his honour and conscience, to forsake her, and marry the Lady *Bertranna*, whom shee affirmes to him with teares, that shee understands is the mistris of his thoughts and heart, and the Queene Regent of his desires and affections. When this base Baron is so cruell hearted to her, as (preferring his fury to his affection, and his passion to his compassion) hee replyes not a word to all the former parts and branches of her speeches and complaints, but only to the two last hee gives her this thundering and heart-killing answer: Know *Vrsina* that I have used all lawfull and possible meanes with my parents to draw their consents that I might marry thee, but it is out of my power ever to obtaine it of them, and without it I will never marry: as for *Bertranna*, shee is not so much thy inferiour in beauty, as shee is thy superiour in vertues, therefore provide thou for thy fortunes, and so will I for mine, when with a looke (which savored no way of love, but wholly of contempt and indignation) hee hastily throwes her her Diamond ring, and without once kissing her or bidding her farewell, suddenly rusheth forth her chamber, wherein hee leaves her to her selfe and her muses, and so takes coach and away, vowing to himselfe as hee went forth the doores, that hee will not bee Father to a bastard, nor Husband to a whore.

Here let all vertuous Ladies and Gentlewomen, and all true hearted and generous Noblemen and Gentlemen judge, if this *Sanctifiore* did not shew himselfe a most base Nobleman and a cruell hearted tyrant towards this sweet and

unfortunate

unfortunate Gentlewoman sith the consideration of her youth and beauty in her selfe, of her tender love and affection to him, of his oathes and promises to bee her husband, of the losse of her honour and fortunes, yea sith the sight of her leane and thin chekes wherein the roses and lillies of her former beauty were withered with her sorrowes and his infidelities, and the sight and consideration of her great belly which hee had given her, together with her birth, and quality, and the infinitnesse of her sighes, prayers, sobs, and teares could draw no more reason or compassion from him towards her.

And now it is, that at the sight and consideration of this his barbarous cruelty towards her, her very heart and soule is wounded and pierced thorow with sorrow, and now it is that she looks backe on her former folly & errour, on her present affliction and griefe, & on her future shame & miserie, and now it is that deeming him lost to her for ever, and her selfe consequently ruined without him; that her sorrowes and miseries are so great, so infinite, that shee is ready to drowne her selfe in her teares, and most willingly desirous to forsake this life and this world to flie up to heaven and to God upon the wings of her sighes, and prayers. But ahlas poore soule, thou art too unfortunate to be yet so happie, because these thy afflictions and sorrowes doe as it were but now begin; therefore thou must prepare and arme thy selfe to suffer them with patience and to end them in lesse passion, and more repentance and piety.

Although this ignoble Baron triumph in this his cruelty towards his former love *Vrsina*, and so speedily poast away and acquaint his new one *Bertrana* therewith, who as much rejoyceth, as the other bitterly weeps and laments thereat; yet (according to order) I must againe speake of our sorrowfull *Vrsina*, who hath other more mournfull parts, and lamentable passions to act upon the stage of this her History. Who having thus received the repulse and refusall from her treacherous lover *Sanctifiore*, she (within a moneth after) with a sorrowfull heart & courage, resolves (as well as she may) to dispence for a time with her teares, and to provide for her reputation, shee hath as yet acquainted none but *Sanctifiore* with her disgrace of her great belly, for neither her kinsfolkes, friends, neighbours, father, or his servants doe as yet know it; shee is of a weake body and feeble constitution, and therefore to conceale this scandall from her father, as also from all the world, and to provide for the lying downe of her great belly, she holds it requisite to discover this great and important secret but only to one, and so to crave the aid & assistance of this confident bosom friend. To which end, she thinkes none so fit for her purpose, & therefore makes choice of no other, but of an old aunt of hers, who was her mothers sister named *Dona Mellefanta*, who being a wise and rich widdow woman, dwelt at Putzeole some two small miles distant from Naples, a place so famous for its subterraneangrots, vaults, and water workes, when inventing an excuse to her Father. which was as worthy of her art and policy as shee was every way unworthy of these her crosses and afflictions; shee tells him that it is not unknowne to him how she hath a long time beene weake and sickly, that the aire of Naples is neither wholesome for her, nor pleasing to her, and because shee hath often dreamt she shall in a little time recover her former health in Putzeole, shee humbly beseecheth him that hee will speedily send her thither to live some small time there with her Aunt *Mellefanta* her Father *Seignior de Tores*, whose age, contentment, and joy lived chiefly in the youth, prosperity and health of this his only child and daughter, makes her will and desire herein to be his, when not knowing any thing of the distast that had past betweene his daughter, and the Baron of *Sanctifiore*, or of his

affection to the Lady *Bertranna*, hee demanded of her when you are at Putzeole what shall become of the Baron of *Sanctifiore*, to whom (rather from her apron-strings than her heart) she returnes this witty and speedy answer, if *Sanctifiore* love me, hee will then sometimes leave Naples and visit mee, but if hee doe not I will not love him; which reply of hers pleased her father so well that hee causeth her to fit up her apparell and bagage, and within three daies after, (attended on by a chamber maid, and a man of his sends her away to Putzeole in his coach to his sister *Mellifanta*, where being arived shee speedily and privatly acquaints her aunt with this great secret of her great belly, which so much imports her reputation, or disgrace, and also with all the circumstances thereof, and so prayes her best love and assistance to her herein, the which shee faithfully promiseth her, adding withall, that because shee is of her owne blood, shee will regard and love her as her owne child, telling her that shee highly commended her policy, for thus blinding the eyes of her father, and for leaving Naples, to come lay downe her great belly with her in Putzeole; yet shee could not chuse but blame her for the cause thereof in suffering her selfe to bee thus abused and betrayed, by so base a Nobleman as the Baron of *Sanctifiore*, but then againe shee excuseth that errour of this her neece upon the freshnes of her youth, and beauty, and bids her feare nothing but to resolve to bee here cheerfull, couragious and merry with her.

Here we see our beautifull *Vrsina* safe at Putzeole under the wings and protection of her aunt *Mellifanta*, and far off from the eyes of the knowne or suspected rejoycing enemies of her disgrace; lodged in a dainty house, a delicate ayre having variety of curious sweet gardens, and dainty rancks and groves of orenge and lemon trees to walke in, well attended on, and faring most delitiously; and who therefore would beleeve, that shee would not now quite abandon her former sorrowes and teares, and wholly reject and cast of that base Baron of *Sanctifiore* who so ingratfully had ruined, and so treacherously had first forsaken and rejected her; but here in Putzeole wee shall see her performe nothing lesse; for although she yet hold him to bee intangled in the lures of *Bertrannas* beauty, and the temptations of her father *de Tores* wealth, yet judging his heart and affections by her owne, and measuring him by her selfe, shee still loves him so dearely that she nevertheless beleeves hee cannot hate her so deadly as to reject and repudiate her to marry the said *Bertranna*, when the more to fortifie her beleefe and resolution thereof, she very often againe reads over his two former letters which wee have heard and seene, and therein finding, that by his conscience and soule, and by heaven and by God hee had bound himselfe to marry her, and to love and die her faithfull husband; shee then beleeves that no man, much lesse a Nobleman, and least of all a christian will bee so prophane and impious (without any cause or reason) to violate all these his great oathes and promises so deeply made, and so religiously attested unto God, wherefore although this Baron of *Sanctifiore* were absent from her, yet seeing him still present in her eyes and heart, shee therefore (in consideration of the promises) doth yet continually so plead for him against her selfe, and for his affection and fidelity to her against her suspition and diffidence of him, that she yet flatters her selfe with a conceit that in the end his conscience will so call home his thoughts, and God his conscience, that hee will marry her selfe, and none but her selfe. Againe considering him to be the Father of her unborne babe, shee thinkes her selfe a very unkind and unnaturall mother, if shee should not love him for her childs sake as well as for his owne, and that God would neither blesse

her

her nor her burthen, it shee should any way neglect or omit him; upon the foundations of which reasons, (truely and courteously laid by her, but so falsly and treacherously by him) shee thinkes it a good way and an excellent, expedient for her, to seeke to reclaime him to her by a letter, the proofe whereof since his defection from her, she had not as yet practised or experienced, but as shee began to fall on this resolution, her hope and despaire of *Sanctifiore* and yet her love and affection to him, make her meet and fall on a doubtfull scruple, whether shee should write kindly or cholerickly to him, but at last her affection to him, declining and excusing his infidelity to her, and her love, and courtesie giving a favourable construction to his cruelty towards her, shee holds it more behouefull for her desire, & his returne, to write to him passionately and effectually, but not harshly or severely, and so to take the sweet and faire way which shee desired, but not the sharp and bitter which hee deserved; when flying to her closet, she (full of griefe and teares) writes him this ensuing letter, the which without the knowledge of her Aunt *Mellifanta* shee sends him to Naples, by her trusty messenger *Sebastiano* her Fathers coachman.

Vrsina to Sanctifiore.

TO preserve thine honour, and prevent mine owne disgrace and shame I have left Naples to sojourne here for a time in Putzeole with the Lady Mellifanta *mine aunt, where thy presence will make mee as truly joyfull and happie, as I feele and know my selfe infinitly miserable without it; For although of late (but for what cause, or reason, God knowes I knowe not) it hath pleased thee to excercise my affection and patience in thy discontent; yet in regard I am thy wife by purchase, sith thou art my Husband by promise, whereof the copies of thy former letters will informe and remember thee, that thou madest God the judge, and the soule and consciences the witnesses, I cannot beleeve that thou art so irreligious, or that thou beareſt mee so little love, or so much malice, to make thy selfe guilty of such foule infidelity to mee, and impiety towards God, and I appeale to them all if my tender & untainted affection to thee have not every way deserved the contrary at thy hands. Againe, as in hoping to marry thee I gave thee my heart, so in assurance and confidence thereof, thou didest likewise bereave mee of my honour, and therefore if the conterpane of that contract doe any way fade or dye in thy memory, yet rest confident, that the Originall lives still in Heaven, as the pledge and seale thereof doth now in my unhappie wombe here on earth; mistake mee not my deare* Sanctifiore, *for I write not this out of any malice, but out of true affection to thee, to the end that thou maiest thereby seriously consider, and religiously remember with thy selfe, what I am to thee, thou to my selfe, and what that unfortunate Innocent unborne babe in my belly is to us both. And although I am thy wife before God, yet I will now in all humility make my selfe thy handmaid and with a world of sighes and teares throw my selfe at thy feet (and lower if I could) to conjure and begge thee; By my poore beauty which once thou didest so much admire and adore, by the memory of my lost virginity, which thou wrestedst from mee with so many amarous sighes and teares, by all thy deepe oathes, vowes and promises which thou so religiously gavest mee to remaine still loving to mee, by thine honour which should bee dearer to thee than thy life, by thy conscience, and soule which ought to bee far more pretious to thee than all the lives and honours of the world, yea for thy poore infants sake, and lastly for Gods sake, abandon thy unjust displeasure and immerited discontent conceived against mee, and my deare* Sanctifiore *come away to mee to Putzeole, and there make mee thy wife in the sight of his Church and people, as I am already in*

that of heaven and his Angells, I ſay againe, come away to mee my ſweet Sanctifiore, *for thy ſight will delight my heart, and thy preſence and company raviſh my ſoule with joy. It is impoſſible for* Bertranna, *either to love or honour thee the thouſand part ſo dearly as thy* Vrſina *doth, and till death reſolves to doe; I will freely forget all thy former eſcapes and diſcourteſies towards mee, and doe attribute them more to her fooliſh vanity, than any way to thy unkind diſpoſition or inclination, yea I will not knit my browes when thou comeſt to mee, but will cheerfully and joyfully prepare my ſelfe to feaſt thee with ſmiles, and to ſurfet thee with kiſſes: But if contrariwiſe thou wilt not hearken unto mee, or this my letter, or regard theſe my juſt requeſts and ſorrowes, nor obey and follow God and thy conſcience herein, in ſpeedily repairing to mee to make mee thy joyfull wife, then what ſhall I doe or ſay, but according as I am bound in affection and duty to thee, I will notwithſtanding ſtill reſolve to love thee dearly, though thou hate mee deadly, and to pray for thee though thou curſe mee; yea I will then leave thee to God, and religiouſly beſeech his divine majeſtie, to bee a juſt judge betweene both of us, of my firme affection and conſtancy to thee, and of thy cruell ingratitude and treacherie to mee. Live thou as happie, as thy conſtant* Vrſina *knowes that without thee, ſhee ſhall aſſuredly live ſorrowfully and die miſerablie.*

VRSINA.

Her meſſenger *Sebaſtiano* arives privatly at Naples and finds out the Baron of *Sanctifiore* in his chamber by the fire to whom hee gives and delivers this letter, who at firſt (knowing from whom it came) ſtood a pretty whiles muſing and conſulting with himſelfe, whether he ſhould read or burne it, but at laſt hee breakes up the ſeales thereof, and with much adoe affords himſelfe the time and patience to peruſe it, which having done, although hee no way merited to receive ſo ſweet and loving a letter from *Vrſina*, yet not bluſhing for ſhame, but looking pale with envie and malice thereat, hee darting forth a diſdainfull frowne, and tearing the letter in peeces, throwes it into the fire, when turning himſelfe haſtily towards *Sebaſtiano* who ſtood neere him and ſaw all that hee had done, hee in great choler ſpake to him thus. Tell that proud and fooliſh gigglet *Vrſina*, that I diſdaine her as much as ſhee writes, ſhee loves mee, and that as now ſo ever hereafter I will returne no other anſwer to her, and her letters but contempt and ſilence, when to expreſſe his greater fury, *Sebaſtiano* was no ſooner forth his chamber, but he very haſtily throwes faſt the doore after him, and in this furious and cholericke manner doth this baſe *Sanctifiore* receive the love, and entertaine the letter of our ſweet and ſorrowfull *Vrſina*.

Sebaſtiano as much grieving as admiring at the inciVill choler and rage of *Sanctifiore*, preſently leaves Naples, and carries home this poore newes and cold comfort to his young Miſtris the Lady *Vrſina* at Putzeole, the which hee faithfully and punctually delivers to her, who expected nothing leſſe but directly the contrary thereof. She is amazed to underſtand this his diſdainfull, barbarous, and cruell anſwer, and infinitly perplexed in mind, that hee ſhould firſt teare then burne her letter and for converting his pen into *Sebaſtiano's* tongue for his anſwer thereof; But above all that word of his gigglet kild her very heart with ſorrow, to thinke that for all her former courteſies ſhewed him, hee ſhould now at laſt repay her with this foule ingratitude and ſcandalous aſperſion, at the ſorrowfull thought and conſideration whereof, reſolving to make her piety exceed his cruelty, ſhee could not refraine from bedewing her roſeat cheeks with many pearled teares, nor from evaporating this heavenly ejaculation from the profundity of her heart, and the centre of her ſoule; God forgive the Baron of

Sanctifiore,

Sanctifiore, and bee mercifull to mee *Vrsina* a great and wretched sinner, had shee continued in this godly mind and resolution shee had done well, but ahlas (notwithstanding the wholesome comfort and councell of her aunt *Mellefanta*) wee shall shortly see her runne a contrary course and cariere.

It is a common phrase, and proverb, that misfortune seldome comes alone, which wee shall now see our sorrowfull *Vrsina* will verifie by her deepe sighes, and confirme by her bitter teares for this discourtesie of *Sanctifiore* towards her, for shee hath so deeply nayled it in her mind, and riveted it in her heart, that it begins to impaire her health and strength, and consequently to pervert and alter the constitution of her body, so that whereas her poore unborne babe had lived but one full moneth within her, she now finds so many suddaine throwes, and unacustomed convulsions, that shee is speedily constrained to betake her selfe to her bed, when calling upon her aunt *Mellefanta*, and withall possible hast sending a way for the midwife, shee after many sharpe torments, and bitter cries and groanes (to the great perrill and eminent danger of her life) is delivered of a verie pretty little sonne, which God sends into the world dead borne; now although shee want no curious care, comfort and attendance from her aunt, in this her sicknes and extremity, yet shee weeps bitterlie, and pitifully for the abortive birth, and untimely death of her poore innocent babe, and infant, and because her aunt sees, that this last affliction and sorrow of her neece doth infinitly encrease and revive her former, and that shee also conceives a wonderfull feare in her heart, and scruple in her conscience that it is only her immoderate griefe and sorrow which hath kild her child, therefore as a discreet matrone and wise Lady, (to remove this article out of her neeces beliefe and memory) tells her plainly and freely, that shee is extremly deceived in that point and doubt of feare, and that it is not her sorrow, but the base ingratitude and treachery of her false lover *Sanctifiore* to her selfe which kild her child within her; A tart and yet a true speech, which *Vrsina* neither will so soone, nor can so easily forget, as her aunt *Mellefanta* hath spoken it, but shall there learne this to be affection in *Vrsina* towards *Sanctifiore*, or a needlesse vanity, or superfluous ceremony in her selfe: For shee desires to kisse her breathlesse innocent babe for his sake, which shee doth, when giving it a thousand kisses, then washing his face with her teares, and lamenting and grieving that shee could not breath life into it with her sighes, shee recommends it againe to her aunt, and shee the same night to its secret and decent buriall.

Whiles thus *Vrsina* remaines very weake and sicke in her bed, yet still her heart and affection lookes constantly on *Sanctifiore* as the needle of the compasse doth to the north, notwithstanding all his base ingratitude, and cruelty from time to time shewed towards her, and because it is a thousand griefes and pitties that ever hee set his eyes on her, or shee on him, and as many shames for him, first to seduce and then to betray her, therefore who would any way commend her for continuing of her love to him, or rather who would not infinitly blame her of folly, and condemne her for want of wit, and judgment, ever any more either to hope or hearken after him: And yet this silly young Lady is so bewitched to him as in the very middest of her sicknes and sorrowes, and contrary to all sence and reason here breakes forth a sparckle and flash of her policy in her selfe, and of her affection towards him; She neither can, nor dare trust any other but *Sebastiano* her coachman, with this great secret which so much imports her honour or disgrace, or with this her message with *Sanctifiore* from whom (though in vaine) shee expects some hope and content, when exempting all from her chamber,

chamber, ſhe calls him to her beds ſide, and ſwearing him to ſecrecy, (for want of ſtrength to write chargeth him preſently to ride poaſt to Naples againe to find out the Baron of *Sanctifiore* and to tell him from her, that ſhe her ſelfe is extreme ſicke, and not like to live, that ſhee is delivered of his & her Sonne who is dead borne, and therefore that ſhe begs him, that for Gods ſake hee will ſpeedily come over to her, becauſe for his good, and her content, ſhe infinitly deſireth to diſcharge her mind and conſcience to him before ſhe goe to heaven; So *Sebaſtiano*, (in diſcharge of his dutie, and his Ladies commands) ſeems rather to fly than poaſt to Naples, where ariving to *Sanctifiores* houſe, and finding him within; hee ſends him up his name by one of his men, as alſo that hee moſt earneſtly deſires to ſpeake a word with his Lordſhip: but *Sanctifiore* knowing who it was, and therefore imagining from whom hee came, bids his man carry *Sebaſtiano* backe this anſwer that hee will neither ſpeake with him nor ſee him. *Sebaſtiano* is perplexed with this his ſhort and ſharp reply, but becauſe his meſſage is of great importance, as alſo for that hee exceedingly reſpecteth and honoureth his young Lady and miſtris, hee reſolves not to returne to her as a foole; to which end, at the foot of the ſtaires hee enquireth of another of his ſervants when hee thinkes his Lord will goe forth, who tells him hee will take coach within halfe an houre; whereof *Sebaſtiano* being exceeding glad, hee thinkes it beſt to ſtay for him in the ſtreet, where (with much vigilancy and impatiency) hee attends his comming, ſo at laſt hee ſees him iſſue forth his gate; when preſently *Sebaſtiano* placeth him ſelfe betwixt him and his coach, and with his hat in his hand, very reſolutly and orderly delivereth him his miſtris her meſſage at full, the which *Sanctifiore* underſtanding, hee at firſt ſmiles thereat, but then preſently againe entering into choler, hee rounds *Sebaſtiano* this anſwer in his eare, tell that ſtrumpet thy miſtris *Vrſina* from mee, that I wiſh ſhee were buryed with her baſtard, and that they were both with the devill, and ſo without ſpeaking any one word more, in a mighty fume of anger and diſdaine, hee throwes himſelfe away from *Sebaſtiano* into his coach, and ſpeedily hurries away to his ſweet heart *Bertranna*, from whom hee is ſeldome or never abſent, to whom hee revealed all that had paſt in this paſſage, endevouring as much as in him lyes to make it to be as wel her laughture, as his owne contempt and ſcorne.

Now here ere I proceed farther, I know there is no chriſtian whatſoever, but that his very heart and ſoule, will yearne within him, at the reading of theſe cruell, barbarous and helliſh ſpeeches of this baſe hearted Nobleman againſt our ſorrowfull and unfortunate *Vrſina*, and her poore harmleſſe deceaſed babe, and no leſſe doth *Sebaſtiano* in hearing & my ſelfe in penning and relating them: doe I tearme him Nobleman? O let mee (with reſpect and repentance) revoke that noble title from *Sanctifiore*, and to give him his due, let me tearme him as hee is a monſter of men, or if hee will, a noble deboſhed villaine, or whether hee will or no, a meere tyrant, or elſe a devill in the ſhape of a man, to uſe ſuch ingratefull cruelties, and helliſh actions and ſpeeches againſt theſe two innocent perſons, who contrariwiſe in the higheſt degree, deſerved from him all manner of affection, reſpect, charity, pitty and compaſſion; but let him looke to him ſelfe as well as he can, yet (God being as juſt as mercifull) it is not impoſſible for him in the end to pay deare for theſe his foule infidelities and cruelties.

Returne wee now to *Sebaſtiano* who (by this time) is returned to Putzeole whereof hee preſently ſends up notice to his young Lady and miſtris *Vrſina* who ſtill keepes her bed through diſcontent and ſicknes, but at the newes of his arrivall, or rather hopeing that hee had brought her ſome good newes from her

Sanctifiore;

Sanctifiore; shee (without any regard to her weaknesse and sicknesse) riseth from her bed by the fire, and calls her chamber maid for her night gowne, which having drawne on, shee bids her for a whiles to absent her selfe, and to send up her coachman *Sebastiano* to her, and although in his sorrowfull lookes and countenance shee may already tacitly reade a large lecture of the bad newes hee brings her from *Sanctifiore*, yet shee calls him to her, and bids him speake on; but ahlas hee speaketh too soone for her, for (with a faltring and trembling voice) hee tells her the harsh entertainment, which *Sanctifiore* gave to him and his message in Naples, and the inhumane and cruell answer which hee bad him returne to her in Putzeole, without any way adding or diminishing a word thereof; the which as soone as she understood, shee for the extremity of her griefe and sorrow hangs downe her head, and crossing her armes uttereth this passionate speech: good God is it possible that *Sanctifiore* will thus abuse mee, or is this the favour which I must expect of him in requitall of those extraordinary courtesies hee hath received from mee; when walking up and downe her chamber, shee thankes *Sebastiano*, and giving him some gold for his paines, bids him to leave her, and to send up her aunt *Mellesanta*, and her chamber maid to bring her to bed; who thereupon running up hastily to her, her aunt chides her for the little care shee had of her owne health, but more for her foolish teares, and indiscreet sorrowes. Now after they had laine her in her bed, and that *Vrsina* had purposly sent away her maid, shee prayes her aunt to shut her chamber doore, and then to sit downe by her beds side for that shee had some secrets of importance to reveale unto her; when with a thousand sighes and teares, bedewing the roses and lilies of her fresh and lovely cheeks, she acquaints her from point to point, what had now againe past betweene *Sanctifiore* and her selfe, in this second journey of *Sebastiano* to him at Naples. Her aunt *Mellesanta* laughes as much at this folly of her neece *Vrsina*, as shee her selfe weepes at her owne sorrowes and afflictions; and having as much wit as the other had weaknes, shee makes bold to call her fot, and foole, to care for him who contemned and scorned her, and for setting that to her heart which hee did at his heele, yea shee advanced further in this her passionate choler to her and said; fie, fie neece, sell your sorrowes to buy more courage and wit, and so becaufe that base Baron *Sanctifiore* detests and defies you, pay him in his owne coyne, and doe the like to him, a sharpe and bitter speech which *Vrsina* (amidst her sorrowes) now conveyes to her heart, and it may be wee shall hereafter see her to remember it, when her aunt *Mellesanta* hath forgotten it: for poore soule, shee being as it were depressed and weighed downe, with the multitude of *Sanctifiores* affronts and disgraces, and of his treacheries and cruelties to her, shee hath wept so much as shee yet weeps because shee can weepe no more thereat; as if the difference of their constellations and horoscopes were such, that as *Sanctifiore* was borne to hate her, so was shee notwithstanding, (as yet) to affect and love him.

Ahlas *Vrsina*; it is true indeed, that the least of these treacheries, and cruelties of *Sanctifiore* to thee, are causes enough of all thy teares and sorrowes; but yet the consideration and comparing of those with these, conducts and leads mee to this dilemma; that I know not whether hee bee more to be blamed for committing the first, or thou for permitting the second, in regard they are every way more worthy of thy scorne than of thy care and of thy contempt than of thy affliction. His ingratitude, and crimes to thee I know are many in quantity, and very base and odious in quality, yea their number is so great and their nature so foule, that their recapitulation cannot bee drawen within a smaller nor their

repetition

repetition contracted in a lesser or narrower volume than this; hee hath betraid his love, violated his faith, and falsified his oathes and promises to thee, he hath bereaved thee of thy virginity, torne and burnt thy letters, disdained to see thee, called thee gigglet and whore; thy innocent babe bastard, and which is worst of all, hee hath wilfully and cholerickly wished both of you to the devill; so judge with thy selfe *Vrsina*, if all these bee not faire motives for thee still to love *Sanctifiore*, or rather if they bee not just reasons and provocations for thee now at last to hate him; or if thou thinke they bee not enough to worke and establish this metamorphosis in thee, have but a little patience, and it is not impossible for thee to find more to affect and finish it; for now whiles her aunt *Mellefanta* is rating and ratling her for not casting off her heart and hopes from *Sanctifiore*; and *Vrsina* (in counterexchange) chiding her aunt because shee cannot indure that she should eternally love him, here falls out an unexpected accident (within a moneth after she had prettily recovered her health and strength) which wee shall presently see will worke and produce strang effects both in her heart and mind as also in her affections and resolutions towards her *Sanctifiore*, for as yet (privatly to her selfe) shee many times so teames and stiles him.

On a faire afternoone, when the sunne (that glorious lampe of heaven) had in his fiery glistering chariot taken leave of the south, and was posting towards the west, to view the Atlantick seas, as the Lady *Mellefanta* caried her neece *Vrsina* forth in her coach to take the ayre, and to recreate her sorrowfull spirits, in a great walke of orenge trees, orderly and pleasantly growing upon the banckes of a fine christall brooke about a mile from Putzeole, they afar off (in the boote of the coach) espied two horsemen gallopping directly towards them, when *Vrsina* flattering her selfe with hope, and therefore blushing for joy, that it was her *Sanctifiore*, who was purposely come from Naples towards Putzeole to see her, she therefore cries out to her coachman *Sebastiano* to stay the coach and to attend and expect them; when presently shee sees her hopes deceived, and her joyes ended as soone as began, for the one was a servant of *Mellefantas*, who from Putzeole conducted thither to *Vrsina* a servant of her father *Placedo's* who came from Naples with a letter from him to her, whereupon the aunt much wondering, and the neece far more what this suddaine businesse might bee, they both descend the coach, and *Vrsina* taking her fathers letter from his man, shee steps a little aside from her aunt *Mellefanta*, and breaking up the seale thereof, (directly contrary to her expectation and desires) finds these lines therein.

PLACEDO to VRSINA.

HOping that by this time the sweet ayre of Putzeole hath recovered thy health, my will and order therefore to thee now is, that thou speedily returne home to me to Naples (in thy coach) by the bearer hereof, whom I have purposely sent to conduct thee hither. I beleeve that thy country absence hath lost thee a good fortune here in the city, for yesterday morning the Baron of Sanctifiore *was (in the augustines Church) married to* Dona Bertranna, *daughter to* Seignior de Tores, *with great state and solemnity, whom I had well hoped should have bene thy husband, I remember my best respects to my sister, thy aunt* Mellefanta, *and my best prayers to God for thy vertues and prosperity, as being thy loving father*

PLACEDO.

Vrsina

Vrsina hath no sooner read this letter, but every member of her body trembles for griefe and vexation thereat, yea her sorrowes are so great, as shee cannot speake a word, when being ready to fall to the ground, her aunt *Mellefanta* steps to her assistance and so doe the two men, but they have all of them much adoe to support her up, when at last wringing her hands, and looking up stedfastly to heaven, she throwing her letter to her aunt to reade, utters forth this bitter exclamation against *Sanctifiore*; and hath this base Nobleman at last requited all my love, with this monstrous ingratitude and treachery! O why doe I live to suffer it? and O wherefore should hee live for offering it to mee? her aunt reads her letter and in detestation of *Sanctifiores* basenes, shee addes fuell to the flame of her neeces choler against him, but shee needs not, for this very last act of his marriage with *Bertranna*, sets her all in fire and revenge against him, yea her heart is so absolutely diverted, and taken away from him, as heretofore she never loved him so much as now shee hates him; shee sweares to her selfe, that shee will make him pay deare for this his ingratitude and treachery towards her, and limits her revenge with no lesse than his death for so basely abusing and deceiving her, shee but now threw away his letter for sorrow, but now shee againe takes it up for joy, because it calls her home to Naples, where as soone as shee arives shee againe and againe resolves and vowes with her selfe that shee will murther him her selfe, or cause him to bee murthered by some others, her aunt *Mellefanta* by all sweet meanes and perswasions, seeks to pacifie her discontent and fury, and so to appease and coole the raging tempests of her heart; but shee speakes to a deafe woman, who is not capable, either of councell consolation or reason, for her mallice and revenge against *Sanctifiore* have so fully taken up her heart and soule, and so absolutly surprised her thoughts and possessed her resolutions, that shee neither resolves nor thinkes of any thing else, but how and in what manner shee may murther him; to which end shee takes coach for Putzeole, there packes up her baggage, conceales her bloody intents and resolutions towards *Sanctifiore* from her aunt *Mellefanta*, thankes her most lovingly and courteously for all her care of her, and affection to her, the remembrance whereof she affirmes she will beare to her grave, and from thence to heaven, and so within three daies takes leave of her, and returnes to Naples to her father, who receives her with much content and joy, and is very glad of the recovery of her health, and yet perceives some secret discontent lie lurking in the furrowes of her browes; but shee dissembleth it both to him and the world, and so beares her selfe fairely, modestly, and temperatly towards him in her speeches and actions, who all this whiles is every way ignorant of her disgracefull great belly, as also of the birth & buriall of her infant child. She is no sooner come to Naples, but her deadly malice and revenge to *Sanctifiore* will give no truce to her thoughts, nor peace to her resolutions, for her heart having conspired with the devill, and both of them against God to dispatch him to heaven; so now from the matter shee falles to the manner, and from her consultation to the practise thereof. She first thinkes it best to get him poysoned, to which end within ten dayes after her arivall to Naples shee sends for her owne Apothecary named *Antonio Romancy*, and having sworne him to secrecy profers him two hundred duckatons to poyson her mortall enemy the Baron of *Sanctifiore*, but *Romancy* is too honest a man and too religious a christian to undertake it, and so utterly refuseth her, and rejecteth her profer; and then and there with many godly reasons and pious speeches, endevoureth to dissuade her from this foule and bloody fact, but hee speakes either to the wind or to a deafe woman, for shee is resolute not to retire

but to advance in this her cruell and inhumane deſigne, only ſhee here againe ſtrongly conjures this honeſt Apothecary to ſecrecie, the which hee ſolemnly promiſeth.

Vrſina is ſtill implacable in her malice and revenge againſt *Sanctiſiore*, the which revives with more violence, and flames forth with the greater impetuoſitie, when ſhee (by her ſecret ſpies) is given to underſtand that hee triumpheth in her affliction and ſcandall, and reputes it his chiefeſt content and felicity to have erected the trophees of his joy upon the ruines of her honour and the demolitions of her reputation and fame, as alſo that ſhee and this her diſgrace is now become the publike laughter and private ſcorne and glory of his proud and ambitious wife *Bertranna*: ſo ſhee cannot endure the thought, much leſſe digeſt the remembrance and conſideration hereof, and therefore ſhee ſpeedily reſolves to reduce her malitious contemplation into bloody action towards him, and to try another experiment and concluſion thereof. She in a pleaſant morning ſomewhat ſooner than accuſtomed, walkes alone with her waiting maid, in her fathers curious and dainty garden, but not to pleaſe her eyes with the delicious ſight and fragrant ſmell of the great variety of rare and faire flowers wherewith it was richly adorned and diapred; or to recreate and delight her eares with the mellifluous ditties and madrigalls of thoſe ſweet quiriſters of the aire, the nightingalls, thruſhes, and lennots, who ſate chaunting of ſome ſweet diviſion on ſome trees of this garden, and on ſome branches of theſe trees; or to preſerve her ſelfe from the intemperate heat of the ſcorching ſunne beames; and therefore either to paſſe her time, either in ſome ſhaddowed walkes and arbours, or to ſit her ſelfe downe by ſome curious chryſtall fountaine, with all which delights and rarities this her fathers garden was deliciouſly inriched and embeliſhed; O no, nothing leſſe, for ſhee was reſolute to make her ſelfe more miſerable, and not ſo happie, becauſe her thoughts were wholly bent on blood, and her reſolutions on the murther of *Sanctiſiore* at what price or rate ſoever. Having therefore formerly miſt of her Apothecary *Romany* to poyſon him, ſhee elſe knowes not any ſo fit or proper to diſpatch him as her truſty coachman *Sebaſtiano*, who (as wee have formerly underſtood) was both an eye and an eare witneſſe of this his baſe and ignoble crueltie towards her: wherefore ſhee by her waiting maid, ſends for him into the garden to her, and with many ruthfull lookes, and ſorrowfull ſighes, having firſt commended and applauded his fidelity to her, and then ſworne him to ſecrecy to what ſhee ſhould now relate and deliver unto him, ſhee tells him, that ſhee cannot live except that baſe Lord *Sanctiſiore* dye, and therefore ſhee profereth him an hundred Spaniſh double piſtolls of gold, if hee will either murther him by night in the ſtreets with his rapier, or piſtoll him to death abroad in the fields, at his firſt ſeeing, and meeting of him, to the which ſhee very earneſtly prayes and requeſts him. *Sebaſtiano* as amazed at this bloody propoſition and entreaty of his young Lady *Vrſina*, whom hee ever held to bee more charitable, and not ſo cruell hearted to any one of the world, and although hee be poore, yet hee is ſo honeſt, vertuous and religious, as hee highly refuſeth to diſtaine his heart, or dip his hands in innocent blood for any ſilver or gold whatſoever. So in humble (and yet in abſolute) tearmes, hee gives her the deniall, and (with teares in his eyes) prayes her to deſiſt from this her cruell purpoſe, becauſe hee affirmes to her, that the end of murther proves moſt commonly but the beginning of ſhame, repentance, miſery, and confuſion to their authors; ſo ſhee bites her lip, and hangs her head for ſorrow, at this his repulſe and refuſall, and yet is ſo cautious and wary in her actions, as ſhee makes him againe

ſweare

swear secrecy to her in all thinges, which now doth, or hereafter may concerne this businesse, the which hee faithfully promiseth her, provided, that her commands and his seruice bee every way exempt of the effusion of innocent blood, and the perpetration of murther, to the which hee constantly vowes to her, it is impossible for him ever to bee seduced or drawen, and so hee takes leave of her, and leaves her solitarily alone in the garden to her muses; but yet as hee was issuing forth shee againe calls him to her, and strictly chargeth him first carefully and curiously to informe himselfe, and then hee her, of *Sanctifiores* most frequent haunts, and walkes without the cittie, the which hee likewise promiseth her to performe.

Our malitious and revengefull *Vrsina* is not contented to receive the deniall from her Apothecary *Romaney*, and the repulse from her coachman *Sebastiano*, about the finishing of this deplorable busines, but without making any good use of their honest and religious disswasions of her from it, or without once looking up to God, or thinking of heaven or hell, shee as a fatall member, and prodigious agent of *Sathan*, is still resolute to proceed therein; for he is still so strong with her heart, because her faith and soule are so weake with God, that shee sees not her selfe so often in her looking glasse with delight, as shee both sees, and finds *Sanctifiore* in her heart and mind with detestation; for her mallice to him hath quite expelled all reason, and banished all charity and piety in her selfe, and consequently now made her memorative and capable of nothing but of revenge and blood towards him; which takes up every part, and usurpes every point both of her time, and of her selfe, yea and workes so strang (I may rather truly say so miserable) a metamorphosis in her, as if shee were now wholly composed of one, or both of these two impious and diabolicall vices, so that every moment seemes a yeare, and every day an age to her, before shee hath dispatched him for heaven; she now sees that shee cannot (with safety) employ any other herein but her selfe, and therefore day by day calling upon *Sebastiano* to know of him, where *Sanctifiores* usuall haunts and walkes were without the cittie, hee at last tells her that hee is fullie assured, that most mornings and evenings he takes his coach and some times his page, but many times alone, and so goes a mile out of the cittie beyond the gate which lookes towards Saint Germaines and there in a dainty grove of olives and orenge trees (neere a small rivers side) hee with his booke in his hand, and his spaniell dogge at his heeles passeth an houre or two alone in his private contemplations, his coach being sometimes out of sight from him, and sometimes returnes to the cittie, and so comes and fetcheth him backe againe; which report is no sooner heard and understood of *Vrsina* from her coachman, but shee receives it with much joy, and entertaines it with infinite content and delectation; shee is therefore so cruell in her thoughts, and so determinate and bloody in her resolutions, as shee will protract no time, but shee speedily bethinkes her selfe of a hellish stratagem and policy (no lesse strange than cruell) which the devill him selfe suggested and found out for her, to wreake her inveterate malice and infernall revenge in murthering of *Sanctifiore*, the manner whereof is thus.

She very secretly provides her selfe of a friers complete weed, as a sad russet gowne, & coule, with a girdle of a knottie rope, & woodden sandalls, proper to the order of the *Bonnes hommes* (which is the reformed one of that of S. *Francis*) with a false negligent old beard, and haire for his head suitable to the same, and in one of the pockets of this frocke, shee puts a small begging box, such as those friers use to carry in cittie, and country when they crave the charitable almes

and devotion of well disposed people, as also a new breviary (or small masse booke) of the last edition and forme of Rome, bound up in blew turky leather richly guilt, but in the other pocket thereof shee puts a couple of small short pistolls which shee had secretly purloined out of her father *Placedo's* armory, and had charged each of them with a brace of bullets, fast rammed downe, with priming powder in the pans, and all these fatall trinckets, shee (with equall silence and treachery) packes and eyes up close in the gowne, expecting the time and houre to worke this her cruell and lamentable feate on innocent *Sanctifiore*, who little thinkes or dreames what a bloody banquet his old love, and now his new enemy *Vrsina* is preparing for him.

And here I write with griefe that it was the tuesday after Palme Sunday, (a time and weeke which the blessed passion of our Saviour Christ Jesus, makes sacred and famous, and which all true christians in his commemoration ought to keepe holy, and not to polute or defile it with barbarous and bloody sacrifices) when our masculine monster, or rather our femall fury *Vrsina*, being assured by *Sebastiano* that the Baron of *Sanctifiore* was that day about three of the clocke after dinner gone out alone in his coach to his aforesaid usuall place of walking a mile off the cittie in the fields; shee infinite glad of this desired occasion and longed for opportunity, bids *Sebastiano* make ready his coach, and silently to leave him without the posterne gate of her fathers garden, and so presently to come up to her chamber to her, the which hee as soone performes; to whom shee now (prophanely and treacherously sayes) *Sebastiano*, (by the favour and mercy of God) I have now exchanged my cruelty into courtesie towards the Baron of *Sanctifiore*, and doe therefore presently resolve to give him a merry meeting in the fields, whereat before our departure and returne, I know thou wilt rejoyce and laugh heartely at the sight hereof; the which indeed was very welcome and pleasing newes to *Sebastiano*; to whom shee then gives this little fardell, and so purposely leaving her waiting maid behind her, shee cheerefully and speedily followes him to the coach, wherein being seated and the litle fardell likewise within by her; shee bids him drive away withall speed to find out *Sanctifiore*, the which (armed with his innocency) hee joyfully doth. Now as they are come within two flight shots of him, *Vrsina* bids *Sebastiano* not to proceed farther, but to drive in the coach into some close shaddowed place out of the high way, where they might see *Sanctifiore*, but not (as yet) to bee either seene or espied of him; which accordingly hee doth, where shee descends her coach, drawes off her owne apparell, and so puts on her false friers apparell as also the haire, and beard, having made and prepared all things fit and ready before, and here likewise shee foldeth up the tresses and tramells of her owne haire under it, and hath purposely shaved away the haire of a little part of the crowne of her head; and all this whiles her coachman *Sebastiano* rumes her chamber maid here in the fieldes to make her ready, where hee cannot refraine from exceedingly smiling and laughing to see what a strang metamorphosis this now is, that his young Lady *Vrsina* is here become an old frier, but still shee hides and conceales her two pistolls carefully in her pocket from him, as also her bloody delights and intents towards *Sanctifiore*, and whereof hee as every way as innocent, as shee her selfe, and only her selfe is guilty thereof. Now being all in a readines, shee out of her other pocket takes her almes box and holds it in one of her hands, and her howres (or breviary) in her other, and so taking leave of her coachman, and (with a dissembling cheerefull countenance) charging him to pray for her good fortune, and speedily to bring up her coach to her, as soone as hee sees her wave her white

hand

handkercher towards him; so, as a jolly old frier, away this the devill softly trips towards *Sanctifiore*, having piety in her lookes, but prophanesse and barbarous cruelty in her heart and intentions, and all the way as shee goes, *Sebastiano* cannot refraine from laughing to see this great change, and alteration in his young Lady and mistris, but directly beleeving that shee in merriment went a maying or masking, such was his ignorance that he least thought, or dreamt that shee went to commit murther, or what devill was here vailed and shrouded under this friers weed.

So (with more assurance than feare, and with far more impiety than grace) shee goes on towards *Sanctifiore*, who was there alone walking and reading, to whom approaching, and giving him a ducke or two, she holding up her begging box, and counterfeiting an old friers voice, prayes him for the blessed Virgin *Maries* sake, and also for holy saint Francis sake to bestow some thing on him for their society and order; which *Sanctifiore* (being alone, as having sent backe his coach to the cittie) resolving to doe, hee seeing that faire new breviary in the friers hands, hee fairly takes it from him, and carefully vieweth and peruseth it, which being that which *Vrsina* aimed and looked for, shee for moments sake (but indeed purposely and malitiously) steps behinde him, and very softly drawing out one of her pistolls out of her pocket which was already bent; shee levels it at the very reines of his backe, and so lets flye at him, whereof he presently was falling to the ground, when (the devill making her nimble and dexterious in her malice) in the turning of a hand, shee whips out the other pistoll out of her pocket, and to make sure worke with him likewise dischargeth it in his brest, and to make her inveterate malice and revenge to him the more conspicuous and apparant to all the world, as neere as shee could guesse to his very heart, of which mortall wounds made by her foure bullets *Sanctifiore* fell immediatly dead to the ground, having neither the power, grace or happines to speake a word, and then she pulling off her false beard, discovered her selfe to him as hee was dying, and spurning him most disdainfully and malitiously with her foote gave him this cruell farwell, such deaths such villaines deserve, who triumph and glory to betray harmeless and innocent Ladies; which having acted and said, shee waving her hand kercher to her coachman, hee comes unto her with her coach as swift as the wind, who is all amazed and in teares to behold this woefull accident and lamentable spectacle; for descending speedily from his coach, hee finds the Baron of *Sanctifiore* dead, and his soule already fled and ascended from earth to heaven, to whom his Lady *Vrsina* (in a graceless insulting bravery) sayes, rejoyce with mee *Sebastiano*, that I have now so bravely and fortunately revenged my selfe on this base and treacherous Baron *Sanctifiore*; but honest *Sebastiano*, (being as full of true griefe, as shee was of false joy) replies and tells her, O madame! what have you done? for this is no cause, and therefore no time to rejoyce but rather to lament and mourne, for this lamentable fact and crime of yours, and not to dissemble your the truth, as much as your (in this fatall friers fricke) did meet your bloody intentions, I have far more reason to feare than cause to doubt, that your murthering of the Baron of *Sanctifiore*, will prove the ruine and confusion of your selfe, except God bee graciously phased to bee more mercifull to you, than you have beene to him; therefore looke from his danger and misfortune speedily to provide for your owne safety, which as soone as hee had said, hee (in the friers weeds) speedily takes her up in the coach, and then drives away a full gallop to the shadowed thicket from whence shee came, where she casts of her friers apparell, beard, haire, box and bookes, as also the two

pistolls,

piſtolls, the which they two wrap up all in the gowne, and throw it into a deepe ditch or precipice, and ſo hee helpes her to put on all her owne apparell and attire and then with more haſt than good ſpeed drives home a maine towards Naples, and it was a diſputable queſtion, whether our bloody and execrable wretch *Vrſina* more rejoyced, or her honeſt coachman *Sebaſtiano* lamented and grieved at this unfortunate and deplorable fact.

Wee have ſeene with what a malitious courage, and a deſperate and prophane reſolution, this cruell hearted Gentlewoman *Vrſina* hath (in the habit of a frier) murthered this unfortunate Baron *Sanſifiore*, and the reader ſhall not goe much further in this hiſtory before (if not in the ſame moment, yet in the ſame houre) hee ſee the ſacred juſtice of God will ſurpriſe and bring her to condigne puniſhment for the ſame, as if the laſt (as indeed it is) were co-incident and hereditary to the firſt, or as if it were wholy impoſſible for her to rejoyce ſo much here on earth for that, as God and his Angells doe both triumph and glory in heaven for this.

Gods judgments are as juſt as ſacred, and as miraculous as juſt: ſo that all people ſhould rather admire it with awfull reverence, than any way neglect it with a prophane preſumption. But our wretched *Vrſina* will not make her ſelfe ſo happie to bee of the firſt, but rather ſo miſerable to bee of this ſecond rancke; for ſhee wholly diſpiſeth Gods juſtice, and ſo abſolutely forgets God himſelfe, as ſhee neither thinkes of what ſhee hath now done, what ſhee now is, or which is worſt of all what hereafter ſhee may bee; but rather (as an inconſiderate and wretched gipſie) laughes in her ſleeve for joy, to have thus happily bereaved *Sanſifiore* of his life, who ſo lately and ſo treacherouſly had bereaved her of her honour and chaſtity. Whiles thus ſorrowfull *Sebaſtiano* is hurring away his joyfull murtherous young miſtris the Lady *Vrſina* in her coach towards her Father *Seignior Placedo's* houſe in Naples, as (thinking to make his way the ſhorter and ſecurer) hee drave his coach on a narrow path by the ſide of a hill, it ſo pleaſed God (in his ſacred providence) as of his two coach horſes, that of the out ſide fell ſheare over the path and drew his fellow horſe, the coach, the Lady *Vrſina*, and her coachman *Sebaſtiano* downe the hill after him; with which ſuddaine terrible fall the coach was ſhattered and torne in peeces, ſhee brake her right arme (wherewith ſhee had diſcharged theſe two piſtolls) and hee his left legge, ſo that ſhee had the power but not the will, and hee the will but not the power to ſtep to her aſſiſtance, only hee leaps from the coach box to the ground on his right legge, and with his knife cuts off the ſtayes and trappings of his horſes, that they in their amazed fury might not draw the coach and themſelves after them; and yet ſuch is her impenitency and his affliction, as ſhee here was not halfe ſo much terrified, as hee perplexed and aſtoniſhed at this their misfortunate diſaſter, the which though ſhee ſleighted, as only looking downe to her ſelfe, yet hee deemed & conceived it to be no leſſe than a blow from heaven, as looking up to God, and therefore that it was a fatall Omen, portending ſome diſmall calamities and afflictions which were immediately to ſurpriſe and betide them.

As thus diſtreſſed *Vrſina*, and her lame and ſorrowfull coachman *Sebaſtiano*, ſate downe on the bare ground, rather able to behold, than to know how to helpe one the other, and they both grieving to ſee their coach lye torne on the lee ſide and ſhote of the hill, and their two coach-horſes (without hurt or feare) licentiouſly playing their friſkes and ſignaries below in the valleies, neither hee nor ſhee knew what courſe to take for their preſent conſolation and ſafety, and ſo to prevent the imminency of their danger, but at laſt ſhee taking ſome ten double

piſtolls

piſtolls of Spaniſh gold out of her pocket, and giving it him, ſhe againe makes him ſwear ſecrecie, never to reveale what hee had ſeene her performe to *Sanctiſiore*, the which (with more reluctancy than willingnes) hee doth. Then as it was agreed betweene them, hee by ſome loud cries and holla's ſhould call in ſome contadines (or country labourers) to their aſſiſtance, whom they ſaw a good diſtance off very buſily working in the vines, the which as hee was about to doe, loe God (in his ſacred providence) ſo ordained, that the Baron of *Sanctiſiores* coach came ratling above them, where they two ſate comfortleſſe and ſorrowfull upon the ground; and in the coach was his page *Hieronymo*, who therewith was going to fetch home the Baron his maſter, who perfectly ſeeing and knowing the Lady *Vrſina*, and her coachman *Sebaſtiano*, and ſeeing her coach lye by her all reverſed, ſhattered and torne to peeces, grieving at this her diſaſter, hee for the reſpect hee bore her for the Baron his maſters ſake, (whom hee knew formerly loved her) takes his coachman with him, and ſo deſcends downe to her aſſiſtance, who being more fully acquainted, of the breaking of her arme, and her coachman *Sebaſtiano's* legge, hee very humanely and courteouſly profers her his Lords coach, and his beſt ſervice to conduct and cary them both home to her father *Seignior Placedo's* houſe in the cittie, little thinking or dreaming, that ſhee came from ſo cruelly murthering his kind Lord and maſter *Sanctiſiore*, or that his breathleſſe body lay now expoſed as a prey to the fowles of the aire in the fields.

Sebaſtiano is much perplexed and grieved, but his Lady *Vrſina* infinitely more at this unexpected encounter, and ominous, meeting of *Sanctiſiores* page, coach, and coachman, which threatned her no leſſe than feare, and this feare no leſſe than imminent danger and confuſion, eſpecially to her ſelfe, if not to him, when looking wiſtly and ſorrowfully each on other, they know not how to beare themſelves in the unfortunacy of this accident, neither dare ſhee accept, or well knowes how to refuſe this profered courteſie of the page *Hieronymo*. But at laſt (deſpight of her ſelfe) ſhee is enforced to imbrace this opportunity, when making a vertue of neceſſitie, ſhee (though much againſt her will) is conſtrained, very thankfully to accept, and make uſe of this kindnes of *Hieronymo*, who leading the Lady *Vrſina* by her left arme, and his coachman, hers by his right, they ſoftly bring them up the hill to the Baron their maſters coach, and ſo convey her home to her father *Seignior Placedo's* houſe in the cittie, who was then gone forth to ſup with the Prince of Salerno (who by the mothers ſide, was his coſen Germane) where *Vrſina* (ſetting a good face upon her bad heart) gives the page many hearty thankes, and the coachman three duckatons for this their courteſie, ſo they take leave of her, and ſpeedily returne with their coach into the fields to fetch home the Baron their maſter, to whom they reſolve at full to relate this accident; when *Vrſinas* feares far exceeding her hopes, and knowing upon what tickliſh ſcarnes and dangerous points both her ſelfe and her life now ſtood, ſhee (in the abſence of her father) ſpeedily reſolves to provide her a ſwift coach and ſo to flye from Naples to her aunt *Meſſefantas* houſe in Putzeole, where ſhee promiſed her ſelfe far more ſafetie and leſſe danger than here at home with her father; but contrariwiſe, wee ſhall ſee that God is now reſolved to deceive both her hopes, and her ſelfe herein, to her utter ſhame and confuſion.

The page *Hieronymo* being ſorrowfull for the Lady *Vrſinas* misfortune, and yet exceeding glad that hee had the happines and good fortune to performe her this faire office, and friendly courteſie to her, hee now bids his coachman drive away ore the fields to that pleaſant grove to find out their Lord and maſter

Sanctiſiore,

Sanctisiore, where being arived hee descends his coach, and with his vigilant eye lookes about every where for him, when ahlas hee hath scarce gone forty paces off, but (directly contrary to his expectation) hee finds him there dead on the ground and most lamentably all gored, and engrained in his owne blood, at the sight whereof hee bursts forth into many bitter teares and out cries, yea hee throwes away his hat, and teares his haire for griefe and sorrow hereof, and no lesse doth his coachman. They are here both of them so amazed with griefe and astonished with sorrow at this lamentable spectacle and accident, as they (for a quarter of an houres time) know not what to thinke or say hereof, as whether this their Lord and master had here kild himselfe, or were murthered and robbed by theeves, but at last this sorrowfull page *Hieronymo*, will stay alone weeping by the breathlesse body of his Lord, and master, and so sends away the coachman, in his coach speedily to Naples, to acquaint their Lady *Dona Bertranna*, and her father *Seignior de Tores* with this sad and sorrowfull newes, whereat shee almost drownes her selfe in her teares, and hee very bitterly laments and sorroweth for it; so (being incapable of any hope comfort or consolation) they doe both of them take coach and drive away into the fields, where shee almost murthereth her eyes with her teares, to see her deare Lord and husband lie thus murthered in his blood. They here see none in sight of him, neither doe they know any body but them selves that hath seene him; so by whom, or how hee is kild they cannot as yet either conceive or imagin, when the father leaving his daughter to wash and bedew her dead husbands cheekes with her teares, hee himselfe gallops away in his coach to Naples and brings thence along with him the crimynall officers of justice, first to know and then to bee eye witnesses of this sad and deplorable accident; at the hearing and sight whereof, (in nature and justice) they cannot refraine from equally woondering and grieving at it, when (to act the part and duty of themselves) they cause the coachman to spread his cloake on the ground, then to remove the dead corps from his blood, and to lay him thereon, and so they make a chirurgion (whom they had purposely brought with them) to unapparell and search his body for wounds, who finds and shewes them, that hee was shot with two pistoll bullets in his backe, and other two in his brest, (when missing likewise of his purse) they all of them doe confidently beleeve, that undoubtedly hee was murthered and robbed by theeves. The which the better to discover, the judges send their sergeants, and servants, and *De Tores* likewise sends the page and his coachman searching and scouring all over the adjacent fields to apprehend and bring before them all those whom they finde there; who are so far from meeting of many persons, as they all of them bring in but one poore ragged boy (of some twelve or fourteene yeares old) who some two hundred paces off, kept a few cowes (which yeelded milke to the cittie) and him they find sitting within a hedge in a ditch whom they bring along with them to the judges, where hee sees this dead body lying on the ground before them, whereat poore silly boy hee shakes and trembles for feare.

The judges demand his name of him, who tels them hee is called *Bartholomeo Spondy*, they further enquire of him what his father is, and where hee dwels, who replies that his father is a poore butcher named *Pedro Spondy*, and dwels at Naples in Saint *Iohns* suburb (which the judges afterwards find true) then these grave judges perceiving the poore boy to be bashfull and timorous, they therefore bid him bee of good cheere, and to feare nothing, for the which hee thankes them both with his cap and knee. Then they enquire of him if hee saw any one to come neere and kill this gentleman, to whom in plaine and rusticke tearmes he answereth

answereth them, that from the hedge within wch he kept his fathers cowes, he saw this gentleman walke alone by himselfe at least an houre with a booke in his hand reading, and that then hee saw an old frier come to him, who as hee thought begged some almes of him, whom hee saw did shoote off two pistolls to him, and therewith kild him, for hee then, and there upon presently saw the gentleman fall to the ground, they againe demaund of him what afterwards became of this frier, who tells the judges, that a coach came up instantly to him and carried him away, but where hee knowes not. They aske of him why hee had not cryed out against the frier, when hee saw hee had kild this gentleman, to whom hee makes answer that he dared not doe it, for feare lest hee would then likewise have killed him with his pistolls. The judges further demaund of him, whether this were a white, a blacke or a gray frier, to whom hee answers that hee was neither of them, but that hee wore a minime, or sad russet gowne and hood. Thereupon they thought it fit, againe to demand of him how many horses this coach had, and of what collour they were, to whom hee affirmes that they were two blacke coach-horses, when the judges to conclude this their quære and his examination, they demand of him what coloured cloake this coachman wore, who tells them hee wore a red cloake, and as he thought some white laces upon it, the which this pregnant poore little boy *Bartholomeo* had no sooner pronounced and spoken, but *Sanctifiores* page *Hieronymo* cries out and relates to the judges, to his Lady *Bertranna*, and her father *Seignior de Torei*, where and in what manner and accident he some two houres since found the Lady *Vrsina*, and her coachman *Sebastiano*, whom hee seriously affirmed wore a red cloake with white laces, and that her two coach-horses which they saw straying below in the valley were coale blacke, right as *Bartholomeo* had described them; adding further that her coach was broken with a fall, as also her right arme and his left legge, and that out of respect and pittie to her, hee had carried both her, and him, home to her father *Seignior Placedo's* house, but hee affirmed hee saw no frier either in their sight or company, all which relation of his, was likewise there confirmed to the judges by the Baron of *Sanctifiores* owne coachman, who was also there present, the which evidence of theirs as soone as the Lady *Bertranna* over heard, shee with a world of sighes and teares, (as if shee were suddainely inspired and prompted from heaven) passionately cries out first to her father, and then to the judges, that God and her conscience told her, that doubtlesse *Vrsina* was this divlish frier, and her coachman *Sebastiano* the very same damnable fellow who had here thus cruelly murthered her Lord and husband, when throwing her selfe on her knees to their feet, shee very earnestly begs justice of them, against them for the same, who partly concurring in the opinion and beleefe with them, they doe here most seriously and solemnly promise it her.

To which effect, these reverend judges, leaving her father, her selfe, and her page and coachman decently to convey her husbands dead body home to their house in Naples, they themselves make great hast thither before, and presently send their officers and sergeants to *Seignior Placedo's* house, there to apprehend the Lady *Vrsina* his daughter, and their coachman *Sebastiano*, whom they both opportunly finde issuing forth his gate in a fresh hackney coach speedily flying to Putzeole to her aunt *Mellesunta* for protection and Sanctuary, so these fierce and mercilesse sergeants doe presently divert and alter their course, yea they furiously and suddainely rush upon them, apprehend and constitute them close prisoners in the common goale of that cittie, placing them in two severall chambers, to the end they should not prattle or tell tales each to other; where they shall finde

more leasure than time, both to remember what they have done, and likewise to know what hereafter they must doe.

Whiles thus all Naples generally resound and talke of this mournfull fact, and deplorable accident, and *Seignior Placedo* particularly grieves at these his daughters unexpected crosses and calamities, as also of those of his coachman *Sebastiano*, the which hee feares, hee can far sooner lament than remedy; our sorrowfull widdow *Bertranna* (with the assistance of her father *De Tores*) gives her husband the Baron of *Sanctisiore* a solemne and stately buriall in the Fueillantes Church of Naples, correspondant to his noble degree and qualitie. And then within two daies after, at her earnest and passionate solicitation to the judges; *Vrsina* and her coachman *Sebastiano* are severally convented before them, in their chiefe Forum, (or tribunall) of justice, and there strongly accused by her and charged to bee the authors and actors of this cruell murther, committed on the person of the Baron of *Sanctisiore* her husband, the which both of them doe stoutly deny with much vehemency and confidence, and when the little boy *Bartholomeo*, is face to face called into the court to give in evidence against them, hee there maintaines to the judges what hee had formerly deposed to them in the fields, but saies hee thinks not, that this Lady was that frier, nor can hee truly say that this was the coachman who carried him, although when his cloake was shewed him hee could not deny but it was verie like it; but *Bertranna* having now secretly intimated and made knowen to the judges, all the passages that had formerly past betweene *Vrsina* and her husband *Sanctisiore*, as his getting of her with child, and then (contrarie to his promise) refusing to marry her, they doe therefore more than halfe beleeve, that it was her discontent which drew her to this choler, her choler to this revenge, and her revenge to this murthering of him, as also (that in favour of some gold) shee had likewise seduced and drawen her coachman *Sebastiano* to bee consenting and accessary herein with her: whereupon the next day they will begin with him, and so they adjudge him to the racke, the torments whereof hee endures with a wonderfull fortitude and patience, so that (remembring his oath of secrecy to his Lady *Vrsina*) hee cannot thereby bee drawen to confesse any thing, but denies all, whereof shee having secret notice, doth not a little rejoyce and insult thereat, now the very next ensueing morning *Vrsina* her selfe, is likewise adjudged and exposed to the racke, the wrenches and torments whereof, as soone as shee sensibly feeles, God proves then so propitious and mercifull to her soule, that her dainty body, and tender limbes cannot possibly endure or suffer it, but then and there shee to her judges and tormentors, confesseth her selfe to bee the sole author and actor of pistolling to death the Baron of *Sanctisiore*, in the same manner and forme, as wee have already understood in all its circumstances, but in her heart and soule shee strongly affirmes to them that her coachman *Sebastiano* was not accessary with her herein, upon which apparent and palpable confession of hers, her judges (in honour to sacred justice, and for expiation of this her foule crime) doe pronounce sentence of death against her, that shee shall the next morning bee hanged at the place of common execution, notwithstanding all the power and teares of her father, and kinsfolkes to the contrary.

So shee is returned to her prison where her father (not being permitted to see her that night) sends her two Nuns, and two friers to prepare and direct her soule for heaven, whom in a little time (through Gods great mercy, and their owne pious perswasions) they found to bee wounderfull humble, repentant, and sorrowfull. She privately sends word to her coachman *Sebastiano*, that shee is thankfull

thankfull to him for his reſpect and fidelity to her on the racke, and wills him to bee aſſured and confident, that ſhee being to die to morow, her ſpeech at her death, ſhall no way prejudice, but ſtrongly confirme the ſafety and preſervation of his life. Thus grieving far more at the foulnes of her crime than at the infamy and ſeverity of her puniſhment, ſhee ſpends moſt part of the night, and the firſt part of the morning in godly praiers and religious meditations, and ejaculations, when, although her ſorrowfull old father *Seignior Placedo* (by his noble kinſman the Prince of Salerno) made offer to the Viceroy (the Duke of oſſuna) the free gift of all his lands to ſave this his daughters life, yet the ſtrong ſolicitation of the firſt; and the great proffer of the laſt proved vaine, and fruitleſſe, for they found it wholly impoſſible to obtaine it.

So about ten of the clocke in the morning, our ſorrowfull *Vrſina*, is (betweene two Nuns) brought to her execution; clad in a blacke wrought velvet gowne, a greene ſattin petticoate, a great laced ruffe, her head dreſſed up with tuffes and roſes of greene ribbon, with ſome artificiall flowers, all covered over with a white ciffres vaile, and a paire of plaine white gloves on her hands: when aſcending the ladder, ſhee, to the great confluence of people who came thither to ſee her take her laſt farwell of this life, and this world, (with a mournfull countenance, and low voice) delivered them this ſorrowfull and religious ſpeech.

Good people, I want words to expreſſe the griefe of my heart, and the anxiety and ſorrow of my ſoule, for imbruing my hands in the innocent blood and death of the Baron of *Sanctiſiore*, although not to diſſemble but to confeſſe the pure truth, hee betraied his promiſe to mee of marriage, and mee of my honour and chaſtity without it, whereof I beſeech Almighty God, that all men (of what degree or qualitie ſoever) may hereafter bee warned by his example, and all Ladies and gentlewomen deterred and terrified by mine. I doe likewiſe here confeſſe to heaven and earth, to God and his Angells, and to you all who are here preſent, that I alone was both the author and actor of this foule murther, and that my coachman *Sebaſtiano*, is no way conſenting or acceſſary with mee herein, and that albeit I once promiſed and proffered him a hundred double piſtolls of Spaniſh gold to performe it, yet hee honeſtly and religiouſly refuſed both me and it, and ſtrongly and pathetically diſſwaded me from it, whoſe good, and wholeſome councell I now wiſh to God (from the depth and center of my ſoule) I had then followed, for then I had lived as happie, as now I die miſerable. And becauſe it is now no time, but bootleſſe for mee either to paliate the truth, or to flatter with God, or man, the worſt of his crime he being my ſervant was the leaſt courteſie hee owed to mee I being his miſtris, which (after with mine owne hands I had committed that deplorable fact) was to bring mee home from the fields to my fathers houſe, and for aſſiſting mee to caſt the friers frocke, the falſe beard and haire, the almes box, breviary, and two piſtolls, into the next deepe pit, or precipice thereunto adjoining, where (as yet) they ſtill lie: for this my heinous offence, (the very remembrance whereof is now grievous and odious unto mee) I aske pardon firſt of God, then of mine owne deare father, and next of the Lady *Bertranna*, and if the words and prayers, of a poore dying gentlewoman have any power with the living, then I beſeech you all in generall, and every one of you in particular, to pray unto God, that hee will now forgive my ſinnes in his favour, and hereafter ſave my ſoule in his mercy, the which as ſoone as ſhee had ſaid, and uttered ſome few ſhort prayers to her ſelfe, ſhee (often making the ſigne of the croſſe) takes leave of all the world when pulling downe her vaile (in comly ſort) over her eies and face, and erecting her hands

towards heaven ſhee was turned over, now as ſome of her ſpectators rejoyced at the death of ſo cruell and bloody or female monſter, ſo the greateſt part of them (in favour of her birth youth and beautie) did with a world of teares exceedingly lament and pittie her, but all of them doe highly deteſt and execrate the baſe ingratitude infidelity and treachery of this ignoble Baron of *Sanctifiore* towards her, which no doubt was the prime cauſe, and cheifeſt motive which drew her to theſe deplorable and bloody reſolutions.

As for her honeſt coachman *Sebaſtiano*; although his owne torments on the racke, and now this ſolemne confeſſion of his Lady *Vrſina* at her death had ſufficiently proclaimed and vindicated his innocency in this murther of *Sanctifiore*; yet ſuch was his widdow *Bertrannas* living affection to her dead husband and her deadly malice to living *Sebaſtiano*, for thinking him to bee guiltie, and acceſſary hereunto with his Lady *Vrſina*, that her power and malice ſo far prevailed with the integrity of the judges, for the further diſquiſition of this truth, as they now againe ſentence him to the double torments of the racke, the which hee againe likewiſe endureth with a moſt unparalleld patience and conſtancy, without confeſſing any thing, the which his judges wondering to ſee, and admiring to underſtand, and having no ſubſtantiall prooſes or reall and valable evidences againſt him, they now fully abſolve and acquit him of this his ſuſpected crime, when being moved in charity juſtice and conſcience to yeeld him ſome reward, and ſatisfaction, for thus enfeebling his body, and impairing of his health by theſe his ſharpe and bitter torments, they therefore adjudge the plaintiffe widdow *Bertranna* to give him three hundred duckatons, whereof ſhee cannot poſſibly exempt or excuſe her ſelfe.

And thus lived and died our unkind Baron *Sanctifiore*, and our cruell hearted young Lady *Vrſina*, and in this manner did the ſacred juſtice of God requite the one and condignly revenge and puniſh the other. Now by reading this their hiſtory, may God (of his beſt favour and mercy) teach us all, from our hearts to hate this Barons levitie, and from our ſoules to abhorre and deteſt this Ladies cruelty and impiety.

A M E N.

GODS REVENGE
AGAINST
THE CRYING AND
Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XXX.

De Mota *treatcherously kills* Palura *in a duell with two pistolls. His Lady* Bellinda *with the aid of her gentleman usher* Ferallo, *poysoneth her husband* De Mota, *and afterwards shee marrieth and then murthereth her said husband* Ferallo *in his bed, so shee is burnt alive for this her last murther, and her ashes throwen into the aire for the first.*

IN the generall depravation of this age, it is no wonder, that many sinfull soules are so transported by *Sathan* and their owne outragious passions, to imbrue their guilty hands in the innocent blood of their christian brethren; and it were a great happines and felicity to most countries and kingdomes of Europe, if they were not sometimes infected with the contagion of this bloody and crying sinne, which with a presumptuous hand seemes to strike at the majestie of God himselfe in killing man his creature, but because wishes availe little, and for that examples are more powerfull and prevalent, and prove the best precepts to the living; therefore There produce a lamentable one of so inhumane a condition, that by the knowledge and consideration thereof wee may know how to detest the like, and avoid the temptations in our selves.

IN the famous kingdome of Portugall, and within a very little league of Setuvos, one of the sweetest and fairest cities thereof, there (within these few yeares) dwelt a noble gentleman of some fifty six yeares old, named *Don Alonso De Mora*, Issued and discended from one of the best and famous houses of that kingdome, as being Nephew to that great and wise *Don Christopher de Mora*,

of

of whom the hiſtories of Spaine and Portugall make ſo often, and ſo honourable mention, and although hee were by his anceſtors and parents, left very rich in lands and poſſeſſions; yet his ambition and generoſity caried him to ſerve his king Phillip third of Spaine, in his warres of Africa and Flanders, wherein hee ſpent the greateſt part of his time, and of himſelfe, wonne many renowned laurells, and martiall trophees of honour, and as an excellent cavalier left behinde him many approved markes and teſtimonies of his true valour, and magnanimity. But (as all men are naturally conſtant in unconſtancy; and ſubject and co-incident to mutations, and that the world ſtill delights to pleaſe us with changes, and to feed our fancies and affections with different enterpriſes and reſolutions) ſo our *De Mora* at laſt, calls home his thoughts and himſelfe from warre to peace, and reſolves to ſpend the remainder of his age in as much eaſe & pleaſure as formerly hee had done the heate and ſtrength of his youth, in tumults and combuſtions; hee now ſees that there is no life nor pleaſure comparable to that of the country, for here the ſweetneſſe of the imbalmed aire, the delicacy of the perfumed and enamelled fields, the unparalleld paſtime of hauking and hunting, and the free and uninterrupted acceſſe which wee have to arts in our ſtudy, and to God in religious praiers and meditations, makes it to bee, no leſſe than either an earthly paradiſe, or a heaven upon earth. For the campe (deſpite of commanders) abounds with all kinds of inſolencies and impieties, the cittie, (deſpite of magiſtrates with all ſorts of vice, deceit, covetouſnes and pride, and the court (deſpite of good kings and Princes) too often with variety of hippocriſie, perfidiouſnes, and vanity. To his owne great mannor houſe neere Stremos, therefore is our *De Mora* retired, with a reſolution for ever, there to erect and build up his reſidence, making it his greateſt delight to have his hounds and graihounds at his heeles, and to ſee his hauke on his fiſt. Now the Alarums of warre no longer take up his thoughts and time; neither doe the drums and trumpets, or the ratling peales of thunder of muskets and cannons, diſtract his day pleaſures, or cut his nights ſweet ſleepes and ſlumbers in peeces. Hee is not addicted to women, but hates them as much as they love men, hee ſpurnes at love, and (in a diſdainfull contempt thereof) tearms venus a whore, and her ſonne cupid a boy, and which is worſe a baſtard, in a word, hee profeſſeth himſelfe to be as great, and as mortall an enemy to beauty, as beauty is many times to chaſtity, and never thinks himſelfe happie, but either when hee is out of womens company or they not in his. Hee is ſo far from any affecting marriage, as hee pittieth it in others, and for euer abjures and deteſts it in himſelfe. Hee compares ſingle life to roſes and lilies, and wedlocke to briars and thiſtles, and therefore in the higheſt and ſublimeſt degree, ſcornes to have any wife or miſtris in his houſe to over maſter him.

But it is not for men to preſume to point out their owne deſtinies and fortunes, ſith wee are but the ſlaves of time, as time is the ſervant of God; and therefore (in this regard) our actions are ſubject to heaven not to earth, & to Gods appointment rather than our purpoſes; or to preſupoſe or think the contrary, is a preſumption every way unworthy of a man, but far more of a chriſtian, ſith nature is ſubject to grace, and our earthly paſſions and reſolutions muſt ſtill ſtoope to a ſacred power, and evet ſubmit and proſtrate themſelves to a divine providence, and ſupernaturall predominancy, it is therefore follie not wiſdome, and ſimplicitie; not diſcretion in *De Mora* generally to proclaime hate to women, for that hee is the ſonne of a woman; or to maligne and diſdaine marriage in regard hee is the fruit and off-ſpring of marriage for thus to violate and pull downe the temples

and

and alters of love, is obstinatlie to oppose nature, and prophanely to subvert the institution of God himselfe in paradice; but hee shall not continue long in the clouds of this errour.

In a cleere and sweete morning (as soone as Aurora lept from the watry bed of *Thetis*, and purposely retired her selfe to give way to approaching *Phœbus*, (who in his fiery chariot, with his glistering beams began to salute & guild the tops of the highest woods & mountaines) *De Mora* attended by halfe a dozen of his domesticke servants goes into the fields to hauke and hunt, where having kild one hare, and set up another, all his servants left him alone, and with the hounds pursue the hare, who tripping through the launes and thickets, the hills and valleies, at last leads them such a dance, that in lesse than an houre his servants and his doggs were a little league out of his sight, whereat being exceedingly offended and angrie, and far the more for that hee was left all alone, hee not knowing how to passe or delude away the tediousnes of the time, sate himselfe downe on the side of a faire hill, at the foot of a pleasant grove of beech and chesnut trees, whose curled tops sheltred him from the scorching raies of the sunne, and there takes delight to behold how many frequent windings, and turning meanders, the neighbouring chrystall river made in that pleasant valley, as also to see how sweetly the troops of snow-white feathered swans, proudly ruffled their plumes, and disported themselves therein, in their majesticall and stately bravery, & how many malitious Fowlers, both in boates and on the banks of that sweet river were curiously watching with their fierie peeces to murther these innocent watry guests who frequented there, and also how the patient Anglers (with their treacherous hookes and baits) betraied many harmelesse fishes to their undeserved deaths. When *De Mora* (impatient of his solitarines) listning with his eare, if hee might either heare the loud crie and voices of his hounds, or else the shrill rebounding ecchoes of his servants hunting hornes, hee looking up towards the skie, beheld a heron softlie soaring, and proudly hoovering over his head, as if she came purposely to bid defiance to *De Mora*, and his goshauke which hee held on his fist, and consequently to dare, and challenge it to an airie combat; whereat *De Mora* being exceeding glad, and disdaining that his hauke and himselfe, should be thus outbraved by so ill shaped and unmannerly a sea fowle; hee speedily riseth up, and (betwixt choler and pleasure) lets flie his hauke at her; but the heron stretcheth her pinnions, and packs on her feathered sailes so nimbly and proudly, that sometimes soaring aloft in the aire, sometimes descending, and still looking backe with scorne on the goshauke, as if shee pupposely tooke delight and sport, to see what infinite toile and paine this malitious and ravenous hauke tooke to surprise and devour her, so the swifter the heron flew from the hauke, the swifter the hauke redoubled her flight, and tugged away after her, when it being impossible for *De Mora* to reclaime his hauke, either with his hola's or lure, at last both hauke and heron flew quite out of his sight, and which is worse hee was so unfortunate, as never after hee could see either of them againe.

De Mora being first highly displeased and offended for the absence of his servants and hounds, hee is now doubly inraged with griefe and choler for the losse of his goshauke, and therefore curseth the heron for thus seducing and betraying her away from him; when wearying himselfe to run from hill to vale to have newes of her, and in the end seeing both his labour and his hauke lost, hee betakes himselfe to the aforesaid grove, and (with much discontent and choler) first casting his hat and lure to the ground, hee then likewise casts himselfe thereon

thereon to repose him; still attending and expecting his hunters.

Hee hath not remained there above halfe an houre, but close by him passeth an aged country gentleman, indifferently well apparalled, with a very beautifull young gentlewoman following him, clad in a crimson taffeta petticoate & wastcoate trimmed with silver lace, with a large cut worke plaine band, her flaxen haire adorned with many knots of white & crimson ribbon, covered with a black cipres vaile, having a roling amarous eye, (the true index of desire and lust) her snow white panting breasts open, but only a little hidden and overvailed with curious tiffney, whose white puritie her pure white paps (enterveined with azure) infinitely outbraved and excelled. She had her waiting maid attending on her, and hee a serving-man bearing his cloake and rapier after him, who that morning were come some three leagues from his owne house to take the fresh aire in that pleasant and delitious grove, without the hedge whereof hee had left his coach, this countrie gentleman I say, passing by *De Mora*, and well and perfectly knowing him, hee according to his dutie and the others merrits, respectfully saluted him by his name, and the young gentlewoman who followed him likewise gives him a very lowe and gracefull courtesie. *De Mora*, surprised with the suddainesse of their arrivall, and the sweetnes of these their salutations, riseth up, and having first saluted him, and kissed her, hee praies his name, who tells him that hee is a gentleman that dwelt some three leagues off, tearmed *Emanuell de Cursoro*: *De Mora* demaunds of him if this young gentlewoman bee his kinswoman or his daughter, who tells him shee is his daughter; when *De Mora* againe inquires of him, if she bee married or no, and what age and name shee is of, *Cursoro* replies that shee is unmaried of some twentie yeares of age, and her name *Bellinda*. *De Mora* againe tells him, that hee is verie happie in having so sweet and faire a young gentlewoman to his daughter, whereat the father smileth for joy, and the daughter blusheth for bashfullnes and modestie. *De mora* againe questioneth *Cursoro*, if any busines brought him thither that morning, who tells him hee had no busines, but only came thither with his daughter to take the aire, and that hee had left his coach without the hedge, so they walke together some turnes in this pleasant grove, and from thenceforth *De Mora* could not possibly refraine, from gadding and gazing his inamoured eyes on the roses and lilies of *Bellindas* sweet and delicate beautie, when *De Mora* acquaints *Cursoro* with his misfortunes, how that morning hee came forth a hunting, that hee had lost his men, his hounds, and his hauke, and that this three houres hee was there left alone and had no newes of them, they together make many walkes, turnes, and returnes, when *De Mora* led by the lustre of *Bellindas* lovely atractive, and rolling eye, hee ever and anon proffereth to lead and conduct her by the arme, the which *Cursoro* modestly, and respectfully excuseth, as holding it too great an honour for *De Mora* to give, and his daughter to receive: here *Cursoro* proferreth *De Mora* to lend him his coach to carry him home to his house, but *De Mora* freely and thankfully refuseth it, and in counterexchange of this courtesie proferreth *Cursoro* and his daughter to accompany and conduct them to their coach, the which undeserved kindnes, *Cursoro* modestly refuseth of him. Thus (in point of honour, and courtesie) they along time stand striving and complementing, till at last *De Mora* heareing the crie of his hounds, his importunitie vanquisheth *Cursoro's* modestie, and so will, or nill, hee conducts him to his coach, and likewise leads his daughter *Bellinda* by the arme and hand, and by the way doth at least usurpe, & steale many amorous kisses from the cheries of her sweet lips, and damaske roses of her pure and delicate cheekes, wherat shee is more admired

then

then pleased. As they are thus going towards *Cursoro's* coach, *De Mora's* hounds and servants arive all sweating and blowing, who (in redemption and requitall of their long stay) doe present their Lord and master with a brace of hares, and a wild white fawne which they had kild, whereof hee being exceeding glad, hee very joyfully bestowes the hares on *Cursoro*, and the white fawne on his faire daughter *Bellinda*, who from thenceforth, hee swears shall bee his mistris, and his love; *Cursoro*, is too modest, and his daughter too bashfull to accept hereof, so they along time refuse these his presents with many dilatory and complementall excuses. But at last *De Mora* finds out a means and medium to reconcile this difference, according to his owne will and desire; for hee peremptorily swears to *Cursoro*, and his daughter *Bellinda*, that they shall receive these poore presents from him, and that in requitall hereof, hee will to morrow come over to his house, and eat his part of them to dinner with them; upon which condition and tearms, *Cursoro* thankfully receives the hares, and likewise causeth his daughter to doe the same by the fawne, the which (with a verie low and observant courtesie) she doth: so he conducts them on to their coach, and by the way wrings her by her lilie white hand, plaies with the loose tresses of her sweet haire, her blushing cheeks, dimpled chinne, downie paps, and Alabaster necke, when taking a friendly leave of *Cursoro*, and a solemne conge of his faire daughter *Bellinda*, which hee againe seales and confirmes with many new kisses, they take coach and away; and *De Mora* with his servants and hounds returnes home to his house.

Thus in a little time wee see an extraordinary alteration, yea a wonderfull change and metamorphosis in *De Mora*, but whether more strange or suddaine I know not, for in the morning hee went forth a free man, and now before night comes home a slave, and a captive. Heretofore hee spurned at love, and disdained beauty, and now the verie first sight of our faire *Bellinda* sets fire to his blood, and flames to his heart: so that his old blood is passionatly and amorously inflamed with this new beautie; formerly hee (in derision) tearmed *Cupid*, a little boy, now hee holds him to bee a great God; then hee called *Venus* a whore, but now hee recants that Athiesme, and repents himselfe of that blasphemy vomited forth against her diety; and tearmes her a Celestiall and sacred Goddesse: yea now in his heart and thoughts hee erects altars to the first, and consecrates all his vowes to the second. The small and streight waist of his honoured *Bellinda*, together with her sparkling eyes, and sweet cheekes and blushes, doe amaze his mind, act wonders in his heart, and cast his thoughts into a confusion of many amorous raptures and extasies, yea the consideration of her sweet youth, and the remembrance of her fresh and delicate beauty, doe (in his conceit) seeme to make his age young, and to give the lye to those infinite number of white haires, which time hath snowed on his head, and showred on his beard. Hee a thousand times repents himselfe of his former errour and crime in living so long single, and is now assured and confident, that there is no earthly pleasure or heavenly delight, comparable to the heart-ravishing kisses and embraces of his sweet *Bellinda*: hee is readie to lay downe all his lands, and life at the feet of her commands and service, and esteemes both of them too poore, for the purchasing of so inestimable a jewell; whom (in his determinations and resolutions) hee hath alreadie adopted the Queene of his heart, and confirmed and crowned the Soveraigne Empresse of his soule, and the sacred Goddesse of his desires and affections. Hee thinks not of the great disparity and Antithesis betwixt his declining age, and her fragrant and flourishing youth; nor what an unequall difference, and

disproportion there is betwixt his fiftie six, and her twentie yeares. Hee will not consider what a poore simpathie and a palpable antipathy there is betweene such a Ianuarie and such a May, but disdaines to enter into consideration with himselfe, that hee is every way fitter for his grave than for her bed, and for death than marriage; yea hee flatters himselfe so far in his affection to her, as hee hopes hee shall bee the joyfull father of many prettie children by her, so that hee is so deeply enamoured with the sweet youth of our *Bellinda*, and his heart so fast chained and intangled in the tresses of her haire, and the lures of her alluring beautie, that hee upon his first sight of her incessantly thinkes of her by day, dreams of her by night, and neither thinks nor dreams of any thing but of her, and of his love to her: so now he advanceth & raiseth the standards of *Venus* and *Cupid*, as high as ever he formerly dejected them, and delights in nothing more, yea I may truly say in nothing els, but in feasting his eyes and surfeiting his heart upon the heavenly *Idæa* of her Angelicall face and feature, hee thinkes so much of love, as if he were now wholly composed of love, and therefore purposely made to love *Bellinda*, and none but *Bellinda*. His hauks, and hounds are now as far out of his mind, as he is out of himselfe; and no other delight or recreation whatsoever can take up any place in his heart or thoughts, because love had already tane up all. Hee revokes to mind, how *Macareus* was transformed into a bird for speaking against *Venus*, and that it is not his cause alone to bee so deeply plunged & tormented in love, but that the greatest Captaines Philosophers, and Kings of the world, (and as poets affirme the Gods themselves) have beene subjected, and vanquished with this passion, and so constrained to make it their chiefest delight and glory to adorne the temples and altars of *Cupid*, with the oblations of their sighes, and the sacrifices of their teares.

Thus our *De Mora* being (at the first sight) wholly inflamed with love towards his faire, and beautifull intended mistris *Bellinda*, hee to seeme far younger than hee is, hee is so vaine in his affection, as (contrary to his custome) hee shaves his beard, dights himselfe in an ash-collour satin suit and cloake, with a white Beaver hat, a hat-band of Diamonds, a rich plaine cutworke band, and a paire of greene silke stockings with garters & roses laced with silver, sutable thereunto, and so to performe his promise to *Curforo*, takes coach the next morning, and rides over to him, but not so much to tast of his good cheere, as to feast his enamoured eyes on the dilicious rarities and dainties of his daughter *Bellinda's* beautie; where he finds his entertainment and good cheere, at least to equalize, if not to exceed his birth, rancke, and expectation: but this is not the end, and object of his visit, nor the summe and period of his desires; dinner being ended, hee acquaints *Curforo* with his affection to his daughter *Bellinda*, and his suit to seeke and obtaine her for his wife. *Curforo* wonders that so great a Lord should descend so low from himselfe to seeke so meane a young Gentlewoman as his daughter in marriage. But finding *De Mora* to bee in earnest, and not in jeast, and understanding that his age was deeply & passionatly enamoured of her youth and beautie, hee therefore thankes him for that undeserved honour of his, promiseth him his best assistance towards his daughter, and gives him no dispaire, but all hope and assurance that hee shall shortly obtaine and injoy her to his wife. *De Mora* having thus wonne the affection and consent of the father, hee now seeks that of the daughter, hee takes her apart in his parlour, where, of an old man hee plaies the young orator and lover, and in sweet tearms and sugred phrases and speeches seeke to gaine her to his wife; but *Bellinda* more considering *De Mora's* age, than the greatnes of his nobilitie or estate, shee bites the

lip,

lip, and hangs the head at his his motion, yea, and seemes to be as averse as hee was forward in this his research and pursuit. Her father laies his commands on her to embrace this match and no other, hee conjures her now to confirme, and not to cast away her good fortunes in marrying this great Nobleman, and vowes that hee will for ever renounce her for his daughter, if shee disobey him herein; so hee conducts her into the arbour of his garden, and there freely and courteously againe gives *De Mora* the opportunitie and benefit to speake with her, and the desired happines to kisse her; but *Bellinda* is as much perplexed in mind, as they are obstinate in their motion towards her; when (composing her countenance rather to sorrow than joy, and to mourning than mirth) she makes a modest excuse to her father, gives no absolute or peremptorie deniall to *De Mora*, but fairly and discreetly craves of both of them a moneths time of respite to resolve on this great busines, which shee saies, so much imports her happines or her misery, her content or her affliction, which answer and request of hers, both her father and *De Mora* finding so full of discretion and reason, they severally grant and jointly consent to give her; but in all this interim, such was *De Mora's* deare and tender affection to *Bellinda*, that hee visits her many times in person, and verie often with his rich gifts and presents, as holding it no irregular way, but a pertinent and prevalent course, first to make a breach in a young Ladies mind and affection, and then to enter and take possession, both of her body, and of her selfe.

But before I proceed further in the narration and progresse of this history, I must here unlocke and reveale a secret mystery to the reader of no small consequence and importance, for he must understand, that our *Bellinda* is not so chaste as faire, nor so honest, as her education, youth & beautie presuppose and promise her to bee; for her mother being dead, and her father giving her too much libertie, and too little vertuous counsell and exhortation, shee for two whole yeares hath beene in love with a poore, yet with a verie proper and resolute young Gentleman of some twentie five yeares of age, being a neighbour of her fathers, named *Don Fernando Palura*, who being deeply enamoured of her, had laine so close, so constant and so strong a siege to her chastitie, as (not to conceale the truth) first unknowne to her father, then to *De Mora*, and next to all the world, hee had unparadised her of her maiden-head, and under colour and hope of marriage had verie often tane his lustfull use and pleasure of her body; but his means being verie small, and her belly not growing great, shee was not yet fully resolved, but therefore still delaied to marrie him; true it is, that her father *Curfora* was formerly acquainted with *Palura's* affection and desire to marry his daughter, but as heretofore his poverty made him reject him for his sonne in law, so now the consideration of *De Mora's* great wealth and nobilitie makes him fully to disdaine him, and commands his daughter likewise to doe the same. But shee not considering the premises, and loving *Palura's* youth, as much as shee hated *De Mora's* age, shee was nevertheless so inconstant by nature, and so proud and ambitious by sex, as she could find in her heart and resolution, rather to bee a rich Lady, than a poore Gentlewoman, and so to leave *Palura* to espouse and marrie *De Mora*: but first her crime & her conscience makes her send for *Palura*, and seriously to consider and debate hereon with him, which they doe; so *Palura* perceiving by *Bellindas* lookes, and observing by her speeches that *De Mora's* wealth was far more powerfull with her than his poverty; and that shee notwithstanding still aimed to keepe him for her husband, and himselfe for her friend, hee at last tells her, that hee will consent and content himselfe that shee

shall marry *Don Alonso De Mora*, conditionally; that thee will first faithfully promise him to grant and performe him three requests, and articles. So thee bids him propose them to her, the which hee doth to this effect: First, that hee shall still have the use and pleasure of her body, as heretofore, and as often as hee pleaseth: secondly, that from time to time she shall bestow some competency of *De Moras* wealth on him, to support his weake estate and poverty: and thirdly, that if *De Mora* die before him, that within three moneths after his death shee shall then marry him.

Which three unjust demands, and ungodly conditions of *Palura's*, his sweet heart *Bellinda* (betwixt sighes and smiles) immediatly grants him, yea shee seales them with many oathes, and confirmes them with a world of kisses, and to adde the more pietie, (I may truly say the more prophanesse) to this their contract and attonement, they fall to the ground on their knees, and invoking God and his Angels for witnesses hereof, they with their hands and kisses, againe ratifie and confirme it: but poore sinfull soules, how doth *Sathan* abuse you, and your intemperate and lascivious lusts betray you? for God will not be mocked, and his holy Angels cannot be deluded by these your blasphemies and impieties, for you shall in the end see with griefe, and feele with repentance, that this vicious league, and obscoene contract of yours, will produce you nothing but shame, misery, and confusion of all sides.

By this time is *Bellinda's* moneth expired, which shee gave her father and *De Mora* for her resolution of marriage; and now doe they both of them repaire to her to understand and receive it, when her pride and ambition, having far more prepared and disposed her tongue, than her affection, shee (as if shee were a pure *Virgin*, yea a *Diana* for chastitie) making a low reverence to her father, and a great respect full courtesie to *De Mora*, delivers her resolution to them in these teames: that in humble obedience to her father, and true affection and zeale to *Don Alonso De Mora*, God hath now so disposed her heart and mind, that shee is resolved to wait on his commands, and to bee his hand-maid and wife, whensoever hee shall please to make himselfe her Lord and husband. This answer of *Bellinda* is so pleasing to her father, and so sweet and delicious to *De Mora*, that in acceptance of her love, and requitall of her consent, hee gives her many kisses, and then claps a great chaine of pearle, enterlaced with sparkes of Diamonds, about her necke, and an exceeding rich Diamond ring on her finger, and so most solemnly contracts himselfe to her, and within eight daies after in great pompe, state & braverie marries her, whereat his kinsfolkes and friends, and all the nobilitie and gentrie of these parts doe very much admire and wonder, some condemning his folly in marrying so poore and so young a gentlewoman, others praising and applauding her good fortune in matching with so rich and so great a Nobleman.

Here wee see the marriage of *De Mora*, and *Bellinda*, but wee shall not goe far before wee see what sharpe and bitter sweet fruits it produceth: for here truth gives a law to my will, and so commands mee to relate and discover, that hee is too old for her youth, and shee too young for his age, yea here I must crave excuse of modestie to affirme, that shee is so immodest, as shee finds him not to bee so bold and brave a cavallier as shee expected, in regard his best performance to her consists only in desire. Thus being in bed together, whiles hee turnes to his rest, so doth shee to her repentance, but shee knowes how to repaire and remedy this her misfortune; for whiles her husband *De Mora* only kisseth her, shee in her heart and mind, kisseth and embraceth her young and sweet *Palura*,

who

who many times comes over in the new to visit her husband, quite in effect bodie, and as formerly, so now hee lasciviously dispots and wantonizeth with her, and (in a word) very often performes and acts that part of love in her, which her old husband cannot. Now within lesse than two moneths of his marriage, *De Mora* seeing that hee is not capable to deserve, much lesse to desire and enjoy the daintier of his wives youth and beautie, and observing also that by degrees shee begins to disrespect and sleight him, and yet that shee is verie pleasing and pleasant to all gentlemen who abound and frequent his house, as himselfe doted on her, now hee growes jealous of her, and so far forgets his discretion and himselfe, that he enviteth all those who (in right of the lawes of hospitalitie, kindred and honour) come to visite her, but more especially *Palura*, who passes in course at his house, and so frequently converseth with his young Lady, as that his suspition makes him jealous, and his jealousie confident, that (with too much liberrie and dishonestie) he usurps upon his free hold, & dishonoureth him in disturbing his bed, and defiling his wife; the which to discover, hee begins to restraine her of her libertie; so that shee sees (and grieves to see) her selfe to be no more as much her husbands prisoner, as his wife, yea hee sets many eyes over her, as so many Sentinells to watch her and her actions, and for himselfe, his jealousie gives him more eyes than ever *Argus* had, to espie out what familiarie is past betweene her and her sweet heart *Palura*. *Bellinda* takes this discourteous and hard measure of her husband in verie ill part at his hands, yea shee bites the lip thereat, and though outwardly shee seeme to grieve and sorrow, yet inwardly shee vowes to requite and revenge it; he is so jealous of her, and so fearefull that shee plaies false play with him, that as soone as ever *Palura* comes to his house, hee carries his eye and care everie where to see if hee can espie and hearken out this and his wives love trickes together, yea hee is so curious in this quest, and so vigilant and turbulent on this his research and disquisition, as if hee delighted to know that, whereof it were his happines to be ignorant, or as if hee had an itching desire to make his glory prove his shame, and his content his affliction and miserie. But as mild and sweet perswasion is ever more capable and powerfull to prevaile with women than constraint, so our faire *Bellinda* is so distalted with the lunacy, and with the phrensie and madnes of this her husbands jealousie, that shee no sooner sees her *Palura* arive in her sight and presence, but (despite of his suspition and feare) shee is so obscene in her lust, and so lasvious in her affection towards him, that shee takes pleasure to seeke pleasure, and extremely delighteth to seeke and find delight with him, which (according to her former lewd promise, and ungodly contract) shee often doth. Now this foolish young couple (being the obliged schollers of *Cupid*, and the devoted votaries of *Venus*) thinke to bee as wise, as they are lasciviously in theire their amorous pleasures, for knowing that discretion makes lovers happie, and that secrecie is the true touch-stone, yea the verie life and soule of love, they therefore esteeme and keepe the secrets thereof as if they were sacred, and thinke that no mortall eyes but their owne can ever know it: but yet notwithstanding all this, *De Mora's* jealous feares in the detection, are still as great as their care in the prevention thereof, for the very next night after *Palura's* departure from his house, hee purposely absenteth and excludeth his wife from his bed, and the next morning, calling her into the garden after him, and causing the doore to bee shut, he then and there, (with lightning in his lookes and thunder in his speeches) charged her of adulterie with *Palura*. But this young strumpet his wife *Bellinda*, at the verie first hearing of this sudd and unexpected newes, dissembles so artificially with her husband, and so prophanely

with

with God, as seeming to dissolve and melt into teares, shee purgeth her selfe hereof, with many strong vowes, & cleereth *Palura* with many deepe asseverations. But this fanaticke Tyrant, and franticke monster jealousie, (which for the most part, once can seldome or never kill, before it kill us) had wrought such strange impressions in the braines, & ingraven such extravagant chimœra's in the heart and beleefe of old *De Mora*, that (notwithstanding his wives oathes and teares to the contrary) hee yet still vowes to himselfe, and her, that shee is guiltie of adulterie with *Palura*, and therefore chargeth her that henceforth shee dare not see him, or receive him into her house or companie. *Bellinda* hereat (to give her husband some content in her owne discontent) makes a great shew of sorrow, and an extreme apparition and extraiour apparance of griefe: she sends for her father *Gutfore*, acquaints him with the unjust wrong and indignitie which her Lord and husband hath offered her, and praies him to interpose his authoritie and judgement with him for their reconciliation; who seeing himselfe solicited and sought to by his owne blood, & by his daughters hypocrisie, beleeves her to be as innocent as her husband *De Mora* thinkes her guilty of this foule crime of adultery with *Palura*; and so undertakes to solicit and deale with his sonne in law *De Mora* to that effect, which hee doth, but with no desired successe, so that finding it to bee a knottie and difficult businesse, and upon the whole no lesse than a *Herculean* labour, because of *De Mora's* wilfull obstinacie, and perverse credulity: hee therefore praies for both of them, and thus leaves them and their difference to time and to God: and upon these unfortunate tearmes doth old *De Mora*, his young wife *Bellinda*, and their marriage now stand.

In the meane time *Bellinda*, (who suffers doubly both in her pleasure and her reputation) is not yet so devoid of sense, or exempt of judgement, but shee will speedily provide for the one and secure the other. To which effect (seeming sorrowfully obedient to her husband,) she thinkes it not fit that her *Palura* should for a season approach her house or her selfe; wherefore by a confident messenger shee sends him this letter.

BELLINDA TO PALURA.

MY husband hath discovered our affections, and is confident that I love thee far better than himselfe, wherein as hee is nothing deceived, so I conjure thee by the preservation of thy fidelitie, and my honour, to forbeare my house and sight for some two moneths, in which interim I will use my chiefest art, and the utmost of my possible power to calme the stormes and tempests that jealousie hath raised in him. So, bee thou but as patient as I will bee constant, and I hope a little time shall end our languishing, and againe worke our contents and desires; for though thou art absent from mee, yet I am still present with thee, and albeit my husband De Mora *have my body, yet* Palura, *and none but* Palura *hath my heart, as knoweth God, to whose best favour and mercy, I affectionately and zealously recommend thee.*

BELLINDA.

Palura receives this letter, and although hee fetch many deepe sighes at the reading thereof, yet hee gives it many sweet kisses for her sweet sake who writ and sent it him, hee knowes not whether hee hath more reason to condemne *De Mora's* jealousie, or to commend his Lady *Bellinda's* affection and constancie to himselfe, and because hee resolves to preferre her content and honour equally with his owne life, therefore hee will dispence with his lustfull, and lascivious

pleasures

pleaſures for a time, purpoſely to give her beauty and merrits their due for ever, ſo in requitall of her affectionate letter, he (by her owne meſſenger) returnes her this kind and courteous anſwer.

PALVRA to BELLINDA.

I Am as ſorrowfull that thy husband De Mora *hath diſcovered our affections, as truly joyfull that thou loveſt mee far better than himſelfe, wherefore to prevent his jealouſie & equally to preſerve my fidelity with thy honour, and thy honour with my life, know ſweet and deare* Bellinda *that thy requeſts are my commands, and thy will ſhall eternally be my law, in which regard I will refraine thy houſe all thy long prefixed time, and ſo forbeare to ſee thee, but never to love thee, becauſe thy ſweet & devine beauty, is ſo deeply ingraven in my thoughts & imprinted in my ſoule, that the farther I tranſport my body from thee, the neerer my affection brings my heart to thee. I will adde my chiefeſt wiſhes to thy beſt art, and my beſt prayers to thy chiefeſt power, that a little time may worke our content and deſires: but becauſe there is no torment nor death to languiſhing, nor no languiſhing to that of love, therefore I ſhall thinke every moment a moneth, and every houre a yeare before wee againe kiſſe and imbrace: conceale this letter of mine from all the world with as much care and ſecreſie, as I ſend it thee with fervent zeale, and tender affection.*

PALVRA.

The peruſall of this letter and the affection of *Palura* demonſtrated in this his reſolution, makes *Bellinda* as glad, as the jealouſie of her Lord and husband *De Mora* ſorrowfull; and now ſeeing his rage ſo reaſonleſſe, and his malice and obſtinacie ſo implacable towards her, ſhe abandoneth her ſighes and teares, reſolves to make triall of a contrary experiment, & ſo under a femall face aſſuming a maſculine courage and reſolution, ſhee ſleights him and his jealouſie, as much as hee doth her and her levity, and beares her ſelfe more highly and imperiouſly towards him than ever ſhee did heretofore, but this animoſity of *Bellinda* produceth not that good effect which hee expects from her husband *De Mora*, for hee attributing this pride of hers to proceed from ſome bad counſell given her by *minion Palura*, it doth the more inflame his jealouſie, and exaſperate and ſet fire to his indignation, both towards her and him.

Whiles *Bellinda* ſtands upon theſe tearms with her husband *De Mora*, his braines (as ſo many wheeles and ſpheares) are inceſſantly rolling and wheeling about the Orbe of jealouſie, to find out the marrow and myſtery of this laſcivious league betweene his wife and *Palura*, in the agitation and conduction whereof, hee is as ſecret, as ſhee ſimple and inconſiderate, his policie is to find out any letter or letters of *Palura* to her, and her cloſet and casket are the only places as hee ſuppoſeth for her to hide and conceale them in. So on a munday morning, as his Lady *Bellinda* is gon to the pariſh Church to heare maſſe, hee purpoſely ſtaies at home to effect this his ſecret intent and purpoſe, and then very privately enters her chamber, and his jealouſie makes him ſo induſtrious of lock-ſmithes hookes, and inſtruments to open any locke. So hee firſt reſolves to try and open that of her cloſet, which when he was on the very point to doe, caſting aſide his eye, hee ſees the tawny Damaske gowne which his wife wore the day before, wherefore hee flies to it to ſearch and rifle the pockets thereof for her keyes. Now *Bellinda's* haſt and devotion to the Church was ſo great, as both ſhee and her waiting Gentlewoman, had forgotten the keyes of her cloſet and cabiner,

and

and left them in one of the pockets of her said gowne, where her husband *De Mora* finds them, whereat being exceeding joyfull, hee claps up his hooks and instruments, and (with equall jealousie and haste) opens first her closet then her cabinet, wherein leaving nothing unsearched, hee at last finds the very same letter of *Palura* to his wife *Bellinda*, which wee have formerly seene and understood, the which (as the richest relique of her heart and the most pretious jewell of her content and affection, shee had secretly enshrined and treasured up in a small crimson sattin purse embroydered with gold. Hee reads it over againe and againe, but for that which said, I shall thinke every moment a moneth, and every houre a yeare before wee againe kisse and embrace, this line, I say, his extreme jealousie makes him to read over at least as often as it hath sillables, for this letter and this branch of this letter confirmes his jealousie, and now makes him fully assured and confident, that his wife and *Palura* have defiled his honour, and his bed, by committing adultery together; when vowing a sharp and speedy revenge hereof, hee (with a panting heart, and trembling hand) laies the velvet purse againe in the cabynet, then lockes it, as also her closet and chamber doore, having first left the keyes againe in the pocket of his Ladies gowne, and so comes downe into the Hall among his servants, as if hee were happie to know that, which it is his misery, because hee cannot be ignorant thereof.

By this time his wife the Lady *Bellinda* is returned from Church; hee dines with her, and yet hee cannot dissemble his discontent and malice against her so artificially, but that shee observes some distemper in his lookes, and extravagancie in his speeches; but such is her pride, as shee is no way either curious or carefull thereof, nor as much as once surmiseth of what hee had now performed and acted. Dinner being ended, as soone as she betakes her selfe to walke in the allies, and arbours of her delicate garden, her husband *De Mora*, and his jealous and bloody resolutions are walking a contrary way; he is so netled with jealousie, and stung to the heart with malice and revenge; as he ascends to his armoury, takes downe an excellent sword and belt, a case of pocket pistols, each whereof hee chargeth with two bullets, cals for *Emmanuell de Feralło* his Ladies Gentleman-usher, who was a very proper young man both of his person and hands, bids him to cause two of his best great sadle horses speedily to be made ready, & wils him to accompany him to the towne of Arraiallos. *Feralło* performes this order of his Lord, and then tels him that hee will goe into the garden, and acquaint his Lady and mistris with his absence, and to receive her commands before his departure, but his Lord commands him to the contrary, and neither to see or speake with her; so they take horse, and away. Now within halfe an houre after, the Lady *Bellinda* returnes from the garden, and understanding of their departure, who (in regard of the suddayneſſe and unexpectation thereof) knowes not what to say or thinke thereof, or whither, or about what busines they are gon; but shee neither once dreames nor conceives so much as a thought, that her husband *De Mora* had found her sweet-heart *Palura's* letter, much lesse that hee had any malitious or disparate attempt, so suddainly to put in execution against him for her regard and cause, as to ride to Arraiallos to him, to fight with him.

The youth and beauty of his young wife and Lady *Bellinda*, arming him with jealousie, and this jealousie with irreconcilable malice and revenge against *Palura*, hee cruelly resolving to make his body and life pay deare for it, rides away towards his house neere Arraiallos; and staying some halfe a quarter of a league from it in a faire greene meddow, sends his man *Feralło* to him, and praies him speedily to take his horse, and come speake with him there, about a busines which much

much imports his good. *Ferallo* (knowing least of this quarrell, whereof his Lord and master *De Mora* thought most) finds out *Don Palura* at his house, and in faire and respect full tearms delivereth him his message, which *Palura* understanding, his guilty conscience makes him exceedingly to doubt & wonder of *De Mora's* intention & resolution herein; but his lustfull heart & affections, looking more on the young Lady *Bellinda* the wife, than on the old Lord *De Mora* her husband, hee speedily (without any servant of his) takes horse and rides away with *Ferallo* to him in the meddow, where *De Mora* (on horse-backe) impatiently attended his comming. Salutations being here ended betweene them, (which *Palura* observes in *De Mora* to bee more short than ceremonious, and more abrupt than respect full) *De Mora* cals his man *Ferallo* to him, and privately commands him to ride a meddow or two off, and not to dare offer either to stirre or draw, whatsoever hee see passe betwixt him and *Palura*, the which his man *Ferallo* obeies, but with much wonder and admiration what this busines might meane or produce betweene them. Here *De Mora* very passionately and cholerickly, chargeth *Palura* for abusing & dishonouring of him, by committing adulterie with his wife *Bellinda*, the which *Palura* retorts to him as a foule scandall, and false aspersion, and (as an honourable Gentleman) in his speeches and answers to *De Mora*, makes his owne innocencie, and his wife the Lady *Bellinda's* chastity very apparent and probable: but these feigned excuses and false oathes and speeches of *Palura* doe no way satisfie, but rather the more incense the jealousie, and inflame the malice and revenge of *De Mora* against him, whereupon hee shewes him his owne letter, and with much bitternesse and vehemency demands him if that his owne hand writing doe not palpably convince him of adultery with his Lady. *Palura* is amazed at the sight of this his letter, so that blushing for shame, hee cannot here yet refraine from looking pale with griefe & anger thereat, nevertheless he will not be so ingratefull to the beauty and affection of *Bellinda* to think that shee hath betrayed him, by delivering up this his letter to her husband, but rather (giving a good interpretation and construction to the purity of her intents and affections towards him) hee beleeves with confidence, that hee had sinisterly and surreptiously betrayed her thereof, whereupon to fortifie her reputation, & to vindicate and cleere his owne innocencie, hee (with high words and loud crackes) protesteth this letter to bee false, suborned, none of his, and that it was written by some witch or devill, and sent by some treacherous enemy of his, purposely to affront him, and to disgrace his vertuous chaste and innocent Lady *Bellinda*; but these feigned paliating excuses of his, cannot passe currant with the jealousie and revenge of *De Mora*, who now (to reduce contemplation into action) tels *Palura* that nothing but his death can expiate and satisfie this his crime, and therefore (on horse-backe as hee was) drawes his sword, and bids *Palura* doe the like. The which *Palura* hearing and seeing, he equaly for the preservation of *Bellinda's* honour, & his owne life (as a brave and generous Gentleman) likewise drawes, as highly disdaining to have his youth and courage outbraved by this old cavallier: but here before they begin to fight, *Palura* with many strong reasons, and patheticall perswasions, againe and againe praies *De Mora* to desist from the combat, and to rest satisfied with the truth of his Lady *Bellinda's* honour, and his owne innocency in this their supposed and pretended crime of adultery: but hee speakes to the wind, for *De Mora* returnes him blowes for words.

The event, and fortune of this their combat on horse-backe is, that in two severall meetings and incounters, *Palura* hath received no wound, but given *De*

Mora two, the one in his necke, and the other in his left arme, whereof he bleeds so exceedingly as he begins to dispaire of the victory, and with his pistols to provide for his owne safetie and life; they by a mutuall consent divide themselves a little distance off to breath. When *Palura* reining his horse a little to straite, and his horse being hot and furious, and by meere strength and force turning round, *De Mora* with his watchfull and vigilant eye taking the advantage of this favourable accident, (when *Palura* never once dreams or thinks of pistols) speedily puls his two pistols forth his pocket, & most basely and treacherously, with the first shoots him thorow the head, and with the second into the reines of his backe, of which mortall wounds hee presently fell off from his horse dead to the ground, having neither the power to repent his sinnes, nor the grace or happines to pray unto God for the salvation of his owne soule, and thus was the untimely end, and lamentable death of this valliant young cavallier *Palura*.

De Mora seeing *Palura* dead, & having more reason outwardly to rejoyce in this his victory, than inwardly in the cause & manner thereof, he waves his handcherchiefe to his man *Ferallo* to come to him (who was an eye witnesse and spectator and Co-mate) which he presently doth to whom hee speakes thus, first acquaint *Palura's* servants in his house, that I have slaine their master in a duell, then ride home and tell my wife the Lady *Bellinda*, that I have sent her Ruffian and adulterer *Palura* to heaven, and within six daies after come a way to mee to Lisbone, whether I am now poasting, when throwing him some gold for his journey hee takes leave of him and away, and at the very next Towne dresseth his wounds which prove hopefull and not dangerous.

Now doth *Ferallo* (according to his Lords commission, and order) informe *Palura's* servants of his death, and of his said Lord and masters victory, but (for his honour and reputations sake) conceales that he basely and treacherously kild him with his pistols: they are extremely sorrowfull for this his misfortunate end: so whiles they fetch home his breathlesse body and prepare for his decent buriall; *Ferallo* returnes home and truly & punctually relates to his Lady *Bellinda* the issue of this combat; as also of his Lord *De Mora's* speeches which hee commanded him to tell her, who poore Lady is all in teares for the death of her lover *Palura*, and well shee might in regard she loved him a thousand times dearer than her owne life, so upon the receit of this sorrowfull newes, shee shuts her selfe up in her chamber, and for many daies together, her griefe and lamentations for his death are so infinite, as shee will admit of no company, counsell, or consolation whatsoever, shee considereth how deeply the misfortune of this disaster will scandalously reflect on her honour, and fall on her reputation, and therefore vowes to requite *Palura's* death severly, and to revenge it sharply on the life of her husband *De Mora* who was his murtherer, at least when shee shall be so happie, or rather so miserable to see him returne to her from Lisbone. She exceedingly wondereth at his secret malice, and suddaine indignation and resolution towards *Palura*, but more at the cause thereof, and from what point of the compasse, or part of hell this furious wind should proceed, when at last having nothing els capable to comfort her, or to give truce to her teares, but the sight of *Palura's* aforesaid letter sent to her, the which in tender affection to him, shee for his sake had so often perused and kissed; shee therfore passionately and pensively flies to her closet, and with affection and sorrow to her cabinet to feast her eyes with the sight, and to delight and comfort her heart with the perusall thereof when (contrary to her expectation) shee finds the letter taken away, her other papers displaced, and her jewels reversed in her cabinet, and then shee knowes

for

for certaine, that it is her husband *De Mora*, who had thus rifled her cabinet, and who had bereaved and robbed her of this ſweet letter, which (next to *Palura's* ſight and preſence) was the chiefeſt joy of her heart, and the ſweeteſt felicity and content of her mind, the which conſidering, ſhe therefore abſolutely beleeves, that the detection and peruſall of this letter, was the ſole cauſe of her Lord and husbands jealouſie, as that was of her ſweet *Palura's* death, wherein indeed ſhee is nothing deceived, for ſome ſix weekes after, hee returnes home to her from Lisbone, where (in favour of his Noble birth and diſcent, of his many great friends, and of a huge ſome of money) hee (in abſence of the *Viceroy*) had obtained his pardon, from the chamber of that cittie, and the very firſt ſalutations that hee gave his Lady *Bellinda*, (the which, I know not whether hee delivered to her with more contempt, or choler) was thus.

Minion (quoth hee) how many prayers and orayſons haſt thou ſaid for the ſoule of thy Ruffion, and adulterer *Palura*, when ſhe being exceedingly galled to the heart with theſe his ſcandalous ſpeeches, ſhe yet to juſtifie her owne honour and innocency, diſſembles her griefe for *Palura's* death, as much as her jealous husband triumphes and inſults thereat, and ſo frames him this ſhort reply, that *Palura* was not her adulterer, but a Gentleman of honour, and therefore ſhee beſought God to forgive him his owne heynous ſinne and execrable crime for ſo fouly & baſely murthering of him. *De Mora* nettled with this his Ladies apologie and juſtification, which hee knew to bee as falſe as her, and *Palura's* crime of adultery was true, hee produceth this letter to her, then reads it her, and in a great rage and fury immediately teres and burnes it before her face; now although the ſight and knowledge of this letter, as alſo her husbands burning thereof doe exceedingly vex and perplex our Lady *Bellinda*, yet ſhee was herewith no way daunted but againe very boldly tels him; that ſhe cannot prevent any Gentleman to write and ſend her a letter, and although in the concluſion of this his letter to her had ſimply and ſiniſterly mentioned kiſſes and embraces, yet ſhee peremptorily vowed and ſwore to him, that the firſt had not exceeded the bounds of civility, nor the laſt violated the lawes and rules of honour, ſo wiſe and politicke was ſhe in her anſwers, & ſo falſe and hyppocriticall in her juſtification towards her husband.

The which he well obſerving, and underſtanding, as alſo with what a pleaſing grace ſhee ſpake it, his owne luſtfull age, yet ſtill doting on the freſhnes of the youth and beauty of this his young wife, ſeeing that *Palura* (who was the cauſe and object of his jealouſie) was now removed and dead, he therefore for the preſervation of his owne honour and reputation in that of his Ladies, doth content himſelfe ſo far as to bury the greateſt part of his diſcontent and jealouſie againſt her, in the duſt of oblivion, or in that of *Palura's* grave, and to that end, he afords her his table ſtill, and his bed ſometimes, as if that obligation of courteſie, would reclaime her laſcivious thoughts, and againe call home her wanton deſires to chaſtity and honour, nevertheleſſe the better to effect and compaſſe it, hee much reſtraines her of her former liberty, and debars her the company and ſight of all Gentlemen whatſoever that come to his houſe. A peeviſh cuſtome, which the husbands of Spaine, Portugall, and Italy tirannically uſe towards their Ladies, whereas contrariwiſe the Ladies and Gentlewomen of England and France, are far more happie, becauſe more chaſte and honourable towards their husbands in uſing, and not abuſing this their liberty and freedome.

Bellinda with a watchfull eye, and a wanton heart obſerves theſe paſſages and comportments of her husband *De Mora* towards her, and in obſerving laughes at

them; but because her lascivious mind incessantly tels her, that there is no hell to that of a discontented bed, therefore hating his age as much as hee loves her youth, her *Paluro* being dead, she forth with resolves to make choice of another lover, and at what rate soever not to trifle away her time, and her youth idly, but to passe it away in the amorous delights of carnall voluptuousnes and sensuality. To which effect missing of other Gentlemen (and therefore enforced to make a vertue of necessitie) she forgetting her selfe & her honour makes choice of *Ferallo* her owne Gentleman-usher, a man every way as proper as shee is faire, and as well timbred as shee is beautifull, and neere of her owne yeares, which as yet had not exceeded one and twenty: to *Ferallo* therefore shee freely imparts her affections and favours, who as freely receives and as joyfully and amorously entertaines both her & them, so that, to write the best of truth and modestly, I must here affirme, that as hee was formerly his Ladies usher, now hee makes himselfe his Lords follower; & (unknowen to him) very often ties her shooe-strings and takes up her maske and gloves for her, and many times when the old Nobleman is a sleepe, then this ignoble couple of unchaste lovers are waking to their obscoene pleasures, and secretly sacrificing up their lascivious desires to wanton *Cupid* the sonne, and to lustfull *Venus* the mother, but they shall find wormewood intermixed in this honey, and gall in this sugar.

For three moneths together our *Bellinda* the mistris, and *Ferallo* the man, drowne themselves in the impietie of these their carnall delights and pleasures, as if they made it their felicity and glory to continue the practise and profession thereof, but at the end and expiration of this time, as close as they beare this their adulterous familiarity from *De Mora*, it comes to his knowledge by an unexpected accident and meanes, for the reader must understand, that *Ferallo* was heretofore dishonestly familiar, with his Lady *Bellinda's* waiting Gentlewoman named *Herodia*, whom (under pretext and colour of marriage) hee had many times used, at his lascivious pleasure, so that *Herodia* seeing that *Ferallo's* affections were now wholly transported from her selfe to her Lady *Bellinda*, and that hee sleighted and disdained her, to embrace and adore the other, she is so inraged with jealousie at the knowledge and consideration thereof, as she cals a counsell in her heart and thoughts, what to doe herein, how to prevent it, and againe how to reclaime, & regaine *Ferallo* and his affection, from her Lady to her selfe, and shee is so inflamed with jealousie towards them, as shee can reape no peace by day of her mind, nor rest by night of her heart before shee have effected it; to which end, having ranne over a whole world of remedies and expedients, shee at last resolves on this, to acquaint her Lord and master *De Mora* with this unchaste and obscoene familiarity, betweene his Lady *Bellinda* and her lover *Ferallo*, and her rage is so outragious as with infinite malice and celerity she performes it. At which unexpected and unwell-comed newes, our old Lord *De Mora* hath now his heart a new set on fire with jealousie and malice both towards his Lady, and her usher *Ferallo*, so that he as soone beleeves as understands this their adultery without ever making a stand either to consider the truth, or to examine the circumstances thereof, whereupon to make short worke, and to provide a speedy remedy for this unfortunate disaster, and disease; hee without speaking word of it, either to his Lady *Bellinda*, or to *Ferallo*, suddainely casheereth him from his house and service, and in such disgracefull manner, as hee will not so much as permit him to know the reason hereof, or to see, or take leave of his Lady and mistris, and from thence forth *De Mora* lookes on her with infinite contempt and jealousie. For it galles him to the heart, first to remember her dishonour, and

dishonestly

dishonesty with *Palura*, & now far more to know that she is doubly guilty thereof with her owne domesticke servant and Gentleman-usher *Ferallo*; wherefore he againe restraines her of her liberty, and his jealousie so far exceeds the bounds of judgement, and the limmits of reason, as hee will difficultly permit her to see any man, or any man to see her, but as rivers stopped doe still degorge with more violence, and overflow with more impetuositie, so *Bellinda* takes this new jealousie of her old husband, and this suddaine exile and banishment of *Ferallo* her lover and Gentleman-usher in extreme ill part, and (after shee hath wept and sighed her fill thereat, shee then beleeves the prime and originall cause therof, to proceed from the malice and jealousie of her waiting Gentlewoman *Herodia*: wherefore being infinitly despighted and incensed against her; shee (in her deare love and affection to *Ferallo*) to requite her husbands courtesie, very discourteously turnes her away, and for ever banisheth her, her house and service, and to write the truth, *Ferallo* likewise in hatred & malice to *Herodia*, will from thence forth neither see nor speake with her more. But to verifie the English proverb, that love will creepe where it cannot goe, although *De Mora* banisheth *Ferallo* from his house, and restraineth his Lady *Bellinda* of her liberty in his house, yet sometimes by day & many times by night, they (by the assistance of some secret agents or Ambassadours of love) doe in the arbours of the gardens, and in some other out romes of the house very amorously meet, and most lasciviously kisse and embrace together. They hold many private conferences on their unlawfull affections, and many secret consultations upon their unjust discontents: so at last both of them joining in one wicked heart and mind, and (as matters are still best distinguished by their contraries) finding each others company sweet, and their sequestration and seperation bitter, they so much forget their selves and their soules, and so much fly from heaven and God, to follow *Sathan* and hell, as both of them beleeve and resolve, they can have no true or perfect content on earth before *De Mora* be first sent to heaven; now, upon this bloody designe they agree, and upon this hellish plot they fully resolve, only the gordian knot which must combine and linke fast this foule busines is, that *De Mora* being dead, *Bellinda* must shortly after marry her Gentleman-usher *Ferallo*, whereunto with as much joy as vanity shee cheerfully consenteth, when they are so prophane as they seale this their ungodly contract with many oathes, and ratifie and confirme it with a world of kisses, and then of all violent deaths, they resolve on that drugge of the devill, poyson, so without either the feare or grace of God, they of Christians metamorphose and make themselves devils, and *Ferallo* buying the poyson, *Bellinda* very secretly and subtilly in diet drink and broath administereth it unto her Lord and husband *De Mora*, which being of a languishing vertue and opperation, hee within lesse then foure moneths dies thereof; when with much cost and a wonderfull exteriour shew of griefe and sorrow, shee gives him a stately funerall, every answerable to the lustre of his name, and the quality of his dignity and honour, but God in his due time will pull off the maske of this her monstrous hippocrisie, and infernall prophanesse.

Our jealous old Lord *de Mora* being thus laied and raked up in the dust of his untimely grave, his joyfull sorrowfull widdow the Lady *Bellinda*, according to her promise, to the griefe of her father *Carfaro*, to the wonder of Stremos, and the admiration of all Portugall marries with this her Gentleman-usher *Ferallo*; but such lustfull and bloody marriages, most commonly meet with miserable ends.

For six moneths together, *Ferallo* day and night keeps good correspondancy in the performance of his affections to his old Lady and mistris, and now his

new

new wife *Bellinda*, and although they are unequall in birth and ranke, yet marriage having now made them equall, they mutually kisse and imbrace with as much content as desire; but at the end of this small parcell of time; satiety of his uxorious delights and pleasures makes him neglectfull, and which is worse contemptible thereof, (a base ingratitude, but too often subject to men of his inferiour ranke and quality, and which the indiscretion of Ladies of honour, very often paies deare for, as buying it many times with infamy but still which repentance) so that for ten nights, and sometimes for fifteene together hee never kissed or imbraced her; which unkind ungratitude of his, and respectlesse unvaluation of her youth and beauty, as also of her ranke & meanes makes the Lady *Bellinda* his wife to be as hot in choler towards him, as he is cold in affection & love towards her. But to ascend to the head-spring of this his discourtesie towards her, and so to fetch and derive it from its owne proper originall, wee must know that *Ferallo* was so vitious, inconstant, and base, as now hee is deeply in love with a new waiting Gentlewoman of his Ladies named *Christalina*, a sweet young maiden, of some eighteene yeares of age, tall of stature and slender of body, and whose beauty was every way as cleere and pure as her name, and yet whose maidenhead (with a few rich presents and many poore flattering oaths and false promises) hee had secretly purchased and gotten from her; yea his affection was so fervent to her, that part of the day could not content his lustfull desires, but hee forgets himselfe so far, as before his Ladies nose, and almost in her sight, hee must lye with her whole nights, and which is worse, almost every night without so much as once thinking of his owne wife the Lady *Bellinda*, or either loving what shee cared for, or caring for what shee loved.

But *Bellinda* esteemes her selfe too good a Gentlewoman, and too great a Lady to be thus outbraved and disgraced, by a Taylors sonne, (for so was *Ferallo*) and therefore consequently her heart is too well lodged, and too high fixed and seated in the degree of her high discent thus to receive & suffer an affront, by a man of so low a beginning & so ignoble a quality and extraction as he was, and whom she had raised from nothing, and conferred and honoured him with her affection, and bed, and of her servant made him her husband; when for the space of six moneths together having continually used the best of her art, and the chiefest of her power, her sweetest perswasions, and her most sugred prayers and solicitations to make him abandon her maid *Christalina*, and so againe to reclaime him and his affection from her to her selfe, but seeing all her care vaine, and her prayers and intreaties towards him to prove frivoulous, shee at last (consulting with *Sathan*, and not with God) begins to assume bad thoughts and revengefull malice against him, for this his foule disloyalty, and base ingratitude and infidelity towards her: but first before shee attempts it, her turbulent and restlesse jealousie, makes her resolve to trie another conclusion, which is to put off this her waiting Gentlewoman *Christalina* from her service and attendance, in hope that *Ferallo* her husband would then thereby likewise put off himselfe and his affection from her, but this project and resolution of hers reapes no successfull issue according to her desires, but receives end, as soone as beginning. For hee is still so deeply enamoured and so constantly affected to *Christalina*, as hee will neither permit nor suffer it, but in despite of his Lady *Bellinda*, and of all her sighes, teares, and prayers to the contrary, hee kisseth her in her sight, and (custome now making him licenciously bold and impudent) hee in this his sottish familiarity with her, sets her at table with himselfe and his wife; and in her presence, and before her face, tearms her his deare, his love, & his sweet-heart: a

disgrace

disgrace of so unkind a nature, and discourteous a quality, as she highly disdaines long to suffer or digest it at his hands. So that seeing no hope of amendment, and therefore dispairing of any reformation thereof in him, shee resumes her former bad and bloody thoughts against him, and so peremptorily and definitively resolves to murther him. Her jealousie makes her thus malicious, her malice thus revengefull, and her revenge thus bloody hearted and handed towards him. She cannot be content to pace, but shee will ride poast to her confusion by heapeing crime upon crime, and murther to murther; shee hath formerly poysoned her first husband *De Mora*, and now shee resolves to poinyeard to death *Ferallo* her second, as if one of these two blood sinnes and crimes were not enough capable, to make her as truly miserable, as she falsly thinkes her selfe happie, in the performance and execution thereof. But these are the bitter fruits of jealousie and the sharp effects of choler, malice, and revenge which most commonly streame and proceed from it,

Whiles thus her quondam Gentleman-usher, & now her unkind and disloyall husband *Ferallo* (without feare or care) is wallowing in his beastly pleasures and sensuality with his strumpet *Christalina*, this his ungodly wife, and revengefull Lady *Bellinda* (with as much secresie as treachery) is in requitall thereof prepareing of him a bloody banquet; yea so hastie is shee in her rage, and so outragious in this her revenge towards him, as shee will no longer bee abused or defrauded by him, but thinks every houre an age, before she have dispatched him for heaven. She will no more bee controuled and over mastred by him who was formerly her servant, and who first reputed it his greatest happines to kisse her hand, before shee vouchsafed him the honour to kisse her lips, or which is more, the felicity to imbrace her in her bed. She now sees with griefe, that hee hath betrayed her in betraying, and conveying his affection from her to her maid *Christalina*, and therefore although shee hath cast away her favours on him, yet of the two, shee vowes rather to cast away him than her selfe. No grace, no religion, not her conscience, not her soule, nor the consideration of heaven or hell can disswade or keepe her from this her bloody purpose, or divert her from the perpetration of this inhumane and cruell murther: but the very first night that he leaves her maid *Christalina*, and lies with her selfe, she (being purposely provided of a very sharp and keene razor, which she put in one of her gloves, and clapt it under her pillow) at breake of day as hee lay in bed soundly sleeping and snoring by her, she as a devill incarnate cuts his throat, and leaves him struggling in the bed, and weltering in his blood, without once having the power to think, to speake of God.

Thus wee have seene the bloody malice, and infernall fury and revenge of this execrable young Lady *Bellinda*, in so lamentable and cruelly murthering her first and old husband *De Mora*, and now her young one *Ferallo*, and because the perpetration of these her inhumane crimes and facts are so odious to God, that their knowledge hath already pierced the clouds, and their sight ascended to the sacred presence and tribunall of God, therefore his all-seeing, and all-potent glorious Majestie, being as impartiall in his judgements, as divine in his decrees, hath already sharpned his sword of justice, and made ready his arrowes of revenge, speedily to inflict and give her condigne punishment for the same, yea and far sooner than either shee thinks or dreames thereof.

She having thus dispatched this bloody busines, and seeing her husband *Ferallo* lie breathlesse in the bed by her, shee riseth up, and the better to colour out, and overvaile this her inhumane and monstrous villany, shee takes this her dead husbands

husbands knife out of his pocket, and goring it all in his blood, ſhee leaves it on his pillow by him, thereby (with as much hippocriſie as treachery) to inſinuate a beleefe and confidence in the opinion of all men, that hee had there murthered himſelfe, and that infallibly hee was the author and actor of this his owne deplorable death, which having performed, ſhe takes on a fine cleane holland ſmocke, and puts off her cambricke one that ſhe wore, which as a fatall marke of her crueltie, and a prodigious banner of her inhumanity, was all ſtained and engrained over with her husbands blood, and wrapping it up very cloſe together, ſhee therein likewiſe envellops and enwraps her bloody razor, and alſo a two pound braſſe weight, thereby the better to make it ſinke, for ſhee reſolves that very morning to throw it into a pond; ſo ſecret is ſhee in contriving, and ſo politicke in the concealing of this her cruell fact. The morne advancing to ſix of the clock, which was dark, cloudy and obſcure, as if (by the ſecret appointment, and ſacred providence of God) that the ſunne (with his gliſtering beames) abhorred to behold ſo pittifull & lamentable a ſpectacle. *Bellinda* hath no ſooner apparelled her ſelfe, but triumphing in this her falſe victory and bloody conqueſt, and giving the murthered body of her husband a farwell, compoſed of many curſes and execrations, ſhee ſoftly iſſueth forth, clapping her bloody ſmock and razor in her pocket, the which (to make ſure worke) ſhe had tied faſt with one of her blew ſilke garters, then lockes the chamber doore, and very ſecrerly and ſurely conveyes and throwes in the key within ſide, & then deſcends to the garden, where calling *Hellena* (another of her waiting Gentlewomen to her) ſhee bids her fetch her prayer booke, and thus away ſhe goes towards their pariſh-Church of Saint *Iulians* on foot, which by computation was ſome halfe a ſmall league diſtant off their houſe, and forbids any man ſervant to waite or attend on her thither. She is not a furlong off, but the more cloſely to finiſh her deſigne, ſhee there purpoſely ſends away her maid *Hellena* to the pariſh-Church before her with this invented and colourable errand to ſeeke out her owne Prieſt father *Sebaſtian*, and to prepare him then to ſay maſſe to her, the which *Hellena* doth. Now the midway betweene her houſe and the Church is a great deepe pond, by the which ſhee is to paſſe; but a little before ſhee drawes neere it, a poore old maimed Souldiour, being caſhiered from the Gariſon of the caſtle of Caſtcayes (named *Roderigo*) travelling towards his home, and ſeeing this Lady all alone, and obſerving the ſweetnes of her beauty, and the richneſſe of her apparell, and attire, his poverty inforceth and incourageth him to requeſt and begge an almes of her, the which with much humility hee doth. But the Lady *Bellinda's* heart and thoughts, were ſo much ſurpriſed and taken up with cruelty, as ſhee knew not what belonged to charitie, and therefore having other buſines and windmils in her head, ſhee is ſo offended with *Roderigo's* begging importunity, as flatly refuſing to give him any almes, ſhee forgets her ſelfe ſo far, as in ſteed thereof, ſhee gives him many harſh words and at laſt ſends him away with ſome unkind and foule ſpeeches; the which poore *Roderigo*, tooke ſo ill at her hands, that (in the fumes of a Souldiour) hee once thought to have requited it either on her perſon, or her apparell; but then againe (by her port and bravery) deeming her to bee ſome great neighbouring Lady, who that morning had purpoſely left her followers to take the ſweetnes of the aire, and therefore fearing his danger more than hee loved his profit, hee abandoneth that cholericke and inſolent reſolution of his, when taking his leave of her, hee ſome two buts lengths from her betakes him to ſit downe at the foot of a great Pine apple tree, where he might ſee her, but not ſhee him; and there looking after her with an eye of diſcontent

and

and indignation, hee bewailes his wants and hard fortune, and also condemneth the obduratenesse of this unknowen Ladies uncharitable heart towards him, and inquiring afterwards of a mike-maid which passed by what shee was, he is informed that shee is the Lady *Bellinda*, widdow to the dead Lord *Alonso de Mora*, and now wife to *Don Emanuell de Ferallo*, who hereat doth not a little both grieve and wonder, that so rich and great a Lady was guilty of so much uncharitablnes. By this time shee being arived to the pond, looking about her, and beleeving that no mortall eye had seene her, she therein throwes her bloody smocke and razor (which as formerly I have said shee had tyed fast together with one of her blew silke garters) and the ponderosity of the brasse weight made it instantly to sinke to the bottome, whereof shee being infinitly joyfull, away shee trips to the parish Church, and there heares Masse, and mumbles out many *Ave Maries*, and *Pater nosters* to her selfe; but the whole world in generall, and the reader in particular may imagin with what a foule conscience, and a prophane and ulcerated soule, shee then and there performes this her devotion.

Now although this our wretched Lady *Bellinda* have murthered this her second husband *Ferallo*, with wonderfull secresie, and buried these bloody evidences thereof in the pond, with such admirable care and privacy, that shee thinkes it wholly impossible for all the earth to reveale it; loe if earth cannot, yet now heaven will. So heare before I proceed further, let mee in the name and feare of God, request the Christian reader here to admire and wonder with mee, at the mercy and goodnes, and at the providence and pleasure of God in his miraculous detection, and condigne revenge and punishment thereof; for hee must know and understand, that it seemes God had purposely brought, placed and seated this poore old, weary maimed Souldiour *Roderigo* at the foot of this Pine tree, to to be a happie instrument of his praise, and a true Sentinell, and discoverer both for his sacred justice and divine honour: for here although *Bellinda* carried away her heart and charity from him, yet (as if guided by some heavenly power, and celestiall influence) *Roderigo* could not possibly carry away his eye from her, but as closely as shee threw this bloody cloth into the pond, hee espies it, and which is more, very plainely and palpably discernes the whitnes and rednes thereof; when considering and thinking with himselfe that this gallant proud Lady *Bellinda* might bee as unchaste and lascivious as shee was faire, and as vitious as she was young; God (with his immediate finger) imprinted in his thoughts and ingraved in his heart and mind, that either her selfe, or some one of her waiting Gentlewomen had had some bastard, and that shee had murthered it, and now throwen it into the pond, and was so strongly possessed of this conceit and beleife, that neither day, or night, nor nothing under heaven could possibly beate him from it, but for a whiles hee resolves to conceale this conceit to himselfe, as referring the truth thereof to time, and the issue to God.

And here the order of our history calles us againe from *Roderigo* to *Bellinda*, who as soone as Masse is done, (with her waiting Gentlewoman *Helena*) returnes home to her house, & by that time they arive there it is nine of the clocke, where (putting a pleasant face upon her false heart; and a sweet countenance upon her soyled and sinfull soule) shee presently inquires for her husband *Don Ferallo*, her servants make answer that they have not seene him to day, and that they think hee is still in bed, whereat shee musing and wondering, in regard hee was not accustomed to sleepe at so high an houre, shee therefore sends some of her servants to his chamber to see if hee be stirring, but finding his chamber doore locked, and calling aloud to him they can get no answer from him, the which they

returne and report to their Lady *Bellinda*, who ſeeming exceedingly to doubt and grieve thereat, ſhee (far more perplexed in countenance than heart) aſcends with them againe to her husbands chamber, where they all call and knock aloud at the doore to him, and ſhee far louder than them all, but in vaine, for ſtill they heare no newes either of him or from him, whereat ſhee begins (outwardly) to tremble with apprehenſion and feare, and ſo commands them to force open the doore of his chamber, which they inſtantly doe, where they ſee their Lord, and ſhee her husband *Ferallo* to lie breathleſſe in his bed, all begored and reeking in his hot and warme blood, with his throat cut, whereat his ſervants for true griefe, and his Lady *Bellinda* for falſe ſorrow, make a lamentable crie, and a pittifull out-cry in his chamber which is over heard in all the houſe, but eſpecially the Lady *Bellinda* her ſelfe, who ſo artificially diſſembleth her joy, and ſo paſſionately makes demonſtration of extreme griefe and affliction, for this deplorable death of her Lord and husband, both to her ſervants and to God, that ſhee is all in teares, and cannot becauſe ſhee will not bee comforted thereat: they find the chamber doore locked, the key within ſide, and his owne bloody knife on his pillow and therefore they eaſily reſolve and conclude that this their Lord and maſter *Ferallo* hath willfully made himſelfe away, and is undoubtedly the author of his owne death; which opinion and reſolution of the ſervants, their Lady and miſtris *Bellinda* (ſecretly to her ſelfe) reliſheth with much applauſe, and approbation, and to make her afflictions and ſorrowes the more apparant to them, and in them conſequently to the world, ſhee doth not refraine from exceſſive weeping and ſighing. They leave the dead corps untouched in the bed, to acquaint the criminall *Corigidores* of Stremos with this pittifull accident, who come, and being amazed at this bloody diſaſter and accident of *Ferallo*, they veiwing the infinitie of his Ladies teares, and the ſorrowfull complaints and exclamations of his ſervants, as alſo conſidering their ſeverall depoſitions and examinations, and ſeeing they found his chamber doore faſt locked, the key within ſide, and his owne bloody knife by him on his pillow, they all concurre with them in opinion about the manner and quality of his death, and doe abſolutely beleeve and affirme, that hee hath deſperately made himſelfe a way, which opinion of theirs is preſently received, voyced, and rumored in Stremos, and in all the adjacent pariſhes and country: and yet many curious wits (in regard of *Bellinda's* youthfull affections, and wanton diſpoſition) ſpeake very differently hereof. And now doth this our ſorrowfull young widdow, (the better to ſupport her fame and reputation to the world) bury this her ſecond husband *Ferallo* with all requiſite, ceremony, and decency.

But as the juſtice, and judgements of God (conducted by his divine pleaſure, and inſcrutable providence) doth many times goe on ſlowly, but ſtill ſoundly and ſurely, ſo wee muſt here againe produce and bring forth our lame old Souldiour *Roderigo* to act another part on the ſtage and Theatre of this hiſtory. Hee is ſtill the ſame man, and ſtill retaines his ſame former opinion, that undoubtedly it was ſome dead child, or baſtard which hee ſaw the Lady *Bellinda* to throw into the pond, and his heart inceſſantly prompted by his ſuſpition, doth ſtill confidently ſuggeſt and aſſure him, that that bloody cloth of hers contained ſome ſecret, & invelloped ſome ſhamefull miſtery towards her, which hee thinks all the water of the pond could not deface or waſh away: ſo that he now underſtanding of her husband *Ferallo's* diſaſterous bloody end, doth no way diminiſh but rather every way augment this his ſuſpition and jealouſie hereof. Wee muſt further underſtand, that *Roderigo* (the better to refreſh his body, to repleniſh his purſe, and

and to repaire his apparell, ſtaies ſome three weekes in Stremos, and although hee bee a Souldiour and have his ſword by his ſide, yet being out of action and pay, hee is not aſhamed to begge the almes and courteſies of the Gentlemen, Ladies and Gentlewomen both in & neereabout that cittie. Among the reſt understanding of the Lady *Bellinda's* great wealth and dignity, hee therefore hopes, that her new ſorrowes and mourning for the untimely death of her husband, will now make her as compaſſionate to his poverty in her houſe, as lately ſhee was diſcourteous and uncharitable to him in the fields: whereupon hee repaires thither to her, but for three daies together, hee is not ſo happie to ſpeake with her, or to ſee her, but being ſtill preſt by his poverty, and againe emboldned by the conſideration of what hee ſaw her caſt into the pond, hee the fourth day finds her walking in the next meadow adjoining to her houſe, attended by two of her men-ſervants, and two waiting Gentlewomen all clad in mourning apparell: when (with a boldneſſe worthy of a poore diſtreſſed Souldiour) hee advanceth to the Lady *Bellinda*, where (interrupting her private walkes, and diſtracting her ſecret thoughts and meditations) hee with much obſervance againe begges ſome charity of her, whereat ſhee being offended, becauſe her heart and mind neither thought, nor cared for an old Souldiour, but were wholly fixed on ſome deſired new Gallant young husband, ſhee verie cholerikly diſdaines him and his requeſt, and with much paſſion and indignation (to uſe her owne words) commandeth her ſervants to ſee this bold beggerly Souldiour depart and packe away, both from her and her houſe. *Roderigo* hearing theſe her harſh and diſcourteous ſpeeches, and ſeeing her ſervants unkind uſage and enforcements towards him, hee with much diſcontent and choler leaves her houſe, but (in requitall thereof) vowes that his revenge ſhall not ſo ſoone leave her: for this her ſecond affront to him puts him all in choler and fire towards her, ſo that hee vowes to God, and ſwears to himſelfe to uſe the beſt of his power, and to worke the chiefeſt of his wits to perpetrate her diſgrace. When ſecretly & effectually informing himſelfe from others, that *Don Gaſpar de Mora*, who was nephew, and generall heire to her firſt Lord and husband *Don Alonſo de Mora*, was at great variance and bitter contention in ſuit of law with his aunt *Bellinda* about ſome lands, and much rich moveables and Utenſils which ſhee unjuſtly detained from him, and therefore that hee would bee exceeding glad to entertaine any invention or propoſition whatſoever, which might heave her out of the quiet enjoying and poſſeſſion thereof, and thereby procure her utter diſgrace and ruine. Hee repaires to him, and ſecretly (yet conſtantly) acquaints him; that ſome three weekes ſince, and the verie morning, that *Don Ferallo* was found murthered in his bed, hee ſaw the Lady *Bellinda* his wife to throw a white and bloody linnen cloth into the pond, which was ſome halfe quarter of a league from her houſe: wherein God and his conſcience told him, ſhee had wrapt and drowned ſome baſtard infant either of hers, or of one of her waiting Gentlewomans, adding withall that hee could not poſſibly have any peace of his thoughts before hee had imparted it to him, to the end, that hee might reveale it to the criminall judges (or Gorigidores) of Stremos to hunt out and examine the truth thereof.

1) *Don Gaſpar de Mora* doth as much rejoice as wonder at this unexpected newes, and becauſe his inveterate malice to his aunt (in law) *Bellinda* perſwads him rather to beleeve than doubt it, therefore (as malice is ſtill naturally ſwift and prone to revenge) being confident of the truth hereof, hee leaves all other buſines, rides over to Stremos and acquaints the Gorigidores herewith, and taking Roderigo likewiſe along with him, hee alſo failes, not very reſolutely to

affirme, and moſt conſtantly to confirme it to them; which theſe wiſe and grave judges underſtanding, they in honour to Gods ſervice and glory, and in true obedience to his ſacred juſtice (without any delay or procraſtination) take *Don Gaſper de Mora*, the old Souldiour *Roderigo*, and ſome three or foure expert Swimmers along with them, and with haſt and ſecreſie ſpeed away to the pond; wherein after thoſe Swimmers had beene a quarter of an houre, and curiouſly busked and dived in moſt places thereof to find out this cloath, at laſt (by the mercy and providence of God) one of them diving far better than the reſt, ſees and finds it, and ſwimming with his left hand, brings it a ſhore in his right hand to the Corigidores, who much admiring and rejoycing thereat, cauſe it preſently to bee opened, where (contrary to all their expectations,) they find no dead child, but (as wee have formerly underſtood) a cambricke ſmocke, as yet all ſpotted and ſtained with blood, and tyed faſt with a blew ſilke garter, and in it a very ſharp and bloody razor, with a braſſe weight tyed in all this purpoſely to ſinke it in the pond. The Corigidores, *Gaſpar De Mora*, and all the reſt, are amazed and aſtoniſhed at the ſight of theſe bloody evidences: when *Roderigo* againe conſtantly ſwearing to them, that hee ſaw the Lady *Bellinda* (with her owne hands) throw this little linnen fardell into that pond, the verie ſame morning that her husband *Don Ferallo* was found murthered in his bed; and the malitious curioſity of *Gaſpar De Mora* here finding the very two firſt and laſt letters of her name in the cambricke ſmocke; the Corigidores then concurre in one opinion (as ſo many lines which terminate in one Centre) that yet infalibly it was ſhee and no other, who had ſo cruelly murthered her husband *Ferallo* in his bed. Whereupon taking this bloody ſmocke, razor, and garter with them, they with much zeale and ſpeed poaſt away to the Lady *Bellinda's* houſe, to apprehend her for this her foule and lamentable murther, where cruell hearted and laſcivious Lady, ſhee is ſo far from the conſideration of grace, or the thought and apprehenſion of any feare, as ſhee feares none, and which is worſt of all, not the power and juſtice of God himſelfe; for ſhee is ſo immodeſt in her heart, ſo luſtfull in her converſation, as (notwithſtanding her blacke mourning attire and apparell) that her firſt husband was but lately dead, and now her ſecond not as yet cold in his grave, yet (with great variety of muſicke) ſhee is here now in her houſe ſinging, dancing and revelling with divers young Cavalliers, and Gallants both of the cittie & country, as if ſhe had no other care, thought or buſines, but how to make choyce of a third husband, who might amorouſly pleaſe her luſtfull eye and heart, and of no leſſe than a paire of Paramours and favorites who ſhould laſciviouſly content her wanton deſires and affections.

But theſe wanton vanities, and vaine and laſcivious hopes of the Lady *Bellinda* will now deceive her: for now the Lords appointed due time is come, wherein for theſe her two horrible murthers committed on the perſons of her two husbands, his divine & ſacred Majeſtie is reſolved to powre downe his puniſhments, and to thunder forth his judgements upon her, to her utter ſhame and confuſion. The Corigidores reſolutely enter her houſe, & then and there cauſe the Sergeants to apprehend her priſoner, whereat being ſuddainly amazed, and infinitely terrified, ſhee weepes, ſighes, and cries extremely. But thoſe Cavalliers, (I meane thoſe her ſuppoſed lovers, and pretended favorites) who were there ſinging and dancing with her, neither can or dare either aſſiſt, or reſcue her. Now the plumes of her pride and jollity are ſuddainly dejected and fallen to the ground, yea her muſicke is turned to mourning, her ſinging to ſighes, and her dancing triumphes to teares. The enormity of her crime cauſe theſe officers of

juſtice

justice, to see her conveyed to prison, without any respect of her beauty, or regard of her sex and quality, where shee hath more leisure given her to repent, than meanes how to remedy these her misfortunes.

The next morning shee is sent for before her judges, who roundly charge her for cruelly murthering her husband *Don Ferallo* in his bed, the which with many teares and oathes shee stoutly denies, then they shew her those bloody evidences, her cambricke smocke, the razor, her blew garter, and the brasse weight, and also produce and confront *Roderigo* with her; who as before hee had affirmed, now hee swears, hee saw her throw this bloody linnen fardell into the pond, the verie morning that her husband *Don Ferallo* was found murthered in his bed: and although at the sight and knowledge hereof, shee is at first wonderfully appalled and daunted therewith, yet her courage is so stout, as shee againe denies it with many prophane and fearefull asseverations, and delighteth to heare her selfe make a tedious justification, and a frivolous apologie to her judges for her innocency. But those grave and prudent Magistrates of justice, who (in zeale to Gods glory) have eyes not in vaine in their heads, will give no beleife either to the sweetnes of the Lady *Bellinda's* youth, or to the sugar of her speeches and protestations, but for the vindication of this crime, and of this truth, they adjudge her the very next morning to the racke, where (such is her female fortitude) as shee permits & suffers her selfe to bee fastned thereunto, with infinite constancy and patience, as disdaining that the torments thereof, should extort any truth from her tongue to the prejudice of her reputation, and to the shipwracke of her safety and life, but herein she reckons too short of God, and beyond her selfe; for shee considereth not that these torments are truly sent her from God, and this her courage falsly lent and given her from *Sathan*; for at the very first wrench of the racke, and touch of the cord, finding it impossible that her tender body and dainty limbs, can endure the cruelty of those tortures, God puts this grace into her heart, that with many sighes and teares, shee prayes her judges and tormentors to desist, and so publikely confesseth, that it was shee, and only shee who had murthered her husband *Ferallo*, and cut his throat in his bed with that very same razor.

Upon which confession of hers; her judges (glorifiing God for the detection of this cruell murther) they (for expiation thereof) doe forthwith adjudge and sentence this wretched and bloody Lady *Bellinda*, to bee the next morning burnt alive without the walles of Stremos, at the foot of the castle which is the destined place of death for the like crimes and offendors, so she being by them then againe returned to prison, that night (in Christian charity) they send her some Priests and Nunnes, to direct and prepare her soule to heaven, for this her bloody and unnaturall crime was so odious to men, and so execrable to God, that shee could hope for no pardon of her life from her judges, although her sorrowfull old father *Cursoro*, with a world of teares threw himselfe to their feet, and offered them all his lands and meanes to his very shirt to obtaine it for her.

All Stremos and the country thereabouts resound and talke of this cruell murthering of *Ferallo*, as also of his Lady *Bellinda's* condigne condemnation to death for the same, and the next morning at eight of the clocke, they all repaire under the castle wall to see this execrable and unfortunate Lady there in flames of fire, to act the last scene and catastrophy of her life; she is conducted thither by a Saint Claires Nun on her right hand, and a Saint Francis Frier on her left, who jointly charge her upon perill of damnation, to disburthen her conscience and soule before shee dye, of any other capitall crime whereof shee knows her selfe guilty;

guilty, the which shee solemnly and religiously promiseth them; about nine of the clocke shee is brought to the stake, where she sees her selfe empalled and surrounded first with many fagots, and then with a very great concourse and confluence of people: here shee is so irreligious in her vanity, that shee had cast of her blacke and mourning, and purposely dighted her selfe in a rich yellow sattin gowne, wrought with flowers of silver, a large set ruffe about her necke, and her head covered over with a pure white tiffney vaile laced and wrought with rich cut-worke, as if shee cared more for her body than her soule, as if her pride and bravery would carry her sooner to heaven, than her prayers and repentance: or as if the prodigall cost and lustre thereof, were able to diminish either her crime, or her punishment in the eyes and opinions of her spectators. But contrariwise, the very first sight of her sweet youth, and pure and fresh beauty, and then the consideration of her foule crime, for murthering her owne husband, doe operate and worke differently upon all their affections and passions, some pittying her for the first, but all more justly condemning her for the second. When as soone as their clamorous sobs and speeches were past, and blowen over, and that both the Frier and Nun had tane their last leave of her, then (after she had shed many teares on earth, and sent and evaporated many sighes to heaven) shee wringing her hands (whereon shee had a paire of snow white gloves) and casting up her eyes towards God, at last with a faltring, and fainting voice spake thus.

It is my crime and your charity good people, which hath conducted you hither to see mee a miserable Gentlewoman here to dye miserably. And because it is now no longer time for me, to dissemble either with God or the world, therefore to save my soule in heaven, though my body perish here in earth, I (with much griefe, and infinite sorrow) doe truly and freely confesse both to God and you, that I am not only guilty of one murther, but of two: for as I now lately cut my second husband *Feralle's* throat, so I was so vild & wretched heretofore, as to poyson my first Lord and husband *De Mora*. At which report and confession of this execrable Lady *Bellinda* (in regard of the greatnes of her Lord *De Mora's* descent & Nobility) all this huge concourse of people (who are sensibly touched with griefe and sorrow) make a wonderfull noise and out-cry thereat, and now in regard of this foule and double crime of hers, they looke on her with far more contempt, and far lesse pittie than before. But shee being as patient as they are clamorous hereat, and seeing their cries, now againe cried downe, and well nigh drowned and hushed up in silence, recollecting her thoughts, and againe composing her countenance, shee againe very sorrowfully continueth her speech to them thus. I well know, and indeed I heartily grieve to remember, that these two foule and cruell murthers of mine, make mee unworthy either to tread on the face of earth, or to looke up to that of heaven, and yet in the middest of these my miseries I have this consolation left mee, that in favour of my true confession, and religious repentance thereof to God, that God can bee as indulgent and mercifull to mee, as I have beene impious and sinfull to him; the which that I may obtaine, I beseech you all who are here present, to joyne your prayers with mee, and to God for mee, and this is the last charity which I will begge and implore of you. Now because example is powerfull, & no example so strong and prevalent, as the words of the dying to the living, therefore (to Gods glory, and mine owne shame) give mee leave to tell you, that two things especially brought and induced mee to commit these foule murthers, as they have now justly brought mee hither to suffer death for committing them, first my neglect of prayer, and

omission

omission to serve and feare God duly as I ought to have done. Secondly, the affecting and following of my lascivious and lustfull pleasures, which I ought not to have done. The neglect of the first proved the bane of my soule, and the performance and practice of the last, the contagion and poyson of my life, and both these two sins conjoined and lincked together, enforce mee now here to dye, with as much misery and infamie, as without them I might have lived (and perchance lived long) in earthly happines and prosperity. O therefore good people, beware by my woefull example, let my crime bee your integrity, my fall your rising, and my shipwracke your safety. As I beare not hypocrisie in my tongue, so I will not beare malice in my heart. Therefore from my heart I forgive *Roderigo* for telling *Gaspar de Mora* hee saw mee cast some bloody linnen in the pond. I also forgive *Gaspar de Mora* for informing the Corigidores thereof, and they for so justly condemning mee to death. I also pray my father & parents to forgive mee these my foule crimes, and both to pardon & forget the dishonour and scandall which the infamy of my death may reflect and draw on them. And now I recommend you all to Gods best favour and mercy, and my soule to receive salvation in his blessed kingdome of glory.

The Lady *Bellinda* having finished this her speech, the hearing and consideration thereof engendred much pittie and compassion in the hearts, and caused a world of teares in the eyes of the beholders; and now shee prepares her selfe for death. Here she takes off her rings from her fingers, & her pearle bracelets from her armes, and (as a token of her love) gives them to her waiting Gentlewoman *Hellena*, who is present and not far from her, most bitterly sobbing and weeping because shee can weepe no more for the death of this her deare Lady and mistris, who now repeates many private prayers & *Ave Maries* to her selfe, when taking a solemne, and sorrowfull farwell of all the world, shee puls downe her vaile over her snow-white cheekes, and then often crossing her selfe with the signe of the crosse, and saying her last *in manus tuas*, the executioner (with a flaming torch) sets fire to the straw and fagots, whereof shee presently dies, and in lesse than an houre after, her body is there consumed & burnt to ashes, at which all that great concourse of people and spectators, (in favour to her youth and beauty) as much affecting the piety of her death, as they hate and detest the cause thereof, I meane the infamy and crueltie of her life, doe with far more sorrow than joy give a great shout and out-cry. When the judges of that cittie now upon knowledge of this Ladies first horrible crime of poysoning her first Lord and husband *Don Alonso De Mora*, they in detestation thereof, being not able to adde, either worser infamy, or more exquisite, and exemplary torments to her living body, they therefore partly to bee revenged on her dead ashes, doe cause them curiously to bee gathered up, and so in the same place (by the common hang-man) before all the people, to bee scattered and throwen in the aire, where at they rejoyce, and praise God, to see the world so fairly rid, of so foule and bloody a female monster.

And thus was the untimely, (and yet deserved) end of this lascivious and cruell hearted Lady *Bellinda*; and in this sharp manner did the Lord of heaven and earth triumph in his just revenge and punishments against her, for these her two foule and inhumane crimes of murthering her two husbands. May God (of his best and divinest mercy) make this her history and example, to serve as a chrystall mirrour for all men, and especially for all women, (of what condition and qualitie so ever.

And

And now Christian reader, having (by Gods most gratious assistance and providence) here finished this entire, and last volume of my six bookes of tragicall histories, if thou find that thou reape any profit, or thy soule any spirituall benefite by the reading and perusall thereof, then (in the name and feare of God) I beseech thee to joyne thy prayers and piety with mine, that as in Christian religion and duty wee are bound, so for the same, wee may jointly ascribe unto God, all possible power, might, Majesty, thanksgiving, dominion, and Glory both now and for ever.

Amen, Amen.

FINIS.

Augusti XVIII. 1634.

Recensui hunc librum cui titulus (The sixt booke of the triumphs of Gods revenge upon Murther) *qui quidem liber continet folia 99 aut circiter, in quibus (exceptis quæ delentur) nihil reperio sanæ doctrinæ aut bonis moribus contrarium, quò minus cum publicâ utilitate imprimi queat, sub eâ tamen conditione, ut si non intrà annum proximè sequentem typis mandetur, hæc licentia sit omnino irrita.*

Guilielmus Haywood *Capell. domest. Archiep. Cant.*